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BIOGRAPHY OF TO-DAY



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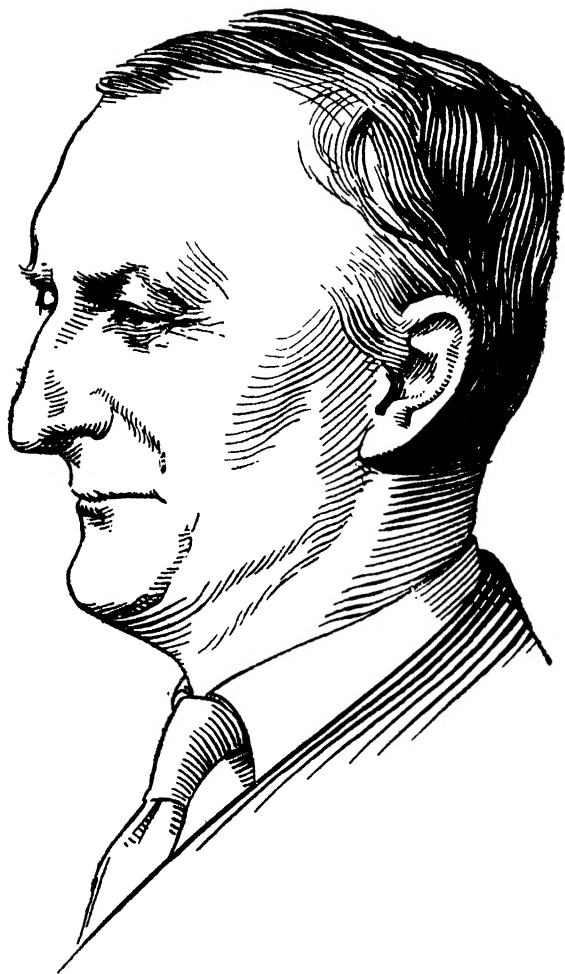
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"TARYE NO LENGUR; TOWARD THYN  
HERITAGE HAST ON THY WFEY."

—JOHN LYDGATE.





GREY OF FALLODON

A decorative border with a repeating scroll-like pattern surrounds the text.

# BIOGRAPHY OF TO-DAY

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## PREFACE

THIS is a book of selections from modern biography, not from that other and popular form of commemorative work, the autobiography. There is in the mass of us an instinctive interest in the personalities and achievements of those who, whether by good luck or by good judgment—or by a combination of both—have influenced human affairs. This interest is no new thing: very many years ago it gave birth to Plato's *Apology for Socrates*, to Suetonius' *Lives of the Cæsars*, and to Plutarch's *Lives of Eminent Greeks and Romans*: in the Middle Ages the eminent Boccaccio recognized it when he published *De Claris Mulieribus*: and in the modern world the torrent of biographies comes faster and faster, especially in those democratic countries in which genius may find its opportunity far better than in the more autocratic *régimes* that "bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne." My difficulty has been, not to make a choice, but what to discard: the selection in this book is my first eleven, and I freely admit the possibility of an equally good second eleven—as sometimes happens in cricket clubs; but I think all the same it is a good eleven, and representative of much that is best in modern biographical writing.

"Much that is best": what are the qualities that go to make a great biography? Everyone knows the accepted standard—Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is

## PREFACE

written with candour, not hiding Johnson's weaknesses nor magnifying his virtues, inspired by the sympathy of personal contact, giving so true a picture that his friends could say, as Sir Henry Newbolt writes of the Volunteer, "This was the man we knew." To do this the biographer must live near enough in time to have met and known his subject, and yet not so near as to be blinded by hero-worship or sentiment: or at least to have met and talked with those who knew the subject. This, I suppose, it is that gives the note of intimacy to Mrs. Millin's *Rhodes*, or to Professor Trevelyan's *Grey of Fallodon*. But too rigid an insistence on personal contact between the biographer and his subject would exclude all attempts to revise the judgments of the past in the light of the present: it would be absurd to say that—for example—Arthur Bryant's *King Charles II* was a bad biography, or even that Charles II was an unsuitable subject for a modern biography just because Mr. Bryant had no opportunity of meeting and knowing Charles II. But, just because he did not have that opportunity, his task is all the harder, and if success is achieved, it is all the more an achievement: for success in a biography of that type means that the biographer must sort out and marshal in his mind hundreds of contemporary letters and descriptions, sifting the unbiased wheat from the biased chaff, and when that is done must soak himself, as it were, in the outlook of the men and women of the time and the history of the period; only then, when he has put himself inside his subject's skin and sees with his subject's eyes, can he leap over the hurdles of time and create a living picture. Such a success is success indeed. Failing that, the biographer,

## PREFACE

however gifted he be, and however sparkling his style, fails to achieve a really great biography: he views his subject objectively, from outside, and—unfortunately—in many cases obtrudes his own prejudices. As an interesting commentary on prejudice in biography, the reader may turn to the extract from the interesting *Marlborough: His Life and Times* by Winston Churchill. In this passage Mr. Churchill, whose book is infused throughout with a natural—but unbiographic—prejudice, family pride in his great ancestor, takes up the cudgels against Macaulay whose history was also inspired by prejudice—the prejudice of a Whig as against a Tory, in other words political prejudice, perhaps the most dangerous of all forms of prejudice for a writer of history or biography.

One more point—how far may biography usurp the functions of history? No man can serve two masters, and biography and history are essentially different. While biography deals with individuals, and, it is true, very often with individuals who have moulded the course of history, history itself has a wider field and covers those movements of the masses which no individual can control. “If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it,” was a very wise remark too often forgotten to-day, and it defines the limits of history and biography: for while history deals with movements that men are powerless to stay, biography at its best can only deal with a man’s efforts to stay or advance them, and in fact the impression left on one’s mind after reading many biographies is largely a sense of the futility of many achievements once hailed as great. Still, the life of



## PREFACE

a man or woman who once played a great part in the life of an age, serves, like the interludes in the history lessons of the B.B.C., to give colour and warmth to one's conception of the age, and thus provides a needful background to what are sometimes, though harshly, called "dry bones of history," provided, of course, that the reader is historically minded enough to remember that there are more pebbles on the beach than one, even if the one is very large: behind the figure of Victoria and the brilliance of the Jubilee were hundreds of good Victorians going daily to business, and hundreds of young minds chafing against the fetters of "Victorianism," people that do not come into the picture at all, but whose joint actions and opinions created history.

C.H.L.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE . . . . .	7
1. ALCIBIADES: THE RETURN. <i>E. F. Benson</i> . . . . .	13
2. ST. FRANCIS: HOW ST. FRANCIS FOUND THE LADY POVERTY. <i>Father Cuthbert</i> . . . . .	25
3. POCAHONTAS: THE RESCUE OF SMITH. <i>David Garnett</i> . . . . .	38
4. CHARLES II: THE KING'S TRIUMPH. <i>Arthur Bryant</i> . . . . .	52
5. MARLBOROUGH: THE "GREAT AND GLORIOUS" REVOLUTION. <i>The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.</i> . . . . .	73
6. METTERNICH: THE FALL OF A COLOSSUS. <i>Algernon Cecil</i> . . . . .	86
7. LOUIS NAPOLEON: THE ESCAPE FROM HAM. <i>F. A. Simpson</i> . . . . .	93
8. GARIBALDI: THE SAILING OF THE THOUSAND. <i>G. M. Trevelyan</i> . . . . .	106
9. VICTORIA: TRIUMPH AND SORROW. <i>Edith Sitwell</i>	118
10. RHODES: THE HOME RHODES BUILT. <i>Sarah Gertrude Millin</i> . . . . .	134
11. SIR EDWARD GREY: THE OUTBREAK OF WAR. <i>G. M. Trevelyan</i> . . . . .	143
NOTES . . . . .	176
QUESTIONS . . . . .	190
ADDITIONAL READING . . . . .	192

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## ALCIBIADES: THE RETURN

HE must enter (he would not otherwise have been Alcibiades) "terrible as an army with banners," and splendid as on the day when he broke all records at Olympia. But now he came with a nobler crown, for his ships were flashing with the captured shields of enemies and the trophies of victorious actions, and he had on board two hundred of the figure-heads he had lopped from the triremes he had vanquished. All these must be displayed, and he ranged them along the bulwarks of his ship and round his masts, and each was a symbol and sign of a captured vessel of the enemy. He took down his worn and sea-stained sail, and in place of it he put up one that was dyed purple for this pomp of festival. Chrysogenus, lately a victor in the Pythian games, had come out to meet him, and stood, decked in a Persian robe, on the prow of his flagship, blowing his flute to make music for the rowers, and with him was the great tragic actor Callipides, who by gesture and shout controlled their rhythm. Alone and apart from the rest Alcibiades stood on deck, and his ship, leading the fleet, swept round the end of the mole where of late the treacherous fort had been, and the purple sail was furled, and the oars held water, and she slid up to the quayside.

From end to end the quay was a blur of massed faces and eager eyes, and all were turned to him, like a bed of flowers to the sun. His ship had been

seen while yet far off, and the whole of Athens had trooped down to the harbour on the news of it. Ever since it was known that he was on his way home the city had buzzed with his name; there had been no topic except Alcibiades. Some said he was the noblest citizen that Athens had ever reared and had been treated with hideous injustice. He had been condemned without trial, he had been driven into the exile from which he was now returning loaded with imperial gifts for the city which had rejected him. They had sentenced him to a felon's death who had proved himself her saviour, and who had restored to her, when beaten to the dust, her dominion over the seas. None could gainsay that, but some shook their heads and pointed to where the strong walls of Decelea sparkled on the hills beyond the ravaged plain of Attica, for that was his doing too. Others again remembered that this was a strangely inauspicious day for his return, and this feeling was widely spread, for to-day was the celebration of the Plyntria, when the robes were taken from the most holy and venerable statue of Athene to be washed. To-day her image was veiled, and she seemed to hide her face and refuse to look on the return of Alcibiades. But one and all trooped down to the waterside to witness the arrival of Athens's saviour and her most deadly foe. Eight years ago they had crowded the quay to speed his departure in command of the most gallant force that had ever left the Peiræus, and since then Athens had stumbled far into the valley of the shadow of death, but now he shined on them, a great light in their darkness.

The ship that bore him had come to her moorings; Chrysogenus's flute was silent and the great actor

called no more on the rowers, and still that lonely and splendid figure remained motionless on deck, while the buzz of talk ceased, and the huge crowd grew mute and tense. The years of hatred and exile were over; he was home again with his gift of Empire restored to Athens, but at this supreme hour the memory of the ruinous strokes he had dealt her surged round him and he was afraid. And then he raised his eyes and saw the familiar faces of friends and relations, and the smile leaped to his mouth, and he stretched out his hands to them. At that the roar of welcome broke out and all the quays were laughing and sobbing together because Alcibiades had come home. He sprang ashore, and once more his foot touched Attic soil.

His colleagues, generals and captains who had served with him in this rebuilding of the Empire, followed him, but they passed unnoticed. One will possessed the crowd, to get near Alcibiades, to crown him with the wreaths of gold and bronze they had brought for his welcoming, to burn their eyes with the sight of him. A lane was cleared for his passage, a guard kept the throngs back and he went up to the city. The Assembly was summoned, and once more he faced the citizens of Athens on the hill below the Acropolis.

Both in boyhood and youth and maturity he was the most beautiful of men, and he spoke to those with whom the love of beauty was a passion. There was that lisp in his enunciation still, and the hesitation before he found the perfect phrase, and he held them in the enchantment of his personality. He told them at once that he had not committed the sacrilege for which he had been condemned and that he had

been unjustly treated. But he did not blame anybody; all these sore troubles had come upon him—and he paused for the word—as was his wont—from some “envious genius of his own.” And then the hesitating utterance of that golden voice quickened as he spoke of the broken hopes of their enemies at Sparta who had tried to crush Athens. Their power was shattered, their fleet destroyed, and Athens could lift her bowed head and gaze into the future with courage. He spoke long on this theme, kindling his hearers into the wildest enthusiasm. There were those who still hated and distrusted him and who remembered the bitter woes he had brought on Athens, but none dared raise a voice against him. Already he had been elected General, but now the Assembly voted him General-in-Chief, with sole and absolute command by land and sea; never yet had Athens given such authority to any of her sons. His property which had been confiscated was restored to him; he had been publicly cursed for sacrilege, and now the Heralds of the Mysteries were bidden to revoke their anathemas, and the lead tablets and the pillars on which the curses were engraved were ceremonially flung into the sea. Alcibiades had made his peace with God and man, and the bitter feud was healed. To the citizens of Athens he seemed to be Victory incarnate, and it was with the honours due to a god rather than a man that they acclaimed him.

But it would be a mistake in the very alphabet of psychology to suppose that he was satisfied. He had done all that he had dreamed of, and that in the most magnificent fashion, but true ambition proves its authenticity by the fact that it is never content. Content would be evidence that it was not the real stuff,

for woven into the heart of ambition is the eternal striving for that which is not yet attained, and its successive achievements are but the stepping-stones to a goal that is never reached. Of actual power, military, naval or political, there was for the moment no more to be had, for when next he set out from the Peiræus, he would have behind him the whole strength of Athens to execute any campaigns by sea or land that he chose to frame. He did not mean to stop here long in incense and idleness, for while the one fed his soul, the other starved it. His country had cast him out, and now he had come back to her with imperial gifts as balm for her sore folly. That seemed the summit of magnificence in this regard. The ministers of the Holy Mysteries had forgiven him for the sacrilege of which he solemnly declared himself innocent, and he must forgive them for their mistake by some splendid piety. . . .

Now ever since the fort of Decelea (erected by his own insistent counsel while exile at Sparta) had dominated the Attic plain, the great annual celebration of the Holy Mysteries had been shorn of its sumptuous ritual. On the eve of the feast the mystics still went down to the sea for purification, but the great procession from Athens to Eleusis along the sacred way over the hills of Daphne, with its ceremonies and sacrifices and choral hymns and dances, had been abandoned. The unarmed troop of initiates would have been at the mercy of any attack from the Spartan garrison at Decelea, and for seven years now they had crept round by sea to the shrine where the sacred dramas were enacted and the holy symbols revealed. It was Ichabod: the glory had departed from the great spiritual festival, and Alcibiades (him-



self an initiate) bethought him to restore its splendour. It was not that he desired to make his peace with the Eumolpidæ, for that had already been done, and they had solemnly revoked the curse pronounced on him and destroyed the record of it, but he desired to make this gesture of his acceptance of their forgiveness. He communicated his design to them, and they approved it.

The idea was one of his great pieces of magnificence; just as he had once entered more chariots in the games at Olympia than any king had ever done for the glory of Athens and of Alcibiades, so now (largely if not wholly for the sake of his own splendour) he must restore the glory of the Holy Mysteries. He posted sentries the evening before the processional day of the feast on the heights of Daphne to look out for any sign of activity in the direction of Decelea, and issued orders for troops to turn out next morning sufficient to guard the sacred way from Athens to Eleusis and protect the procession of the initiates. At daybreak the advance-guard would leave the city, followed by the main body. Perhaps King Agis would order an attack, and in that case Alcibiades meant to take command of his men and be seen by all Athens fighting on behalf of the great religious corporation in token of his forgiveness, and that would be pleasing in the eyes alike of gods and men. Or Agis might see that there was a formidable body of troops ready to engage him and would prudently keep quiet, and that would be a sore humiliation for him; Alcibiades liked humiliating Agis. For seven years the menace of his presence had caused the mystics to steal quietly round to Eleusis by sea, but now the exile was home again, and once more, under

his protection, the white-robed procession would come forth with song and dance.

The morning of the festival dawned. The sentries had reported that all was quiet, and forth from the Dipylon gate came Alcibiades on horse-back, leading his troops, and the great procession streamed out behind him. There were many young boys in it, who had been under instruction and were now to be initiated, for the rite, like that of Christian Confirmation admitting to the Sacrament, was administered to the young; and there were many women and girls in it, for this was one of the few religious festivals in which they were permitted to take part, and there were those who, with aged hearts uplifted, saw again the resumption of the splendour of the feast. In front went the bearers of the image of Iacchus; his high priest followed and those who carried the emblems of the god, and then came the lines of white-robed mystics, wearing wreaths and holding torches as yet unlit. When they were clear of the gate they struck up the chants and hymns; there was the hymn to Iacchus and the hymn to the Holy Maiden, and to the Blessed Mother Demeter, and between the choruses the flutes and the cymbals beat the rhythm of the consecrated dances. Along the sacred way were many shrines where the procession halted to do sacrifice, and by the time they had reached the top of the hills, still in sight of Athens but now ten miles distant, night was falling. All day Alcibiades's troops had moved along with them, he, mounted, at their head, and now, looking back, the mystics could see the twinkling city illuminated in honour of the feast, and looking forward, the lights from the precinct of their pilgrimage. They kindled their torches, thick as the

## ALCIBIADES: THE RETURN

stars of the September night above their heads, and again the procession moved on its choric way. Eleusis, though in Attica, had its own independent territory, much like the Vatican at Rome, and when they came to the frontier the mystics were met by a company of priests, who gave to each an armlet and ankle-band to ensure admission, for none but they might enter the Holy Place.

And now Alcibiades gave his horse to his groom and his arms to his page and put on him the white robe of the initiate and his wreath of myrtle, and kindled his torch. All day as Commander-in-Chief of the army of Athens he had been at the head of his troops, but now they must remain outside the sanctuary and bivouac there while he, with his yellow riband bound about arm and ankle, entered with the worshippers to behold again the ineffable Mysteries. Next day he fasted and did sacrifice with them, purifying himself for the revelation, and when night fell he ate with the others of the sacred bread and drank of the hallowing wine. Then came the supreme hour, and once more, as in his boyhood, lord of Athens no more, but one of the crowd of men and boys and women and girls all equal in the sight of the immortal gods, he entered the Hall of the Mysteries which his guardian Pericles had built. When all were assembled, the lights were quenched and from the darkness came the chanted versicles from the priests and the responses from the congregation which none but they might hear and which none could understand but those who had been instructed in the hidden truths of life and death. "I have fed from the timbrel," chanted the priests; "I have drunk from the cymbal," muttered the worshippers. . . .

Silence again and darkness, and once more, as the hall leaped into a blaze of light, he looked on the tableaux of the final revelation which, to those who knew, made the passage from the familiar world of material things an entry into everlasting day.

Perhaps of all the triumphant achievements of his life, splendid and damnable alike, this was the supremest, that he who had been cursed and excommunicated by the ministers of the Mysteries, who had been condemned to death for the blackest impiety in their regard, should have brought the pilgrims to the shrine and have partaken again in the sacramental rites. If we consider this neutrally, we can hardly doubt that his admission here was equivalent to a full and final acquittal on the charge for which he had been refused trial, and that the Eumolpidæ themselves acknowledged his innocence. It may be argued that they had thought it wiser, in view of the wild enthusiasm of Athens at his return, to revoke the curse they had pronounced on him, but it was a very different matter to have allowed him to become a very steward of the Mysteries, and to have accepted his offer to guarantee the safety of the pilgrimage with all its old splendour of ritual. Had they not now been convinced of his innocence they could not have permitted such co-operation. We must remember, too, that he had never been tried, that the evidence against him was that of slaves who belonged to his bitterest enemies, and who could be tortured until they promised to give the desired information. He had entreated to be allowed to stand his trial, he had never ceased to protest his innocence, and the charge of the mutilation of the Herms, which had been coupled with that of the blasphemous parody of the

Mysteries, had long ago been shown to have had nothing to do with him. Devilish indeed had been his reprisals for the wrong that had been done him, whether innocent or guilty, in his not being allowed to answer the charge at once; in his absence, his political opponents were able to weave such a net round him as none could escape from, but such reprisals do not touch the question of his guilt or innocence at all. So heinous was the crime of which he had been accused that the Eumolpidæ had once pronounced that no man ever accused of it ought to be allowed back in Athens again; to-day they were indebted to him for the restoration of the rites themselves. Whether he was innocent can, of course, never be absolutely determined, but it is impossible to imagine stronger circumstantial evidence in his favour than the fact that the guardians of the Mysteries welcomed his co-operation in the conduct of the festival and his presence at Eleusis.

Alcibiades had doubtless calculated on the effect of this exploit (he always calculated), and the result justified him. Instead of being the condemned blasphemer, now forgiven by the Eumolpidæ, he appeared as the innocent and great-hearted man who in the plenitude of his forgiveness towards them had restored the long-dwindled honour of the festival and by the same stroke had restored the prestige of Athenian arms. Ever since the establishment of the fort at Decelea the troops of Athens had hardly set foot outside the town, and the circuit of the long walls on sentry-guard had been the limit of their marchings. The effect both on his men and on the common folk was prodigious; the army believed that with him at their head there was nothing they could

not do (and Alcibiades fully shared their view), while the people saw in him the superman and saviour of the city. Years of twaddle-talk in the Assembly, of plot and counter-plot of oligarch and democrat, of frittering mismanagement of Athens's resources and opportunities had disgusted them with these shifting phantasms of government, mirages without substance, and they longed for the brain that could think on large lines and frame terrible and splendid dooms to be absolute master of the State. Alcibiades's splendour and efficiency made a unique appeal to their imagination; he alone could bring final victory, and having restored peace to the war-weary city, rule it with authority. He had hammered the Spartan fleet into fragments, he had restored their Empire in the North, and as for the tragedies he had wrought for them, provoked by the false charges made against him and now magnificently refuted, they were all forgotten. The people conceived a passion for the idea of that wonderful personality being tyrant in Athens; it was openly spoken of, and he was sounded on the subject himself. Probably in this autumn of 407 B.C. it was within his power to establish himself as such, and it may plausibly be argued that he had considered if he wanted it. Undoubtedly it was his goal.

But the time was not come for that: Sparta was not yet done with, and by now there must have reached Athens disquieting rumours of her fresh activities in the islands and on the coasts of Asia Minor, and of the high favour in which the new Spartan Admiral Lysander stood with young Prince Cyrus, the second son of King Darius. The office of Admiral at Sparta was an annual one, and no one

#### ALCIBIADES : THE RETURN

might hold it twice, but Lysander was certainly making the most of his year. Alcibiades lingered in Athens no more, but after these four months of triumph mobilized fleet and army, and during October returned to the seat of war.

As he must well have known, he left behind him, not only passionate devotion, but jealousies and distrust and, even more dangerous than they, his own colossal prestige. That was his chiefest rival.

E. F. BENSON—*The Life of Alcibiades.*

## ST. FRANCIS: HOW FRANCIS FOUND THE LADY POVERTY

Now all this while since that night of the mysterious voice at Spoleto, many months ago, Francis regarded himself as waiting upon the good-will of his Lord, Jesus Christ; and whatever happened to him apart from his own seeking (and he sought but little of his own will these days), he took as coming from the Divine Will. He doubted not that Christ Himself had sent the leper across his path and had put it into his heart to embrace the leper as he did and thus find the dedicated life. There was yet a period of probation to be gone through before he would be fully initiated; of that he was fully aware; but he was happy with "a sweetness of soul and body" at being enrolled amongst his Lord's servitors. His most imperious feeling now was one of intense loyalty to his Divine Master, which went with a shy worship of that new mystery of life which was gradually being revealed to him in his intercourse with the poor and suffering. He recognized clearly that this new life was the gift of the Lord, and that it must be gained in His service: it was in fact the kingdom which his Lord shared with His followers. Through all this kingdom, as he was coming to know it, he saw the resplendent figure of the Lord Christ reflected in all: the beggar and the leper were touched with His majesty, and the earth they dwelt



on, acquired a new sanctity because this glory of the Christ was upon them. And that was the singular thing about Francis' turning towards religion: it did not raise a barrier between him and the earth, but the earth itself became transformed in his sight and gave him a new joy. In earlier days he had regarded it with a certain eager reverence as the scene and circumstance of high chivalry: now he looked upon it with even greater reverence because of this new life revealed in it, and found in it an even greater joy. Such an attitude of mind would hardly have been tolerated by the professional religious reformers who demanded an utter negation of present joy and held out as a reward some distant joy in another world. Instinctively Francis avoided their counsels: their theories had no relation to the realities into which he had been caught up. Occasionally in moments of acute doubt, he sought advice from the bishop, and came away strengthened and comforted. Doubtless the bishop thought it would all end in Francis becoming a monk or entering the priesthood: but whatever he thought, he was sympathetic and helpful and did not exert any undue pressure to determine the course of Francis' life. But for the most part Francis kept his own counsel: yet humbly and without deliberate contradiction of other people's ways, being wholly wrapt up in the mystery of his own life and in the expectancy of his Lord's commands. This simplicity of soul was probably the safeguard of his truthfulness and sincerity, as well as the evidence.

So we come to those final stages by which Francis reached his great decision. He was walking one day near the little church of San Damiano which stands on the slope of the hill outside the city walls as you

follow the Via Francesca looking towards Spello. The church was in a crumbling condition; no one seemed to have a care for it, and seeing this, Francis' sense of reverence was troubled; yet at the same time he felt strangely drawn to enter in. He followed the impulse and went and prayed before the altar. Suddenly he heard a voice speaking as it seemed to him from the crucifix. "Francis," it said, "go and repair my church which as thou seest is wholly a ruin." At hearing the voice Francis was at first startled and terrified; then he became conscious that it was his Lord who spoke to him; and for a while he could neither speak nor move, but was as one lost to the things of sense: Jesus Christ, for whose word he had waited, had spoken. But he remembered that service was demanded of him and roused himself; in abashed astonishment he replied: "Gladly, Lord, will I repair it." And then he felt a marvellous love for the crucified Christ take possession of him, such a love as he had never felt before; and he knew that for the sake of Him, he would willingly perform any service even to the death.

He rose from his knees and went out of the church and found the priest who served it, sitting near by; and he offered him a large sum of money, saying: "I pray thee, signore, to buy oil and keep a lamp always burning before the Crucified: and when this money is all expended, I will give thee more." Then he went on his way, lifted above himself and seeing Christ crucified, and hearing the Voice, and oblivious to all else: for the crucifix had become a Living Thing to his spirit, and the centre of all living things. His Lord—the Master of his life and service—was the Crucified, and He had made Himself known in

that ruined church: and Francis was to repair the church. The facts shone with exuberant, insistent vitality. The esquire of the Crucified asked no questions, and formed no argument: his response was entire obedience and love. But that evening when Francis went back to the city, he too was already in some wise crucified in spirit, so wholly had he given his heart to his liege-lord.

Without delay he set about his new service. He got together a goodly stock of stuffs from his father's store, and mounting his horse, having first made the sign of the cross, he set off for Foligno, the busy city in the plain, where merchandise would always find a ready sale; and there he sold not only the stuffs but also the horse, and then walked back the ten miles to Assisi, carrying the money he had gained; and this he brought at once to the priest at San Damiano. Bending low, he kissed the priest's hand and offered him the money for the repairing of the church, and begged, as a favour, that he might be allowed to dwell with him at San Damiano; for he was eager to abide where his service was demanded, and he had now no stomach for life in his father's house. The priest was wholly unprepared for the turn events had taken; and being a prudent man, but withal kindly, he refused to accept so large a sum of money, but consented to Francis remaining with him. Possibly the priest had heard talk about Francis' strange behaviour since his return from the pilgrimage to Rome, and was doubtful as to how it would all end: possibly he did not see the use of expending so much money on a crumbling way-side church, and preferred to spend his days in peace. At any rate, Francis could not prevail upon him to take the

money: so he flung it into a window-sill in the church and left it there. He did not go home but took up his abode there and then with the priest.

By this time, however, his father had returned to Assisi, and becoming alarmed at his son's absence, after a few days he set about making inquiries and at length learned the whole story of the sales at Foligno and how his son was now turned acolyte or hermit at San Damiano. And at that Pietro Bernardone was beside himself with sorrow and anger. Calling together a party of his friends, he set out to put an end to this foolery. But someone of the household had already warned Francis, and when Pietro arrived at the little sanctuary, his son had gone, no one knew whither.

Francis, you see, was not yet a perfect hero. He had no thought of surrendering before the violence of his father, nor of going back upon his plighted fealty to the Crucified who had called him; but he was not yet man enough to stand his ground and meet the assault. He shrank before the ridicule which he knew would be heaped upon him, and equally before the violence, which in filial reverence and in conscience he could not return; and even more than from the certain violence, he shrank from his father's curse which he knew would surely fall upon him if he held out: and there is nothing an Italian dreads more even to-day than the parental curse. But besides all this he was yet shy of confessing before the world this new loyalty which possessed him: even as every honest man is shy of confessing his heart's love. He was but a neophyte and was lacking yet the full strength and confidence of a man. From his first settling down at San Damiano he had

dreaded his father's coming and had bethought him of a cave into which he might safely retreat, and thither he had fled when the warning came: and there he remained in hiding for a whole month, so full of terror that he hardly ever ventured out into the sunlight. Food was brought to him secretly by the only friend who knew the place of his retreat.

These days, however, were not without a joy of their own. In the dark solitude he held constant communion of soul with his Divine Lord: new light poured into his mind and strength into his heart; at times he would shrink into himself as he thought of the stormy trouble awaiting him; at other times he was exalted with his newly found happiness. But the day came when he felt it too great an indignity to the Lord he served, thus to lurk in dark corners for the fear of men. No true knight would shirk the combat nor refrain from open confession of his allegiance. He must live his life in the open and bear witness to his Lord, and if needs be, suffer in the doing. So one day, casting all care for himself upon the Lord he served, he issued forth from his cave and appeared in the streets of Assisi. He was much changed in appearance from the gay youth of the past. The mental struggle he had gone through and the fastings and bodily discomforts, had made him thin and emaciated and given his face a deep pallor as of a corpse. The people meeting him were shocked: they thought he must verily have gone mad; and with the cruelty which the curious often have, they taunted him upon his madness and jeered at him. And as Francis, taking it all in the spirit of the Crucified, made no spirited retort, the gathering crowd took courage and flung mud and stones at

him. Still no sign of anger escaped him. In truth he was feeling a curious gladness in this baptism of fire, all the more conscious because of the fears which had held him back this month past.

But Assisi is but a small city and the news of his son's reappearance and the reception he was getting, swiftly reached the ears of Pietro Bernardone, and a new sense of humiliation was added to his anger. He ran out into the streets and seized his son and carried him back to his house, meanwhile giving vent to his fury in imprecations and good moralities: then when they reached the house he gave Francis a sound flogging and finally locked him in a dark room. In such wise did Pietro think to end this strange freak which was bringing ridicule upon his house. When a few days later he had to go abroad on business, he took the precaution to secure his prisoner by putting manacles upon his hands and feet. In time, doubtless, Francis would come to his senses: if not, Pietro knew what he would do. Fortunately he had other sons of a less fantastic disposition, who might turn out good mercers and reputable citizens: there was, in particular, Angelo, the youngest son, a level-headed youth. Yet it went sore with Pietro that Francis his eldest, the pride of his ambitions, should have turned such a failure. And being an unimaginative man he could make no allowance for the personal equation of temperament or character; he could only see wilful opposition to his own designs and a disregard of the family honour and the flouting of unusual opportunities for a successful career. It did not occur to him that his treatment of his son was selfish and unduly severe: rather did he curse the fates which allowed this misfortune to happen to

himself and his house. His pride in his family was hurt, and that was the bitter thing to Pietro who had looked to make the house of Bernardone respected in the commune.

The Lady Pica, however, took a more directly personal view of the matter, as women are apt to do. She understood her husband's disappointment, but she also knew and sympathized with the romantic disposition of her boy, and in her heart she was glad that he had turned from the frivolities of the world to the service of God and the poor. Not that she altogether approved of his abandonment of his home: he might serve God and the poor without doing that. And being a dutiful wife she grieved over her husband's bitterness and yearned to bring father and son to some mutual accommodation. So when Pietro had departed she came to Francis and set forth her thoughts and pleaded tearfully that he should meet his father's wishes as it were half-way. But there was that in the Lady Pica's heart which made her but a poor advocate against the imperious demands of Francis' calling; and she ceased to plead and went over to his side. Francis must after all be true to the Divine Voice.

When Pietro Bernardone came back from his journey, he found Francis was gone; for the Lady Pica had freed her boy from his chains and sent him forth with a mother's blessing to obey the call of his soul. And at that Francis had returned to his lodging at San Damiano.

In the bitterness of his heart Pietro Bernardone cursed his wife; then in a blind fury went off to find his son, thinking still to bring him home and cure him of his folly, or at the worst to drive him from the

city and its neighbourhood. But as he approached San Damiano, to his astonishment Francis came out to meet him, bearing himself confidently and without fear. Pietro, however, determined to make a brave show of his authority: harsh words and blows fell upon the son; but there was no shrinking now. Francis suffered meekly yet stoutly: for the sake of Christ who had called him, he would suffer any injury; but he would not betray his soul by returning to the world's ways. And at last Pietro desisted from blows and objurgations and came to bargaining. Francis should be free to go his own evil ways if he would renounce his inheritance and restore the money he had taken at Foligno.

But here there was a difficulty. Francis would willingly renounce his claims to his father's property; but the money he had received at Foligno was no longer his to restore; he had given it to the Church for the repair of the building of San Damiano and the relief of the poor.

A bitter resolve was in the heart of Pietro Bernardone as he turned back and took his way towards the city. He would have his own to the last penny, but Francis should be no longer a son of his. He went at once, making no delay, to the palace of the commune in the great square and laid a claim before the consuls for a return of the money his son had taken and for his disinheritance; and the consuls, knowing his trouble and willing to comfort so worthy a citizen, straightway sent a herald to cite Francis before the communal court. But the herald brought back word that Francis refused the summons, declaring that as a man dedicated to religion he was not subject to the civic authorities, but only to the bishop.



Thereupon, finding no help in the consuls, who were unwilling to dispute the case with the Church, Pietro went to the bishop's court and lodged his complaint there.

Now Bishop Guido was not always a man of peace and was quick to uphold the rights of the Church against any attempted infringement on the part of the citizens. But in this instance at least, he acted with irreproachable discretion. When Francis received the bishop's summons he answered: "I will come before the lord bishop gladly, for he is the father and lord of souls." At the trial, the bishop bade Francis restore the money he had given to San Damiano, declaring with a certain aristocratic scorn: "God does not wish His Church to be succoured with goods which perhaps are gotten by injustice." Then he bade Francis have a stout heart and trust in the Lord and have no fear, for that God would provide for him in his necessities in return for the service of His Church. At this Francis was moved with gratitude, taking the words as a promise from God Himself to have a care of him. Rising up in the court he handed over the money and, as he did so, cried out: "My lord, not only the money which belongs to him, but also the clothes I wear, which are his, will I give back": and there and then he took off his clothes, and laid them before the bishop. Men noticed that beneath the rich robe, Francis wore a hairshirt. Then, standing naked, he turned to the people who stood about the court and called aloud: "Hear all of ye and understand: until now I have called Pietro Bernardone my father; but because I propose to serve the Lord I return him his money, concerning which he was troubled, and all the

clothes I had of him; for now I wish to say: Our Father Who art in heaven, and not, father Pietro Bernardone."

Never before perhaps had such an act of renunciation been made in that court. The bishop wept and so did all the people, as much in admiration as in pity, because of the simple sincerity of the act. Pietro, steeling his heart, gathered up the money and clothes, and went out. The people seeing him take away the clothes looked after him with exclamations of anger: but as the chronicler says: "His father was inflamed with fury and with an exceeding sorrow." There was no triumph in Pietro's heart as he left the court: he went back to his house conscious that the glamour of the high position he had once thought to hold amongst its neighbours, was gone. He might indeed leave to his sons who remained with him a wealthy business and a standing in the commune: but he had dreamt of more than this when he had watched Francis playing the prince amongst the city's youth: and that dream would never lighten his blood again. He returned home a hard and bitter man; yet not without his sorrow.

Meanwhile the bishop was befriending Francis as a new-born son of the Church. In compassion he had taken the young man to his arms and wrapt him about with the folds of his mantle until a farm-labourer's tunic was brought from one of the bishop's servants. This Francis put on, first chalking it with the sign of the cross. Then he took his leave, nor did the bishop seek to prevent him, and for that too Francis was grateful.

It was in truth his marriage day: at last he had found and wedded the Lady Poverty for whom he

had been searching with constant loyalty since he had heard the Voice at Spoleto. He wondered, perhaps, as men are apt to wonder, that he had been so long unknowing, seeing how near she had been to him all these days, but not yet understanding that his blindness was due in part to Poverty's own leading of her lover. For one must needs first learn the individual graces and values of one's ideal and test one's capacity for worship in the presence first of this grace and then of that, and moreover understand something of the sacrifice which worship entails, before one can truly give oneself to the ideal as a unity or personality.

All his life, had Francis but known it, he had been worshipping the Lady Poverty in an incomplete way. In the days when he followed the troubadour and sang their songs in joyous abandonment, he had been worshipping, in some distant way, the mystery of the actual world of men and things, which afterwards was one of his joys in his converse with poverty; his very prodigality at the civic feast was akin to the open-handedness of the poverty which in later years he defined as in part "a free giving"; in his intercourse with the poor when he made himself their friend rather than their patron, he had bowed before the spirit of comradeship and the quick understanding of misery, which he came to recognize as a property of his ideal. For all this varied understanding he had been grateful and worshipful: yet did the ultimate worship come to him only on the day of his disinheritance when his soul and body were set free from the ties of wealth and secular ambition: and in this freedom he knew that at last his heart had found its deepest desire. That freedom in which

were gathered all his soul's inspirations as in their home, was the Lady Poverty; that and nothing less. And now you know perhaps why the poverty which was Francis' ideal love, is styled "the Lady Poverty." It is because of the nobility of life which she brought to Francis; her simple love of God and His creatures, her generosity and pitifulness, her sense of kinship with all the world which acknowledges "our Father in heaven": all which things, the lust of wealth and the ambition for power and honours are apt to pass by as of no account.

So Francis had become his own man, so far as the world saw: but in truth he was the lover of his ideal Poverty.

FATHER CUTHBERT—*Life of St. Francis of Assisi.*

## POCAHONTAS: THE RESCUE OF SMITH

Soon after Smith had left the barge anchored in mid-stream some young women swam out to it and invited the crew ashore. Only George Cassen disobeyed Smith's orders, and he had scarcely got on land when he was taken prisoner and led before Opechancanough who had just reached Apokant with two hundred men. He had heard of Smith's previous expeditions and was angry with the people for trading all their supplies of corn for the winter. He did not want Smith up the Chickahominy, and had come down to see about it.

Cassen was hideously afraid, and hastened to tell the Pamunkey king what he knew perfectly well already: that Smith had gone up the river with two other men and two Indians. The six terrified men in the shallop, who were rowing desperately downstream, listened to their comrade's blood-curdling screams, howls, yells and screechings for mercy while he was being dismembered with cane knives, and the Indians were almost deafened. They had never before known that anyone could be so noisy under torture.

Directly it was over, Opechancanough had set out after Smith; his men had surprised the canoe and killed Robinson and Emry with the first volley of arrows. Emry screamed and ran into the river and was washed away; Robinson simply fell dead beside the canoe. Smith was a prisoner, and Opechan-

canough was in a good humour as he watched his men pulling him out of the bog, washing the mire off him and then chafing his benumbed legs.

Directly Smith's circulation was restored he was brought to Opechancanough, who stared with glee at the extraordinary figure before him. What a hairy face! What odd clothes! The only drawback was that the prisoner smelt unpleasant. He was incredibly dirty: as dirty as that old Cheskiak idiot who had nobody to look after him and could not wash himself. All the Indians had noticed that the white men were strangely filthy, and this chief was no exception.

But the burly little man began to behave unlike any prisoner whom the king of Pamunkey had ever seen. He was pulling a small bone box out of his pocket and presenting it with extraordinary gestures. Opechancanough was more than suspicious, he was rather scared, both of the bone box and of Smith himself. Yet he looked where he was asked and saw a slip of iron, like a toy arrow-head, spinning about its centre, hidden under a piece of crystal. The needle wagged to and fro and slowly came to rest, and Smith pointed dramatically with a hand in that direction, and began a speech in which all the Indian words he knew were mixed up, and Opechancanough could hardly make out the meaning of these extravagances.

"The sun, the moon, the stars. The arrow points to the stars, points to one star where the wild geese come from in autumn. It leads the white men over the seas in big canoes. The earth is a ripe pumpkin, the needle always points the same way." What a rigmarole!

Opechancanough took the ivory toy into his own hands, shook it, and watched the needle spin and come to rest. It did undoubtedly point in the same direction as before.

Smith was pushing forward in quite the wrong way for a prisoner, standing beside the Pamunkey king and looking over his elbow. As the compass needle came to rest on the great walnut-coloured palm of the royal hand, Smith laughed and looked up into the savage face. What odd twinkling blue bloodshot eyes he had! Something in them gripped the Indian and disturbed him. Opechancanough had known many men, brave and noble, cruel, crafty, mad, wise, jealous and afraid, but he had never seen that expression in a man's eyes before.

The Indian and the white man walked back together to the canoe, and the merry eyes glanced once at Robinson's body stuck all over with arrows, and then, with a sort of patronizing aloofness, asked for his bundle out of the canoe.

The two Indians from Apokant set off downstream in their canoe, a party remained to bury the body of the young man Smith had shot, and, preceded by Indians bearing the English muskets, swords, pistols and possessions, Smith was led back in triumph to the nearest of Opechancanough's villages. There Smith wrote a letter and told Opechancanough to send it to Jamestown by messengers, telling them that the white men would sally out when they saw them, and that they should leave the letter where it could be seen and come again after dark, when they would find a bundle lying where they had laid the letter. In the bundle would be a cloak, a shirt, a pair of breeches, a pair of stockings, a book, a flint and

steel, a pair of scissors, a comb, and two darning needles and worsted thread.

The messengers were sent off, bearing the news that Smith was alive, and thought Opechancanough was likely to attack Jamestown at any moment, but that Smith would do his utmost to scare him off with accounts of the dangers of such an attempt. The weather was icy cold, and Smith shivered miserably, but before the messengers came back with his cloak an Indian to whom he remembered having given a few beads at Kecoughtan, marched up and presented him with a buffalo robe.

On its arrival at the village the procession of warriors had met with a welcome, which was, with every repetition, to seem stranger still to Smith, familiar with Turkish captivities and prisons. For as soon as the messengers returned from Jamestown, with the astonishing news that everything Smith had described to them had come to pass, Opechancanough and his men set out again.

These Virginian savages had no malice in their hearts. In Turkey the little boys threw filth and the women spat, but here all were noble in their manners; not one showed baseness. Smith was the central figure, and at each village he was welcomed joyfully by coveys of maidens who waved their hands or stared, laughed, giggled and interrupted their welcome to chase each other light-footed, and then returned to come forward with cakes of hominy and maple sugar. It seemed to him that the people of this new continent were so innocent at heart that they knew no half-measures in feeling and behaviour. They could be cruel, treacherous, savage and inhumanly bloodthirsty; but within a few hours of



having barbarously slaughtered and mutilated his companions, they greeted him with song and laughter, with proffered fruits and gay glances.

Smith was watchful, wakeful at night, suspicious and apprehensive that every hour would see his death. He had lived too long, fought in too many bloody actions, and risen the last survivor from among the hecatombs of slain, only to have an iron collar riveted about his neck, and he could not forget the sufferings and the perils of his life. He was aware before all else that he was a prisoner, waiting on his captors for the hour of his bloody death, and he could not smile back in answer to their candid smiles. If only this captivity had taken place twelve years since; before he had set out on his adventures, when he lived in a bower in Leicestershire, with his horse tethered to a neighbouring bush of may and his lance set up, pennon fluttering, on the green sward on which he lay reading the great folio of Plutarch's lives! In those days he would have responded so differently, and would have won all these savage hearts as easily as young Cæsar had charmed the pirates.

Yes, courage would win them, but as he lay awake it seemed to Smith that he had very little courage left. He had not been the same man since the battle of Rottenthurm, and knew that he no longer courted danger or liked fighting. He would never go into battle again as though he were trotting into the tilt-yard to exhibit his gallantry at a tourney, but would only risk his skin if he must do so, to succeed in his designs of planting a colony or exploring a new country.

But these introspective musings did not hide from

him the charm of the Indians' manners. He was feasted every night, so that a suspicion grew in his mind that he was being fattened to be eaten later on. Huge collops of roast venison, dishes of dried peas, roast birds, baskets of hot new bread—more than ten men could eat were brought for him, to dine on alone. None of the Indians would sit at meat and share the plenty with him. When he had finished the remains were swept back into the baskets, which were hung up in the room where he slept, and only when fresh food was brought for him next morning would his guards, with graceful reluctance, agree to share among themselves the viands of the day before. Smith had fasted for months; he could not resist the food put so bountifully before him; he ate freely; he gorged, and perhaps because of his state of mind, could not digest his food, and lay awake, the real pains simulating his anticipations of torture and death. Sleep, when it came, brought hideous nightmares from which he would wake to find himself writhing with awful pains.

Yet although his sufferings were great, he still saw, almost with regret, the wild beauty of his progress through Virginia. In the morning a classic train of warriors with naked limbs, carrying bows and full quivers of otter or opossum skin, would set out to lead him a stage further on his strange journey, destined to end, after so much beauty, at the stake.

How swiftly and silently went this tribe of hunters! The deer themselves were not more part of the forest where they lived than these men, who were as silent as the deer, as shy and as full of woodland grace and dappled beauty. During the march Smith fancied indeed that he had fallen into the

hands of beings of another order than man: of fauns or satyrs. But in the evening humanity returned as the procession approached the villages and showed itself in the rounded limbs, the plump pouting breasts and laughing eyes of girls, with all the symbolic promise of their piled baskets of cakes and corn and chinkapins.

Regret shot through Smith's fear: the regret of middle-age, the regret of the man who sees the beauty of the world as a show slipping away and already beyond his reach. He would detain it with words, but words fail him, a net through which the sparkling drops of water pour.

But such embroideries of feeling were dashed aside when a lean, wrinkled man elbowed his way between the guards and ran at him with an uplifted tomahawk. Smith had the swiftness of a small man, and although taken by surprise, he threw the rib of venison he was eating hard in the man's face and somersaulted backwards off the log on which he was sitting, and then sprang up, grasping a brand from the fire. He would sell his life dear. . . . But his aggressor was already in the hands of the guards, and the poor wretch gurgled under their rough handling, while a drop of blood trickled from his under lip, bruised where the flung bone had struck.

The fanatical hatred in the tormented, wrinkled face remained to oppress Smith after the fellow was bundled out. "He's the father of the boy you killed while we were taking you"; and Smith trembled, unstrung by his escape and unnerved because he could not make light of it or see it in a true perspective. Things were going badly with him. That night he could not sleep, but lay haunted by the

hideous lined face; in the morning he breathed more freely as they left the village, but he moved unsteadily and looked about him with a haggard eye, in fear of ambush.

His guards told him strange stories: they were taking him to a northerly river, to see whether any of the people there could recognize him as the white man who had come among them and decoyed away the people to his ship, from which they had not returned. The story was puzzling, but many repeated it, and the inhabitants of the northern villages flocked to look at him and went away shaking their heads, declaring: "Nay, this is not the man."

Smith did not ask his final destination, and his guards told him nothing on that subject. Thus Werowocomoco came to him as a surprise when they reached it just before sunset on a winter's afternoon. A light fall of snow had whitened the country; a few stray crumbs still fell from an apparently cloudless blue sky, and the prisoner's cheeks tingled in the frost. He could feel the cold growing in proportion as the sun slanted down and the shadows lengthened.

As they left the hill-side Smith saw a flat expanse of meadow and marsh and a distant village lying before him, which reminded him of his first service in Holland and Flanders. The ground was white, maculated with the black trunks of trees, walls of houses and ends of logs. Beyond the whiteness of the land lay the vast blackness of the river, a mile wide. The black waters spread everywhere, dividing the land up with deep creeks, which at low tide were courses of black mud, bridged everywhere by light flimsy bridges rattled together, of a few poles covered with osier faggots or reed bundles, and so narrow and

insecure that only one man could venture on them at a time. Smith's guards led him through the forsaken gardens, where the coarse stubble of the cut stems of Indian corn stood up like rows of pegs through the snow. Farther on the ground rose a little by the shore, and the spreading branches of trees on the village green received the light canopy, so that the space between the houses was ringed with black circles of earth around each tree-trunk and criss-crossed in every direction with trodden paths. The sun had set as they got there; already it was dusk. Dogs barked, and one or two women's heads were thrust out of the houses, but they did not come forward to welcome them. Instead of the usual press, half a dozen children raced to meet them, naked in the snow, and headed by a boy and a girl who gazed at Smith with unsmiling serious faces. Ignoring the guards, the boy called out to Opechancanough: "He looks weary enough, but then you have been a month upon the road."

Opechancanough glanced at him crossly; he guessed that the boy was repeating his father's words, and that Powhatan was jealous of his not having surrendered his prisoner to him before. But his face softened as he went up to the girl, ran his hand over her bare shoulders and knocked a few white chits of snow out of her black hair.

"I have brought you a white man to look at, child, and white men's swords and lightning tubes and seeds of thunder. My women will grow a field of it next year."

Smith looked at the children while Opechancanough was speaking, and smiled at them from policy; he was struck by their imperious manners

and their gravity. Then he was startled by a sudden shout from his guards, who had halted. The children ran off again and vanished.

The nearest of the houses was larger than any of those that Smith had seen in the Indian villages he had visited; in the darkness under a huge tree, it stretched an immense length of unwindowed blackness. The branches above it were lit up by two long shafts of flickering light. The patches of thin snow were luminous and made the surroundings darker, the river's expanse limitless, a field of darkness. The cold was terrible, and Smith standing, halted between his guards, was cold with fear. He knew that he was come to his end.

A room that was like the gallery of an Elizabethan mansion blazed with light. The flames of a great fire leapt in the middle of the room, and down the sides thirty torches flared, lighting up the packed ranks of armed men who lined the walls. At the far end of the room, amidst a posy of painted faces and naked limbs, Powhatan reclined upon the dais of his bed. There was a deafening shout of triumph, then not a muscle of all these faces moved, and Smith, blinded by the light, stepped forward unsteadily, frowning and screwing up his eyes. The air was hot and smoky; there was the smell of burning resin, of Indians and of hides. Smith's courage came back to him with the touch of the hot air from the fire, and with perfect self-possession he let his eye travel slowly round the walls, gazing at the armed men, at the torch-bearers, and at the splendid group round the enthroned Powhatan: twenty wives, youths and children, among whom he recognized the two young creatures who had greeted them. Then, only when

he had looked his fill, did he step forward and salute the monarch. He had wondered what shift he could adopt to impress and astonish his host, but after one look at Powhatan he knew that no trick could save him. There was too cold a humour in that implacable American face, too destructive an intelligence in that eye.

Smith was come, he knew, to his death, but he carried himself well and could even feel glad that he should have lived to see the court of this savage king and not have fallen to an arrow in the woods. But before death there was ceremony to be observed.

Opossyquinuske, the Queen of Appomattox, was there, and he smiled with recognition as she stepped out with a basin of water and held it up for him to rinse his hands. She was doing him great honour, but she met his eyes sternly, with no smile to answer his, as she handed him the bunch of turkey feathers to dry himself. Food was set before him. He must feast before his death, and, while he ate, the Indians spoke, determining the manner of his execution: Powhatan briefly and pithily, Opechancanough only nodding his head in assent and supplementing his brother with a single word, but one or two of the other chiefs took longer and seemed to raise objections. Smith did not listen to their words, or heed their gestures, but ate steadily, letting his eye rove almost cheerfully around the garish scene. The impassivity of the silent, motionless guards, the unwinking country stare of Powhatan's fat wives, all combined to give him the impression that he was dreaming, or that this period of eating and waiting was an illusion.

Only the children seemed unconscious of this time-

lessness. They moved their heads and whispered to each other, and in their dark childish faces there was something Egyptian, something Persian. Smith caught the boy's eye and smiled, caught the girl's and smiled again. She smiled back at him a little shyly, blushed and turned to her brother. This was the first smile Smith had received in Powhatan's palace. A people so naturally merry had been changed suddenly, distorted and grimly stiffened by their ritual. There were only three smiling faces in the great crowded room: Smith's, the little girl's, and Powhatan's. But the king's smile was full of cruel humour and was for himself alone.

Smith finished eating and rinsed his hands again and sat patiently while an old man talked wearily. Then there was a sudden stir, men were moving, and Smith had only time to glance with admiration again at the naked child when he was suddenly seized and thrown down at full length, and his head thrust back on to a great stone which two men had rolled into the centre of the floor.

The fire was so close to him that he felt it almost scorching his wrist; looking up, he saw the raised stone heads of tomahawks above him, poised to strike, and the wildly excited faces of his two executioners. Two men kneeling behind him held him with a long buckskin thong slipped behind his back and over his two shoulders, the ends of which they slipped under the stone.

The unwinking blue eyes watched the stone tomahawks swing high for the blow; something was said in a shrill voice, there was a gruff answer, and something which he could not see shot across the floor and fell on top of him. For a fraction of a second, before



it reached him, Smith thought that this object was a dog, and shivered convulsively, but the next moment a child's body was lying sprawling over his, then Pocahontas was astride his chest, laying her face on his.

The stone tomahawks wavered for a moment, the thong slackened, but no one spoke or interrupted the child as she cried out with pathetic, tiger-cat defiance: "He is mine: my man. I take him." Then, a little less certainly, she added: "I am old enough. I want him. He can make me beads and copper bells."

Powhatan considered for a moment silently. Pocahontas was very young; it was absurd for her to claim to adopt this prisoner as a right, but he was very fond of her, and it would be difficult to have the man killed without making her furiously angry. The white man would be useful, no doubt, if he were one of the tribe, if he could really be trusted. On the other hand, if in a year or two he married Pocahontas, he might become a dangerous rival. But that was not an immediate danger, whereas his usefulness would begin at once.

"Very well," he said. The guards stepped back, Pocahontas jumped up and gave Smith a pull as he scrambled to his feet. Her eyes shone, her face was radiant; she showed all her teeth in a delighted smile as she seized hold of him and embraced him. And immediately all the Indians in the whole room began talking at once at the tops of their voices. The guards broke their ranks, the posy of women ranged behind Powhatan rushed forward, the torches were brandished to and fro, flickering and wavering. A hanging mat caught fire and had to be thrust hurriedly out of the door, and the crowd of men,

DAVID GARNETT

women and children surged wildly round Smith. Jabber! jabber! jabber! He was deafened; he was overwhelmed. He was squeezed and hugged and pummelled, pushed and pulled, poked in the ribs, patted on the cheeks and slapped on the back, made to eat, to drink, to sit down, to stand up, and was carried in triumph and enthroned beside Powhatan on the bed, with Pocahontas sitting on his knee, with her arm round his waist and her head on his shoulder.

In that attitude she remained while, after the room was cleared and order was restored, Powhatan conversed with him most amiably, asking him a thousand slow and thoughtful questions, and ruminating over the answers. And in that attitude the little girl fell asleep at last, when all but one of the torches had been extinguished and the pipe was being slowly passed to and fro between her father and Captain John Smith.

DAVID GARNETT—*Pocahontas*

## CHARLES II: THE KING'S TRIUMPH

“ The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the Crown;  
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.”

—*Old Song.*

THE King had taken the tide at the ebb. No outburst followed the sudden dismissal of the politicians, but instead, for some weeks, a quiet, as though all men were a little out of breath. Yet the battle was only in suspense, and none knew whether the King could hold the political initiative which, after four years, he had so dramatically regained. Then, while the iron was still hot, Charles struck. On the advice of Lord Chief Justice North, the Government, which, since the expiring of the Licensing Act in 1679, had been without the means of combating an unceasing campaign of libel and misrepresentation, now turned on its enemies with counter-writers of its own to answer each new lie as it appeared. On April 13th the first number of the *Tory Observer* was issued, under the editorship of old Roger L'Estrange. The plan was completely successful; the country was swept by a tornado of angry pamphlets, but they were no longer on one side only, and within a short while the sharpest weapon of the enemies of the Crown had been blunted.

At the same moment the King made a personal appeal to the nation. Early in April he published a Declaration, setting out the aims of his enemies and

the methods they had pursued, which was read in every church in England. Its effect was electric. Coming at the very moment when the King's superb tactics and the violence of his opponents had set all men thinking, it dissipated the last mists of the Popish Terror and established direct contact between throne and people. From every town and county in England, including many which had returned Whig members to the last Parliaments, a shower of loyal addresses, expressing abhorrence of those who had sought to plunge the nation into civil war, descended on Windsor, where, at the end of April, Charles, much to the distress of his physicians, had for economy's sake moved his Court. He accepted them, as an eyewitness wrote, "with a most joyous and gracious countenance," keeping open hospitality for the loyal folk who brought them. To him, after all he had suffered, this sudden demonstration of loyalty—"the stout fidelios of the strenuous, brisk and valiant youth of this your now much deluded nation"—was as warming as the unbroken sunshine of that wonderful spring.

It was not thus that his opponents witnessed the union of the King and his people. The Common Council of London voted its astonishment at the "untimely dissolution of Parliament" and the Grand Jury of Middlesex—the nominees of the republican Sheriffs—tried to indict the loyal Address of the City of Norwich as a "scandalous libel." "The angry party," wrote stout old Secretary Jenkins, "hath threatened his Majesty's Declaration with bloody answers; if they do there is one good way left of replying to them, which is not by reasoning, but by doing well and worthily."

But, though the King was now determined to

destroy those who had tried to break his throne, he had no intention of resorting to force. He had triumphed by law, and with that weapon he would finish the contest. Undressing himself one evening he told the gentlemen about him that the laws should have their course and, whatever his own private opinion might be, he would govern himself solely by them.

The first brush in this new battle centred in the far from pleasant persons of the paid informers. When, a little before the meeting of the Oxford Parliament, Shaftesbury had threatened to produce an affidavit laying Godfrey's murder on the King, the latter had replied by refusing to issue any more pardons to witnesses in advance. This—once Parliament was out of the way and the Common Law free to run its course—dried up, as though by magic, the flow of incriminating perjuries; even the sturdiest of Oates's school were not prepared to hang themselves. Such indeed was the lot of Fitzharris, who, despite all Shaftesbury's efforts to rescue him, was caught in the very gin he had set, and tried for his life. With the administration of that iron law, the King, as ever, refused to interfere, whether it struck at friend or foe. On the same day as Fitzharris died, perished also Plunket, the Catholic primate of Ireland and the last of Shaftesbury's victims.

With their profession threatened, many of the informers turned to the new masters of the State, hoping to receive from them the same reward for perjury as from the old: it was strange, Charles observed, how all his acquaintances kept a tame rogue. These honest witnesses were quickly disillusioned. The Government would give no money for discoveries;

Secretary Jenkins told the entrepreneur, Justice Warcup, that "they were for truth, not designs"; and the King himself cautioned one of Shaftesbury's turn-coat informers to stick to the truth. Within a fortnight of the dissolution most of the tribe of "Mac Shams" had been deprived of their salaries.

Yet what was true, the Government tried to elicit: the bottom of the plot should be seen at last. In that grim search the King himself took the lead, rising at five to examine witnesses in Council and sternly answering the informer Everard—who hesitated to say what he knew for fear of "the mighty terrible Parliament"—"The law will secure you against Parliament and me whilst you do right." During the early months of the summer of 1681, several significant facts became known to the Government: that an armed rising had been planned to take place at Oxford, that Shaftesbury had been guilty of suborning witnesses, and that Lord Howard of Escrick had set on Fitzharris to accuse the King of Popery. In June Howard was sent to the Tower on a charge of High Treason. A fortnight later, at six on the morning of July 2nd, the King arrived suddenly in London from Windsor. All that day Shaftesbury—taken from his bed and his papers seized—was closely examined by the Council. As afterwards he passed out on his way to the Tower, the pious Oates—asking him how he came into Lob's Pound—offered to visit and pray with him. In the cool of the evening, Charles drove back to Windsor.

But if the King had justice and, at last, public opinion on his side, the Faction commanded the London juries. At the City elections on June 24th, Shaftesbury had again secured the choice of such

Sheriffs—so Lord Arran told Ormonde—as would ensure “that no Bill of Indictment would ever be found against any of their party.” The King’s advisers knew this so well that, rather than face the ignominy of the Grand Jury throwing out the Bill, they withdrew Lord Howard’s prosecution. How right they were was shown on July 8th when, at the London Sessions, a Bill of Treason against Stephen Colledge, the “Protestant joiner”—author of the obscene and libellous “Raree-Show” ditty—was thrown out by a packed Grand Jury, whose foreman was Colledge’s closest intimate and fellow-conspirator.

Outside London the attempt of the Whig leaders to make the law a piece of party machinery was not well received. As the attempt to seize the King’s person, of which Colledge was accused, had been planned for Oxford, it was decided to remove the trial to that city. There, despite every effort of the Republicans, the Grand Jury found a true Bill, and in August, Colledge—taken by barge to Kingston and thence with a troop of cavalry across the Chilterns—was tried and sentenced to death. In the provinces at least the King could look for justice.

In the midst of these distractions, Orange—alarmed by Louis’s new policy of persuading his smaller neighbours towards the Rhine to declare for union with France—arrived in England to persuade his uncle to go to war. But Charles, who had not forgiven him for his intrigues with the Opposition during the Exclusion Bill, and was, in any case, in no position to break his secret agreement with Louis, was not helpful. When his nephew urged him to obtain war supplies by calling a Parliament, he asked him whether he was in favour of Exclusion or the Ex-

pedients of parliamentary control of Militia, Fleet and Judiciary. William, who well knew that one day he might inherit the English Crown, declared he abhorred both, on which Charles asked whether he could suggest any other way of securing money from Parliament. To such a conundrum William could only reply that he did not know England and ask for permission to consult his friends. But when this took the form of accepting an invitation to a City banquet given by the leaders of the Faction, he was promptly recalled to Windsor. Early in August Orange returned to Holland, a sadder but wiser man.

His guest gone, the King enjoyed his usual sea holiday. On August 17th, taking coach to London, he joined his yacht at Greenwich. To young Lord Bruce, whom he took with him as one of the pages in attendance, we owe a charming picture of the voyage. "It cannot be expressed," Bruce wrote, "the satisfaction we had by eating twice that day with the King, who was all mirth and of the most pleasing conversation, and, if we played any game, he would come and sit by us." At the Nore Charles inspected the squadron he was sending to the Mediterranean against the Algerian pirates who preyed on his people's commerce. Thence he went on to view fortifications at Chatham and Sheerness, where, to his great joy, he received news that a loyal Scotch Parliament had almost unanimously affirmed his brother's right of succession to the throne.

All who saw him that autumn were struck by the King's determination. "His Majesty is as well as ever I knew him," wrote one, "and full of resolution not to be any more hectored by the Whigs, which gives great heart to his friends." On his return to



## CHARLES II: THE KING'S TRIUMPH

London at the end of August, he proceeded vigorously with the intended prosecution of Shaftesbury, whose friends, in the heat of the pamphlet war which was still raging, were doing their best to suggest that the evidence against him was suborned. Charles treated such insinuations with contempt. When Shaftesbury, growing alarmed, made overtures for peace, asking for a ship and leave to depart to Carolina, he was grimly referred to his remedy at law. Those who had been so relentless but a few months before, now, when they were met with steel of their own quality, began to speak hopefully of a new Act of Indemnity—and “damn all the witnesses on both sides!” But only to those who yielded and confessed their error did the King show his wonted mercy.

On September 8th Charles departed to Newmarket for his autumn vacation. Here he remained, in excellent health, for over a month, coursing, watching races and cock-matches, and delighting most of all in hawking. Once, to please the Queen, he visited Cambridge, where he was received by the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Colleges, “in their formalities, the bells ringing, conduits running with wine, and such other public demonstrations of joy,” and presented with a vast number of Latin addresses and a folio Bible.

Yet even at Newmarket the clamour of battle followed him. On September 13th, as he walked on the heath, he was accosted by the Whig Mayor and Councillors of Oxford, who had come (at the expense of their fellow-townsmen) to petition him to waive his right of rejecting a newly appointed town clerk of republican views. The King was not at all pleased to see these western Boanerges, and told them to wait

on Lord Conway, the Secretary of State, for an appointment. But they had their revenge, for at that moment Nell Gwynn happened to pass by, with an all too familiar: "Charles! I hope I shall have your company at night, shall I not?" With this story they made great work when they got home, informing all and sundry that they had often heard bad things of the King before, but now their own eyes had seen them.

The move of the Oxford townsmen was no mere local manœuvre, but part of a great concerted plan to capture the control of parliamentary returns and the administration of justice in every borough in England. In the widespread confirmation of town charters that had followed the Restoration, clauses had been inserted, securing to the Crown the right of approving the chief permanent municipal officials; the Faction was now seeking, with Oxford as a test case, to have this check on its further operations removed. How powerful this attempt was, events that followed the King's return to the capital in October proved. As the commencement of the Legal Term approached, the appearance of the London and Middlesex jury panels excited universal wonder: "the most strange that ever were," wrote Secretary Jenkins; "on a panel of fifty, scarce were four that went at any time to church. They are so obscure most of 'em as never to have been in the freeholder's book, so that the King cannot hope to have justice from them in his own Courts." On October 18th a Bill of High Treason against Rous, the manager of the Wapping mob, was thrown out with every mark of insult by a Grand Jury at the Old Bailey. It was not strange that the King—walking that evening in

the park—appeared more serious and concerned than the greatest business usually made him. “It is a hard case,” he said, “that I am the last man to have law and justice in the whole nation.”

But Charles had no intention of allowing his adversaries to regain their lost initiative. He told the Judges that the handle of the plot was broken, and that they had nothing to fear by doing their duty, and bade them put the laws against the Dissenters into execution; every subject, he added grimly, should have the full benefit of the law, even though the Crown was denied it. That autumn he made a clean purge of his household; even the saintly Oates was sent packing pensionless from Whitehall. His resolution was rewarded by a great triumph—the election of a Royalist merchant, Sir John Moore, as Lord Mayor—a man so nervous and retiring that the Faction had hardly troubled to oppose him. On October 29th the King dined with this magistrate, receiving a tremendous ovation as he rode through the city streets. In his speech, studiously ignoring his foes, the Sheriffs, he turned with kindness towards the citizens and declared that, so long as the honest men of the city stuck to him, and the law was on his side, he did not doubt to be too hard for those that endeavoured to divide him from his people.

In November, as the time of Lord Shaftesbury's trial drew near, both parties braced themselves for the test. Everywhere quiet country folk anxiously awaited the result. A week before, the Faction, to show their strength, paraded the London mob in the great Protestant Saturnalia of Elizabeth's accession day. As it grew dark, the streets filled with people, until about eight o'clock every throat broke into thunder

as, carried high above the heads of the crowd, the famous pageants swept down the streets: the murdered Godfrey before; the Pope, attended by Devils, Cardinals and Jesuits; and Cavalier gentlemen, with halters round their necks and an attendant booming through a stentorophonic tube the word "Abhorrrers!" Last of all came a sledge with a single fine gentleman on it, whom some supposed to be the King of France, some the Duke of York and others the editor of the *Observer*. At Temple Bar the Lords of the Green Ribbon Club sallied out on to the balcony of the King's Head Tavern, with wigs aslant, pipes in mouths, merry faces and diluted throats, to encourage the caterwauling mob. Then the procession turned northwards to the final orgies over the bonfires of Smithfield. But the riot was far greater on the 24th, when the rabble swarmed into the Old Bailey, hooted down the Judges, and, so soon as the packed jury had returned its Ignoramus to the Bill against Shaftesbury, stoned the witnesses for the prosecution along the Strand. That night the town was full of bonfires, and the mob forced the passers-by to pledge its leader's health in kennel-water.

But Charles had resolved that if Shaftesbury must be free, it should be, as he put it, with a bottle at his tail. He therefore published the evidence against him, with a form of an Association, found among his papers, binding its subscribers to destroy all who opposed Exclusion and give implicit obedience to the commands of the existing Parliament, whether dissolved or not. Once again Charles found that the policy of giving publicity to his opponent's intentions brought popular opinion to his side. A new flood of abhorring addresses poured in from the outraged

provinces, stirred to the core by the realization of how near to civil war the politicians had driven the country. But someone else besides Charles chose that autumn to affix a bottle to Shaftesbury's tail, where after a lapse of two and a half centuries it still remains. Caught in the quick-silver of the poet's mirror, the false Achitophel lives for ever.

“A name to all succeeding ages cursed;  
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,  
 Sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit. . . .  
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.”

While England was torn by the battle of the juries, the ambitions of France continued to alarm Europe. In the autumn Louis, on an invitation from its inhabitants, had seized Strassbourg; by November he had gone further and was laying claim to Luxemburg. But though Charles, urged by Orange, hinted that under certain circumstances he might be forced to call a Parliament and ask for supplies—and even succeeded in obtaining an additional grant of £75,000 from Louis as the price of not doing so—war was out of the question. The leaders of the Opposition had secretly promised that, if the Government raised a finger against France, they would quickly put it into a condition of utter powerlessness; and somewhere in France was secretly printing a book revealing the full story of the Treaty of Dover—ready for publication should Parliament meet. Charles knew that he was in no case to defend Spain or Holland when his own throne was threatened. “There are devils who intend my ruin,” he told Barrillon.

Before the old year ended the King attacked the Faction in its own stronghold. While he proceeded

to undermine its supremacy in the boroughs by ordering the enforcement of the Corporation Act—which for many years he had allowed to remain in abeyance—his Law Officers prepared their artillery against the City of London. Within two days of Shaftesbury's acquittal, it had been resolved to proceed against the City Charter with a writ of *Quo Warranto*. The effect of the King's determination was apparent in the December elections for the Common Council, when no less than eight of Shaftesbury's Ignoramus Jury lost their seats. A strong reaction was setting in for monarchy; some of the better-to-do and more peaceful London citizens, sickened by the excesses of the politicians, formed a loyal club, which grew that winter like a snowball.

Fortune was at last beginning to smile on Charles. With it returned his good humour; when at the New Year an embassy from Morocco presented him with two lions and thirty ostriches, he observed that the only appropriate return the resources of England would enable him to make would be a flock of geese. Loyal addresses poured in from every side, and before the spring many towns were voluntarily offering to surrender their old charters for new ones, giving the Crown the right of veto in the election of municipal magistrates. Abroad a diplomatic victory much eased the King's affairs, Louis having responded to his representations by agreeing to withdraw his claim to Luxemburg provided its fortifications were razed. Charles was still very poor, but that did not prevent him from making a generous provision for those who had served England, repurchasing from the Royal Society, to whom he had originally given it, the site of Chelsea College, and laying, that February, the

foundation-stone of Wren's great hospital. It was not an ignoble legacy for an impoverished King to leave to posterity.

At the winter's end, giving his Judges their instructions for the Circuit and bidding farewell to Louise, who was going abroad to drink the Bourbon waters, Charles jolted over the cobble-stones in time to see the dawn lighting the hedges on the Newmarket road. He was in a charming mood that March: "so much pleased in the country, and so great a lover of the diversions which that place did afford, that he let himself down from Majesty to the very degree of a country gentleman. He mixed himself amongst the crowd, allowed every man to speak to him that pleased, went a-hawking in the mornings, to cock-matches in afternoons (if there were no horse-races), and to plays in the evenings, acted in a barn and by very ordinary Bartholomew Fair comedians." It was significant that the press of country people to see him was more than usually great.

Before he returned to London, Charles was rejoined by the Duke of York. The good offices of Louis XIV and Portsmouth, both of whom now had excellent reasons for wishing to be on friendly terms with the future ruler of England, had contributed to this victory of Charles's natural affection for his brother over his equally strong desire to keep out of England one who aroused such violent antagonisms. York's return was not attended with those ill results which Halifax, who never liked him, had foretold. It was true that when, in April, he attended the Artillery Company's Feast in the city, there was no great enthusiasm—save for half a dozen paid boys running after his coach crying, "Bless him"—but on the other

hand there was no adverse demonstration, and a Whig attempt to hold a rival banquet for Monmouth was easily suppressed. Indeed the City seemed to have fallen into an easy quiet, and proved more interested that spring in the visit of the Bantam Ambassadors—another manifestation of Charles's far-spread commercial activities—and the April floods that came down so fast at Fleet Bridge that they drowned a whole drove of hogs and filled the streets with an argosy of floating cradles, tables and hogsheds of beer.

But when in May, York, making a farewell visit to Scotland, all but solved the succession problem for ever in a shipwreck on the Lemon Oare, a strong tide of popular feeling set in in his favour. A new sentiment sprang into being, based on the constancy of his political attitude, that York had been all the time right—the one strong man who had set his face against anarchy and republicanism from the first. When he returned to London on May 27th, the fickle crowd, who had howled at his name a few months before, was singing:

“ The glory of the British line,  
Old Jimmy's come again.”

Charles, who had caught a slight chill playing tennis at Windsor, came up to London to welcome his brother home. It was a hot day and, returning in the evening, he opened all the windows of his barge and fell asleep. Next day, at service in St. George's Chapel, he was seized with a shivering fever. It was during his subsequent convalescence that old Lord Ailesbury, appearing at his levée with an unusually smiling face, explained on his master's inquiry that



it was due to his joy at the royal birthday. "I know, my Lord," said Charles, "your great and good heart towards me and the Crown, but is there nothing else that causes it?" When Ailesbury at last admitted that a grandson had been born to him that morning, Charles called out cheerfully: "And my godson; God's fish! there is another chip of the old block!" And it was all his doctors and the beseeching father and grandfather could do to prevent him attending the ceremony in person.

Prosperous gales were now fanning the King's sails; there was no doubt that his enemies were beginning to break. But before they finally did so, there was a great fight to be fought for the control of London and the freedom of the juries. A further outrageous Ignoramus had recently concentrated public opinion on this problem. To foreigners it seemed as though in the government of London, the monarchy was challenged by a rival republic. Therefore, while the City authorities put in a plea of two hundred sheets to the royal *Quo Warranto*, the King began a new assault—this time on the very bastion of the republican fortress, the London Sheriffs. The Lord Keeper had persuaded his brother, Dudley North, a brave and honest merchant recently returned from Turkey, to stand as a candidate, and the loyal Lord Mayor employed the old custom—disused during the Civil Wars but since revived—of nominating him as one of the two Sheriffs by drinking his health at the Bridgehouse Feast. The republicans, having failed to hector North into withdrawing his candidature—threatening him with every kind of evil, from hanging upwards, if he should dare to oppose them—made a mighty muster in the Guildhall at the June

elections, and, by refusing to allow their opponents to enter the hall to poll and yelling the Lord Mayor down, forced the latter to declare the election adjourned. Thereupon the old Sheriffs, without the slightest legal authority, conducted the poll themselves and, after a riotous meeting, declared the republican candidates, Papillon and Dubois, elected. For this they were committed by the Council to the Tower. On their release under Habeas Corpus a few days later, they again proceeded to declare their nominees elected, counting the heads of a packed hall of Dissenters, who by the Corporation Act had, in law, no votes at all. But, in spite of threats, the Lord Mayor remained firm and held a further and legal poll, which resulted in a substantial majority of qualified votes for North and Box, the Tory candidates. It was as though an axe had been laid to the root of a dangerous tree.

Though these hot and dusty proceedings brought the King to London more often than he cared for, they did not prevent him making a voyage at the end of June down the river. He missed Louise, who was returning from France, and ran into storms, which kept him busy and happy, handling the sails and taking his turn on deck like a common seaman. He was several times at sea that summer—much pleased with a new yacht which he christened *The Fubbs* in honour of his old sweetheart, who had grown quite plump during her holiday. But most of all now he delighted in hawking, and at the end of August, making a State visit to Winchester to watch some races, was so pleased with the sport the open Hampshire Downs afforded that he resolved to return there every year.

Meanwhile Shaftesbury strained every nerve to rally his declining forces. Ever since the beginning of the year his agents had been busy at their work; now, with the approach of Michaelmas, when the new Tory Sheriffs must take office and his right of vetoing prosecutions come to an end, he sought desperately for some last chance to put the nation in a flame. A revolution was now his only hope. But the Government gave him no opening. His vaunted ten thousand "brisk boys," the great race for the seamen and watermen on Greenwich Heath, the riotous autumnal progress of Monmouth, were alike unavailing. On September 29th the new Sheriffs took office, and Sir William Pritchard, another Tory, was elected Mayor.

Without awaiting the recount of the poll, which the despairing Republicans demanded, the King, taking the Queen "a' racing with him," proceeded on his holiday to Newmarket. On the night before he left he wrote a note to his seventeen-year-old daughter, the Countess of Lichfield.

"I have had so much business . . . that I hope you will not think that I have neglected writing to you out of want of kindness to my dear Charlotte. I am going to Newmarket to-morrow and have a great deal of business to dispatch to-night, therefore I will only tell you now that I have five hundred guineas for you . . . and so, my dear Charlotte, be assured that I love you with all my heart, being your kind father.

"C. R."

When he returned to London three weeks later, his victory was almost complete. His enemies were even robbed of the hope that, having obtained the Sheriffs

he wished, the King would make the mistake of uniting their party by acts of extreme severity. A regular landslide to the royal side occurred. "The Whigs come over to us daily," wrote a Tory; "you can hardly find six at High Exchange in the city . . . Sir Thomas Player, being £17,000 in arrear of Orphan Money in the Chamber of London (which money, it is thought, they have spent to carry on the good old cause) is absented."

Shaftesbury himself remained till November, intending—after an unsuccessful attempt to rouse the mob on Guy Fawkes Day—to make one last bid for revolution on Elizabeth's accession day. Some were for posting the Guards in the city, but the wise King, remarking that he "did not love to play with His Horse," left it to the Sheriffs to take their own precautions. When the great night came, the latter, with their blue caparisoned attendants, patrolled silent and deserted streets. Only about three in the morning did they discover in a back-yard near Bishopsgate, "a parcel of equivocal monsters, half-formed like those fabled of the mud of the Nile: legs and arms scattered about, heads undressed and bodies unheaded!" The insubstantial pageant had faded. A few days later Shaftesbury, a dying man, fled from England to lay his bones in the great republic he had once sought to destroy.

The climax did not come till the next year. In March, 1683, the victorious King paid his usual visit to Newmarket—a very quiet one, for he was beginning to age a little now, and though he would still walk ten miles on the heath of a morning and watch as many horse-races and cock-fights as the place afforded, he saw little company and was generally in

bed by nine. On the evening of March 22nd a careless groom smoking and a strong wind met together, and next morning Newmarket was a rubble of charred house timber, coaches and horses. Had the fates decreed otherwise, the royal coach, outdistancing its guards as usual, would have rumbled Londonwards a few days later than it actually did; and at the Rye House near Ware, this tale would have ended with a cart of hay blocking the highway, the rattle of musketry from the ditch below the causeway, and, while waiting horsemen galloped Londonwards to rouse the City and proclaim Monmouth, England's Majesty and his brother lying dead on the road with a dozen bullets through their bodies.

Whispers of something untoward reached Charles on his return, but these he dismissed as idle gossip, and it was not till June, when he was on the verge of his final triumph over the City Charter, that he discovered how near he had been to death. On the 12th of that month one of the conspirators, an Anabaptist oil merchant called Keeling, sought an interview with Jenkins. That official, who was always inclined to be suspicious of confessions, dismissed him, imagining from his countenance that this queer informer, who seemed an honest man, was subject to visionary frenzies. But when Keeling reappeared next day with a substantial brewer, who confirmed all that he had said, the Government could no longer ignore the existence of a widespread and dangerous conspiracy. The affair was a little difficult to probe, because the witnesses, though ready enough to admit their own guilt, were unusually reticent in accusing others, and Charles, who examined them in person, being anxious to avoid any suspicion of subornation, refused to sug-

gest names. But gradually two plots were unravelled from the tangled tales—one to murder the King, concocted by an old Cromwellian officer, a rascally lawyer and a knot of fanatics, and a far more ambitious plan, canvassed by Monmouth, Russell, Essex and the Whig Grandees, for seizing Whitehall, calling the country to arms and establishing either a dogedom under the weak Monmouth or an aristocratic republic. Somewhere between these two plans and linking them, flitted the evil and ominous forms of Shaftesbury's henchmen—Howard of Escrick and Sir Thomas Armstrong, and that stranger and more moving figure, the sworded preacher, Ferguson. On June 23rd warrants were issued for arresting the principal conspirators. But those who knew the King best noticed that he was extremely reluctant to bring Monmouth within the net of justice. Setting his watch one morning by the dial in the Privy Garden, he called to young Lord Bruce, whom he loved and trusted, and bade him go down to his native Bedfordshire and arrest his rebellious son at Toddington. When Bruce, divining his master's secret wishes, spoke of the difficulty of doing so, the King, giving him a look of infinite affection, bade him come for orders some other time, and never spoke of the matter again.

The prisoners were not kept in suspense. On July 12th a Grand Jury—in which all attempt at packing had been scrupulously avoided—found true Bills against twenty-one persons, including Monmouth, Grey, Russell, Essex and Armstrong. Howard, who had turned King's evidence, was exempted. Next day Russell was convicted of High Treason. Before the result was known, Essex, steeped in the stoical principles of the Roman republicans, had cut his

## CHARLES II: THE KING'S TRIUMPH

throat; the King, who was inspecting some repairs, was himself in the Tower at the time the tragedy occurred—a fact afterwards used by his enemies to insinuate that the prisoner had been murdered.

In the week that followed desperate efforts were made to secure Russell's pardon—even to offers of large sums of money. But Charles was inexorable: he would not, he said, purchase his own or his subjects' blood at so dear a rate. Yet he commuted the sentence to beheadal, observing that the courtesy which Russell had endeavoured to withhold from the innocent Stafford should not be denied him, and let him know before he died that his forfeited estates should revert to his widow. On July 20th three of the lesser conspirators were drawn on the sledge to Tyburn, where—confessing their guilt—they paid the penalty of their own folly and that of many other men. Next day Russell, with a fortitude and dignity that went far to redeem the bitterness and faction of his public life, mounted the black-draped scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields amid a silent crowd.

ARTHUR BRYANT—*King Charles II.*

## MARLBOROUGH: THE "GREAT AND GLORIOUS" REVOLUTION

AND now revolt broke out all over the country. Danby was in arms in Yorkshire; Devonshire in Derby; Delamere in Cheshire. Lord Bath delivered Plymouth to William. Byng, a Rear-Admiral representing the captains under Dartmouth's command, arrived at his headquarters to inform him that the fleet and Portsmouth were at his disposal. City after city rose in rebellion. There was an eager rush of notabilities to greet the rising sun. By one universal, spontaneous convulsion the English nation repudiated James.

It was high time for the wives to do their part. Anne and Sarah had no mind to await the return of the indignant King. James sent orders to search both Churchill's houses, and to arrest Sarah. The Princess prevailed upon the Queen to delay the execution of this last order till the morning, and in the night the two women fled from the Cockpit. There are two theories upon this reasonable step: the first natural panic, and the second long-prepared design. Sarah in her account represents the Princess in a state of terror. She would rather "jump out of the window than face her father." Under her orders Sarah therefore made the best arrangements possible for immediate flight. "All was unconcerted." But this is not convincing. Anne knew that she herself was in no personal danger; her fears were for her beloved Mrs.



## MARLBOROUGH

Freeman, who would certainly have borne the brunt of the royal anger. It had not been definitely settled whether when the crisis came Anne should leave the palace and seek protection in the City, or whether she should try to join her husband in William's camp. The means of flight had been foreseen, and six weeks earlier a wooden staircase had been constructed from Anne's apartments to those of Sarah, which afforded an unguarded exit from the Cockpit. The Bishop of London was dwelling close at hand in concealment, and Lord Dorset, whose romantic nature was attracted by such a service, was in constant touch with him. When the orders for Sarah's arrest were followed by sure news that Prince George had quitted King James, the two ladies were able to escape. In the dead of night they descended the wooden staircase, found the Bishop and Lord Dorset awaiting them, waded through the mud of Pall Mall, in which Anne lost her shoe, to Charing Cross, and thence were carried in a coach to the Bishop of London's residence in Aldersgate. After a brief halt they set out at day-break for Dorset's beautiful Copt Hall, in the heart of Epping Forest. When their flight was discovered, Lady Clarendon and Anne's waiting-woman raised so loud an outcry that the Princess had been carried off, probably to be murdered by Papists, that the Queen and her household had no small difficulty in pacifying their own Guards. All search for the fugitives was vain, and when the unhappy King reached Whitehall in the afternoon, he could but exclaim in despair, "God help me! Even my children have forsaken me!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *inter alia*, Samuel Pepys' account in Dartmouth Papers, H.M.C., xi, Appendix V, p. 214; Clarke, pp. 226-7; *Conduct*,

From Copt Hall the Princess and Sarah proceeded without delay to Nottingham. The Bishop, who had discarded his clerical attire, escorted them, armed with swords and pistols, a veritable embodiment of the Church militant here on earth. At Nottingham Devonshire was already in arms at the head of the nobility and gentlefolk of Derbyshire organized into about a thousand horse. The Princess was received with royal honours and rapture by the rebels, and warmly welcomed by the townsfolk. A Court was improvised and a banquet held. In default of servants, the dragoon volunteers waited upon the guests, and one of them, Colley Cibber, the poet and playwright, has left us an impression of Sarah which is so vivid and agreeable that it demands inclusion.

We had not been many days at Nottingham, before we heard that the prince of Denmark, with some other great persons, were gone off from the king to the prince of Orange; and that the princess Anne, fearing that the king her father's resentment might fall upon her for her consort's revolt, had withdrawn herself in the night from London, and was then within half a day's journey of Nottingham; on which very morning we were suddenly alarmed with the news, that two thousand of the king's dragoons were in close pursuit to bring her back prisoner to London. But this alarm it seems was all stratagem and was but a part of that general terror which was thrown into many other places about the kingdom at the same time, with design to animate and unite the people in their common defence; it being then given out, that the Irish were everywhere at our heels, to cut off all the Protestants within the reach of their fury. In this alarm our troops scrambled to arms in as much

pp. 17-18; Lediard, pp. 53-4; Clarendon, *Correspondence and Diary*, ii, p. 207.

## MARLBOROUGH

order as their consternation would admit of; when, having advanced some few miles on the London road, they met the princess in a coach, attended only by the Lady Churchill (now duchess dowager of Marlborough), and the lady Fitzharding, whom they conducted into Nottingham through the acclamations of the people. The same night all the noblemen, and the other persons of distinction then in arms, had the honour to sup at her royal highness's table, which was then furnished (as all her necessary accommodations were) by the care and at the charge of the Lord Devonshire.

At this entertainment, of which I was a spectator, something very particular surprised me; the noble guests at the table happening to be more in number than attendants out of liveries could be found for, I, being well known in the lord Devonshire's family, was desired by his lordship's maître d'hôtel to assist at it. The post assigned me was to observe what the lady Churchill might call for. Being so near the table, you may naturally ask me what I might have heard to have passed in conversation at it; which I should certainly tell you, had I attended to above two words that were uttered there, and those were "Some wine and water." These I remember came distinguished and observed to my ear because they came from the fair guest whom I took such pleasure to wait on. Except at that single sound all my senses were collected into my eyes, which during the whole entertainment wanted no better amusement than stealing now and then the delight of gazing on the fair object so near me. If so clear an emanation of beauty, such a commanding aspect of grace, struck me into a regard that had something softer than the most profound respect in it, I cannot see why I may not without offence remember it; such beauty, like the sun, must sometimes lose its power to choose, and shine into equal warmth the peasant and the courtier.

. . . However presumptuous or impertinent these

thoughts might have appeared at my first entertaining them, why may I not hope that my having kept them decently secret for full fifty years, may be now a good round plea for their pardon?<sup>1</sup>

We cannot think that Macaulay would have had any difficulty in blaming Churchill, whatever he did. As a Whig historian he is, of course, ardent for the Revolution. Of James he says:

During three years the King had been proof to all argument and to all entreaty. Every Minister who had dared to raise his voice in favour of the civil and ecclesiastical Constitution of the realm had been disgraced. A Parliament eminently loyal had ventured to protest gently and respectfully against a violation of the fundamental laws of England, and had been sternly reprimanded, prorogued, and dissolved. Judge after Judge had been stripped of the ermine for declining to give decisions opposed to the whole common and statute law. The most respectable Cavaliers had been excluded from all share in the government of their counties for refusing to betray the public liberties. Scores of clergymen had been deprived of their livelihood for observing their oaths. Prelates, to whose steadfast fidelity the King owed the crown which he wore, had on their knees besought him not to command them to violate the laws of God and of their land. Their modest petition had been treated as a seditious libel. They had been browbeaten, threatened, imprisoned, prosecuted and had narrowly escaped utter ruin. Then at length the nation, finding that right was borne down by might, and that even supplication was regarded as a crime, began to think of trying the chances of war.<sup>2</sup>

Yet when Churchill obeyed this imperious call and took the action which enabled a good cause to

<sup>1</sup> *An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* (1740), pp. 57-9.

<sup>2</sup> *History*, ii, 469-70.

triumph without the shedding of English blood, Macaulay denounces him with all the pungent rhetoric and elaborate scorn of which he is master. Now all rebellion is treason. To be guilty of treason is to be a traitor. Nineteen-twentieths of England, we are assured, were at this time traitors. Apparently this almost universal crime was only infamous in one man. For all the others Macaulay makes ample excuses; nay, they are glorified. The bishops, begged by the harassed sovereign for succour and accorded their every request, refused even to make a pronouncement against the invader. Fine spirit among the bishops! A regiment, asked to proclaim its readiness to fight for the enforcement of the Tests, threw down its arms. Patriotic feeling among the troops! Bishop Compton, taxed by James with having signed the invitation to William, avoided the lie direct by an ingenious subterfuge. "Sir," he said, "I am quite confident that there is not one of my brethren who is not as guiltless as myself in this matter." Questioned again the next day when all the others had denied, he said, "I gave your Majesty my answer yesterday." "The equivocation," says Macaulay, "was ingenious." He had "parried the question with an adroitness which a Jesuit might have envied." How clever!

Danby seized York. He spread a rumour that the Papists (of whom scarcely any existed in the neighbourhood) were up and were slaying the Protestants, and then rode to the rescue of the city at the head of a hundred horsemen crying, "No Popery! A free Parliament! The Protestant religion!" On this wave he disarmed the garrison and placed the governor under arrest. But what was this? Rebellion, treason, lying propaganda; sharp practice by any

computation? "No," says Macaulay, "Danby acted with rare dexterity." To ride into a peaceful city after having terrified the inhabitants with the shameful falsehood that their lives were in danger, and then to disarm the faithful officers and guardians of the King's peace, is described as "rare dexterity." The peers, who by scores had been conspiring, intriguing, and preparing for active rebellion against James for six months past, had all sworn the Oath of Allegiance on taking their seats in the Upper House. But here Macaulay shows us how civic duty rightly overrides mere ceremonial obligations. He invites us to admire all these perjured nobles. They struck for England in a good cause without being hampered by the pedantry of scruple. The Lord-Lieutenants were the King's personal representatives, and special obligations of fidelity rested upon them. Yet how manly, how enlightened, how public-spirited they were in such large numbers to desert and abandon King James, once it was quite clear how the event was going! The oath of a Privy Councillor is more solemn and explicit even than the oath of a Lord-Lieutenant. Macaulay places his tinsel chaplets on the brows of every Privy Councillor who worked for James's undoing and expulsion.

From this universal commendation there is but one exception. In Churchill all resistance to James was shameful. Because he did not immediately go to James and, falling on both knees, declare, "I am opposed to Your Majesty, I am therefore a traitor, put me to death," he is a scoundrel—nay, more; he is the only scoundrel in England! What in all others was the hard but sacred duty of sustaining civil and religious liberty without regard to personal or party

ties, in Churchill becomes the most infamous trick of the seventeenth century. What in all others was the broad heave of the British shoulders against insufferable burdens and injury, in him is the extremity of personal dishonour. What in all the rest is rightful, salutary action in a great crisis, in Churchill is "a dark conspiracy." But for Churchill's action, England would have been drenched with English blood—yet he alone is the villain. The event is glorious: the instrument dishonoured. The end was indispensable to British freedom: the means, we are assured, were disgraceful to Churchill's character. The relief and joy of the nation that an inevitable revolution was accomplished without the agony of civil war have resounded through the ages; and with them echo the censures upon the one man whose action, and whose only possible action, brought so great a blessing.

The King, having assembled such peers and Privy Councillors as were still in London, was advised by them to enter into negotiations with the Prince of Orange and to accord an amnesty to all who had joined him. He nominated Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin as his Commissioners to treat with William. He did not know that Halifax and Nottingham had both been privy to William's design. Neither did Halifax know that the King had no intention to treat, and was only using the negotiations as the means of gaining time to send his wife and child abroad and to follow them himself. William, on his part, was in no hurry, and more than a week passed before the necessary safe-conducts were granted to the Commissioners, and they were conducted to his headquarters, which had now reached

Hungerford. Meanwhile James had sent his infant heir to Portsmouth with orders to Dartmouth to send him at once to France. Dartmouth, for all his loyalty, refused to obey this fatal command, which he declared would render him "guilty of treason to Your Majesty and the known laws of the kingdom." "Pardon me therefore, Sir," he wrote from Spithead on December 3,

if on my bended knees, I beg of you to apply yourself to other counsels; for the doing this looks like nothing less than despair to the degree of not only giving your enemies encouragement, but distrust of your friends and people, who I do not despair but will yet stand by you, in the defence and right of your lawful successor. . . . Pray, Sir, consider further on this weighty point: For can the Prince's being sent to France, have other prospect than the entailing a perpetual war upon your nation and posterity; and giving France always a temptation to molest, invade, nay hazard the conquest of England, which I hope in God never to see. . . .<sup>1</sup>

But James was not to be deterred. The baby Prince was brought back from Portsmouth, and on the night of December 9 the Queen, escorted only by Count Lauzun and Riva, an Italian gentleman, escaped, with her child, to Gravesend and thence to France. As soon as the King knew that his wife and son were safely off he prepared to follow them. Elaborate arrangements having been made to deceive the Court and the Council, the King stole from the palace an hour or two after midnight on December 11, crossed the river, and rode hard for the coast. He endeavoured to plunge his realm into anarchy. He threw the Great Seal into the Thames; and sent

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple, ii, Part II, 246.



orders to Feversham to disband the Army, and to Dartmouth to sail with what ships he could for Irish ports. Dartmouth, stricken to the heart by his master's desertion of his post, placed the fleet under the orders of William. But Feversham, with reckless wickedness, scattered the soldiers, unpaid but not disarmed, upon the population. General consternation ensued. The King's Commissioners saw they had been befooled. The wildest rumours of impending Irish massacres spread through the land. The London mob sacked the foreign embassies, and everyone seized arms in defence of hearth and home. A wild panic and terror, long remembered as "Irish Night," swept the capital. Undoubtedly a complete collapse of civil government would have occurred but for the resolute action of the Council, which was still sitting in London. With difficulty they suppressed the storm, and, acknowledging William's authority, besought him to hasten his marches to London.

But the very next day, while the Council was sitting, a poor countryman arrived at the door with an appealing message from the King. James had actually got on board a ship, but, missing the tide, was caught, mauled, grabbed, and dragged ashore by the Feversham fishermen and townfolk, who took him for a Jesuit in flight. What followed is briefly and well told by Ailesbury, who gives unconsciously a picture which historians seem to have missed. Ailesbury had striven hard to dissuade James from his flight, and when the news that the fugitive had been intercepted at the coast was brought to the decapitated Council, he broke the prolonged silence by proposing that his Majesty should be invited to return forthwith to his post. Charged with this task,

he set out by coach and a-horse to retrieve his master out of the hands of the mob at Sheerness. He was haughtily received by the royal captive. His high jack-boots prevented him from falling on his knees when entering the presence, and he could only bob his knee. Whereat James, unshaven, ill-fed, rounded up and put in the pound like an errant bull by the local townsfolk and seamen, but unshakably sure of his royal rights, remarked, "Ha! It was all Kings when I left London." To this reception at the end of his loyal and difficult journey through the turbulent, panic-stricken towns of Kent and by roadways infested with revolt and disorder Ailesbury—so he tells us—used some extremely plain language, to which his sovereign was graciously pleased to hearken. He then proceeded to collect some victuals, bake the best bread possible in the circumstances, and ask the King whether he would not dine in state. His Majesty signified his pleasure; the local dignitaries and some of the populace were admitted wonder-struck to the miserable dwelling, and the faithful Gentleman of the Bedchamber, jack-boots notwithstanding, managed (by holding on to the table) to serve him on the knee; thus restoring public confidence and decorum. At intervals throughout the day fragments of the disrupted royal household arrived in Romney. The barber, with the valets and clothes, arrived in the afternoon; the cooks a little later. The Board of Green Cloth was on the spot by dusk; the royal saddle-horses came in during the night, and a troop of Life Guards were reported approaching the next morning. Thus the Court was reconstituted, though in a somewhat skeleton state.

Ailesbury stayed by his master thenceforward.

## MARLBOROUGH

He arranged for a hundred troopers of the Life Guards to be drawn up in single file to encourage him with their acclamations. He persuaded James to drive through the City of London, where the people, perplexed and dumbfounded by the awful event of his flight, received him with relief and almost enthusiasm. He accompanied James from Whitehall when, at William's order, he was escorted by the Dutch Guard down the river to Rochester. He shared with him the peril of the "hideous shooting of the bridge" on the swift, outflowing tide. Once this danger was overcome, the royal party picnicked agreeably in the boats, the King passing food and wine to the Dutch captain of the convoying flotilla.

Ailesbury abode with the King at Rochester, and again endeavoured to prevent his leaving the island. William, who had been profoundly inconvenienced by his return and longed for his fresh departure, caused hints to reach him that his life was in danger. James, no physical coward—indeed, as we have seen, a proved veteran by sea and land—was cowed to his marrow by the overwhelming tide of adverse opinion and the wholesale desertion and repudiation of almost all on whom he had counted. After some days of painful suspense the unhappy man escaped to the river by the back door, which the Prince of Orange had taken pains to leave unguarded, and this time succeeded in leaving English soil for ever. We are told in his so-called memoirs that he expected he would be sent to the Tower, "which no King ever quitted except for his grave," and he felt it his sacred duty to preserve his royal person from such outrageous possibilities.

But though the downfall and flight of this

impolitic grandson of Henry of Navarre were at the time ignominious, his dignity has been restored to him by history. Heredity, fatalism, the besetting Stuart infatuation of obstinacy, his stern religious faith, his convinced patriotism according to his lights, all combined to lead him to disaster. He was doomed alike by his upbringing, his office, and his nature. His fixed domestic ideas made an effective foreign policy impossible. His Catholic convictions left him a stubborn anomaly upon a Protestant throne. He was at once a capable administrator and a suicidal politician; a man virtuous in principle and gross in practice; a personage equally respectable and obnoxious. Yet he carried with him into lifelong exile an air of royalty and honour which still clings to his memory.

On the afternoon of December 23 William learned that the King had fled, and felt himself in one form or another undisputed master of England. He lost no time in taking the step for the sake of which he had come across the water. The French Ambassador was given twenty-four hours to be gone from the island, and England was committed to the general coalition against France.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H., M.P.

—*Marlborough: His Life and Times*, Volume I.

## METTERNICH: THE FALL OF A COLOSSUS

THE things that had been done in Paris on February 24th were told in Vienna on February 29th. If Guizot falls, Princess Mélanie exclaimed, we are all of us lost. She had judged rightly. Within a week there came the news that all Germany was in commotion. The tyranny of imitation had set in; and fashion moved swiftly from the west. The English models of 1688, reset with the French trimmings of 1830—parliaments, juries, a free press and religious equality—became the rage in Carlsruhe, in Mannheim, in Mainz, in Stuttgart, in Berlin—all over the German Confederation. People seemed to suppose that they could make up for bad harvests and industrial depression, to say nothing of deeper deficiencies of character and conduct, by imports of political millinery from Paris and London. Led by Baden and the Rhineland, the German nation clamoured for costumes in the union-and-liberty style of the hour. The Sovereigns, with a single exception, managed to struggle into these new clothes without tumbling off their thrones. Only in Bavaria, where Lola Montez had been playing the Pompadour to King Ludwig's Louis XV, did the Monarch collapse, though even there the Monarchy remained. And only in Prussia did the romantic Sovereign's strange assortment of new-fangled robes and ancestral insignia excite deserved derision.

Before the Court of Prussia was thus transformed, there had occurred in Vienna an event which outstripped in sensation all the other fatalities of the

time. On the 13th March, under pressure both from above and below, the Minister who for thirty-eight years had seemed to carry the burden of European society upon his shoulders as firmly as Atlas the earth had fallen from his place. Amidst threats of vengeance and shouts of triumph he fell, the embodiment for the blind millions, and their too often blinder guides, of privilege and stagnation; and great was the fall of him. Yet there were those like Disraeli who saw that a stately column had been broken; that a beacon light had been quenched in smoke; that, for all the noise of brazen trumpets, a silver voice had ceased; that a watchman, grown old in the safeguarding of peace, kept vigil no more in the high places of Vienna.

It was on the 10th March that an official of the State Chancery came to warn Mélanie to put her jewels into security. A little later she knew that the fury of the mob was turned against her husband and the Archduke Louis. And presently she learnt from various signs—from the rain of threatening letters, from the dark hints of unfeeling friends, from the unfamiliar cecity of policemen in face of hostile manifestations and, finally, from the characteristic skill with which the Royal House withdrew into the background, leaving the Chancellor to face his foes alone—how insecure a claim upon consideration does even the longest service of the State bestow, how fleeting is the splendour of human power, most like, in fancy, as Dante warns us, to a breath of wind, blowing now this way, now that, and changing name as it changes direction.

The old man met the storm with a resolution born as we know, not of obstinacy but of courage. Urged to

action by such as in times of crisis usefully explain that something must be done without explaining exactly what that something is, he had at the beginning of March been reconsidering, as Hübner's diary shows, some adaptation of his old scheme of 1817 for "a house of provinces" whose members, elected in the same manner as the representatives of the Provincial Estates, should possess deliberative, though not legislative powers. But in face of clamour he would yield nothing. On the fateful 13th he stood, calm and collected, before the Council, though he had but just passed through the scornful shouts of the angry mob without. Clad—for the scene deserves its detail—in green coat and grey trousers and with stick in hand, he urged the unwisdom, so lately demonstrated in France, of forced concessions, and stressed the obligation upon the Emperor to pass on such power to his successor as had been passed down to him. Dismissing the agitation as a hubbub of bakers, he advised that the rabble be dispersed by the police and the soldiery. Schmerling observed that the rabble was supported by the better classes, only to be met by the bland retort, "My friend, if you yourself—yes, if my own son were found amongst people who behave like that, they are rabble just the same." It must have been as if somebody had suddenly said:

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,  
Nec sumit aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

The conference closed; the agitation in the streets increased; life was lost, property destroyed; deputations to the Hofburg came and went; then in the evening Metternich returned and spoke again. His

resignation had by this time been openly demanded; and at the hour appointed the mob was due to return and hear whether it had been conceded. There were members of the Royal House in full sympathy with the populace: Archduke John detested the Chancellor, Archduchess Sophie desired to set her son upon the throne. In the painful circumstances Archduke Louis, Regent in all but name, sought the opinion of the waiting crowd of courtiers in the ante-room and found it adverse. He came back and, to his subsequent regret, for he had been over-persuaded, communicated the fact to Metternich. The Chancellor returned the only answer consonant with dignity and said that he was ready to retire. Then, for he was at no time concise, he began to set out with an old man's amplitude of speech the dangers to the State involved in his withdrawal. The sands of the situation, meanwhile, were fast running out. At length Archduke John interjected the observation that in half-an-hour the populace would require an answer and that this answer had not yet been considered. Kolowrat was poor creature enough to seize the opportunity to pay off ancient scores. "Imperial Highness," he said, "five-and-twenty years have I sat with Prince Metternich in this conference, and always have I heard him speak without coming to the point in debate." "But to-day one must decide forthwith," rejoined the Archduke. "Are you aware," and he turned to Metternich, "that the People's leaders desire your resignation?"

The noble quarry, thus pitilessly used in the last extremity, lost nothing in distinction. In accordance with his old master's dying request he had sworn, he said, never to desert his present sovereign. He



would consider himself released from his oath only if the Imperial Family wished for his retirement. The Archdukes gave him, apparently without demur, the assurance that he required; and he declared his resignation. There was but one touch, of equal worth as comedy or tragedy, left wanting to the drama; and this was not withheld. "In the last resort, however, it is I who am the sovereign and have to decide," observed a voice which had perhaps not yet been heard in the debate. "Tell the People that I agree to everything." It was the Emperor Ferdinand who spoke. His insufficiency was such that his wife had lately agreed with Metternich that, as soon as his promising young nephew came of age in August, he must vacate the throne in Francis Joseph's favour. Necessity that respects no law of succession was soon to enforce their counsel.

Of Metternich's escape from Vienna there exists an authentic, contemporary account from the pen of one whose son, marrying into a great English family and eventually naturalized as an English subject, became in our own time known and admired as a temperate and penetrating leader of English Catholic thought. Baron Carl von Hügel had long been a familiar in Metternich's house, intimate as a son with the Prince and devoted passionately yet platonically to the Princess. In the hour of trial—in the hour of that, as it seemed to his loyal and affectionate eyes, "most shameful persecution of the only great statesman in Europe," he was faithful. Sacrificing a treasured villa near Schönbrunn, enriched as well by the spoils of travel as the toils of horticulture, and setting friendship before fortune, he became, together with his brother, the agent and companion of Metter-

nich's flight. It was such a flight as a man may make without loss of dignity—a flight encouraged by the Government itself, necessitated by consideration for his wife and children, and carried through with what at the age of seventy-five is fairly entitled to the name of heroism.

The fugitives, slipping with difficulty out of Vienna by a gate that a few hours later would have been closed against them, made for Felsberg, where Prince Liechtenstein afforded them momentary shelter. Thence on, amidst perils, discomforts and tribulations sufficient to remind all potential fugitives to pray that their flight be not in winter. At length, about a month after leaving Vienna, the Metternichs arrived in London, where, rather prosaically, they found a house, not too expensive for their embarrassed circumstances, in Eaton Square (No. 44). A generation had gone by since the Prince had known the swiftly spreading city; and it was as another Rip van Winkle that he walked its streets. A young Queen sat now upon her grandfather's throne; in Parliament power had passed from the Old Whigs to the New; outside Parliament the Middle Classes, enfranchized by the Reform Bill of 1832, were making their presence increasingly felt; and in the common-rooms of Oxford and wherever its influence penetrated, Newman's secession from the Church of England was causing men to review with various effect the almost forgotten problem of the Reformation in which Metternich, as we have seen, had perceived the old original of the Revolution. Only in Wellington's company at Stratfieldsaye did the old man recover for a day or two the feeling of a world that had almost passed away.

The Metternichs, as they took their walks or drives

through those—as Metternich calls them—“interminable” streets, which yet left Kensington a country town and Kew a distant village, fancied themselves lost in the vast metropolis. They were not, however, themselves by any means lost to view. As soon as they were settled, their drawing-room was thronged with the celebrities of the time. Wellington came daily for all his seventy-nine years; Aberdeen, another friend of those distant days when all Europe was in arms against the first Napoleon, renewed the ancient intimacy. And Conservatives like Lyndhurst and Londonderry were present to study a master in their school; nor Conservatives only. Brougham was to be seen in Metternich’s drawing-room, and one more unexpected even than Brougham—the arch-enemy himself, the egregious Palmerston. The “Dalai Lama of Vienna” had become an English lion whom everybody who was anybody must stroke and everybody who was nobody must see. “Wherever one goes here,” Metternich declares, “one finds oneself in what elsewhere one would call a crowd. Constantly I am recognized, surrounded, followed; and some orator or other comes up and makes me a speech containing always proofs of sympathy and tributes of respect to which I can only reply by these few words: ‘I thank you sincerely.’”

The prophet of Conservatism found himself in fact by no means without honour in a country where least of all perhaps he had reason to anticipate it, though in truth his strong sense of history had long taught him to recognize that the English are a peculiar people, not to be influenced by Continental prejudices nor governed by Continental methods.

ALGERNON CECIL—*Metternich*.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON: THE ESCAPE FROM HAM

THE fact was, that before the autumn of 1845 any attempt at evasion was morally impossible for Louis Napoleon. As long as his co-mates of Boulogne were his brothers in imprisonment, as long as his own escape would have left his political followers still undergoing punishment in his cause, so long was all thought of individual evasion out of the question. For escape under such circumstances would have meant that he had achieved by his own act after Boulogne the fate which was inflicted on him despite his vehement protest after Strasburg—the fate of being separated and exempted from the misfortunes in which his followers were involved.

But after November 1845 this barrier to Louis Napoleon's escape ceased to exist. With the exception of his own personal attendants, Conneau and Montholon, all his fellow-prisoners were free. And of the two who remained with him at Ham, Conneau had already served his appointed term of imprisonment, and now remained in confinement at his own request, as a companion for the prince. Montholon indeed had still three-quarters of his nominal sentence in front of him; but it was certain that any step which gave Louis his liberty would also set the general free. Hence to Louis, compunction for the fate of his fellow-prisoners was now no longer a deterrent to his escape, but an incentive to it.

Though the prince seems to have set on foot negotiations for his own release as soon as ever it was clear that by doing so he would not be deserting his companions, yet it was some time later before he turned his attention to the possibility of escape. He evidently regarded this step as a last resource, only to be attempted if no release should prove possible without the loss of personal dignity or the abandonment of his political designs. It was not until the beginning of May 1846 that he informed Dr. Conneau of his intention to adopt this extreme measure. The doctor used every argument at his command—and they were strong ones—to induce Louis to forgo his intention. It was impossible to escape by night, for the governor invariably called every evening; generally he stayed for a game of whist with his prisoners, but always as he left he locked their doors upon them, after personally satisfying himself that the prince was in the building. It was inconceivable that he should escape by day: the walls could not be scaled; the sentries could not be passed; his gaoler could not be shaken off; the watchwords which would enable him to pass the successive doors were unknown to him. Even if he reached the open he would be recaptured; as for gaining the frontier it was out of the question: if he did, he had no passport. Louis listened, but refused to be persuaded. And it was left for Dr. Conneau, since he had failed to dissuade him from making the attempt, to do his utmost to render the attempt successful.

In the middle of May 1846 the Government authorized in somewhat belated fashion the repair of the staircase and other more dilapidated portions of the prisoners' dwelling. On these repairs a gang of

workmen was employed for about ten days. Louis determined to attempt an escape, disguised as one of them. For some days the prince and the doctor watched the workmen, carefully studying their costumes, their behaviour, and most of all the manner in which they entered and left the fortress. The result was not encouraging. The men were made to pass in single file before the two sentinels at the gateway, and closely examined as they passed both morning and evening. Then the prisoners noticed that occasionally in the course of a day, a single workman would leave the castle carrying away old timber; in this case he seemed to undergo no such methodical scrutiny. This, then, must be the manner in which the prince should attempt his own departure. The time was easily chosen. It must be after the arrival of the workmen, and before the hour of the governor's rising; in other words, between six and eight in the morning. That there was any interval at all between the two events was due to the fact that Demarle himself was suffering from an attack of the rheumatism, so prevalent at Ham. Usually he rose at dawn. It only remained to choose the day. Here again the prince's choice was based on close observation of the habits of his gaolers. Two warders were always posted as sentinels at the doorway of the prisoner's building. But Louis had noticed that on Saturday morning one of them was regularly sent to fetch the weekly newspapers, and that the errand involved his absence from his post for about a quarter of an hour; during that quarter of an hour the risk of detection on the very threshold of his prison would be halved for the prince. The day and the hour no less than the manner of his attempted escape was thus clearly

indicated. All was arranged for the morning of Saturday, May 23. Louis now proceeded to inform Thélin, his valet, of his design, and sent him to buy workman's clothes for his disguise. The clothes arrived looking impossibly new; but after having been soaked in water, dried, and carefully soiled, they seemed to promise an effective means of escape.

But Louis' designs did not altogether escape the perverse miscarriage to which the best laid plans of prisoners and princes are liable. On the eve of his projected escape, the governor told him that he would be glad to hear that two English friends, whose visit he had long been expecting, had at last obtained permission to come and see him; they would visit him on Saturday, the 23rd. Never had host been more anxious to reply, "Not at home," and never would that reply have been more absolutely sincere. But what would in fact have been a particularly honest answer must from a prisoner have seemed a peculiarly impudent fiction. No excuse was possible which would not have aroused the governor's suspicions, so Louis had perforce to postpone his other engagement.

The prince succeeded in turning the unwelcome visit to some slight advantage, for he obtained from his English friends the passport of one of their servants, on the plea that he wished to despatch Thélin on an errand to Belgium. But this seemed but a small compensation for the delay, for the work was rapidly drawing to a conclusion; indeed, in order to insure that something should be left to be done on the Monday, the prince gave orders for some special repairs to be done at his own expense.

Sunday passed slowly enough. On that day Louis

wrote a letter for General Montholon. The general was confined to his bed, also by rheumatism. Louis explained that he had told him nothing, wishing to screen him from punishment at the Government's hands: as it was, he hoped that his own escape would lead to the general's immediate release. It did; but the general was little pleased that he had not been consulted in the matter; the letter was only given to him after the prince's escape was known. Another letter was also written. A small room on the ground floor of the building was used as a chapel; on the morning of the 25th the *curé* from Ham was coming to say Mass there for the prisoners; and following his usual custom he would breakfast with them afterwards. Louis had grown greatly attached to this simple parish priest. "When I am emperor," he told him shortly before the end of his imprisonment, "I will make you a bishop." And bishop he made him a few years later, as well as High Almoner to his court at the Tuileries. Now, instead of cancelling his engagement in advance, Louis wrote a letter which was only to be given him on his arrival. In it he pleaded sudden indisposition, and asked him to come instead on the following morning. With this, all preparations were complete.

On the 25th, Conneau, Thélin, and Louis Napoleon arose at daybreak. Listening anxiously, and peering stealthily into the courtyard, they heard the drawbridge let down and saw the workmen enter between two files of soldiers a little after five o'clock. It was a glorious morning, but for a moment it seemed that the attempt might have to be again postponed. For the conspirators noticed that the one soldier who of all others had been remarkable for the close scrutiny



to which he subjected all passers-by was now stationed at the gate. To their great relief, he was taken off duty at six o'clock. Louis Napoleon now hurried into his disguise—a coarse shirt, blue trousers, a blue blouse, and a workman's apron. It was at once evident that the soiling process had been slightly overdone. As the escape had been planned for Saturday, a week's accumulation of dirt had been allowed for; actually it was Monday morning, and the workmen's clothes were in consequence comparatively clean. But though the disguise was not quite successful in simulating the workman, it was completely successful in dissimulating the prince. Thick wooden clogs added a couple of inches to his height; a dash of rouge lent colour to his pale cheeks; a long, flowing wig fell over his ears; a peasant's hat covered his head. In his pocket he carried his mother's farewell letter to him, as well as the one written to her by the Emperor on his birth. These were talismans which had been soaked in the salt water of Boulogne while the National Guard were firing at him into the sea: they should go with him now on this yet more risky adventure, even if they added somewhat to the risk of detection on the frontier. A little after seven the decisive step was taken: the prince shaved off his thick moustache and whiskers. Now he had burned his boats. After this there could be no turning back. And as he gazed on his altered appearance in the glass, Louis Napoleon may have fingered that other talisman which he had slipped into his blouse—a short dagger, with which he could make an end in case of need. He had made up his mind that he would regard a third failure as final; and he had decided to make sure that if failure it were, final

it should be. It was by this time nearly a quarter past seven. Thélin strolled out of the room into the passage, where the workmen were busy on the stairway. It was a fine morning, and—would they like a drink? It was a grand morning, and they would be delighted to drink with him. All trooped downstairs to a room on the ground floor. Here Thélin produced liquor enough for his purpose. Then he slipped out, hastened up to his master, and told him that the moment was come. Louis shouldered a short plank which he had in readiness—it had been one of the rough shelves on which he kept his books—and putting a clay pipe in his mouth stepped out into the passage. He was hardly out of the door when a stray workman accosted him, taking him for a companion. Without answering, he walked down the passage. Thélin kept just in front of him, carrying "Ham," his master's pet dog. Together they went down the stairs; then Thélin hurried forward to the doorway, where the two warders were posted. The valet at once engaged one of them in conversation, telling him that his master was ill: he contrived that in speaking to him the sentinel should turn his back to the door. Louis then marched out, his face screened by the plank from the other warder. Through nervousness or clumsiness—for he was a mere cigarette-smoker—he let fall his pipe as he was walking across the square; he had presence of mind enough, however, to stop ruefully in the article of his flight, and carefully collect the broken pieces. He passed the officer on guard, who was reading a letter. On the opposite side of the square was standing the director of the works, who knew all the workmen by sight; but Louis passed him also unmolested. Reaching the

doorway, he gruffly asked leave to pass. The soldiers at the wicket—especially a certain drummer—looked curiously at this peculiar workman, who wore clogs on a fine day; then they turned to look at the yet more peculiar antics of Thélín and the dog Ham. Meanwhile the wicket-keeper opened the gate. On the drawbridge Louis passed another official; the sentinel on the other side let him pass without hesitation. The prince was no longer a prisoner; but he was not yet out of danger. He had hardly passed the gate when he saw two workmen coming towards him. He held his plank before his face as he passed them, and heard them say, "Oh, it's Bertron." After that all went well. Louis walked slowly on; Thélín hurried forward, passed him without seeming to recognize him, and then ran towards the town. There he took a cab which he had engaged the night before, arranging to drive it himself. Without himself passing through the town, Louis now hastened as fast as plank and clogs would allow him along the main road towards St. Quentin. A cemetery on the outskirts of the town, about a mile and a half from the fortress, was the point arranged for his meeting with Thélín. On reaching it, Louis fell on his knees before a cross in the graveyard and thanked God for his deliverance. He had cause, for liberty that day meant to him no less than life. "Ah, do not laugh," he wrote to an agnostic friend a fortnight later, "There are instincts stronger than all philosophies: but God save you from ever feeling them under like circumstances."

Thélín did not keep his master waiting long. Leaving his plank and clogs in a field, Louis jumped into the cab; and together they drove off at full speed

to St. Quentin. On the way he got out and hid part of his disguise in a ditch. At the entrance of the town Th  lin left him; Louis walked through the town and followed the road to Valenciennes. His servant meanwhile hired a post-chaise, and after a short delay overtook the prince. By hard driving, and obtaining fresh horses on the way, they reached Valenciennes at two o'clock in the afternoon. At the station an official demanded passports, but a glance at the one which Louis had borrowed served to satisfy him. The train to Brussels did not leave till four. For two anxious hours the fugitives had to wait at the station, doing nothing. If their flight had been observed, an express from Ham might yet prove fatal. Their serving-man that morning had chanced to be late in bringing their coffee and rolls; would he not think it strange that Th  lin should have gone out without waiting for him? These anxieties were not lessened by the fact that Th  lin was recognized by one of the railway officials, who had formerly been a policeman at Ham. The man would not be shaken off, and Louis had to listen to a long conversation, in which Th  lin was asked for news about his master. At last the train came in. The two fugitives entered it, crossed the frontier without mishap, and so reached Brussels. Louis did not even have to show his passport at the frontier. Without delay they took train again for Ostend, and sailed for England.

The fugitives owed it to Dr. Conneau that their flight had remained undisturbed; for inside the fortress of Ham, while postilion and railway carriage were speeding them out of danger, the doctor was playing with extraordinary zest a comedy which might have strayed straight out of the Middle Ages.

As soon as he had seen from his window that the prince was safely out of the courtyard, Conneau returned at once to the prince's rooms. Shutting the bedroom door, he lit a huge fire in the sitting-room, set a kettle to boil on it, and littered the room with sick-room paraphernalia. A little after eight the servant announced that the priest had arrived. Ah, yes; Conneau had forgotten; but in any case he feared the prince was not well enough to come down this morning. Still he would ask him. He went into the bedroom, and after a short interval returned with the letter. He bade the servant take it to the governor, who sent it on to the priest. After breakfast the governor sent to ask if he might see the prince. Conneau went himself with the invalid's excuses, explaining the nature of his illness. The governor had only wished to tell his prisoner that permission had arrived for another visitor to come and see him shortly. Conneau undertook to deliver the message. He had sent the warder already for castor oil. Someone had to be ill, so on his return the devoted doctor swallowed the remedy himself. This heroic measure failing, he proceeded to make some very realistic arrangements, by the admixture of some chemicals from the laboratory with those uneaten breakfasts about which the fugitives were so needlessly perturbed. At noon, when the room was in a sufficiently unsavoury condition, Conneau summoned Laplace, the warder who acted as servant to the prisoners, and bade him tidy it and make the prince's bed; he must make as much haste and as little noise as he could, for the prince needed rest, and must not be kept up a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. While Laplace was thus en-

gaged, the doctor went to and fro into the prince's sitting-room, conversing with his patient in sick-room tones for the warder's edification. Laplace was duly impressed, and conveyed his impressions to the governor when the latter shortly afterwards asked him how he found the prisoner. Meanwhile, as soon as the warder had done his work and was gone, Conneau dressed up a dummy which he had ready, and placed it in the bed with its face to the wall. Then he covered its head with a handkerchief which the prince used to wear when he slept. At one Demarle returned. Conneau met him on the stairs. The prince was easier, but extremely tired; still he would go and ask him if he would like to see the governor. He went in and asked the dummy, and returned with the prince's apologies; he was afraid he was still too unwell to see anyone. The governor retired, and did not return until a quarter past seven. Ill or well, he must see the prince now, he said, as he had his report to make. Conneau opened the door into the bedroom, and called to the prince, but the figure did not answer. Then he tiptoed out mysteriously, saying, "Hush, he's asleep." The governor went in and glanced at the figure, and came out into the sitting-room. He would wait; the prince could not sleep for ever. And he sat down. After waiting a while, and asking where Th  lin was, he began to grow impatient. The evening drum beat. Demarle started up, saying he was sure the prince was awake, he had heard him move. Regardless of the doctor's protest, he stole towards the bed, listened for a moment, and said, "Why, he is not breathing!" Then he took hold of the dummy and shook it. "The prince has escaped!" "*Mais oui,*" smiled the doctor. And the farce was

over. Realizing at last that his prisoner was not asleep, but on a journey, Demarle rushed out and had the drawbridge raised, thus locking the stable door very securely. Conneau was handcuffed, taken to Peronne, tried, and condemned in July to three months' imprisonment, amid signs of popular sympathy. Thélin too was condemned in his absence to six months' imprisonment. It would have been an equally harmless and gratifying proceeding to have sentenced Louis himself to be shot for his own share in the escape.

For on the day after that escape, master and man alike had arrived safely in London. Here they were received with unmistakable friendliness. A certain amount of sympathy had been expressed for the prince in England, when the French Government refused to allow him to visit his father. Now everyone was pleased at the cleverly contrived escape. "The testimonies of interest I receive here are quite touching," Louis wrote to a friend, a few weeks after his landing. But public interest in his doings soon subsided; indeed his popularity in 1846 was an even more short-lived affair than that with which he had been welcomed in 1838.

He did not greatly concern himself with the nature of his reception in England; for his first step on arriving there was to attempt to proceed to his father at Florence. Two days after his arrival he wrote to the French ambassador, volunteering the statement that his intentions were pacific; he wrote also in the same sense to the English minister of Foreign Affairs. In part, this statement was, no doubt, intended to mitigate Conneau's punishment and to ensure Montholon's release. But probably it was also connected

with the prince's renewed efforts to visit his father. Either it would facilitate that visit, or it would render more ungracious any intervention on the part of the French Government to prevent it. That Government did, in fact, intervene; the Grand Duke of Tuscany refused to allow Louis to spend even a day in his territories, stating that his refusal was necessitated by a proper deference to the wishes of France. The Austrian ambassador declined to use his good offices. The prince even wrote to Metternich, but he obtained no answer. Under similar circumstances, nine years before, he had employed false passports and travelled in disguise to his mother's deathbed. But then he had been sure of a safe retreat at his journey's end. And his affection for his mother was naturally a stronger incentive than any filial feeling towards the father who had interested himself so little in his son's affairs. None the less, Louis' private letters seem to show that the desire to visit his father before he died was a genuine one. It remained unfulfilled. For, on July 23, King Louis of Holland followed King Joseph of Spain; and from a world which had long ceased to remember their existence passed silently another of those curious and rather pathetic relics of the Napoleonic regime—the Emperor's brothers.

F. A. SIMPSON—*The Rise of Louis Napoleon.*



## GARIBALDI: THE SAILING OF THE THOUSAND

IN order to secure the passive connivance of the authorities in the departure of an expedition which they would be forced to repudiate, in any event for a few days, and in case of failure for all time, it was necessary to act with a formal show of secrecy. The Government had taken steps to indicate that the embarkation itself must not take place in the port of Genoa. The plan of operations was therefore drawn up as follows:—The two steamers were to be seized in the port at midnight, and as quietly as possible, by a picked body of seamen, under Bixio, who would take the vessels empty out of the harbour. Then, as they sailed eastward along the Riviera, they were to meet row-boats from Foce and Quarto bearing the volunteers, the provisions, and the cases of arms. Finally, the bulk of the ammunition would be rowed out from Bogliasco. Men and stores would be hauled up on to the steamers at sea, and the voyage would begin.

Much of the plan was common knowledge in Genoa on May 5, the busy day that preceded the night of departure. The authorities duly kept watch at Cornigliano and S. Pier d'Arena, to the west of the city, leaving undisturbed the real places of embarkation to the east. But one detail of the conspiracy was still a secret. Except Bixio, not even those who were

to seize the ships knew which those ships were to be. The truth was that the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo* were to be taken without leave from Rubattino and his Company, according to a most secret agreement of Garibaldi, Bixio, and Bertani with Fauché, the Company's agent. Although arrangements, afterwards liberally fulfilled, had been made to compensate the Company in case of the loss or injury of the ships, it had been determined not to confide in the timid patriotism of Rubattino and the shareholders. It was a wise caution. For so little did these men care for their country in proportion to the security of their profits, that in the middle of June, when all Italy went wild with joy over the taking of Palermo, they celebrated the occasion by dismissing Fauché because he had enabled Garibaldi to go there. The expedition of the Thousand owed nothing to the class of mind whose patriotism consists in a calculation of the profit on shares. Cavour, with that desire to do justice to the Garibaldini which distinguished him from many of his followers, tried to open to Fauché another career by way of compensation for the excellent post which he had lost, but Cavour died, and with him perished the hopes of Fauché, and of many more. Rubattino, who was erroneously believed to have given the steamers, received the praise of historians for the deed of the man whom he had ruined for doing it, and his statue stands to-day on the quay-side whence the *Piemonte* and *Lombardo* were taken so sorely against his will. Fauché lived many years, rich only in the love of so poor a man as Garibaldi, and passed away "poor and forgotten in the civil hospital at Venice."

Before midnight on May 5, a party of men, chiefly

consisting of experienced seamen and engineers, had assembled one by one on board a hulk named the *Joseph* in a remote corner of the port of Genoa, close to the eastern light-house. At the right moment Bixio appeared among them, and clapping on his head his *képi* of lieutenant-colonel, said in his masterful voice, "Gentlemen, from this moment I am in command; listen to my orders." Only then did his subordinates learn the identity of the vessels which they were to seize. In a few minutes they were rowing in two large boats towards the Rubattino steamers, which lay at a pier in the most public part of the harbour, opposite the main façade of the town. Bixio assigned the *Piemonte* to one boat-load and the *Lombardo* to another. Swinging themselves noiselessly on board, they roused the crews from sleep, presenting their pistols for form's sake at the drowsy men. As soon as they heard the name of Garibaldi, all gladly submitted, and some lent a hand in the work. The "piracy" was regarded as a good joke by captors and captives alike. But several hours passed before the steamers were ready to move. First the fires had to be lit and stoked. Then it was thought necessary to wrap the chains in cloth to prevent noise in hauling up the anchors, for the pirates had still some fear of the government, and much more of the Company. Their accomplice Fauché watched from the balcony of his house almost opposite the Rubattino pier, sickening with suspense, as the night waned, and still the two masses, motionless at their place, loomed clearer through the melting shadows. Then it was discovered that the engines of the *Lombardo* were out of order, and the Sicilian engineer Campo had to be sent on board from the *Piemonte* to aid his com-

patriot and brother-engineer Orlando before that too was set right. And even then the *Piemonte* had to take the *Lombardo* in tow to get her out to sea. It was long past three in the morning before Fauché, with a deep sigh of relief, saw the two dim shapes begin slowly to move from the pier and vanish in the darkness of the harbour.

Meanwhile, in Bertani's house, high up the hill in the heart of Genoa, the night had passed amid grave anxiety. The money, without which the Thousand could not sail, was to be supplied by Finzi out of the Million Rifles Fund, from which Garibaldi was allowed to draw anything except actual weapons of war. Besides large sums already spent in fitting out the expedition, 90,000 *lire* were to be taken to Sicily, of which 30,000 had reached Bertani's bed-side that day enclosed in a letter from Finzi, and the remaining 60,000 were due to arrive by the last train from Milan about ten at night, in the hands of Migliavacca. This officer reached Bertani's house in good time with the money, but more than half of it was found to be in the form of a draft on the Bank of Genoa, which would be of little use in the hill-towns of Sicily. Migliavacca was sent in haste to rouse some of Bertani's rich commercial friends, while Nuvolari, who was to take the money down to the steamers and go with the expedition, waited at Bertani's with growing impatience as the minutes passed. At length Migliavacca returned with the change in so many hundred gold pieces (*marenghi*) in time for Nuvolari to carry safely on board the whole of the 90,000 *lire*.

Throughout the evening of May 5 the volunteers of the expedition had been leaving Genoa by the

## GARIBALDI

Porta Pila and walking, singly or in groups, to the appointed places of embarkation. Some forty or fifty turned off to Foce, where a few boats awaited them. All the rest followed the highway to the shore below Quarto. For the whole three miles the road was lined by the people of the city, who stood uncovered and in silence as they passed. There were no *chants de départ*, no flags and folly, no vulgar revelry and boasting. All were too deeply moved, too uncertain of the event.

At Quarto, the large wooded grounds of the Palazzo Spinola, dividing Garibaldi's residence from the sea, were this night flung open for his use, and the Thousand, as they arrived there, dispersed themselves in groups under its trees, or sat on the rocks below, watching the cases of muskets being piled into the boats. On the embanked high-road of the Riviera, which ran close along the top of these sea-worn rocks, stood a dense crowd of friends, parents, wives, sisters, and sweethearts come to witness the departure. Some kept their eyes fixed on the gate of the Spinola grounds through which the figure of Garibaldi must soon emerge, while others imparted in low whispers the last blessings and farewells to those whom they only half expected to see again. Not a few of the Thousand themselves, like the poet Nievo, undauntedly shared Sirtori's view that they would none of them return alive. Medici himself, though he was of much the same opinion, came like the rest to embark, but on the shore at Quarto a letter from Garibaldi, couched in affectionate terms, was put into his hands. It began, "It is better that you should remain behind, and you can be more useful so," and asked the defender of the Vascello to absent him

awhile from a soldier's felicity, in order to organize and dispatch reinforcements both to Sicily and to the Papal States.

A stranger, coming by chance upon that scene, would scarcely have been able to distinguish the men who were starting for the war from those who were there to see them off. The immense majority of the Thousand had no arms in their hands—for the muskets were to be dealt out during the voyage—and they were dressed in the peaceful garb of artisans, merchants, gentlemen, or students. A very few wore Piedmontese uniforms. It was only on the voyage that fifty red shirts were distributed, so that when they landed in Sicily one in twenty wore the famous dress that they all adopted after the taking of Palermo. The Genoese carabinieri, about thirty-five strong, could be distinguished at Quarto because they already carried the rifles which were their own property; some of them wore a grey uniform, but others were in plain clothes.

Meanwhile in the Villa Spinola a small group of men were waiting for the General to leave his bedroom. He was alone, effecting some change in the black garb of civilization which, varied by the Piedmontese uniform in '59, he had endured for the last decade. At length the door opened and they saw him for the first time in the outfit which he wore for the rest of his life, whether at home, in Parliament, or in the field. Loose grey trousers of a sailor cut, a plain red shirt, no longer worn like a workman's blouse as in '49, but tucked in at the waist, and adorned with a breast-pocket and watch-chain, a coloured silk handkerchief knotted round his neck, and over his shoulders a great American *puncio* or

grey cloak, which he now wrapped about him as a protection against the night air. A black felt hat completed the figure which will be familiar to the Italian as the symbol of his country for long ages to come. His face was radiant and his bearing elate, for now that after long hesitations he had made up his mind to go, he at least had no shadow of a doubt as to what the issue would be.

Carrying across his shoulder his heavy sword with the belt attached to it, and followed by his staff officers, he stepped out of Vecchi's villa, crossed the lane into the grounds of the Palazzo Spinola, walked down the path between its trees and shrubberies where many of his men were waiting, passed through the little gate in the angle of the wall, and so emerged on the open road beside the sea. The crowd gathered there in the twilight gazed at him in silence as he crossed to the rocks, and descended by a little broken foot-track to the bottom of the cliff. There he found himself standing on a rib of rock, beside a tiny bay a few feet deep and two or three yards long, into which boats could be brought one at a time. Here the embarkation took place.

It was about ten o'clock that Garibaldi and the first flotilla put out half a mile to sea to await the steamers. Many of the Thousand remained for the second journey, as there were not enough boats to take all at once. There was a swell upon the waters, but the night was calm, cold, and bright, and the string of boats could clearly be seen moving out in the track of the moonlight. The beauty of the night, the stars, the silence of men and Nature deeply affected every one. Garibaldi, wrapped in his *puncio*, sat in the boat immersed in silent joy. His whole

being expanded once more, as on those nights on the pampas when he had ridden and slept with Anita under the stars they loved.

“O night of the fifth of May,” he writes, “lit up with the fire of a thousand lamps with which the Omnipotent has adorned the Infinite. Beautiful, tranquil, solemn with that solemnity which swells the hearts of generous men when they go forth to free the slave. Such were the Thousand, . . . my young veterans of the war of Italian liberty, and I, proud of their trust in me, felt myself capable of attempting anything. . . . I have felt this same harmony of soul on all nights like those of Quarto, of Reggio, of Palermo, of Volturmo.”

There had been another such moonlight night, scarcely to be forgotten in his meditations as he sat there off Quarto, floating on the tide that was to carry him at last to fortune. He must have well remembered that on such a night as this, eleven years before, on the upper waters of the Adriatic, the Austrian squadron had discovered Italy's last fugitives by the light of the August moon.

But the midnight hours wore on, and still the belated steamers were not in sight. Among the men who had been four or five hours in the boats tedium succeeded to the first enthusiasm of embarkation, and even Garibaldi grew impatient and ordered his boat to be rowed on towards Genoa to find Bixio. The morning was almost grey, and the earliest peasant-girls were passing along the high-road to market in Genoa, ere the long-expected signal of lights in the national colours flashed across the western waves. As day dawned, the two steamers hove in sight, already having on board the small body that had



rowed out from Foce. Then a wild scene began. Men and cases of arms were dragged up the ships' sides pell-mell, and as fast as each boat was emptied it plied back to the shore for a second load. It was a fierce scramble. Men clung to the ship's ladder four or eight at a time and struggled as for their lives to get on board, for the long delay in port rendered it necessary to start at once, even at the risk of leaving a few comrades behind. Garibaldi had no wish to be found near Genoa in broad daylight. Good haste was made, but the sun was gilding the mountain tops before the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo* moved off with their freight of men. "How many are we all told?" asked Garibaldi. "With the sailors we are more than a thousand," was the reply. "Eh! eh! *quanta gente!* What a host!" said this strange general, and set his aide-de-camp thinking.

One thing was not yet embarked—the ammunition. The bulk of the gunpowder and a few additional firearms had been entrusted by Bixio to a score of young patriots, who were to bring the precious cargo out from Bogliasco, a few miles east of Quarto. Bixio had also appointed some local seamen as their guides, who proved to be a very bad choice. The whole party had set out from Bogliasco early in the night, but the guides had insisted on rowing in front of the heavy ammunition boats in a light skiff of their own, showing a lantern in the stern. After twenty minutes the lantern was extinguished and the rascals made off, in order to go smuggling on this propitious occasion when the authorities had deliberately relaxed their watch on the landing-places between Genoa and Portofino. To this day no one knows whether the

smugglers felt ill-will towards the expedition, the success of which their treacherous conduct imperilled. They may perhaps have thought that the ammunition-boats could hardly fail to sight the steamers at daybreak, even without special guidance, and indeed if the young men had been content to wait where they had been left in the lurch, off Bogliasco, they would almost certainly have been picked up by the expedition as it passed at eight or nine in the morning. But they did exactly the wrong thing. Not knowing that their comrades were several hours late in starting from port, they rowed westward all night in hope of meeting them, and were unfortunate enough to pass them, unseeing and unseen, probably close off Genoa, in the small hours. In broad daylight they saw with rage and despair the smoke of two steamers far away to the east, making round the promontory of Portofino.

Garibaldi, on the *Piemonte*, alarmed by the absence of the ammunition-boats, waited half an hour or more and then held on his course, hoping to find that the *Lombardo*, which had gone on in front, had taken the gunpowder on board unnoticed. The *Piemonte* could soon overhaul its more slow-moving companion. At Camogli, near Portofino promontory, Canzio, of the Genoese Carabineers, was sent ashore to obtain oil and grease for the engines of the two steamers, and it was probably during this halt that Garibaldi hailed Bixio and ascertained that they had set out to conquer Sicily and Naples without ammunition. "Let us go on all the same," he said, and directed his course first towards the Tuscan coast.

Nearly 1150 fighting men had boarded the steamers. Garibaldi commanded the *Piemonte*, and

Bixio the slower and more capacious *Lombardo*. The decks were crowded, and at first some could not even find room to sit down. There was no food except a little water and biscuit. Garibaldi was radiant, feeling his foot on deck once more and enjoying the management of the ship, and a large proportion of Genoese and others were equally at home by land or sea. But almost all the Milanese and the men from the Alpine cities succumbed on that first day to the heavy rolling, and not a plank of Italy's *Argo* but was occupied by the prostrate forms of heroes in distress.

Garibaldi, while in the villa at Quarto, had determined that as soon as he was out at sea he would run straight for the coast of Tuscany, and that for three reasons. In the first place, as early as May 1, he had warned Zambianchi that he would detach him with a portion of the expeditionary force to invade the Papal States by way of Orvieto and Perugia; with this end in view Garibaldi had caused to be printed at Genoa proclamations calling on the Pope's subjects to rise, and had brought them with him on the ship. In the second place, on May 2 he had given a *rendezvous* in the Straits of Piombino to a party of seventy-eight Tuscan volunteers, under Sgarallino, who were to come thither by ship from Leghorn. Thirdly, he had, we may suppose, foreseen the need for a temporary disembarkation, prior to the landing in Sicily, which might have to be made in the face of the enemy. It was necessary ere that to establish the rudiments of military discipline in a mob speaking all the dialects of the peninsula, to name the non-commissioned officers, assign the men to their several companies and captains, and hold one or two drills

of the improvised regiment. This could not well be done on the crowded decks at sea.

But to these considerations was now added a new and supreme necessity. When they stood off from Portofino, there was not enough coal or food to take them to Sicily, and no ammunition with which to fight if they ever reached its shores.

Running through the Straits of Piombino, between Elba and the mainland, they found the little sailing-ship *Adelina*, with the Tuscan volunteers from Leghorn, which had beaten about near the straits for three days waiting for the steamers to appear. At dawn on May 7, the three ships passed along the wild coast of the Tuscan Maremma, whence, in September, 1849, Garibaldi had embarked in the fishing-boat at the end of his adventurous escape. A little after nine in the morning the *Piemonte* came to anchor off the miserable coast village of Talamone.

G. M. TREVELYAN—*Garibaldi and the Thousand.*

## VICTORIA: TRIUMPH AND SORROW

SINCE dawn broke, the troops massing, the bands playing, the cheering crowds, were heard in Buckingham Palace. And now the waiting and expectant multitudes saw two plump and beringed hands draw aside the curtains of the Chinese Room, and a short stout figure in black appear in the opening; only for a moment, and then it was withdrawn again.

The Queen of England looked at her people, gathered to cheer her on the anniversary of the day when, fifty years ago, she had come to reign over them; then, turning away from the window, she walked to the dressing-room to prepare for the ceremony of thanksgiving at the Abbey.

It was nearly fifty years since a little figure in cloth of gold had stood with the crown on her head in the Abbey, and had asked for the blessing of heaven on her work for her people. Now, a little old lady in a black dress trimmed with white *point d'Alençon* and covered with Orders, with a widow's bonnet, and pearls round her neck, she walked down the staircase of Buckingham Palace and out into the great courtyard, to join her people in their thanksgiving; and beside her moved in triumph her proud and never-forgotten Dead—those beloved ones who had helped to make her what she was—her husband, immortally young and ever faithful, her uncle Leopold, her two dead children, that kind wise old

man Lord Beaconsfield, dear Lehzen and faithful Stockmar, poor Lord M—— purified of their human faults by death, beloved and loving.

The day was bright, warm, and glittering as she entered the gilt landau drawn by six cream ponies. Opposite her sat her daughter the Crown Princess of Prussia and the Princess of Wales; immediately in front of the carriage rode twelve Indian officers, and, before them, the Queen's three sons, five sons-in-law, nine grandsons and grandsons-in-law, whilst following the Queen's carriage were others containing her three other daughters, three other daughters-in-law, her granddaughters, one granddaughter-in-law, and some of their suite. The other royalties, the King and Queen of Belgium, the King of Denmark, the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Portugal, the Archduke Rudolph of Austria, and many other princes, drove in a separate procession. The Matriarch, the grandmother of the future Emperor of Germany and of the future Empress of Russia, felt the shadow of her greatness spreading over the earth. The crowds were vaster, or so it seemed to the Queen, than those that had greeted the little eighteen-year-old Queen fifty years ago—and now they were filled with love for her, all their discontent and their disbelief forgotten. How magnificent was the sight of the royal escort, the brilliant uniforms of the troops, the marching bands, the huge and overwhelming crowds, all cheering and calling her name and waving their handkerchiefs—and surely there could not be so many flags in the world as were flying to-day! In the happy sunlight, there was not a shadow that could rest on the face of her dear Fritz—she knew, for she had watched him anxiously. He looked so

well and so handsome. The doctors were wrong, they had made a mistake; he *could* not be so ill as they said . . . yet it was only five weeks since that dreadful day of anxiety when those anguished letters and telegrams from the Crown Princess had reached her, begging her to send fresh specialists to examine the Crown Prince's throat. How kind Lord Salisbury, her minister, had been when the Queen confided her anxiety to him; he was always a support to her; his help, his sympathy, were invaluable. Nobody could ever replace dear Lord Beaconsfield—but, now that he was gone, she felt that she could at least find refuge with his pupil. . . . The Queen smiled as she saw Princess Beatrice's young husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, whom she had married on July 23rd 1885, wearing his British uniform for the first time, and looking so handsome. The Queen loved him as if he had been her own son; he was so gay, so affectionate, he had brought such happiness into her home, in which he lived. Then, too, he loved music, arranged concerts in the Palace, caused Mr. Sullivan's bright new operas to be performed at Court; life was quite different since he had come, and the Queen could scarcely believe that only a few years ago she had greeted every small or great event with an outburst of tears.

By now the procession had arrived at the Abbey, and there stood the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean, in those very same copes of velvet and gold that had been worn nearly fifty years ago at her Coronation. Entering the shadow of the Abbey, she walked slowly, with that incomparable majesty that was her genius, and, accompanied by the sound of music, up the nave and to the chair where she must

sit alone, without the man who had been the solace of her queenship; and as she sat there on her throne she thought again of her beloved dead. When the ceremony was over, her sons and sons-in-law, her grandsons, stopped before her and bowing kissed her hand; she kissed her daughters, and then, rising from her throne, walked back through the shadows into the sunlight and the company of her people.

The heat of the sun, she noted on her return, had been very great. When she reached the Palace, she went to her room to remove her bonnet and put on her cap, and it was not till four o'clock that luncheon was served, and she walked into the dining-room on the arm of the King of Saxony. After luncheon, she stood on a small balcony of the Blue Room looking out on the gardens, and saw the bluejackets march past, and then went to the small ballroom, where she received her children's present, a piece of plate, and many other gifts, including a strange present from the Queen of Hawaii, consisting of very rare feathers arranged as a wreath round her monogram, which was also in feathers on a black ground.

The heat, the excitement, had been so great that the Queen was by now exhausted and felt that she might faint; so she was wheeled back in her rolling-chair to her room, and when there lay on the sofa, opening and reading the telegrams which came from every part of her Empire. And presently her dear little great-grandchildren came to say good-bye.

An exhausting day! And now it was time to dress for dinner and the great ceremony which must succeed it, in a gown embroidered with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle in silver, and in all her diamonds. The King of Denmark led her in to



dinner, and she sat between him and her cousin the King of the Belgians. After dinner she received the Indian Princes, the Corps Diplomatique, and the foreign envoys until she was half dead with fatigue. It was very late when, at last, she could slip away and be rolled back to the Chinese Room to see the illuminations. The lights in the room were extinguished, the door was shut, and the Queen was alone in the blue moonlight that flooded the room; all the sounds in the Palace seemed far away, but outside the noise of the crowd, which had begun the day before, still sounded in her ears, and continued until the small hours of the morning. How disappointing it was, thought the Queen, that although she could still hear the crowds cheering and talking, she could see but little of the fireworks.

Next morning, when she breakfasted in the Chinese Room, there was no crowd to be heard, no sound of music, and yesterday seemed a dream. But later in the day she knew that the dream was not over, for there was a great luncheon party, and afterwards she received the members of her household and that of Princess Beatrice and accepted their presents. Then, worn out, she rested on her sofa and had a cup of tea, and it was not till five-thirty that she left Buckingham Palace for Windsor. The streets of London were crowded with flags, and there were schoolchildren singing "God Save the Queen" all out of tune, and a dear little girl gave her a bouquet with ribbons on which were printed *God bless our Queen*, not *Queen* alone, but *Mother, Queen and Friend*. The Queen left the train at Slough, where she was presented with an address, and at Windsor, which was dancing with flags, and where

the Eton boys were dressed as Templars. There was a family dinner-party at the Castle, and then the Eton boys formed a torchlight procession, and the Queen called out "Thank you" as loudly as she could—and the Round Tower was illuminated, but the Queen was too tired to see anything. Lord Rosebery, writing to the Queen shortly afterwards, assured her that all was worthy of Her Majesty and of the Empire over which she reigned; the whole ceremony, he continued, had strengthened and deepened the foundations of a monarchy which overshadowed the world, and which represented the union and the aspirations of three hundred million people. The Queen replied that she knew, now, that her fifty years of care and of hard work, her sympathy with the sorrowing, the suffering, and the humble, had been appreciated.

The Queen was, indeed, nearer to the various races over which she reigned than ever before. The Jubilee ceremonies in Calcutta had brought to the astonished Indians, who were, as the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, assured the Queen, passionately fond of pyrotechnic displays, fireworks which exceeded their wildest expectations—the Queen's head traced in lines of fire, the Prince and Princess of Wales in the midst of a gigantic rose-bush of flame. Could it be wondered at that a burst of loyalty followed, in which images of the Queen were carried about the streets, and processions shouted her praises?

On the 30th of June, the Queen received a company of Indian princes at Windsor, and presented them with enamel portraits of herself and the Grand Cross of the Indian Empire. In return, Sir Partab Singh took a pearl ornament from his pungaree and pre-

sented it to her, after laying his sword at her feet and assuring her that all his possessions were at her service; the Maharanee of Kuch Behar gave her a carved ruby set with huge diamonds; and when she stepped out from the entrance the Thakur of Morir rode up on a young horse of the Chettawa breed, which was completely covered with a coat of mail, and which had an amulet on one leg, and, dismounting, begged her to accept it.

A year before this time, the Queen had received in audience at Windsor various representatives of distant races dwelling beneath her rule—some Cingalese, who struck her as exceedingly black, some splendid-looking Kaffirs, dressed in blankets only, which displayed their magnificent legs and arms, some wretched-looking little Bushmen, Malays established at the Cape, and some natives of British Guinea, who struck the Queen as hideous, and who wore for the most part no clothes, but only a little band round their loins. There were, as well, some interesting-looking Chinese from Hong Kong, and some Cypriots. Most of these persons burst into song or played instruments as a sign of loyalty, and it was some time before the Queen felt she could retire. She bore the ordeal, however, not only with slight amusement but with pleasure and gratitude, for were not all these persons signs of the growing power of her Empire, and was she not happy in the possession of their loyalty? Her lands were great, her power was increasing; and she told Lord Salisbury that Lord Beaconsfield had raised up the power of England in a marvellous manner, from '74 to '80, that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville had pulled it down again during "those five years of their mischievous and fatal misrule," but

that already, in only seven months, Lord Salisbury had raised it high, once again, in the eyes of all the world.

The Queen had long wished for Mr. Gladstone to retire into private life, for she considered that the violence of his attacks on his former colleagues, and the fact that, according to her, he could never believe for a moment that he was in the wrong, or that others were in the right, had done him so much harm that for his own sake, as well as for the sake of England, he ought to resign. Then, again, there were his attacks on the wealthy and educated classes, which were deeply to be deplored, as the Queen pointed out to her offending minister. But that obstinate old gentleman retorted merely that for a long course of years he had noticed that on all the greater questions which were dependent on broad considerations of humanity and justice those persons possessed of wealth and rank had invariably been wrong, and the masses right. What was to be done with such a man? He was incorrigible; it was obviously impossible to argue with him; and when, in January 1886, he had displaced Lord Salisbury and had become Prime Minister in his stead, though only for a short time, the Queen realized that he intended to institute an Irish Parliament; and she added bitterly: "imagining thereby to avoid Revolution."

Now, however, the Queen felt she could breathe again; for his place had been taken once more by that firm, wise, just, urbane, cultured and amusing character Lord Salisbury—Lord Salisbury who knew how to wait for an opportunity, and to take it when it came, Lord Salisbury who knew how to act with firmness, how to return a straight answer or an

evasive one, Lord Salisbury who was so incurably interested in new inventions and scientific discoveries that Hatfield House was nearly blown up by an explosion, whilst the feet of his guests were always in danger of becoming entangled in telephone wires—but who knew how to prevent explosions and entanglements in Europe.

The Queen was satisfied when Lord Salisbury became her minister, but Lord Salisbury was less so, for he explained that he would be perfectly capable of managing two departments, but that, owing to the cruelty of fate, he was obliged to manage four: the Prime Ministership, the Foreign Office, the Queen—and Lord Randolph Churchill. And unfortunately the last two departments were at war, for the Queen considered Lord Randolph odd, mad, impertinent, disloyal, and unreliable. The harassed Lord Salisbury was, at one moment, informed that “the Queen was *quite* furious at anyone” (“anyone” being Lord Randolph) “daring or presuming to say *she* wanted to make war on Russia to replace Prince Alexander,” the brother of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who had been deposed from the throne of Bulgaria through the intrigues of Russia. Lord Randolph, it seemed, had repeated his language in the clubs of London, and he must be made to feel how deep was the Queen’s indignation.

With such difficulties was Lord Salisbury faced. But the Queen was thoroughly satisfied with her new minister; for was not his foreign policy in direct descent from that of Lord Beaconsfield? In January 1887, the Queen and he were instrumental in preventing a fresh outbreak of war between France and Germany, for, hearing from Lord Salisbury that

Bismarck had declared that Germany must go to war if France did not cease her preparations, the Queen begged Lord Salisbury to urge the two countries to swear to England and the other great powers that they did not intend to attack each other. In the course of this transaction, Lord Salisbury had a curious interview with the German Ambassador, in which, after assuring the Prime Minister that Germany had no wish for war, the Ambassador told him that "no more salutary thing could happen to England than to be involved in a good war."

Lord Salisbury was, as the Queen remarked, so just and generous, he felt so much for her being so alone and cut off, he was so firm in his assurance that he would do everything in his power to help her, that the Queen felt comforted by his presence. And she was, indeed, much in need of support, for her private life had contained of late much anxiety. There had been, for instance, the distressing case in which Sir Charles Mordaunt, divorcing his wife who had become insane, had cited the Prince of Wales among the co-respondents. There was ample proof that the Prince had been completely guiltless, but the other co-respondents cited were among the Prince's friends. The charming, affectionate, easy-going child who had written to Baron Stockmar about his interest in thugs was, now that he was a man, interested and amused by persons whom his father, had he lived, might have thought scarcely superior to these in moral worth.

But, in spite of the Queen's personal worries, nothing could dim her pride in the growing glory of England. Every year fresh lands came under British protection or were annexed to the Empire, and her

influence in Europe increased with every marriage of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. And, with the passing of time, the inventions of science welded her lands more closely together, as the means of communication were made more possible. One night after dinner at Osborne, nine years before the Jubilee, the Queen saw and heard that strange new invention the telephone; Professor Bell explained the whole process, which, it seemed, was most extraordinary. The contraption had been put into communication with Osborne Cottage, and the Queen was able to have a conversation with Sir Thomas Biddulph; she also heard some singing quite plainly; but it was rather faint, although the Queen held the tube quite close to her ear. This invention struck the Queen as very astonishing, although the telegraph wire had long been in use—indeed, one of the first telegrams sent had been one from the Emperor Napoleon III congratulating the Queen on the capture of Delhi.

With her renewed interest in life, the Queen began to take delight in travel, and in April 1888 visited Florence. On her arrival, the King and Queen of Italy paid her a visit at the Villa Palmieri where she was staying, and at 4 o'clock on the same day she drove to the Pitti Palace to return their visit. On the following morning she received the Emperor and Empress of Brazil and their young grandson Prince Pedro; but she noticed that the dark faces of their Imperial Majesties looked very aged and ill; it seemed that the shadows of all their forests were cast upon them. When they had gone, she drove through Florence to lunch with the King and Queen of Italy at the Pitti Palace, where she was much struck by the

absolute lack of *savoir-faire* of their radical minister Signor Crispi, who remained in the room, staring at her incessantly beneath his black eyebrows in a glowering manner, and making himself a general nuisance. On the same day she received news that Prince Bismarck intended to resign owing to the fact that the Emperor and Empress of Germany favoured the engagement of their daughter Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The Queen intended going to Berlin to see her daughter and dying son-in-law; but at this point Lord Salisbury became alarmed at the proposed visit, since he knew that Bismarck was in a state of great anger against the Queen because he believed, quite wrongly, that she was urging her daughter to insist on the marriage—and William was under Bismarck's influence. Lord Salisbury knew William, and he knew William's grandmother; and he told the Queen frankly that if any thorny subject should be mentioned the Prince might say something which would not do him credit, and if this drew down on him a rebuke from his grandmother he might take it ill, and this might in future be a cause of trouble between England and Germany. But the Queen was not to be deterred, and on the 23rd of April set out for Berlin. She broke the journey at Innsbruck in order to lunch with the Emperor Franz Josef, who was waiting on the platform to receive her, having travelled from Vienna for seventeen hours for the purpose. The day was so hot and fine, the countryside so romantic, with villages like bunches of great waxen begonias among green baize leaves, that it seemed impossible she could be travelling to visit a dying man.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice and her husband



lunched with the Emperor in a little room full of flowers, then the Queen continued her journey, and at 6 o'clock reached Munich where she was met on the platform by the Queen Mother of Bavaria, like a beautiful and sad shadow in her deep and eternal mourning, worn in memory of the death of her son Ludwig, who was drowned two years before, and of the madness of her son the King who succeeded him. She gave the Queen a bunch of roses, but they were pale and had a strange and mournful smell. Then the train continued its journey, and the Queen watched the *Alpenglühén* over the Alps.

It was a quarter to eight next morning when she arrived at Charlottenburg and was met by her daughter, who was struggling to restrain her tears. Her life, since the moment when her husband had been stricken by illness, had been almost that of a hunted creature—pursued by the dark shadow of Bismarck, and the attacks of the Press, who contended that according to the constitution no Prince could succeed to the throne of Prussia if he were the victim of an incurable disease, since this would make him incapable of acting as Sovereign. But, above all, there was the behaviour of William. The breach between that prince and his mother was widening day by day; both were headstrong, both had a certain degree of arrogance, and both were determined to rule. The Crown Princess had complained already to her mother that he was "as rude and impertinent and disagreeable as possible," that he interfered, and was officious. But, if we can judge from the character shown in the Empress's letters, it is probable that there were two sides to the question. It is, however, undoubted that his head had become a little swollen

owing to the position in which he had been put by the death of his grandfather the Emperor and the illness of his father. Before the death of the old Emperor, his grandson signed all official papers, and although this was a necessity, yet, as Mr. Benson has pointed out, each time that a signature was required, both the Prince and his mother knew, one with arrogance, one with anguish at her heart, that the day would soon come when the Prince would be signing his own name, as Emperor of Germany. And now the proposed marriage of his sister to Prince Alexander of Battenberg added bitterness to their relations, for William held the same views as Prince Bismarck, and was violently opposed to the match.

The Queen and the Empress drove to the Palace, and the Queen walked upstairs to her son-in-law's room. He was lying in bed, and his beloved face seemed to her to be unaltered; he raised up his hands in joy at seeing her, and gave her a little nosegay of flowers. Then his wife led her mother from his bedside into such a pretty little green room with rococo decorations in silver, and there they breakfasted with the Empress's three girls, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The three young Princesses looked so charming in their black high-necked dresses with bustles, and their fair hair done high up on the forehead in curls. The leaves round the window were not more green than the shadows that flitted round the room, and the Princesses' voices were high like those of birds, as they chatted to their grandmother. But it was all very dreadful, and the Empress cried almost without ceasing.

In the afternoon, the Queen drove through the hot dreamlike streets of Berlin to visit the old Empress;

and this, too, seemed like a bad dream; the Queen went up alone, and found the old woman shrouded in black, with a long black veil, seated on a chair in the middle of the room, quite crumpled up and ghastly pale.

Next day, at a little after twelve, the Empress brought Prince Bismarck to visit the Queen. As the door opened, Prince Bismarck, who, whilst she was safely in England, had been full of boastful self-confidence as to the outcome of any combat between himself and the little old widowed lady, who had talked of her as "Mama" and "the matchmaker," met the eyes of the Queen. Wellington, Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone, each in turn had known that look. And now it was the turn of the unconquerable Prince Bismarck. He managed, somehow, to reach the chair she offered him, and to reply to her polite remarks, and she noted in her diary that she was agreeably surprised to find him so amiable and gentle. She does not appear to have understood the reason. He spoke to her long and earnestly of the great strength of the German army and of the immense number of men who could be put into the field if it were necessary; he told her that his great object was to prevent war—an object which, by a strange coincidence, was also that of England and France, as the Queen pointed out. The Prince agreed, but added that the French government was so weak it might be forced into anything. The interview lasted for half an hour, and then the Queen rose.

The time passed with such terrible quickness! And, although the Queen knew that it was probably the last time she would ever see her son-in-law alive, it did not seem possible. As she kissed him in her

EDITH SITWELL

long farewell, she managed not to burst into tears, and told him tenderly that when he was stronger he must come to visit her, as he had done in the old happy days. Then she dressed and drove with her daughter to the station. As the train steamed out of Charlottenburg, she looked at the figure of her daughter, so lonely in spite of the courtiers surrounding her, standing in tears on the platform, and her heart melted within her.

Seven months later, on a dark November afternoon, the waiting Court at Windsor heard the trumpet of the escort sound, and a woman dressed in the deepest black, shrouded in a thick crape veil that swept to her feet, stepped out of the carriage and shook them all by the hand. But she could not speak, for she was weeping too bitterly.

EDITH SITWELL—*Victoria of England.*

## RHODES: THE HOME RHODES BUILT

ONE may understand Rhodes from his house as much as from anything else.

In these days that house is the home, while Parliament sits, of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. To the Prime Ministers of the Union Rhodes bequeathed it eight years before there was a Union, and while Britons were still fighting Boers.

The house looks as it looked in Rhodes' time. It is maintained—and its grounds—with his money.

Groote Schuur is a house of two storeys, and, counting the kitchen quarters, thirty rooms; white; with gables; and large, small-paned windows. The thatch that caused the first Groote Schuur to burn down, and that causes all the old Cape houses to burn down, is replaced, less attractively, by tiles. Over the entrance is a bronze relief showing the landing of Van Riebeeck.

A long row of white pillars supports the heavily beamed stoep which faces the mountain Rhodes loved. The floor of that stoep is, like the floor of the hall and the floors of de Hoogh's pictures, of black and white squares. On it stand the old chests, the green jars and the weatherworn chairs of Rhodes.

All the rooms in the house are either teak-panelled or white-washed. They are teak-beamed with great brass candelabra. They have cabinets filled with china. They have old pieces of brass and copper, and heavy chairs and heavy tables and heavy chests.

As Rhodes himself possessed no trinkets except a set of plain gold studs—not even a watch, so, in his house, too, there are few little delicate things. There are no little delicate chairs or tables. There is no piano. There are no paintings (but once there was a Reynolds). There are no rare editions. There is a spinet. There are some Gobelin tapestries, and some books on open shelves.

It is a man's house. And, in fact, Rhodes kept no women servants, and the maids of visitors had orders to remain as inconspicuous as possible. There are fifteen bedrooms and two bathrooms: one of which, in marble, with a terrific granite bath, was Rhodes' great pride. Few of the bedrooms have adequate mirrors. Rhodes' own room possesses no full-length mirror, no bookshelf, no bright picture, nothing soft. There is a large bed with an uncomfortable mattress. There are large cupboards. There is a large atlas. There is an old French map of South Africa. There are prints of Rameses, of Bartholomew Diaz discovering the Cape, of Napoleon's coronation. There is a model of the young Napoleon and of the sacred bird the Phœnicians were supposed to have left in Rhodesia. There are carvings of this sacred bird throughout the house.

The one sentimental thing in Rhodes' bedroom (though, again, everything in Rhodes' bedroom expresses his romantic sense) is a photograph of that wife of Moselikatze who, in 1896, helped him to make touch with the Matabele. She hangs on the wall with her little senile eyes, like liquid slips, in her old wrinkled face, and her breasts like empty sacks, and her skeleton hands—the only woman Rhodes cared to remember.

His bedroom is built so that one may see the mountain; so that one may watch, through a great crescent of windows, the brilliant massed flowers, rising step by step to the mountain, the hydrangeas climbing its slopes, the bare stems of the trees striping with black its purple shadows. Rhodes chose to look—not at the sea, not at this plain of water with waves moving like long grass in the wind—he chose to look at the mountain. He always chose to look at the mountains rather than the sea. When he marched up Africa it was not along its coast-lines—the Portuguese could have those, he said—but along its central plateaux. He selected a mountain-top for his burial. Was it the illness that had brought him to Africa which turned him instinctively away from the sea and towards the highlands? Was his taste so grounded?

One can, indeed, from a ledge at Grootte Schuur look towards where the Indian and Atlantic Oceans meet, and this immensity Rhodes could perhaps tolerate, he could feel himself moved by so great an amalgamation. "Come, let us walk up the mountain, and see the two oceans." "Are these not also Shelley's words on amalgamation? 'See, the mountains kiss high heaven, and the waves clasp one another.'" . . . Amalgamation ("All things by a law divine in one another's being mingle") was the principle of Rhodes' life. And bigness. And so he used to take people up the mountain to see the union of the oceans. But the sea, as such, the wind on the wave, was not Rhodes' inspiration, it was never a part of, at least, this Englishman's being.

## II

There were, in truth, times when Rhodes imagined himself not so much an Englishman as an ancient Roman. He felt a kinship with Hadrian, he thought he looked like Titus. He saw England the successor of Imperial Rome. His favourite work was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

His Gibbon has this quotation from Tertullian, the Carthaginian, marked with four heavy marginal lines :

“ You are fond of spectacles . . . , expect the greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment of the universe. How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs, and fancied gods, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates, who persecuted the name of the Lord, liquefying in fiercer fires than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers blistering in red-hot flames, with their deluded scholars; so many celebrated poets trembling before the tribunal, not of Minos, but of Christ; so many tragedians, more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers——! ”

Did Rhodes think to himself, awed : “ Before me too lies this fate! ” And, with such thunder in his ears, did he fail to notice Gibbon's consolatory little anticlimax : “ But the humanity of the reader will permit me to draw a veil over the rest of this infernal description, which the zealous African pursues in a long variety of affected and unfeeling witticisms ” ?

There are no other markings of consequence in this copy of *The Decline and Fall*, but that Rhodes was impressed by Gibbon's work may be judged from this curious circumstance: he gave Hatchard's, the London



booksellers, instructions to have all Gibbon's authorities collected, and, if necessary, translated—and then typed, indexed, and uniformly bound for him. He suddenly woke up when Hatchard's had accumulated eight thousand pounds' worth of translations. At eight thousand pounds' worth, then, the typescripts, hospitably including in their list the Lives of the Cæsars, Horace, Ovid, Terence, Cicero, Martial and other writers already available in English, abruptly end.

Even then those hundred and fifty substantial volumes take up more than half the space in the small room called Library. But there are books also in the billiard-room and study.

These books are mainly concerned with History (two hundred and fifty volumes), Biography (one hundred and thirty volumes), and Africa (one hundred and seventy-five volumes). Not included in these books on Africa, there are a number on Cape Colony and fifty on Egypt. Among the Biographies there are twenty Lives of Napoleon, a Life of Alexander the Great, and a series of the Rulers of India. There are—these figures are given approximately—one hundred and thirty books listed under Classics, eighty under Social Science, seventy under Travel, sixty under Federation and Constitutional Government, and fifty under Geography. There are seventy Books of Reference. There are twenty-five novels, twenty-four books on Art and Science, seventeen (Shakespeare, Ruskin, and so on) that fall under the heading Literature, nine on Architecture, and a few—Frazer's *Golden Bough* is one and Smiles' *Self-Help* is another—rather despairingly huddled together as Miscellaneous. There is no poetry.

The library is that of a conscious empire-maker, not of a reader.

## III

And yet Rhodes saw himself not only an ancient Roman, he aspired to be a bit, too, of an ancient Greek. He was the Pericles of South Africa. And deliberately, since through Greek Art "Pericles taught the lazy and indolent Athenians to believe in Empire." So he said.

But he loved beauty for its own sake. He had the imagination. He had that poignant sense of the appropriate which is taste. And, as his desire for the interior of Africa rather than its coast, flowed, one might assume, from his weak-lunged fear of the sea, so, too, was his taste a reflection of himself.

"Men," said Lord Milner, "are ruled by their foibles, and Rhodes' foible is size." Certainly Rhodes' foible was size. But one might also call it his principle and his wisdom. "There is no use in two dozen of anything. You should count in hundreds and thousands, not dozens. That is the only way to produce any effect or make any profit."

So, not only had he to possess a country three-quarters of a million square miles large; to give his name to that country; to dream in continents and nations; to control all the diamonds in Africa, and pay for that control with the biggest cheque yet written; to own and bequeath millions of money; to see two oceans from his garden; to rest in death on a View of the World . . . but, of the immediate, the homelike sort of things, the avenue to Government House in Bulawayo (when Bulawayo became his) had

to be three miles long; the streets of Bulawayo had to be wide enough for a waggon and its span of oxen to turn about in; his Inyanga farm in Rhodesia had to be of a hundred thousand acres; the reservoir of his dam in the Matoppos had to hold fifty million gallons of water; he had to surround his town house with fifteen hundred acres, and to have a mountain in his garden; his fruit-trees in the Cape had to be planted in batches of a hundred and fifty thousand, and he coveted the whole of the great Drakenstein valley for a farm.

"How much do you want me to buy?" asked his farm manager.

"Buy it all!"

"All! . . . All the Drakenstein Valley! . . . It would cost a million."

"I don't ask your advice. I want you to buy it. Buy it!"

The manager bought as much as the owners would sell him.

But Rhodes had other aspects than that of size in his taste as in himself. He wanted in his surroundings, as in his living, his dreams, his actions, his words—not only size, but also shape, weight, simplicity. When he asked Baker for the "big and simple—barbaric, if you like," he was anticipating merely his last words to his Rhodesians: "Think simply. Truth is ever simple." As Rhodes, the man, was ponderous in his body, his humour, his manner, his very hands, so even the tables and chairs in his house are hard to lift in their heavy fashioning from heavy South African woods. His bath is hewn out of a granite rock. His grave is hewn in a granite hill.

As he knew clearly what he wanted, and wanted it all his life, so he preferred to deal in what he called

“globular sums,” so the trees against his mountain have no softening lower branches, so he felt he could not, as he said, “possess the mountain he had bought,” until it was cleared of its covering bush.

His very flowers had to grow in massed shape. Nor were they delicate little flowers. With the Imperialism of Disraeli he did not adopt too Disraeli’s primrose (though who can say, really, whether Disraeli himself loved the primrose? An idle word in a queen’s hearing, and for life a flamboyant Oriental is compelled—heaven alone knows how tediously—to the pallid primrose). . . . In Rhodes’ garden there are troops of canna, hydrangea, bougainvillea—strong, scentless flowers—marching in regular formation towards his mountain. And he loved the mountain shapes, sculpture and architecture. He sent Baker to study the granite temple of Thebes and the Greek Doric of Pæstum and Athens, the Greek horses at St. Mark’s, the sarcophagus of Alexander at Constantinople, that he might bring back from them a design for a monument to the Siege of Kimberley, a classic bath for Kimberley, and a lion-house for Groote Schuur.

Only the Siege Monument was completed. When it came to the Bath, the “Nymphæum,” he could not get the directors of de Beers to sanction the expenditure, and he was too ill to force that sanction. This bath, this temple, filled with mine-water, was to have been in marble, and to have stood among lilies and papyrus; long avenues of orange-trees, backed by larger trees, were to have led to it, and poignant meaning to have been given to it by the desert on whose edge it rested. . . . One has to know Kimberley, a town where diamonds grow so much more readily

than grass, to appreciate the sublimity and the folly of the idea.

The lion-house was to have been a part, Baker imagines, of "a great colonnaded building which would give scale to and interpret the beauty of the mountain-side." There is a zoo at Groote Schuur, but the lion-house was not built.

A university, too, was to have risen from that mountainside where the young would come, "Dutch and English, east and west, north and south, to get to know and like each other and so make a united South Africa." To-day a university exists, but it is not the university which Rhodes planned.

And then he built a house in his grounds ("Do not be mean" was his only instruction to Baker) where artists might dream. To this house Kipling used to come during the English winter. . . .

And the statue of van Riebeeck had to mark the place where the first Dutch landed at Cape Town; a bronze over the entrance at Groote Schuur had to exhibit that landing. "It will be all one country now, and we must make this its most beautiful capital."

And on the granite hill where Rhodes meant to rest for ever there were to rest too, beneath a monument, the fallen in the Matabele War. To-day this monument, like the university, stands—never seen by Rhodes. It stands, vulgarly neat, in the unmade world whose grandeur so gripped him that he knew at once: "I shall be buried here, facing North," and two years later came again in search of it, saying over and over: "I had to find my hill. I had to find it. It has stayed with me." . . .

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN—*Rhodes.*

## SIR EDWARD GREY: THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

THE assassination at Sarajevo of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, took place on June 28, 1914. The crime was only too characteristic of the mentality and political methods of Eastern Europe, which have since the war spread westward apace. But this murder was neither the deed nor the desire of the Serbian Government of the day, which was not ready for another war, and did not wish to see it kindled for some years to come. Princip, the assassin, one of several Bosnian Serbs privy to the plot, was an unwilling subject of Austria-Hungary, but he had recently been in Belgrade, where he had been helped in his preparations by some army officers and some members of the "Black Hand"; that famous patriot murder-gang was not, however, corporately involved. The assassin doubtless regarded his deed as revenge for the annexation of his own country in 1908, and a blow struck for the creation of the Yugoslavia to be. The news of the murder was greeted in Belgrade by the cruel rejoicings of a people race-mad, as all Europe was shortly to become.

In these circumstances it was inevitable that Austria-Hungary should exact from her neighbours severe guarantees for the cessation of Yugo-Slav agitation in Serbian territory. Such demands in any compass of reason would have had the sympathy of England and of the world.

Indeed, as part of a settlement made in 1909, the Serbian Government had given pledges against the continuance of Yugo-Slav agitation, and these pledges had notoriously been broken. In 1914 the Viennese Government had already determined to put an end to this state of things. When therefore the murder occurred, Conrad the soldier and Berchtold the statesman seized the occasion to precipitate war with Serbia, by sending to Belgrade an Ultimatum such as no independent State could without qualification accept. And the authorities at Berlin, instead of cautioning their ally, gave her on July 5 what they themselves called a "blank cheque" to send to Serbia whatever kind of note she wished.

This fatal error was in part the outcome of Kaiser William's first excitement of rage against the atrocity of the murder. Whatever others in Germany may have wished, it is probable that neither he nor Bethmann-Hollweg, on that fatal day, knew that they were unchaining universal war; they hoped that Russia would not dare to fight. It would be 1908 over again, another diplomatic victory of sabre-rattling by the Central Powers.

The authorities in Berlin and Vienna knew that Russian railways and Serbian reorganization would be more formidable in 1917 than in 1914. Russia, they thought, was less likely to march now than she might be in a few years' time. Better crush Serbia at once. Thus the armament race and the fear-struck calculations it everywhere engendered, helped to cause the actual outbreak of the war.

As Grey said in retrospect:

Practically every nation in Europe was afraid of Germany, and the use which Germany might make of

her armaments. Germany was not afraid, because she believed her army to be invincible, but she was afraid that a few years hence she might be afraid. . . . In 1914 Europe had arrived at a point in which every country except Germany was afraid of the present, and Germany was afraid of the future. (H. of Lords, July 24, 1924.)

Nothing was known of the "blank cheque" given by the German to the Austro-Hungarian Government on July 5, and for nearly a month after the crime of Sarajevo things went on in very much their accustomed way in the world at large. On July 23 Mr. Lloyd George spoke in the House of Commons, again urging naval economy, the policy on which he had, ever since the New Year, been leading one-half of the Liberal Party, greatly to the embarrassment of the Prime Minister, Grey and Mr. Churchill. The author of the City speech on Agadir had varied his role once more, and was taking another turn among the prophets of pacifism, at a season that chance made peculiarly unfortunate. It was actually on July 23 that he told the House of Commons that our relations with Germany were better than they had been for years and that therefore the next budget ought to show an economy on armaments. That day Vienna sent the Ultimatum to Belgrade.

The long delay in the sending of this astounding document had rendered it impossible for Grey to take any action hitherto. Up till then Grey had had nothing but rumours, some optimistic from Belgrade, some the reverse from Vienna. The least favourable rumour that he heard had only said that Austria-Hungary would probably demand of Serbia "certain definite measures in restraint of nationalist and anarchist propaganda," and would insist upon them,



probably to the point of using force in case of refusal. That in any case was to be expected, but it was not expected that Vienna would claim, as she did claim in clauses 5 and 6 of the Ultimatum, that Austro-Hungarian authorities should collaborate with the Serbian authorities on Serbian territory and that the time-limit for acceptance would be forty-eight hours. The moment that Grey learnt of these terms, he saw that European peace was in the most terrible danger. He was convinced that "a great European war under modern conditions would be a catastrophe for which previous wars afforded no precedent." That conviction inspired his conduct during the week of agony that followed. He at once protested to the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador that the Ultimatum was "the most formidable document I had ever seen addressed by one State to another that was independent"; and that clause 5 and the forty-eight hour time-limit gravely endangered the peace of all Europe. He warned the representative of the Hapsburgs that under modern conditions a great war "would mean a state of things worse than in 1848, and irrespective of who were victors in the war, many things might be completely swept away." (*G. and T.* xi, pp. 70, 73.)

The answer of Serbia to the Ultimatum was made within the forty-eight hours, and agreed to very much more than was expected, including even the collaboration of Austro-Hungarian authorities on Serbian territory, subject only to the "principles of international law." But every qualification was treated by Vienna as evasion. It was the conquest of Serbia, not her acceptance of the Ultimatum, that had been decided on. Submission was not enough.

Berlin demanded that the execution of Serbia by Austria-Hungary should be regarded as no business of any other State: the war was to be "localized." But in fact nothing could prevent Russia from coming to the rescue of Serbia if she were invaded. No calculation as to present military inferiority could stem the surge of popular passion in Russia to save a Slav State from destruction. To permit the subjugation of Serbia would destroy Russia's influence outside her own territories, and lay the Balkan Peninsula at the feet of the Central Powers. To talk of "localizing" a war to annihilate Serbia was absurd. Yet such was the attitude adopted by Berlin.

Grey set himself with speed and energy to save the situation. The semi-detached position of England gave her advantages as a mediator. Only the year before she had, with the goodwill of Germany, averted war over disputes between Vienna and Belgrade. He therefore proposed a revival of the Conference of Ambassadors in London, the men whose sessions had saved the peace of Europe in 1912-13. If their respective governments would again trust the same men to find a way out for this new dispute between the same two States, Grey was certain that a way would be found. It has been said that it was useless to propose such a Conference because it would have been packed to the disadvantage of the Central Powers. But they had not thought so or found it so in 1913. And the refusal of Germany was not merely a refusal of a Conference in that particular form but of any Conference at all.

For on July 28 Berlin turned down Grey's proposal for a Conference in London, and, so far from proposing a Conference elsewhere or under other conditions,

roundly declared that "Austria's quarrel with Serbia was a purely Austrian concern with which Russia had nothing to do." Such a declaration meant war.

The effect of these replies [writes Grey in his *Twenty-five Years*] was not only depressing, but exasperating. I really felt angry with von Bethmann-Hollweg and von Jagow. They had given us to understand that they had not seen the terms of the Austrian Ultimatum to Serbia before it was sent; they had been critical of it when they saw it. Von Jagow had said that, as a diplomatic document, it left something to be desired, and contained some demands that Serbia could not comply with. By their own admission they had allowed their weaker Ally to handle a situation on which the peace of Europe might depend, without asking beforehand what she was going to say and without apparently lifting a finger to moderate her, when she had delivered an ultimatum of the terms of which they did not entirely approve. Now they vetoed the only certain means of a peaceful settlement, without, so far as I knew, even referring it to Austria at all.

After this reply he had, in fact, little hope. The German Government, however, did not at the moment desire war, though it would not tread the sure road to peace. The Kaiser's first mood of unreflecting anger had cooled; he was surprised and impressed by the practical acceptance of the Ultimatum by Serbia and declared there was no longer any cause for war. At his orders the German Government advised her ally to halt in the course of violence on which she had been encouraged to embark. But it was too late. On July 28 Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia, an act which could not fail to provoke Russian mobilization. Yet at this eleventh hour Ger-

many first asked her to stay her hand, not to push her invasion far into the bowels of Serbia, to hold Belgrade as a pledge and to discuss the situation directly with Russia—after all.

This first and last conciliatory move on the part of Germany came too late. War was being waged on the Danube, and Russia therefore held herself bound to mobilize, if she was to save Serbia. She dared not wait, for mobilization was a slow process in her ill-organized mass, far slower than in the lands ruled by the Central Powers. Russia thought she could not afford to postpone mobilization while Serbia was actually being overrun, and that she must prepare for the hostility not only of Austria-Hungary but of Germany as well. And so, after some vacillations, the Czar on the afternoon of July 30 ordered a general mobilization. But before he had heard of this decision Moltke at Berlin wired to Conrad at Vienna recommending a general mobilization in Austria-Hungary, and adding that Germany would follow suit. In all Central and Eastern Europe the soldiers were in the saddle and rode mankind. At midnight on July 31 Germany sent an Ultimatum to Russia demanding the arrest of her mobilization, and to France demanding her neutrality. On August 1 Germany declared war on Russia. The Kaiser's effort for peace had been late and brief. Grey wrote to Spring Rice on September 18:

In all the talk of who was responsible for the war, don't forget that Germany, who ostensibly went to war with Russia only because she was Austria's ally, was as a matter of fact at war with Russia on August 1, when Austria was still discussing with Russia in a friendly way. It was not till 5 days later that Russia and Austria

were at war, and had they been left alone there would have been no war.

A year later Grey wrote to a friend :

This war is one of the greatest catastrophes that have ever befallen the human race. The more I think of it, the more horrible it seems to me that Germany refused to agree to a Conference in July last year. Serbia had accepted nine-tenths of the Austrian ultimatum, and the outstanding points could have been settled easily and honourably, if they had been referred to an international Conference: it would not have taken a fortnight to dispose of them. The invasion of Belgium, in my opinion, decided the overwhelming majority of our people to enter into the war; but the refusal of a Conference decided the fate of peace or war for Europe.

In April 1918 Grey wrote to Professor Gilbert Murray :

I see Jagow says I could have prevented the war, but the German veto on a Conference struck out of my hand the only effective instrument I could use for peace. I thought the Germans might object to a Conference on the ground that Russia would use it to mobilize, and if Germany had made that her objection I could have protested against Russian mobilization or preparation for war pending a Conference. But Bethmann-Hollweg's objection to a Conference was absolute; and after he had refused and Russia had accepted a Conference I could not protest against Russian preparation for the event of war, especially as the German preparations were far ahead of the Russian, and I could not promise the armed support of this country to Russia.

Von Jagow says Germany could not have accepted a Conference as she would have lost prestige, but he admits she lost no prestige in the London Conference of 1912-13, and the precedent of that was a guarantee

that there would have been neither diplomatic defeat nor victory for anyone, but a fair conduct of another Conference composed of the same persons and conducted in the same way. And as Serbia had submitted to about nine-tenths of the Austrian Ultimatum there could have been no loss of prestige in submitting the one or two points outstanding to a fair Conference.

Nothing could now stop the avalanche; it had slipped over the edge. Could Grey have prevented it from being launched? During the rest of his life his sad mind perpetually reverted to the question, trying it again and again from every side, on sleepless nights and blind solitary days. To the end he could not think what more he could have done. Nor have his critics supplied any definite and convincing answer to that question—how could he have prevented the war?

In April 1915, in an unpublished Memorandum, he wrote:

What Herr Ballin said was, apparently, that I was indirectly responsible for the war, because I had not pledged this country definitely either to support France and Russia, or not to support them. In the former event, Austria would have given way; in the latter, France and Russia would have given way. This was not true; but what it suggested to me was how far Herr Ballin was from understanding what democratic government meant. The idea that one individual, sitting in a room in the Foreign Office, could pledge a great democracy definitely by his word, in advance, either to take part in a great war or to abstain from taking part in it, is absurd.

Herr Ballin's remark was pardonable in a foreigner, but the argument is still repeated by some of Grey's

own countrymen who should know more about England and her political institutions.

In April 1918, after the publication in Switzerland, contrary to the author's wishes, of Lichnowsky's memoir of his mission to London, which did full justice to Grey's efforts for peace, he wrote to Mrs. Creighton :

I knew very well what Lichnowsky thought of me, but I did not suppose it would have become public. I never had any qualm of conscience as to my motives and intentions before the war. I used to torture myself by questioning whether by more foresight or wisdom I could have prevented the war, but I have come to think that no human individual could have prevented it. Nothing could have prevented it except a change of the Prussian nature.

One thing only he sometimes thought he ought to have tried—more direct English pressure on Austria-Hungary. His efforts were mainly directed to inducing Germany to restrain her "weaker ally." Would the Viennese soldiers and statesmen have listened to the direct representations of England, if more strongly urged? It seems highly unlikely, in the light of everything we now know of their policies and temper during the crisis. Nothing but the knowledge that Germany would not support them would have stopped Conrad and Berchtold. Nevertheless Grey's assumption that Germany was the rider and Austria the horse was less true in 1914 than it had been in former years.

The most common line of facile criticism after the event is the assertion that if Grey had told Germany that we should take part in the war, peace would have been kept. This is still repeated, regardless of the

fact that Grey could not pledge a country that had not yet come to any such decision. Until July 24, when the terms of the Ultimatum to Serbia became known, English sympathy was with the countrymen of the murdered Archduke; and English opinion takes more than a day to grasp new situations in Eastern Europe. Till the invasion of Belgium by Germany, half the country shrank from the idea of being involved in war over a Balkan question. If Grey, in the last week of July, had announced that we should join France in a European war if it broke out, most of the Cabinet with Mr. Lloyd George at its head would have repudiated him, most of the Liberals in the country and all the Labour Party, and a large section of opinion in the City and the Conservative business class. He could not speak that word for England.

"One danger," he writes (*Twenty-five Years*, ii, p. 158), "I saw so hideous that it must be avoided and guarded against at every word. It was that France and Russia might face the ordeal of war with Germany, relying upon our support; that this support might not be forthcoming, and that we might then, when too late, be held responsible by them for having let them in for a disastrous war."

It is moreover overlooked by Grey's critics that in the last week of July he was taking advantage of the semi-detached position of England to negotiate a compromise and avert war, as in 1912-13. If he had declared England unequivocally bound to France and Russia in any event, he would have lost his bargaining power with Germany and Austria-Hungary. Moreover, if France and Russia had felt certain we should fight on their side, they would have been more in-



clined to take steps that might lead to war. This view was strongly felt and expressed in the Cabinet discussions, as I have been told by several who participated in them. And the view was shared by Sir Eyre Crowe himself, the Assistant Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, a man who was usually regarded as too anti-German in his views and was certainly more anti-German than Grey. Yet as late as July 31 Eyre Crowe wrote in a minute: "What must weigh with His Majesty's Government is the consideration that they should not by a declaration of unconditional solidarity with France and Russia *induce* and *determine* these two powers to choose the path of war."

Nevertheless the German Government had ample warning. Time after time, ever since 1906, Grey had been telling them not to rely on our neutrality if they attacked France. In December 1912 the King himself had sent a similar message to the Kaiser through Prince Henry of Prussia, fortified by Haldane's simultaneous words to like effect. Finally on July 29, 1914, Bethmann-Hollweg had the warning again straight, in Grey's indignant refusal of his bid for England's neutrality. The German Chancellor offered, if England kept out of the war, to annex only Colonies of France and not any more Provinces, after the German victory. The approach was refused in terms which showed the German Government the extreme probability that England would take part in war if war came.

It would be a disgrace to us [was Sir Edward's reply] to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France—a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also, in effect, asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or

interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.

Grey in fact could not have done more to warn and restrain Germany and her ally, without making formal declaration of our intention to fight, which public opinion in England would have repudiated and which would moreover have encouraged France and Russia to risk war.

For, after all, Russia as well as the Central Powers required restraint. And another charge against Grey is precisely that he did not restrain Russia from mobilization. His answer to this may be given in his own words:

After Germany refused the Conference I could not put pressure on Russia. She was far less prepared for war than Germany. If I had tried to hold back her military preparations, Sazonov would at once have said: Then will you help us if war comes?

And, for the reasons given above, Grey could not in July pledge England to fight for Russia, less indeed than for France. When, after Germany's refusal of a Conference and the actual invasion of Serbia, Russia judged that her safety required the slow process of her mobilization to begin, Grey was in no position to interfere.

War having been declared by Germany against Russia on August 1, and France being by her Alliance Treaty involved in the quarrel, the question remained, what would England do?

Grey believed that the conquest of France to which Germany's first and greatest military effort was directed, would mean a German domination of Europe, as irresistible as the Roman Empire, with

England for doomed Carthage. And the chances of instant French defeat were very great, if we stood aside—they amounted as we now know to certainty. And he was sure that in the sequel we ourselves should be destroyed, if we did not enter the war at once and as a united people. But such action on England's part was by no means certain. A false step might have ruined all. In the last days of July and the first three days of August, Grey's object was the same as Asquith's, to keep the Cabinet and the party together, not for party reasons, but because, if the Liberals split, the country would be divided and the result would be irreparable disaster. This fear inspired the anxious care with which he nursed opinion in the Cabinet, avoiding proposals which would have forced on a clash with Mr. Lloyd George and the neutralists, till the tide of events abroad should sweep away all doubts, and Britons had no choice but to say, "We are all with you now, from shore to shore." Grey once said to Lord Robert Cecil, "I used to hope that I was meant to keep the country out of war. But perhaps my real business was to bring her into it unitedly."<sup>1</sup>

In his speech in the House of Lords on the occasion of Asquith's death in 1928, Grey recalled the situation of that week:

It is well known that in the early days of the last week

<sup>1</sup> Lest I should seem to be claiming for the author of this biography a prescience he did not possess, I confess that I was a neutralist till the war had begun. Many of us did not realize how completely and how quickly France and Belgium would be defeated without our aid. We were wrong and Grey was right. But for anyone who was a neutralist at that time to blame Grey because he did not earlier declare that we should fight, is the height of injustice.

of July 1914, the Government were so deeply divided that the division was apparently irreconcilable. The House of Commons was divided. The country was divided. It is my opinion that if there had been a precipitate attempt to force a decision it would not have helped these divisions of opinion, it would have brought them out and made them irreparable. It would be an error to suppose that Asquith in his own mind had not yet settled what the ultimate decision would be. But if the Prime Minister, as Asquith then was, had precipitated a decision, I believe the consequences would have been that at the moment of crisis we should have had a divided Government, a divided Parliament, a divided country.

The difficulty was the greater because Mr. Lloyd George himself was neutralist. Surely, therefore, he displays more than his usual temerity in the following passage in his Memoirs:

Had he [Grey] warned Germany in time of the point at which Britain would declare war—and wage it with her whole strength—the issue would have been different. I know it is said that he was hampered by divisions in the Cabinet. On one question, however, there was no difference of opinion—the invasion of Belgium. He could at any stage of the negotiations have secured substantial unanimity amongst his colleagues on that point.

Mr. Lloyd George's great gifts are not strictly historical. He lives so keenly in the present that he cannot recall his own past, as in his attitude to this question of war in July 1914.

In the last week of July Belgium had not yet declared that she would resist the passage of German troops, and many well-informed people thought she would come to terms with Germany rather than endure martyrdom. For some years past the British

Government had had grave doubts as to what the attitude of Belgium would be, and we could not force her decision. So far indeed was she from appealing for our help that she deprecated any premature threat made over her head to Berlin, that might seem to draw her in as a party to the disputes of the Great Powers. As late as August 2, two days after Grey had asked France and Germany whether they would respect the neutrality of Belgium, and only two days before the actual invasion, the Belgian Foreign Minister informed England that his Government "have no reason whatever to suspect Germany of an intention to violate her neutrality" and "have not considered [the] idea of appeal to other guarantee Powers, nor of intervention should a violation occur; they would rely upon their own armed force as sufficient to resist aggression, from whatever quarter it might come." (*G. and T.* xi, p. 271.)

It was difficult to be more Belgian than the Belgians, and no one on the Cabinet, neither Mr. Lloyd George nor any other, proposed to raise the question with Germany either sooner or more strongly than Grey actually raised it.

Mr. Churchill bears his witness: he writes in his *World Crisis* (i, pp. 200, 204):

Every day there were long Cabinets from eleven onwards. Streams of telegrams poured in from every capital in Europe. Sir Edward Grey was plunged in his immense double struggle (*a*) to prevent war, (*b*) not to desert France should it come. I watched with admiration his activities at the Foreign Office and cool skill in Council. Both these tasks acted and reacted on one another from hour to hour. He had to try to make the Germans realize that we were to be reckoned with, with-

out making the French or Russians feel they had us in their pockets. He had to carry the Cabinet with him in all he did. . . . Suppose again, that now after the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, the Foreign Secretary had proposed to the Cabinet that if matters were so handled that Germany attacked France or *violated Belgian Territory*, Great Britain would declare war upon her. *Would the Cabinet have assented to such a communication? I cannot believe it.* [My italics.]

Several other surviving members of the Cabinet have given me accounts that fully bear out Mr. Churchill's as against Mr. Lloyd George's recollection. Mr. McKenna authorizes me to say that he firmly believes "that the Cabinet would not have agreed to a threat about Belgium at any earlier stage of the negotiations." And Lord Crewe has sent me the following statement:

I did not keep any record of what passed at meetings of the Cabinet in July 1914, but I have a clear recollection of the most important issues that were raised. There was a general knowledge of the Treaties of 1839, and of the action taken by the Foreign Office in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1870. But I am certain that if Grey or anybody else had suggested an announcement *urbi et orbi* that infringement of Belgian neutrality by anybody would be regarded as an act of war against us, it would have been promptly rejected by the Cabinet.

All through the month, we attempted to exercise a mediating influence; probably the whole Government, including Grey, were a little over-flattered by the success of the Balkan Conference the year before. On this occasion such a spontaneous statement, almost a threat, would have been considered like the action of somebody sitting down to play a round game and saying to the party, "I suppose we may assume that nobody is going to cheat this evening." On the other hand, Morley's

statement in his *Memorandum on Resignation*, p. 14, that Belgium "played only a secondary part throughout our deliberation" is coloured, as so many of these reminiscences are, by the personal prejudice of the writer. He seems to have thought that the Cabinet was divided between those who, like himself, were determined to keep out of war at any price, and those who were only anxious to find an excuse for taking part in it. Whereas the great majority belonged to neither class. It has to be remembered, too, that though the invasion of Belgium was likely, and had been generally contemplated in the "military conversations" that had taken place, it was by no means certain. Ten years later, when I was at the Paris Embassy, I was told on the highest authority that the French General Staff had foreseen the possibility of a German attack through Switzerland, and had made complete provision to meet it in concert with the Swiss General Staff.

I have never been one of those who are able to believe for a moment that the German attitude would have been modified by knowledge that we should resist the invasion of Belgium. Surely those who think so are confusing their knowledge of the power which we and the whole Empire were able to exert in the four years of war with the actual resources which everybody, including ourselves, knew to be available in August 1914.

CREWE,  
2 May 1936.

The contemporary notes of the Prime Minister and his letters to the King (quoted pp. 173-5 below) are positive evidence that the Cabinet discussed the Belgian question inconclusively as late as July 30 and 31, and considered that "the matter if it arises will be rather one of policy, than of legal obligation." It is clear from Asquith's notes, as well as from

the evidence of other Cabinet Ministers that I have quoted above, that before August 2 the Cabinet would not have been agreed on the Belgian issue. Mr. Lloyd George, after opposing participation in the war, at the last moment became fired with a generous enthusiasm for Belgium. No one need blame him for being temperamental, for he has the qualities of his defects. But his retrospective creation of situations that never existed, in order to cast blame on others, is unworthy of the great part he has played in the world's affairs.

Grey's own account of the situation is more generous and more true :

In the Cabinet the two groups continued to work together for the one object on which both were heartily agreed, to prevent a European war; like two men who walk side by side on a straight road, but who see ahead a parting of the ways, and are determined, when they come to it, to go one to the right and the other to the left. Meanwhile, one side did not press the other to authorize a pledge to France; the other did not press for an intimation to France that we should stand aside. In that, at any rate, both were wise. Between the two groups were no doubt members of the Cabinet who reserved their decision. Their attitude also was to be respected. It was not opportunism; it was a tribute paid to the gravity of the situation. The Cabinet as a whole knew that it was not in a position to pledge the country. (*Twenty-five Years*, ii, p. 193.)

When on August 1 European war had broken out, the parting of the roads had come. But still for two or three days opinion in the Cabinet and country seemed to hang in the balance, though moving by rapid stages towards intervention. On July 31, when



war was on the point of breaking out and Grey's peace efforts had clearly failed, he obtained the consent of the Cabinet to ask France and Germany simultaneously whether in the event of war they would respect the neutrality of Belgium. That at least he could do without waiting to know what would be the final attitude of Belgium to accepting our protection if offered, or that of the Cabinet and country to offering it. France replied that she would respect the neutrality of Belgium; Germany refused to reveal her war plans.

On the morning of August 2 (John Burns resigning) the Cabinet sanctioned yet another step; Grey was permitted to say to Cambon:

I am authorized to give an assurance that if the German fleet comes up the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power. This assurance is of course subject to the policy of His Majesty's Government receiving the support of Parliament and must not be taken as binding His Majesty's Government to any action until the above contingency of action by the German fleet takes place. . . . We thought it necessary to give them this assurance. It did not bind us to go to war with Germany unless the German fleet took the action indicated, but it did give a security to France that would enable her to settle the disposition of her own Mediterranean fleet. (*G. and T.* xi. p. 274.)<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Churchill is, I think, not quite accurate in writing (*World Crisis*, i, p. 217) that Grey had given Cambon this assurance on August 1; he gave it on the afternoon of August 2, after the Cabinet authorization. What Grey really said to Cambon on August 1 will be found in *G. and T.* xi, p. 260. It was this: "The French might be sure that the German fleet would not pass through the channel, for fear that we should take the

The British fleet, kept together after the recent manœuvres, was in effect already mobilized.

On the same day the leaders of the Conservative Opposition, hearing that the Cabinet was still divided, wrote to the Prime Minister that in their view "any hesitation in now supporting France and Russia would be fatal to the honour and the future security of the United Kingdom." Nothing was here said of Belgium. But in the course of the next two days (August 3-4) the violation of her territory and her appeal for the help of Britain as one of the guarantors, swept round the hesitating opinion in the country and in the Cabinet to join in the war already raging in Europe.

By the Treaty of 1839, reaffirmed in 1870, England was "liable for the maintenance of Belgian neutrality whenever either Belgium or any of the guaranteeing Powers are in need of and demand assistance in opposing its violation." Such was our moral, and as some held our legal, obligation. Moreover it was the oldest and clearest of British interests to preserve the Netherlands from occupation by a great military and naval power, which modern weapons at land and sea would render a far more pressing danger to this island than in the days of Philip II, Louis XIV or Napoleon. Our moral and quasi-legal duty, and our interest in self-preservation, were therefore at one. The real danger to Belgian independence now lay all from

opportunity of intervening, when the German fleet would be at our mercy. I promised, however, to see whether we could give any assurance that, in such circumstances, we would intervene." And he duly consulted the Cabinet on that point next day and got the authorization. On this point see Professor Temperley's study of the question in *Foreign Affairs, an American Quarterly Review*, January 1931, pp. 333-5.

the German side, but both Grey and our military authorities had been very insistent with France that her soldiers should not permit themselves to contemplate entry into Belgian territory in "anticipation" of German invasion. This had been made a condition of the Military Conversations of 1906, and again, as Joffre's Memoirs testify, in 1912. French action in 1914 showed a scrupulous respect for this understanding. Moreover in April 1913 Grey, in a conversation with the Belgian Minister, had given him the assurance that he asked that Britain would on no account send troops into his country in anticipation of Germany or any other power. But, Grey had then said to him, "what we had to consider, and it was a somewhat embarrassing question, was what it would be desirable and necessary for us, as one of the guarantors of Belgian neutrality, to do if Belgian neutrality was violated by any other power."<sup>1</sup> In commenting on the record of this conversation of 1913 in a letter to his friend Lady Selborne on December 15, 1914, Grey writes:

I am glad that I did not say to the Belgian Minister that, if Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, we would certainly assist Belgium: for then I should have been open to the charge that I had instigated Belgium to resist, and then had proved unable to save her from the immediate consequences of resistance, which she is now suffering so terribly. My reason for not giving, in the conversation, a pledge to take action if the neutrality of Belgium was violated was that such a pledge was not a thing that one could give without consulting the Cabinet. The pledge not to violate Belgian neutrality was, of course, a simple thing.

<sup>1</sup> *G. and T.* ix, pt. i, pp. 787-8, Grey's letter to *The Times* of November 21, 1932, dealing with the Hardinge Minute of 1908.

This letter illustrates one of the marked characteristics of Grey. He was always scrupulous not to lure other countries into false positions by promises of British support which he hoped and wished to give, but which he was not certain to be able to supply when the time came. Whether this scrupulosity sometimes hampered his policy may be argued, but at least it prevented him from landing his country, as she has sometimes been landed, in disgraceful situations due to arousing expectations not fulfilled in the event.

At the beginning of August the main German armies, far the most formidable array ever seen on this planet, were rolling westward, not against Russia but against the French and Belgian frontiers. On the evening of Sunday, August 2, the German Ultimatum reached Brussels. Grey had been living for some days past with his best friend Haldane, with whom he had no shadow of difference, public or private. "Under my roof," writes Haldane, "he was sparing no effort to avoid the catastrophe. I was helping him with such counsel as I could give, but he was splendidly self-reliant. Telegrams and despatches were coming in at all hours of the night. In order that he might get sleep, I had a servant sitting up with instructions to bring them to my bedroom and waken me so that I might open the boxes with my Cabinet key and decide whether it was necessary to break in on Grey's rest. After dinner on Sunday, August 2, a despatch came saying Belgium was likely to be invaded. We talked it over and then walked across to No. 10 Downing Street to see the Prime Minister." Asquith agreed that the army must be mobilized, and, as War Minister, gave Haldane written authority to go next day to the War Office, where he was so well

known and respected, and arrange for the mobilization to take place.

Next day, Monday, August 3, was the date of decision. The Cabinet met, in a different mood from the previous morning, when, in Mr. Churchill's opinion, it had "looked as if the majority would resign." Now they sanctioned the mobilization and, all save a very few, agreed that we had no option but to defend Belgium in arms. Mr. Lloyd George had at last come round, and his tardy enthusiasm launched itself in a crusade from which he was not again to turn back. That same morning the all-important news came through that Belgium had refused the German Ultimatum, and King George received from King Albert a "supreme appeal to the diplomatic intervention of Your Majesty's Government to safeguard the integrity of Belgium." "Diplomatic intervention" had already been tried in vain on July 31; it could now only be repeated in the form of an ultimatum to Germany to keep her hands off Belgium or be at war with Britain. Such were the circumstances under which, early on Monday afternoon, Grey went down to the House of Commons to face the greatest and most tragic occasion of his life.

He came to give utterance to the opinion, as it had now become, of the great majority of the Cabinet.<sup>1</sup> What the House and the country would think had still to be put to the test; that made his speech momentous.

In these circumstances it was very remarkable that

<sup>1</sup> Apparently there never was a formal decision taken in the Cabinet to go to war or to send an ultimatum to Germany. But, Morley and Burns having resigned, the opposition in the Cabinet melted away and after Grey's speech in the Commons was no longer heard of.

he deliberately eschewed all appeal to passion, both in the tones of his voice, the choice of his words and even in the facts that he selected for comment. A lesser man would have striven to snatch a verdict by the power of oratory, and by narrating and denouncing the crimes that Germany had committed against the cause of peace during the negotiations of the past weeks. But Grey wished England's great decision to be made in cool blood. He wanted a rational judgment of the situation as it was, and as it might be expected to become if we still clung to neutrality—or if we chose to fight. He feared also that if he appealed to passion on his side, he would provoke it on the other, and divide his colleagues and his countrymen more sharply into the partisans of peace and of war. Few would have used such restraint, but he had his reward both that day and in the memory of the world.

Gaunt from weeks of ceaseless toil and deepening misery, pressed every moment on every side by fresh imperious tasks, harrowed by those painful interviews with Cambon, whom he could not yet assure that we would stand by France, he had had no time to think what words he would use to the House; he had only, on Sunday evening, found time to arrange into notes the material of which his head was full, selecting the facts he would state, the arguments he would use, and the order in which they should come. The words must look after themselves. About three on Monday afternoon he came into the House, crowded to the roof and tense with doubt and dreadful expectation, as seldom before in all its long and famous history. Years afterwards he told his friend Mildred Lady Buxton that, as he sat there waiting to speak, he remembered hav-

ing seen the House similarly thronged and expectant, when Gladstone was to introduce his first Home Rule Bill, and he himself had sat there obscure, a young bridegroom member from the North: on a wave of emotion he saw the sorrowful passage of time, all that had happened since then, hope doubly blasted, Dorothy's death and now this universal darkness of which he seemed the central point; he almost burst into tears. Yet, when the moment came for him to rise, he writes:

I do not recall feeling nervous. At such a moment there could be neither hope of personal success nor fear of personal failure. In a great crisis, a man who has to act or speak stands bare and stripped of choice. He has to do what is in him to do: just this is what he will and must do, and he can do no other. (*Twenty-five Years*, ii, p. 215.)

And so he rose. A fairer speech was never made by a party to a quarrel, nor a more effective. He did not tell the story of his own recent efforts to preserve the peace of Europe and Germany's rejection of them. On that subject, when he might so easily have gained applause by rousing indignation against Germany, he simply referred the House to the papers about to be published.

We worked for peace up to the last moment, and beyond the last moment. How hard, how persistently, and how earnestly we strove for peace last week, the House will see from the Papers that will be before it.

That famous "White Paper," indeed, which could not be brought out in time for the debate, proved his immediate justification and Germany's indictment, before his countrymen, America and the world.

But the first part of his speech was not devoted to

this easy theme, but to the necessary business of letting the House know, before it came to the decision of peace or war, how far if at all we were committed to France. "It was essential to make clear to the House," he wrote in his *Twenty-five Years*, "that its liberty of decision was not hampered by any engagements entered into previously without its knowledge. Whatever obligation there was to France arose from what those must feel who had welcomed, approved, sustained the Anglo-French friendship, that was open and known to all." The story of the Entente, the Military Conversations, the distribution of the two fleets since 1912, yesterday's pledge to France to hold the Channel, was fully told. To sum up, were we committed to France?—technically not at all; whether morally, "let every man look into his own heart, his own feelings and construe the extent of the obligation for himself."

Then, for the last half of his speech he turned to Belgium, and here the sense that the House was with him began to prevail. He cited the commitments of 1839 and 1870, by which we had bound ourselves to guarantee Belgium, and he read to the House King Albert's appeal to King George received that morning. Then he added:

If Belgium's independence goes, the independence of Holland will follow. I ask the House, from the point of view of British interests, to consider what is at stake. If France is beaten in a struggle of life and death, beaten to her knees, becomes subordinate to the will and power of one greater than herself . . . I do not believe, for a moment, that at the end of this war, even if we stood aside and remained aside, we should be in a position, a material position, to use our force decisively to undo



what had happened in the course of the war, to prevent the whole of Western Europe opposite to us—if that had been the result of the war—falling under the domination of a single power, and I am quite sure that our moral position would be such as to have lost us all respect.

The main purport of his speech was to place our obligation to Belgium, which as a sentiment of pity and honour was more clearly felt in England than any other aspect of affairs, in its true and direct relation to the larger question of our duty to defend Western Europe from conquest by Central Europe, in order that our own independence and that of the small States of Europe might be prolonged into another age.

To the persuasiveness of the speech witness was borne by Lord Hugh Cecil, a detached intellect not easily satisfied, who had come down to the House in a critical mood. He wrote to his friend Wilfrid Ward:

Grey's speech was very wonderful—I think in the circumstances one may say the greatest speech delivered in our time or for a very long period, taking the importance of the occasion, the necessity of persuading many doubtful persons, the extraordinary success which it had in that direction, its great dignity, warm emotion and perfect taste. . . . I could deliver quite a lecture on the merits of the speech,—its admirable arrangement, its perfect taste, and the extraordinary dexterity with which he dealt with the weak spot of his argument. This was the nature of our obligation to France, under the Entente. With wonderful skill he did not argue the point, but he changed to a note of appeal to the individual conscience, thereby disarming criticism in the one matter where he was weak, without any departure real or apparent from perfect sincerity. All these substantial merits set off by his wonderful manner go to

make his speech the greatest example of the art of persuasion that I have ever listened to.

During the last part of his speech, when he came to deal with the Belgian question, it became apparent for the first time that almost the whole House approved. The news that "they have cheered him" was carried to the Foreign Office, causing inexpressible relief to those who knew better than the public that if we stood arguing together on the verge of war the Germans would be in Paris in a few weeks and England left shamed, friendless and foredoomed.

Grey was briefly followed by Bonar Law and John Redmond, pledging the Conservatives and the Irish to the war, and by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald stating the position of the dissentients. Shortly afterwards Grey received and read to the House the official news of the German Ultimatum to Belgium and its rejection by King Albert's Government "as a flagrant violation of the rights of nations." The news, though merely confirming a situation known some hours before, had arrived too late to form a part of his speech, which would have been simplified and strengthened in its wording if he could have spoken of the Ultimatum and its rejection as facts already accomplished.

That night, as the lamps were being lit in the summer dusk, Grey, standing in the windows of his room in the Foreign Office overlooking St. James's Park, said to a friend: "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our life-time."

On August 4 Grey telegraphed our Ultimatum to Berlin, protesting against the violation of Belgian

territory and requiring a satisfactory reply by midnight. The hour arrived, eleven p.m. by our Greenwich time, while he was sitting with the Prime Minister in the Cabinet room at Downing Street. We were at war.

In his first great object, to preserve the peace of Europe, Grey had failed, in spite of all his efforts. And no man felt the failure more bitterly than he. "I hate war, I hate war," was his cry, when Nicholson came to his room in the Foreign Office to congratulate him on the speech with which he had convinced the House of England's duty. No pacifist realized more clearly than he the irreparable damage to civilization that must ensue from war under modern conditions. Nor would he get any compensatory thrill from its pomp and circumstance. It was all against the grain to him, sheer waste, contrary to the slow peace and growth of nature that was his soul's life. He would go out of his way to avoid a company of Kitchener's recruits marching down the cheering street; the sight merely cut him to the heart. Indeed his want of interest in the military side of things may be held a serious shortcoming in his equipment as Foreign Minister. For some days after the outbreak of war he was irritable to his assistants and secretaries, for the first and only time in his long years at the Foreign Office. Then his self-command and sweetness of temper returned; but not his happiness. His heart had been broken, for the second time in his life.

He had failed in his first object, to preserve peace. But he was destined to succeed in his second object, to prevent the establishment of German military rule over Europe. Thanks to him, Britain as a united

country entered the war just in time to save France from immediate conquest, from which she could never have risen again, and which must have been speedily followed by our own ruin. In that autumn, when all round the globe men and peoples judged as spectators or took sides as actors in the most awful conflict in history, Grey stood in the world's mind as the representative of England's case. To him was largely due the impression that right was on our side. The idea that men had acquired of his character during the past nine years; his efforts for peace in the last crisis as shown in the documents published; and the great fact of the invasion of Belgium, gave us from the first that moral advantage which German methods of conducting war only increased as the struggle went on. So felt the Dominions and the whole Empire that marched at once. So felt many in the various neutral countries, some more friendly and some less, whose action or inaction helped to decide the event; till America, whose friendship Grey had always sought in peace and in war, saved the Allies in the end.

## NOTE

The following quotations from Asquith's contemporary record of Cabinet proceedings bear out the evidence of other Cabinet Ministers, quoted in the text above, that Grey could not, as Mr. Lloyd George now says he should, have obtained Cabinet sanction at an earlier date to threaten Germany with war if Belgium were invaded.

Spender and Cyril Asquith's *Life of Asquith* (Hutchinson), ii, pp. 81-5.

Asquith to the King. July 30, 1914. The Cabinet carefully reviewed the obligations of this country in

regard to the neutrality, arising out of the two Treaties of April 1839, and action which was taken by Mr. Gladstone's Government in August 1870. It is a doubtful point how far a single guaranteeing State is bound under the Treaty of 1839 to maintain Belgian neutrality if the remainder abstain or refuse. The Cabinet consider that the matter if it arises will be rather one of policy than of legal obligation. After much discussion it was agreed that Sir E. Grey should be authorized to inform the German and French Ambassadors that at this stage we are unable to pledge ourselves in advance, either under all conditions to stand aside, or in any conditions to join in.

July 31 (*Asquith's Contemporary Notes*). We had a Cabinet at 11 and a very interesting discussion, especially about the neutrality of Belgium, and the point upon which everything will ultimately turn—are we to join or stand aside? Of course everybody longs to stand aside, but I need not say that France, through Cambon, is pressing strongly for a reassuring declaration. Edward Grey had an interview with him this afternoon, which he told me was rather painful. He had, of course, to tell Cambon, for we are under no obligation, that we could give no pledges and that our actions must depend upon the course of events, including the Belgian question and the course of public opinion here.

August 1. There was no fresh news this morning. Lloyd George, all for peace, is more sensible and statesmanlike for keeping the position open. Grey declares that if an out-and-out and uncompromising policy of non-intervention is adopted, he will go. Winston very bellicose and demanding immediate mobilization. The main controversy pivots upon Belgium and its neutrality.

If it comes to war I am sure we shall have a split in the Cabinet.

August 2. We had a long Cabinet from 11 to 2, which very soon revealed we were on the brink of a split. There is a strong party against any kind of intervention in any event. Grey of course will never consent to this, and I shall not separate myself from him. Crewe, McKenna and Samuel are a moderating intermediate body.

But the second Cabinet held on August 2 seems to have come nearer to agreement as regards Belgium, to judge by the following letter:—

*Lord Crewe to the King. August 2.*

Lord Crewe presents his humble duty to Your Majesty, and has the honour on behalf of the Prime Minister to submit the report of the Cabinet held at 6.30 this evening. . . .

As regards Belgium, it was agreed, without any attempts to state a formula, that it should be made evident that a substantial violation of the neutrality of that country would place us in a situation contemplated as possible by Mr. Gladstone in 1870, when interference with Belgian independence was held to compel us to take action.

G. M. TREVELYAN—*Grey of Fallodon.*

## NOTES

### I. ALCIBIADES: THE RETURN

ALCIBIADES was the most brilliant and attractive genius among the statesmen and warriors of ancient Athens, a genius unfortunately subject in his own time to the bitter attacks of envy and marred by a certain lack of principle. Popularity proved fatal to him. This extract from E. F. Benson's *Alcibiades* reflects the qualities and defects not only of Alcibiades himself, but also of the people of Athens. Accused of having mutilated certain statues called The Herms just when he was setting out on the famous but ill-fated expedition to Syracuse, he was recalled but fled to Sparta, Athens' inveterate foe. By his advice the Spartans not only sent a general to help the Syracusans, but established a military fort at Decelea near Athens, thus depriving the Athenians of the use of their fields and mines. Eventually when things looked black for Athens, the fleet at Samos begged Alcibiades to lead them and, a revolution taking place at Athens, his condemnation was reversed. For three years he brilliantly led the Athenian forces, restoring her empire, and not till his task was apparently completed did he deign to return to his native city. In a telling comparison between him and Drake, Mr. Benson says "They were blood-cousins in their genius for adventure." Ultimately the fickle Athenians drove him into exile again: Athens was beaten and Alcibiades treacherously murdered by a Persian satrap who had given him refuge. He fell in 404 B.C. at the age of forty-six.

*Agis*: a personal enemy of Alcibiades and one of the two Spartan Kings. He was in command at Decelea.

*Iacchus*: a later name of Dionysus, the god of wine, called Bacchus by the Romans.

*The Holy Maiden*: Persephone (in Latin Proserpina) the daughter of Demeter. The story was that she was carried off by Pluto to be queen of Hades—a myth

that expressed the death of vegetation in winter and its revival in spring.

*Demeter*: the goddess of agriculture. All these divinities were associated in the Eleusinian mysteries.

*Pericles*: the great Athenian who created the Athenian Empire, adorned the Acropolis, and was for years the uncrowned King of Athens. He was a relation of Alcibiades and his guardian.

*Twaddle-talk in the Assembly*: Athens was the perfect democracy, the Assembly which met on the Pnyx, and the Courts of Justice, held on the Areopagus (Mar's Hill) where St. Paul afterwards spoke, being the centres of Athenian life and government. Like all democracies, Athens was exceedingly changeable, and there was a great deal of talk, especially as the Assembly met daily.

E. F. BENSON is the third son of the late Archbishop Benson, and worked for three years in the Archæological School at Athens. He became known by a much discussed novel called *Dodo* in 1893, and has since written a number of novels: among his more serious works are books on Sir Francis Drake published in 1927, and on Queen Victoria and the Kaiser. *Alcibiades* was written in 1928.

## II. ST. FRANCIS: HOW ST. FRANCIS FOUND THE LADY POVERTY

FRANCESCO BERNARDONE was the son of a rich merchant of Assisi, and from early youth displayed an eager, simple, gay disposition which made him the leader of the young men of Assisi. His first ambition was to be a knight: a dream when he was setting out on his first expedition turned him back with a determination to become a Knight of Christ, and this is the point at which the extract takes up the tale. St. Francis took everything literally: he repaired the church with his own hands, begging for stones from the public. Later on he was present at the Portiuncula when the lesson for



the day was St. Matthew chapter x. "As ye go, preach, saying the Kingdom of God is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves." The revelation he sought had come, and the most original religious genius of the Middle Ages went forth to found the Order of Franciscan friars at a moment when the rapidly developing town-life of Europe most needed their ministrations. There are frescoes by Giotto in the Lower Church of Assisi representing the Marriage of St. Francis to Poverty, Chastity, and humble Obedience: Giotto's pictures are such allegories of the things for which St. Francis stood as would have appealed to the romantic, poetical mind of Francis. Poverty was his chosen bride: he set an example of joy in worship that left indelible marks on medieval conceptions: he joyed in Poverty, he joyed in Chastity, and he joyed in humility and obedience to His call. Read the *Little Flowers of St. Francis* and you will know more of him than you can get from any book about him. He died in 1226, and only about two years afterwards Thomas of Celano wrote the first biography of him—the *Legenda Prima*: the *Legenda Major* was written about him in 1263 by St. Bonaventura.

*The Bishop* is Bishop Guido of Assisi who befriended St. Francis all his life.

The author, the very Rev. FATHER CUTHBERT, was Principal of the Franciscan House of Studies at Oxford from 1911-1930. He entered the Order of Capuchin Franciscans in 1881 and has become the historian of the Order. Apart from the *Life* from which the extract is drawn, and which was published in 1912, he has written a book on *The Romanticism of St. Francis*, and one on *The Capuchins: a contribution to the History of the Counter-Reformation*. The *Life* is written in a

charmingly simple and happy style, most fitted to the simplicity and happiness of its subject.

### III. POCAHONTAS: THE RESCUE OF SMITH

AFTER the failure of Sir Walter Raleigh's attempt to colonize Virginia in 1587, the project languished until 1607, when John Smith, thanks to his influence over the natives, succeeded. The story told here is the rescue story, when Pocahontas, the young Indian Princess who afterwards married Rolfe and came to England to his Norfolk home and died on the return journey, rescued Smith from Powhatan. The rescue story was denied by Dr. Deane, an American don, who pointed out that Smith's *True Relation* makes no mention of it, but it is still accepted. Smith was a soldier of fortune whose dates are given as 1580-1631, and who had been soldiering in France and in Hungary against the Turks, whose prisoner he was before he escaped and joined the Virginia Expedition.

*Young Cæsar charmed the pirates:* alluding to the well-known story of how, when crossing to Rhodes, Julius Cæsar was taken by pirates. Once his ransom was paid and he became free again, he launched a fleet and pursued the pirates whom he crucified, but mercifully had them put to death first—as he had threatened during his imprisonment.

*Chinkapins:* small shrubby trees with a sweet nut.

*Powhatan* was the over-king of the Indian tribes "from the Atlantic coast to the falls of the rivers."

DAVID GARNETT, the author of this fascinating half-romance, half-biography, comes of a literary family, and is the grandson of the late Dr. Richard Garnett of the British Museum. He has been the Literary Editor of the *New Statesman and Nation* since 1933, and his *Lady into Fox*, which won the Hawthornden prize for 1923, has many admirers. Other interesting books of his pen are *The Sailor's Return* and *A Rabbit in the Air*, an

account of his early experiences in learning to fly. *Pocahontas* was written in 1933.

#### IV. CHARLES II: THE KING'S TRIUMPH

THE story of this extract begins when Charles, convinced that the time was ripe, dissolved the Oxford Parliament in 1681. For nearly four years successive Parliaments had tried to force him to accept the Exclusion Bill, which cut the Papist Duke of York out of the succession, and steadily Charles had refused. Now, the excitement over the Popish Plot, which the false revelations of Titus Oates and other informers had excited, was dying down; Shaftesbury and his Whig Exclusionist friends were indifferent to the gathering dangers of the European situation, if only they could oust the Duke from the throne; the fear of impending civil war and disgust at the manœuvres of politicians were winning adherents—"Abhorrrers," "Tories," they were called—to the royal cause: Charles struck, and Parliament, which had hoped for his surrender, found itself the loser. He reigned for four more years, and the Duke succeeded as James II, only to throw away by his own obstinacy what his brother had saved.

*Lob's Pound*: also Hob's Pound or Cob's Pound, a gaol or lock-up.

*Raree-Show*: a coarse song aimed at the Duke of York.

*Orange*: William of Orange, son-in-law of the Duke, and afterwards William III.

*Boanerges*: "Sons of thunder"—the name given by Jesus to James and John (Mark iii. 17).

*The poet's mirror*: the lines are from Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, in which, under the screen of the Bible story, Shaftesbury and the Exclusionists are satirized. Achitophel is Shaftesbury.

*The Corporation Act*: aimed at keeping Dissenters from membership of town corporations. The bulk of Shaftesbury's supporters were Dissenters. The Corporations exercised political influence; the extract

## NOTES

shows the part played by the Corporation of London in opposition to the King.

*Monmouth*: the Exclusionists' candidate for the throne: he was an illegitimate son of Charles.

*Russell*: Shaftesbury's chief supporter.

ARTHUR BRYANT has made the last years of the Stuart period his own. His *King Charles the Second*, from which this extract is taken, was published in 1931: two years later followed his *Samuel Pepys*, and in 1934 his *England of Charles II*, as well as his volume of broadcast lectures on the National Character. He is Educational Adviser to the Bonar Law College, Ashridge, and has produced a number of historical pageants.

### V. MARLBOROUGH: "THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS" REVOLUTION

THIS account of Marlborough's part in the Revolution of 1689—commonly called "great and glorious"—begins just after the landing of William of Orange and continues till after the flight of James II, who by his ill-advised trial of the seven bishops, his concentration of armed forces, and his exaggerated conceptions of his rights as Supreme Head of the Anglican Church had alienated all hearts, even those of the Tories, in the four years of his reign: for the events the passage is eloquent enough.

*Mrs. Freeman*: the name adopted by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in her private relations with the Princess Anne, James's daughter.

*The Cockpit*: a block of buildings near Whitehall erected by Henry VIII as Government buildings.

*Colley Cibber*: an actor of the period, now chiefly known as the hero of Pope's satire, *The Dunciad*: he became Poet Laureate and published the *Apology for his Life*, from which Mr. Churchill quotes, in 1740.

*Hungerford*: twenty-four miles from Reading.

*Decapitated*: i.e. without its head—James II.

The Right Honourable WINSTON CHURCHILL, one of the most brilliant of our contemporaries, and the author of this great biography of his famous ancestor, hardly needs any further description. He was a war-correspondent during the Boer War, and his earliest publications were descriptions of that and other wars in which he took part. He wrote an account of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, in 1906, *My African Journey* in 1908, and the story of the Great War under the title *The World Crisis* between 1923-1929. When it broke out he was First Lord of the Admiralty and has since been Colonial Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

#### VI. METTERNICH: THE FALL OF A COLOSSUS

PRINCE METTERNICH, Chancellor of Austria from 1815-1848, was so much the dominant figure in the Europe of the period that it is often christened "the Age of Metternich." In the interests of Austria, which he himself called "a mouldering edifice," he set himself to oppose the liberalizing tendency of the age: his success for thirty-three years was largely due to his firm grasp of realities, and to a never-failing spring of vanity which enabled him to be indifferent to the mocking of his opponents. He was convinced, and he had some justification for the conviction, that he had done more than any other man to overthrow Napoleon: he certainly did do more than any other man to maintain the peace of Europe after Waterloo—and it is his best title to fame. Thus his fall, in his old age, brought a tragic realization of ultimate failure.

*February 24th:* an allusion to the 1848 revolution which set up the Second Republic in France and drove out Louis Philippe. The explosion followed the prohibition by Guizot, Louis Philippe's minister, of a political banquet.

*English models of 1688 reset with French trimmings of 1830:* a reference to the Revolution of 1688 (see

## NOTES

*Marlborough*) and the July days in Paris of 1830 when Louis Philippe replaced the representative of the older Bourbon line, Charles X. There is some likeness between the story of James II and the story of Charles X.

*Pompadour*: the famous mistress of Louis XV.

*Lola Montez*: a dancer who dominated Ludwig, the eccentric artist King of Bavaria from 1846-1848.

*Hübner*: a German painter, Director of the Dresden Gallery (1802-1882).

*Virtus, repulsæ*, etc.: Lines from the Third Book of the *Odes of Horace*: the verse translation of Sir Stephen de Vere runs:

“Virtue, self-centred, fearless, free  
Shines with a lustre all her own  
Nor takes nor yields her dignity,  
When fickle nations smile or frown.”

*Rip van Winkle*: a story in Washington Irving's *The Sketch-Book*: Rip van Winkle falls asleep in the mountains and, awaking after twenty years, finds the world quite changed.

*The Revolution*: a term which to Metternich meant all liberal ideology and all progressive movements—an abhorred thing.

*Aberdeen*: soon to be Prime Minister when the Crimean War began.

The author of this sparkling study is a grandson of the second Marquis of Salisbury, and a barrister. His writings include one on British Foreign Secretaries and articles in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. His most recent work is a *Life of Sir Thomas More*.

### VII. LOUIS NAPOLEON: THE ESCAPE FROM HAM

LOUIS NAPOLEON was the third son of Louis Bonaparte whom his brother, the great Napoleon, first created King of Holland and then deposed. By the death of his brothers he became the heir of the Bonaparte House, and during the reign of King Louis Philippe, the

Orleans Monarch, 1830-1848, he made two attempts to raise the people of France against Louis Philippe, the first at Strasbourg and the second in 1840 at Boulogne. Both were fiascos, and at Boulogne, as he was endeavouring to escape to his ship he was wounded, captured and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Castle of Ham on the Somme. His romantic escape (here described) appealed to public sentiment. When, as a result of the 1848 Revolution, Louis Philippe fled and the Second Republic was established, Louis Napoleon returned to France and was triumphantly elected President of the Republic. Four years later he converted his Presidency, with the full agreement of the French people, as evidenced by a Plebiscite, into an Empire, taking the title of Napoleon III. His Empire fell as a result of his defeat and capture by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

*Montholon*: General Montholon, one of the companions of Napoleon I at St. Helena: now in his old age he dedicated his services to the Emperor's nephew.

*Demarle*: the officer who arrested Louis Napoleon at Boulogne, and for his service was created Governor of Ham.

The Rev. F. A. SIMPSON, author of this most admirable biography, is Fellow and Senior Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in History. For his work he was awarded the Benson medal of the Royal Society of Literature in 1928. Historians regard his two works on Louis Napoleon, *The Rise of Louis Napoleon*, 1909, *Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France*, 1923, as the standard works on the career of the fascinating adventurer who became Napoleon III; it has been Mr. Simpson's lifelong study.

VIII. GARIBALDI: THE SAILING OF THE THOUSAND  
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI embodies in himself the romance of the Italian Risorgimento—as men call the events which

in 1859-1860 resulted in the creation out of eight separate states of a United Kingdom of Italy. His whole career is adventurous: a native of Nice, and an exile from his country for his political activities, he became first a teacher of mathematics and then a leader of guerilla bands in Mexican and Montevidean internal quarrels. In 1849 he defended the Roman Republic against the French, led an heroic retreat, in which his Creole wife, Anita, died, and took refuge in New York, becoming later captain of a Pacific merchantman. In 1854, returning to Italy, he settled in the island of Caprera. In 1859 the French alliance with Sardinia resulted in the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy and the creation of a North Italian Kingdom with a capital in Florence. Garibaldi returned to arms: and after the formation of the North Italian Kingdom he collected his volunteers—The Thousand—to help the rebels of Sicily against the Bourbons of Naples and Sicily. Garibaldi was amazingly successful and eventually handed the dual kingdom over to King Victor Emmanuel II who thus became King of a United Italy with the exceptions of Rome itself and Venice. But the whole story should be read: it is impossible to do justice to its romance in a few words.

*Nino Bixio*: one of Garibaldi's most trusted followers: he died in the West Indies in 1870.

*Cavour*: Prime Minister of the North Italian Kingdom.

*Medici*: defended the Vascello during Garibaldi's defence of Rome in 1849, commanding his own legion.

*Eleven years before*: a reference to the retreat of Garibaldi in 1849.

*Zambianchi's* diversion was a failure, and the troops ultimately joined Garibaldi in Sicily.

*To invade the Papal States*: they stretched across Italy from Rome, and Crispi in his *Memoirs* says that the object of this invasion, which would irritate all Roman Catholics in Europe, was to distract attention from Garibaldi's real intention. But Garibaldi was always eager to capture Rome.



*The Tuscan Maremma*: a marsh.

Professor G. M. TREVELYAN, O.M., has been Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University since 1927, and is possibly the most attractive of modern English historians. He is a son of the late Sir G. O. Trevelyan, author of the *Early History of Charles James Fox*, and a nephew of Lord Macaulay. His writings include *England in the Age of Wycliffe*; *England under the Stuarts*; the three works on Garibaldi, from one of which, *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, this extract is taken; *Manin and the Venetian Revolution of 1848*; a widely read *History of England*, published in 1928; and a monumental work on *England under Queen Anne*.

#### IX. VICTORIA: TRIUMPH AND SORROW

QUEEN VICTORIA was one of those fortunate sovereigns whose prolonged reign invests them, as the years glide by, with an ever-increasing halo: mother and grandmother of kings and princes, mistress of an Empire "on which the sun never set," and to which Disraeli had given a new impulse, Queen of the richest and most progressive country of the world, when the rapid march of Science was bringing new conceptions and new habits into life, she stirred the latent chivalry of her people and seemed to stand eternally as the symbol of England. It is because this passage, despite here and there a vein of irony as becomes a writer in a more materialistic age, reflects the emotions and the thrill of the Jubilees, one in 1887, after fifty years of the reign, and one in 1897 after sixty years, that I have chosen it for inclusion. We can still be stirred by a Royal Jubilee, though it is just a hundred years since Queen Victoria came to the throne.

*Lord Beaconsfield*: the Queen was devoted to Disraeli, and how she disliked Mr. Gladstone will be apparent in the passage.

*Lehzen*: Queen Victoria's old German Governess.

*Stockmar*: a Swede who became a great friend of the Prince Consort and the Queen, having been introduced to her by her uncle, King Leopold of Belgium.

*Lord M*—: Melbourne.

*Fritz*: Frederick III married the Princess Victoria, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter. In 1887 he was suffering from a growth in the throat which brought him to the grave in 1888 just after he had succeeded his father as German Emperor, to be succeeded in his turn by his son, the Kaiser Wilhelm II, now an exile at Doorn.

*Alpenglühén*: the glow of the Alps.

Miss EDITH SITWELL is a sister of Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell, and with them constitutes a very original literary trinity, mainly conspicuous for its interest in poetry. She is the editor of an annual anthology of modern verse, and has written on the *English Eccentrics* and on the poet Pope: as a subject simple, feminine Queen Victoria is a curious contrast to the bitter and satiric poet.

#### X. RHODES: THE HOME RHODES BUILT

IN 1870, at the age of seventeen, Cecil Rhodes, the son of an English vicar, was sent for his health's sake to Natal, where his brother was, and in the next year found his way to the newly discovered diamond fields at Kimberley. Diamonds made him rich, and he returned home to go to Oxford University, which he left in 1878. He founded the de Beers mining company and entered the Cape Parliament. He conceived grandiose schemes of British colonization in Bechuanaland, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and brought the British Government over to his views, founding the British South Africa company to take over a mining and trading charter granted by Lobengula, King of the Matabele—all in his capacity of Prime Minister of the Cape. His house was built in 1892, and he died in 1902, buried as he desired on the Matoppo Hills.

## NOTES

*Van Riebeeck*: a Dutch settler, sent out in 1652 by the Dutch East India Company, who founded Cape Town.

*de Hoogh*: a Dutch painter 1629-1678.

*Reynolds*: Sir Joshua Reynolds, first president of the Royal Academy: died 1792.

*Gobelin*: a famous French tapestry.

*Rameses*: one of the Pharaohs. There is a massive statue of him in the British museum.

*Moselikatze*: father and predecessor of Lobengula.

*Shelley's words*: from the poem beginning  
"The fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the sea."

*Hadrian, Titus*: Roman Emperors.

*Tertullian*: one of the Fathers of the Church in the second century A.D.

*Lord Milner*: Governor-General of South Africa at the time of the Boer War: afterwards a member of the War Cabinet during the Great War.

*Nymphæum*: a temple of the nymphs.

*Baker*: a young architect Rhodes took up—now Sir Herbert Baker. He has designed Groote Schuur, the Government buildings at Pretoria, and the Rhodes Memorial. He was later one of the architects of the Imperial War Graves Commission, and designed the new Bank of England, and the beautiful War Memorial at Winchester College.

Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN, the authoress of *Rhodes*, is the wife of a Transvaal barrister. She has recently published a two-volume *Life of the Boer General Smuts*.

### XI. SIR EDWARD GREY: THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

SIR EDWARD GREY, later Viscount Grey of Fallodon, was one of those great Englishmen who have been destined by birth and tradition to the service of their country: and chance or the good fortune of Britain had it, that he was Foreign Secretary in Mr. Asquith's Government when war broke out in 1914; his sincerity and dis-

## NOTES

interestedness proved invaluable to the country at that juncture: "at one terrible crisis," says Professor Trevelyan, "he represented England at her best." In this extract he describes how Grey strove to avert war and all the searchings of heart that pursued him afterwards. His countrymen will remember Grey, however, not only as Foreign Secretary at that disastrous moment, but also as a great lover of birds, and the author of *Falldon Papers* and *The Charm of Birds*. He died in 1933, and this biography was published in 1937.

*The Black Hand*: a Serbian revolutionary society suspected of being responsible for the brutal murder of King Alexander and Queen Draja in 1903.

*Mr. Lloyd George* was Chancellor of the Exchequer and *Mr. Winston Churchill* First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Asquith's Government.

*Von Jagow*: German Secretary for Foreign Affairs 1913-1916.

*Conrad von Hötzendorff*: Chief of the Austrian General Staff, and Count Berchtold, Chancellor of the Austrian Empire.

*Lichnowsky*: German Ambassador in London.

*Haldane's words*: Mr. Richard Haldane—later Lord Haldane—had been sent on a mission to Germany in 1912 on behalf of the British Government in an endeavour to stop the arms race.

*Sazonov*: Foreign Minister of the Czar.

*M. Paul Cambon*: French Ambassador in London.

*Dorothy Grey*: Grey's first wife, who died as a result of a carriage accident in 1906.

*His "Twenty-five Years"*: the story of his public career, written with the encouragement of his second wife during his retirement.

*G. and T.* means Gooch and Temperley, *British Documents on the Origin of the War*.

For Professor G. M. TREVELYAN see the Garibaldi extract.

## QUESTIONS

1. What are, in your opinion, the qualities of a good biography?
2. Mrs. Millin has written a *Life of General Smuts* in his lifetime. Is this a desirable form of biography? Give your reasons.
3. What, if any, bias do you detect in any of these biographical extracts? Is it, in your view, justified?
4. Should biography aim at the moral improvement of the reader on the principle of Longfellow's  
"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime"?
5. "How delicate, how decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth" (*Carlyle*). Discuss this. Should biography be utterly frank?
6. "The Life and Times of So-and-so." Do you consider this a good title for a biography?
7. If you deserved commemoration, would you prefer a statue or a biography? Give reasons.

### ON ALCIBIADES

1. Describe in your own words the great procession to Eleusis.
2. Judging from the life of Alcibiades, is there any place in democracy for outstanding genius?

### ON ST. FRANCIS

1. Can you suggest the reason for the simple charm of this biography?
2. Are your sympathies with St. Francis or his father? Give your reasons.

### ON POCAHONTAS

1. Give some account of the early history of Virginia.

### ON CHARLES II

1. Would you call this extract history or biography? Why?
2. Write a character of Charles II based on this passage.

## QUESTIONS

### ON MARLBOROUGH

1. The exact title of this work is *Marlborough: His Life and Times*. Does this passage bear out the title?
2. Do you prefer Mr. Winston Churchill's or Lord Macaulay's view of Marlborough's conduct?

### ON METTERNICH

1. Write an appreciation of Metternich.
2. How far does this passage seem to you to contain "much that is best" in biographical writing?

### ON GARIBALDI

1. Compare Professor Trevelyan's handling of this story, which is professedly history, with his description of the outbreak of war in the passage from *Grey of Fallodon*, which is professedly biography.
2. Write a bald historical account of the Sailing of the Thousand? What did they achieve?

### ON LOUIS NAPOLEON

1. Explain carefully the history of the Napoleon family, showing by a genealogical table the claim of Louis to the headship of the clan.
2. Victor Hugo called Louis Napoleon "Napoleon the Little." Do you think the gibe was justified from what you can gather of his story and personality?

### ON VICTORIA OF ENGLAND

1. Compare the Jubilee of 1887 with the Coronation of 1937. Has fifty years made much difference, and if so, in what respects?
2. Give a character sketch of Queen Victoria in her later years.

### ON RHODES

1. Compare Rhodes with either Alexander the Great or with Julius Cæsar or Napoleon or Sir Francis Drake.
2. What aspects of Rhodes's house seem to you most completely to express the man.

## ADDITIONAL READING

### ON GREY OF FALLODON

1. Do you consider Grey is right in thinking he did all he could to avert the war?
2. In the light of his speech say what debt you consider England owed to Grey..

## ADDITIONAL READING

If your library contains any of the following books, you can find out more about the subjects of these extracts from full biographies: the short biographies published under the heading *Great Lives* by Duckworth: *Victoria* by Lord Ponsonby, *Rhodes* by J. G. Lockhart, *Charles II* by John Hayward, *Napoleon III* by Graham Brooks. For St. Francis there are many short accounts: *The Little Flowers* (in Everyman's Library), the life by Bonaventura (in the Temple Classics) and Father Martindale's volume of broadcast addresses called *What are Saints?* For Greek history illustrative of Alcibiades there are Greek histories, e.g. *Breasted Ancient Times*, and for Greek religious ideas Lowes Dickinson's *View of Greek Life*. Charles II and Marlborough can be read up in any good *History of England*, but there are interesting accounts of Marlborough in the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's little *Manual of Military History* (Cambridge Manuals) and in Trevelyan's *England under Queen Anne*. Similarly Metternich and Garibaldi are to be found in any *History of Modern Europe*, the latter, perhaps, in C. S. Terry's *History of Italy*. On the general subject of biography there is a pamphlet published by the English Association in September 1918 entitled *The Perspective of Biography* by Sir Sidney Lee, the biographer of Shakespeare. If you wish to compare the methods of different biographers on the same theme compare Miss Sitwell's *Queen Victoria* with either E. F. Benson's or Lytton Strachey's.





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