

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



125 747

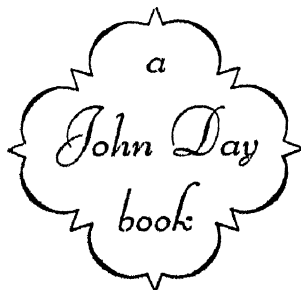
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS



TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS

by Jonathan F. Scott



REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

NEW YORK

RIGHT, 1938, BY JONATHAN F. SCOTT

*All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this
book or portions thereof in any form*

Published by JOHN DAY
in association with REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY CORNWALL PRESS, INC., CORNWALL, N. Y.

To Georgiana W. Chester

Acknowledgments

I TAKE this opportunity to thank Dean Alexander Baltzly, Professor Karl J. Holzknrecht and Dr. Stebleton H. Nulle of New York University for useful suggestions in connection with the preparation of this book and Mr. Gardner Botsford for his kindness in helping me with the chapter on "Royalty in Shadowland." I am also grateful to Miss Phyllis Planta and Professor Geoffrey Bruun for their kindness in reading proof.

JONATHAN F. SCOTT



I

BRITAIN'S DEMOCRATIC ROYALTY, 13

II

DEMOCRATIC ROYALTY ON THE CONTINENT, 29

III

SHAKY THRONES, 44

IV

MORE SHAKY THRONES, 61

V

OUTSIDE EUROPE, 84

VI

TWO STUBBORN STUARTS, 97

VII

THE TRIUMPH OF PARLIAMENT, 113

VIII

ROYALTY AND REVOLUTION, 131

IX

A NEW MASTER FOR FRANCE, 153

X

MONARCHICAL REACTION, 168

XI

MONARCHY ON THE DEFENSIVE, 187

XII

THE LAST STAND, 202

XIII

FALLEN KINGS, 233

XIV

AND STILL THEY FALL, 253

XV

ROYALTY IN SHADOWLAND, 277

XVI

BACK TO ABSOLUTISM, 298

XVII

DICTATORSHIP, DEMOCRACY AND ROYALTY, 321



Illustrations

ROYALTY AT THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA. LEFT TO RIGHT:
THE DUKE OF YORK (NOW KING GEORGE VI), THE PRINCE OF WALES
(NOW DUKE OF WINDSOR), KING GEORGE V AND PRINCE OLAF OF
NORWAY. *frontispiece*

A KING AND AN EX-KING: KING GUSTAV V OF SWEDEN AND ALFONSO
XIII OF SPAIN AT THE RACES AT MONACO. *facing page 40*

KING CAROL II OF RUMANIA AND MADAME MAGDA LUPESCU ENJOY-
ING A CHAMPAGNE SUPPER ON THE RIVIERA IN THE DAYS OF THEIR
EXILE. *facing page 72*

THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I OF ENGLAND, JANUARY 30, 1864.
FROM A DUTCH ENGRAVING MADE SHORTLY AFTER THE EVENT BY
SEBASTIAN FURCK. *facing page 104*

KING LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE MADE TO DON A RED "LIBERTY CAP" BY
A MOB WHICH HAD FORCED ITS WAY INTO THE TUILERIES PALACE
DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *facing page 140*

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I AS EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND
JOSEPHINE AS EMPRESS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE POPE AT THE CA-
THEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, DECEMBER 2, 1804. FROM A PAINTING BY
J. L. DAVID. *facing page 164*

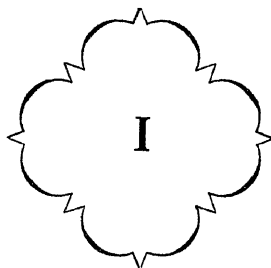
TWO EMPERORS IN THE HEY-DAY OF THEIR GLORY: TSAR NICHOLAS II
OF RUSSIA AND KAISER WILLIAM II OF GERMANY. *facing page 248*

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III WITH PREMIER BENITO MUSSOLINI AT
ITALIAN MILITARY MANEUVERS IN THE BRENNER PASS. *facing page 312*

·

TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS

·



BRITAIN'S DEMOCRATIC ROYALTY

THERE IS AN OFTTOLD STORY THAT WHEN THE PRESENT Duke of Windsor and former King of England was a small boy, his grandfather, King Edward VII, was one day watching him as he played. Gazing pensively at the little fellow, the old monarch remarked sadly:

“He will be the last King of England.”

Time has proved in sensational fashion that Edward VII was in error. Edward VIII has left the throne; he has passed from the Court Circular to the feature articles and society columns of the newspapers, and His Majesty King George VI reigns in his stead. Nevertheless, at the time the remark was made there was much to justify the old sovereign's foreboding. In the middle years of Queen Victoria's reign there had been a strong republican movement. Even the perspicacious Joseph Chamberlain had said: “I do not feel any great horror at the idea of the possible establishment of a republic in our country. I am quite certain that sooner or later it will come.”

The republican movement had died down, it is true, in

the latter part of Victoria's reign; and her son and successor, who knew how to maintain his popularity, had little cause to fear for his own throne. But such a demand might easily revive again and grow stronger and stronger. There were ominous rumblings on the Continent. Portugal tossed out King Manuel II and became a republic in the very year of Edward VII's death. Royalty in England would last out his own time and that of his son and grandson, the old King thought; but after that the deluge.

Time was when forebodings such as these would have seemed absurd. Time was when a ruler's subjects held him in religious awe. They believed that he ruled by divine right, that he was directly commissioned by the Deity to reign over them. Good Bishop Bossuet, writing in the seventeenth century on the divine right of kings, told the people of France that if a king happened to be a good and worthy ruler, let them thank God for his mercies. If he were a bad sovereign, let them dutifully accept him as God's just chastisement for their sins. Many a royal failure in times long gone by was able to retain his throne throughout his life because his subjects believed that he ruled by divine right. To dethrone him would have been sacrilege.

Now all this has changed. For over three hundred years a struggle has been carried on to curb or destroy the powers of kings. In England monarchy passed through the fiery furnace in the seventeenth century, managing to survive but emerging from its sufferings exhausted, its political power permanently weakened. On the continent of Europe it has been on trial since the opening of the French Revolution in 1789. Step by step it has been forced to

retreat. But it is only since the opening of the World War that retreat has become a rout. In that conflict three great monarchies collapsed: Austria, Russia and Germany; and a fourth, the Ottoman Empire, followed suit soon thereafter. About the same time, or later, numerous new republics or so-called republics came into being. On the eve of the World War, exclusive of two tiny, negligible states, there were only three republics in Europe: France, Switzerland and Portugal. Twenty years later there were more than a dozen.

In the majority of such monarchical states as still exist in Europe royalty has been shorn of most of its powers. As for those powers and prerogatives that remain, the theory of the divine right of kings has for the most part yielded to the theory of the "Social Contract." In other words, it is commonly held that government is a contract between sovereign and people. Sometimes it seems as though this contract came pretty close to being a onesided arrangement. In an earlier day peoples had to adjust themselves to their monarchs. Today monarchs have to adjust themselves painfully to their peoples. If a king fails to fulfill his part of the social contract, if he fails to adjust himself to the extent that his people demand, they claim the right to part company with him. They may send him into exile or even take his life. And these things they have done over and over again.

It is, however, perhaps the strangest political phenomenon of our own day that, just as the struggle against the absolutism of kings is being brought to a close in Europe, a new absolutism has appeared on the horizon. Watching the rise of this new absolutism of dictators, the detached

observer of history may well ask cynically whether the three centuries of enduring effort to free the peoples of Europe from the shackles of monarchical power served any useful, permanent purpose after all. No final answer to this question can now be given. A final answer depends on whether the forces of freedom and representative government ultimately make headway in the countries now under dictatorial rule. In the solution of this problem, however, it is possible that royalty may yet play a part—and this time not on the side of absolutism.

The story of the slow decline of royal power and its astonishing outcome constitutes the main theme of this book. But it will bring that story into clearer relief to glance first at the personalities on the thrones of Europe in our own time. It will help to show how greatly the position and problems of royalty have changed since the days of James I of England or Louis XIV of France.

The monarchies of Europe at the present time may be divided into two principal groups: those in northern and northwestern Europe and those in the southeastern part of the continent. Italy is obviously in a class by herself, both geographically and governmentally. King Victor Emmanuel III still sails on the Italian ship of state but he is in a cabin de luxe—while Mussolini stands at the helm. The northern and northwestern group of monarchies includes six countries: England, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

All of these countries are constitutional monarchies. In all of them the people rule and the monarchs merely reign. Representatives of the people make the laws and carry on most of the executive functions of government. In Eng-

land, for example, the King has but three political rights: the right to be consulted, the right to encourage and the right to warn. In all these countries the monarchs have recognized that the problems presented by modern democratic life are very different from the problems which confronted their ancestors. All of them have realized the importance of winning and retaining the good will of their people. In a word all of them recognize that their problem is one of adjustment.

Nothing could better illustrate how vital the question of adjustment is to the influence and prestige of royalty than the British monarchical crisis of 1936. When Edward VIII was Prince of Wales, he seemed to have won for himself a firm place in the hearts of his people. High and low sang his praises. A duchess, it might be, found him a delightful fellow guest at a weekend party at a countryhouse. A business man would return from a public dinner enthusiastic over the Prince's sympathy with business problems in hard times. Veterans of the World War recognized in him the comradeship of a fellow soldier. Even radical workingmen, deeply distrustful of the upper classes and hot with indignation against capitalist employers, looked upon the Prince as their friend. In his "Bachelor Prince" (pp. 1-2) Frazier Hunt tells us what a fiery, radical labor leader said to him about the heir to the British throne:

" 'Ah, there's the lad for us! Do you know that at heart the Prince is a Socialist—a Labor man? Why, he's heart and soul with the common workman. And did you know that way back in 1927, when we had that big coal strike, the Prince sent a check to the Miners' Relief Fund right in the middle of the strike? It was only twelve

pounds, but you'll never know what that meant—the heir to the throne sending money to striking miners.' ”

The Prince's training, career and temperament seemed to have fitted him unusually well to be, perhaps, the most adaptable and democratic of modern monarchs. At the early age of thirteen he was packed off to the Royal Naval College at Osborne, where with other youngsters he was to be prepared to assist Britannia to rule the waves. Avoiding all appearance of “swank,” any sign of which would call down on his head the instant resentment of his watchful little schoolmates, he submitted readily to the stern regimen of the school. He lived in the dormitory with the other boys, jumped out of bed at 6:30 every morning for a plunge in icy water, entered into athletic sports pluckily and did as well in them as his small frame would permit. He took the customary bullying and ragging like a little man, and won a place for himself in the hearts of his schoolmates such as his royal rank alone could never have gained him.

At Oxford, where he went in 1912, the growing spirit of democracy governed the tenor of his life. When his grandfather, Edward VII, had been a student at Oxford he had had apartments of his own, “off the campus.” He had had his own servants and plenty of them. He appeared at lectures—when he did appear—in a specially designed and ornamented gown and was assigned a seat of honor apart from the other undergraduates. Not so the Prince Edward of 1912. He had his rooms in Magdalen College. He ate his meals in the college halls. He wore the same sort of commoner's gown that the rest did. He mingled freely with the other students, competed with them in

athletic sports, went to parties with them and did his share of drinking with the rest. There is no question that he was the most democratic undergraduate of royal blood who had ever attended Oxford.

After a couple of years, however, his happy life at the University was rudely interrupted by the screaming of German shells on Flanders fields. His blood stirred, his imagination fired, the Prince persuaded the reluctant military authorities to let him go to France, where he served with courage and coolness. He carried despatches under fire, won the *Croix de Guerre* and more than once narrowly escaped death. His only complaint was that the authorities tried to shield him too much from danger. "They won't let me take my chances," he once exclaimed hotly.

It was the war that first brought the Prince in intimate contact with the common man. He constantly sought out the common soldiers and made friends with them. Once, early in the conflict, when he had been missing several hours, his worried superiors finally found him in a candle-lit dugout, playing cards with French poilus and sharing their sour wine. His motorcycle had broken down and he had chosen this way of passing the time. On another occasion, when he was in a Belgian village, a German aeroplane swooped dangerously low. The Prince scuttled into the cellar of the village postoffice for safety. This cellar, it so happened, was being used at the time as an improvised hospital; and when the ambulances drove up later the Prince was discovered in his shirtsleeves, helping the nursing nuns with the dressings of the wounded soldiers. Throughout the war he visited hospitals, cheered the

wounded and sat with the dying. He learned to know the common man as he could have done in no other way, and his natural friendliness ripened into deep sympathy.

After the war he became a spokesman for the underprivileged and sought to alleviate their lot. "It is damnable beyond words," he exclaimed, as he emerged from a filthy, horrible-smelling tenement on his first visit to a London slum in 1919. From that time on he made a practice of going to see poverty-stricken people in their homes. He went to the Welsh collieries, the depressed coal areas around Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the slums of Glasgow; everywhere where poverty and suffering were most extreme. It was his tactful custom to drop in at a cottage or tenement about teatime for he found that nothing dispelled shyness as quickly as a cup of tea. Over the teacups poor people sensed his genuine sympathy, and talked freely to him of their hardships and such compensations as fell to their lot. Thus he came to know the humblest of the English people as no Prince of Wales or English King had ever done before.

Nothing illustrates his disarming tact better than a story told of him after he came to the throne. He was visiting Glasgow, where the Reds are said to be stronger and redder than in any other part of the Kingdom. He was told that some of the Communist members of the City Council had refused to be presented to him.

"That's perfectly all right," he said. "Tell them I'll come and have tea with them instead." And he did have tea with them.

It may be added that Edward's sympathy for the underprivileged did not confine itself to visits to their homes. In

speeches broadcast over the radio, he drove home to the British people the terrible significance of the problem of unemployment and poverty, and appealed for funds to relieve it. He cleared out the slums on his own estates in the Duchy of Cornwall and put in their places comfortable, inexpensive homes for the poor. In commenting on this, a leading real estate operator in the United States said recently: "It is without doubt the best low-cost housing job in England." Moreover, what the Prince did in Cornwall furnished an effective example for the housing reform which is England's crowning postwar social achievement.

Another task to which the Prince devoted himself after the war was the promotion of British business. Hard hit by the shrinkage of home and foreign markets, British business men tended to sink into fatal apathy. The Prince, however, in private talk and public speech constantly urged them to "wake up," to cut loose from hampering tradition, to install new machinery in their plants, to explore the possibilities of foreign markets, to develop new methods of selling, to proclaim their goods from the housetops. As "ambassador of good will," he was sent abroad: to Canada and the United States, to New Zealand and Australia, to South America, to Asia, to Africa. Everywhere he went he not only won friends for himself but many customers for British business. At home his compatriots affectionately referred to him as "the Empire's best commercial traveler"; and in America Grover Whalen dubbed him "The Prince of Sales."

The English press constantly played up the Prince's charm and tact, his physical courage, his usefulness to British business, his democracy, his visits to the poor and

his sympathy with suffering. But there was another side of his life, regarding which it was discreetly silent. Rumor and gossip, however, were less discreet and less kindly. Rumor had it that he was too fond of night clubs and night life. Gossip whispered stories of lively parties and other gay doings that caused morally-minded dowagers to purse their lips in stern disapproval. Gossip said that he was making the wrong sort of friends, friends whom people such as, say, the Archbishop of Canterbury, would consider decidedly unsuitable companions for him. But whatever truth there was in such stories and rumors, which have since come out into the full light of day, it is hardly fair that either they or the events that have since occurred should overshadow the good job that Edward did when he was Prince of Wales.

All the world knows what happened later. All the world knows how he renounced the throne for love of a woman. He, who had adjusted himself so exceptionally well for years and years while he was heir to the throne, either could not or would not adjust himself to the heavy responsibilities of kingship. It is easy in the dimming perspective of today to forget the gravity of the crisis. Distress and alarm filled the hearts of the British people when it became apparent that the King was intent on marrying the woman of his choice, and the Government was determined that if he did he must abdicate. Some feared, while others hoped, that Edward would form a party of his own and defy the Government. It was known that certain Fascist elements were ready to back him up if he should do so. Shortly before the King's abdication a group of Fascist supporters milled through some of the principal

streets of London, jeering at Cabinet members and bearing placards with the sign: "Stand by the King!" "We want Edward! We want Edward!" they chanted.

There was anxiety lest the Duke of York should not prove equal to the responsibilities of sovereignty. He lacked his brother's magnetic charm and hold on the masses of the people. He was known to be rather a shy, retiring man. In earlier life he had been afflicted with a bad stammer that unfitted him for public speaking, and it was questioned whether he had ever recovered from it. There were rumors that his health could not stand the strain of the multifarious and strenuous duties of reigning. Frederick Cocks, a Laborite Member of Parliament, predicted that should Edward abdicate a republican party would come into being in England. And James Maxton, Independent Laborite, stated openly in the House of Commons that "the lesson of the past few days—is that the monarchical institution has outlived its usefulness."

The crisis, however, was soon weathered and the British ship of state sailed from stormy seas into calmer waters. The ending of the problem was a triumph of adjustment on the part of nearly all concerned. Prime Minister Baldwin's account to Parliament of what had happened was a masterpiece, combining temperate, reasoned defense of the Government's policy, with sympathetic understanding of the King's predicament. The British people, for the most part, showed admirable self-restraint and the press began loyally to "build up" the new King.

Edward himself showed all his oldtime tact and judgment. He had reigned as a constitutional King and he would abide by the Constitution in leaving. He refused to

have any commerce with the party of the "King's friends" which had sprung up over-night. His farewell to his people is one of the most touching valedictories in history.

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor. And now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

You know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne, but I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the empire which, as Prince of Wales and lately as King, I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone.

This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.

I have made this the most serious decision of my life only upon the single thought of what would, in the end, be best for all.

This decision has been made less difficult for me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the empire, and he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so

many of you and not bestowed upon me, a happy home with his wife and children.

During these hard days, I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my mother, and by my family. The Ministers of the Crown and in particular Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration.

There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them and between me and Parliament. Bred in the constitutional traditions by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise.

Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on when I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of the people wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the empire. For that I am very grateful. I now quit altogether public affairs and I lay down my burden.

It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and empire with profound interest and if, at any time in the future, I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station I shall not fail.

And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart.

God bless you all! God save the King!

Such sentences echo in the memories of those who heard the ex-King's voice over the radio.

The final test of Edward is yet to come. If his undoubted tenderness and sympathy for the masses of the people find outlet in service, if he buckles down to hard work in their behalf, the judgment of history will accord him respect and gratitude. If he chooses to be an idler and a wastrel, then the sooner he passes into oblivion the better. His record as Prince of Wales gives some ground for hope that he will not shirk.

King George VI seems to be better adapted for his task than some had supposed that he would be. As long as Edward was either Prince of Wales or sovereign, George was purposely kept in the background in order that praise of him might not to the least degree dim the luster of his brother. Now of course the story of his life and achievements is played up by an ever-loyal British press. That story can be briefly told. Born in the summer of 1895, he was just about old enough to go to war when the great conflict broke out. While his brother served in the army, he served in the navy. In 1916, as a midshipman, he took part in the battle of Jutland in a big-gun turret of the *Collingwood*, and was mentioned in despatches for courage and coolness under fire. Some months afterward illness forced him to leave the navy, but an operation restored his health and he later went into the aviation branch of the service, duly qualifying in course of time as a pilot. Today he is the best athlete in the royal family, a good shot, cricketer, golfer and tennis player. Some years ago he played on a doubles team in the Wimbledon tournament.

After the war was over he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, for a year's study, specializing in economics, government and history. In 1921 he married the charming and forthright Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, which means that today he is the first King of England to have married a commoner since Henry VIII took Catherine Parr as his bride. But the present Queen was only technically a commoner, for she is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, a Scotch nobleman of ancient lineage.

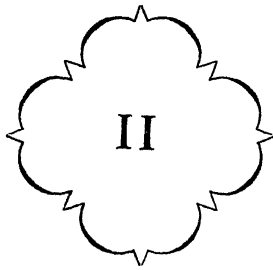
Like his brother Edward, George has the reputation of being democratic in his outlook. In the course of his career

as Duke of York he paid many visits to factories, mills, mines and slums just as Edward did. He is said to be deeply interested in the problems of capital and labor, and it is quite possible that the royal influence will be used to improve conditions of employment and to mitigate the sufferings of the underprivileged. His pet project is his summer camp for boys, to which he gave the highly unoriginal but characteristically British name of "Play the Game." Here boys from the great public schools like Eton, Harrow and Rugby mingle with youngsters from the working classes on a basis of equality. Summer after summer the Duke went down to his camp, put on shirt and shorts and joined the boys in their games, their meals and their songs.

King George is not, however, the "good mixer" that his elder brother is. He is much more reserved; though he seems to have made progress in overcoming his excessive shyness and his stammer. But he will never be a good public speaker. George lacks Edward's sparkle, too, and his magnetic charm. Few piquant anecdotes are associated with his name. One of the few is that more than ten years ago when he was compelled to make a radio speech the microphone appeared to be out of order and the embarrassed Duke exclaimed to one of his aides, "The d-d-damned thing d-d-doesn't work." It so happened, however, that it was working and the remark was carried to the farthest reaches of the kingdom.

On the other hand, gossip has nothing to feed on in the King's private life, past or present. He is a sober, righteous, God-fearing man, who has restored family prayers to Buckingham palace, a hardworking servant of the public, a contented family man. Such a person was his father and

the British already see in him another George V. Apparently this is the sort of monarch that the great majority of the British public want after the strange interlude of the reign of Edward VIII.



DEMOCRATIC ROYALTY ON THE CONTINENT

ACROSS THE NORTH SEA FROM ENGLAND, QUIET, MODEST, motherly Queen Wilhelmina reigns over the Kingdom of the Netherlands. She has been on the throne for a long time, succeeding her father in 1890 when she was only ten years old. To her subjects she was affectionately known as Willemientze in the early years of her reign and outside of her own realm people spoke of her in a friendly way as "the Little Queen of Holland." Edmond Rostand elaborated this into "the Little Lily Queen who rules over the Kingdom of the Tulips."

For several years her mother acted as Regent. Then, when the little Queen had reached the age of eighteen, dressed in royal robes of state, she was inaugurated in the New Church at Amsterdam. Inaugurated, not crowned. It is not the custom to crown sovereigns in Holland.

In striking contrast with some monarchs of today, the Queen of Holland holds herself somewhat aloof from her people. She lacks the engaging *bonhomie* which wins

friends easily and quickly, though she can be gracious and charming enough to those with whom she comes in contact. The etiquette of her court is rigid and severe. Pains-taking deference is paid to form and ceremonial. Wilhelmina is very strait-laced, too, sternly disapproving not only of moral lapses but of undue frivolity and any suggestion of daring in women's dress. In a word she is much more like a mid-Victorian than a twentieth-century monarch.

She dislikes publicity. Most of the time she lives quietly and simply in her palace at The Hague, attending to her work, enjoying her friends, now and then granting an audience to outsiders privileged to see her. By way of recreation she drives through the spacious, well-kept grounds of the palace. She is rarely seen in public in the streets of the capital. Since the death of her husband, Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, she has led an even more secluded life than she did previously.

Once a year, however, in September, she issues forth from the palace and drives to the ancient Hall of the Knights of Binnenhof to open Parliament. On that occasion simplicity yields to pomp and ceremony. A stately little procession traverses the broad pathway in the middle of the *Lange Voorhout*, lined with trees on each side. At the head comes a little troop of cavalry dressed in gray-green army uniforms. Next the Burgomaster of the city in a closed carriage. Then one of the leading members of the nobility in gold and red uniform, on a prancing horse. Finally comes the Queen's carriage, orange-colored, richly ornamented, with paintings on its panels, a veritable Cinderella coach, lowswung and with great wheels. An old-

fashioned, gorgeous carriage of similar type, used, in times long gone by, by one of the kings of France, may still be seen in one of the buildings at Versailles. On the high seat at the front of the Queen's carriage perches the royal coachman, driving with a skilled hand eight coal-black horses, on each of which a postilion rides. Within the carriage sits the Queen, continually bowing to the applauding crowds who line the route. On both sides the coach is flanked by outriders as the procession moves along at a steady pace.

Despite the fact that she keeps to herself so much of the time, the Queen is reasonably popular with the Dutch people. And such popularity as she has rests on a firm foundation of respect. She is a hard worker. She has an unusually good mind. "One great regret of my life," she said to Henry Van Dyke when he was American Minister to Holland, "is that I could not go to college, to study Greek and Latin. But at eighteen—well, you know what I had to do." Fortunately she can use her intellect for the benefit of her country rather than expend it on the classics. She has a remarkable memory and a thorough grasp of Holland's affairs. Her ministers all know how well-informed she is, and that she expects them to be well-informed, too. Her knowledge and judgment have served her country well in more than one crisis.

The simplicity of her life and her sympathy with democracy make a strong appeal to her people. Though seemingly undemocratic in her rigid adherence to court etiquette, she is decidedly democratic in her efforts to promote legislation for the benefit of her people. Social

friends easily and quickly, though she can be gracious and charming enough to those with whom she comes in contact. The etiquette of her court is rigid and severe. Pains-taking deference is paid to form and ceremonial. Wilhelmina is very strait-laced, too, sternly disapproving not only of moral lapses but of undue frivolity and any suggestion of daring in women's dress. In a word she is much more like a mid-Victorian than a twentieth-century monarch.

She dislikes publicity. Most of the time she lives quietly and simply in her palace at The Hague, attending to her work, enjoying her friends, now and then granting an audience to outsiders privileged to see her. By way of recreation she drives through the spacious, well-kept grounds of the palace. She is rarely seen in public in the streets of the capital. Since the death of her husband, Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, she has led an even more secluded life than she did previously.

Once a year, however, in September, she issues forth from the palace and drives to the ancient Hall of the Knights of Binnenhof to open Parliament. On that occasion simplicity yields to pomp and ceremony. A stately little procession traverses the broad pathway in the middle of the *Lange Voorhout*, lined with trees on each side. At the head comes a little troop of cavalry dressed in gray-green army uniforms. Next the Burgomaster of the city in a closed carriage. Then one of the leading members of the nobility in gold and red uniform, on a prancing horse. Finally comes the Queen's carriage, orange-colored, richly ornamented, with paintings on its panels, a veritable Cinderella coach, lowswung and with great wheels. An old-

fashioned, gorgeous carriage of similar type, used, in times long gone by, by one of the kings of France, may still be seen in one of the buildings at Versailles. On the high seat at the front of the Queen's carriage perches the royal coachman, driving with a skilled hand eight coal-black horses, on each of which a postilion rides. Within the carriage sits the Queen, continually bowing to the applauding crowds who line the route. On both sides the coach is flanked by outriders as the procession moves along at a steady pace.

Despite the fact that she keeps to herself so much of the time, the Queen is reasonably popular with the Dutch people. And such popularity as she has rests on a firm foundation of respect. She is a hard worker. She has an unusually good mind. "One great regret of my life," she said to Henry Van Dyke when he was American Minister to Holland, "is that I could not go to college, to study Greek and Latin. But at eighteen—well, you know what I had to do." Fortunately she can use her intellect for the benefit of her country rather than expend it on the classics. She has a remarkable memory and a thorough grasp of Holland's affairs. Her ministers all know how well-informed she is, and that she expects them to be well-informed, too. Her knowledge and judgment have served her country well in more than one crisis.

The simplicity of her life and her sympathy with democracy make a strong appeal to her people. Though seemingly undemocratic in her rigid adherence to court etiquette, she is decidedly democratic in her efforts to promote legislation for the benefit of her people. Social

welfare legislation, for example, bears the stamp of her influence.

She has courage, too. Once, years ago, when there was widespread discontent among the working classes, a labor revolt seemed to be impending. The Queen heard of the danger and ordered an open carriage to be sent to her. Then she drove through the scenes of trouble, right through the disaffected areas, bowing graciously, smiling on all. Her courage in going direct to the danger spots, her kind but authoritative presence, brought quick results. The angry, excited populace calmed down. The crowds dispersed. By sundown the danger was over.

As Queen Wilhelmina had but one child, the Princess Juliana, born in 1909, and as Juliana continued to remain single for some years after reaching marriageable age, there was growing concern in Holland. It was feared that with Juliana the beloved House of Orange would come to an end and that after her reign the country would be hard put to it to find a sovereign. In the early autumn of 1936, however, the hearts of the Queen's loyal subjects were gladdened by the news of the betrothal of her daughter to a young German nobleman, Prince Bernhard zu Lippe-Biesterfeld. Early in 1937 the wedding was held at The Hague and all Holland made merry. Scarcely any work was done on that gala day throughout the length and breadth of the realm.

There was still more rejoicing when on January 31, 1938, the Princess gave birth to a girl, who was given the name Beatrix Wilhelmina Armgard. As soon as the salutes of fifty-one guns announced the glad tidings of the baby's birth the Dutch people began to celebrate. Some

went to the churches to pray, some went to the cafés and restaurants to eat and drink, some went into the streets to sing and shout and dance. If she lives long enough and if no male child is born later to Juliana and her husband, this baby girl will some day be Queen of Holland. The Dutch people admit that they would have preferred a boy. But they say, "Perhaps we will have a boy the next time." In any event, they are more than glad to have the succession to the throne assured.

Like her mother the Princess Juliana has brains. Unlike her mother she was able to carry on her studies into the higher branches of learning. She is proficient in seven languages and studied mathematics, history, economics, music and other subjects at the University of Leyden, from which institution she holds an honorary degree. Plump, jolly and good-natured, she is widely popular, more so than her mother. She is said to have a quick wit, as the following anecdote illustrates. One evening when she was dancing, someone watching her, noticing the ample proportions of her legs, remarked in French:

"Heavens, look at that pair of pillars."

Juliana, overhearing, looked around and said smilingly in perfect French:

"They have to be thick. Some day they will be the pillars of the State."

Adjacent to the Dutch Netherlands lies the little kingdom of Belgium, to the throne of which Leopold III succeeded on the death of his father, King Albert, in February, 1934. No monarch on the continent of Europe had been more beloved by his subjects than King Albert.

The world knew Albert best for his courage during the war, his sympathy with his soldiers, his activities in behalf of his people when Belgium was in thrall to Germany. But one of his most striking achievements was his success in winning over the Socialists of his country. Just before he came to the throne in 1909, the Council of the Socialist party in Belgium published the following manifesto:

Albert I will govern like his uncle with the support of the banks, the big industries and commercial houses. He will not be able to govern without them, and, if he wished to separate himself from them, he would be broken—he will necessarily be the tool of those who enrich themselves through the work of the laborers by oppressing them. Between Socialism and Monarchy there is no possible reconciliation, and when official Belgium prepares itself to acclaim Albert I—a loud clamor of hope and defiance will rise from the workers' breasts: *Vive la Republique Sociale!*

Albert's uncle, that shrewd old roué, King Leopold II, however, knew him better than the Socialists did.

"For myself," he once remarked cynically, "I am not worried in the least. But I have a nephew who is a Socialist. With him on the throne my country will be just a hereditary republic."

Whether Belgium is just a hereditary republic may be questioned. But there is no doubt of King Albert's sympathy with reforms socialistic in character. Among other things he worked long and hard to establish the eight-hour day for the working classes, though, as one of his biographers remarks, he probably never observed an eight-hour day for himself. At any rate he became popular with

the workers. "You are quite all right," the leader of the Flemish Labor party said to him complacently; "we are satisfied with you." In 1934, as his biographer, M. Cammaerts says, he was looked upon as "the champion of democratic institutions, the preserver of Parliament, and the apostle of social justice."

It would be too much to say that if Leopold III follows in the footsteps of his father he will be sure to make a success as King of Belgium. It may be that Fascist tendencies will present a more serious problem to him than Socialism was to King Albert. But it is safe to say that if he carries on in the spirit of his father's reign success is more than probable. He is a handsome, athletic, likeable man, an unusually good golf player, an excellent swimmer, a lover of skiing. Like his father he has intellectual ability of no mean order. Before he came to the throne he had made a special study of colonial questions, and had visited the colonies of his own and other countries. In the days of his great-uncle, Leopold II, the scandalous exploitation of the Belgian Congo by that monarch had been a stench in the nostrils of Europe. It is not likely to be so in the reign of the present king. Before he came to the throne he made a stirring speech in the Belgian Senate demanding justice and help for the natives of the Congo. Especially he insisted that everything be done to stimulate agriculture in the colony.

"Belgium," he concluded, "is more than a financial concern. Belgium is a moral entity."

The opening of Leopold's reign was darkened by the tragic death of his wife, Queen Astrid, in August, 1935. The marriage had been a genuine lovematch, not one of

those political marriages which have so often unhappily united royal houses in Europe. Long before the public had known what was going on, the heir to the Belgian throne had been courting the King of Sweden's beautiful daughter, making frequent secret trips from Belgium to Stockholm to see her. Sometimes he had traveled third-class, carrying his own handbag. Fellow passengers on the railway sometimes took him for a young traveling salesman. The day before his marriage in 1926 had been his twenty-fifth birthday, and Princess Astrid with her own hands had baked him a birthday cake with chocolate frosting. But the happiness which had attended their union was brought to an end in a twinkling of an eye on that fateful August day. At one moment the royal couple had been happily bowling along in their motor car on a road in Switzerland, the king at the wheel. The next moment the car had swerved from the road, run into a field and struck a tree head on. Both occupants were thrown out violently and when the dazed King finally picked himself up it was to find that Queen Astrid had been killed.

"Happy is the country that has no annals." So runs an old proverb. If it be true, then the Scandinavian countries ought to be happy. For they rarely make the headlines of newspapers outside their own boundaries. Back in 1905, it is true, the peaceful revolution that separated Norway from Sweden was a nine days' wonder. But the world has long ceased to marvel that these two peoples managed to part company without fighting, though it is still amazing enough if one stops to think of it.

The kings of the Scandinavian countries are all elderly men: Gustav V of Sweden, Christian X of Denmark and Haakon VII of Norway. Old Gustav V, who was born in 1858, is the most picturesque of the three. In his heyday he was a crack tennis player. In his seventies he took on Mademoiselle Lenglen, Cochet and even the redoubtable Tilden. When he played tennis in a public tournament in Sweden he was entered simply as "Mr. G." and photographers and reporters were usually excluded from the grounds. For the Swedes hold to the curious theory that a man's private life, even a king's, is his own private business. In recent years he has had to give up such strenuous games as tennis, but he still has his pleasures. Not so very long ago the papers told of his enjoyment of the skill of an American harmonica player whom he had invited to appear before him.

"Play something lively," he commanded, after the musician had played several sedate pieces seemingly appropriate for elderly royalty.

So the harmonica player turned to "Yankee Doodle" and "The Sidewalks of New York," much to the old king's delight.

King Gustav has been called Sweden's first modern monarch, but there was one occasion when he asserted himself in a manner suggestive of old-fashioned absolutism. It was early in 1914, before the outbreak of the World War. The ministry in power at the time was opposed to any increase in the national defense. But a great crowd of people, calling themselves the "Peasants' Army," came to the King's castle to plead for a decided increase. And the King, in what came to be known as his "castle court-

yard speech," told them emphatically that he agreed with them in their demand. In other words, he defied the ministry chosen by Parliament. Furthermore, he had his way. The ministry was dissolved, a new one was chosen, and Parliament passed legislation strengthening the defenses of the country. But all that was long ago, and Gustav has furthered his popularity with the people by gracefully yielding to Parliament the right he had at the opening of his reign in 1907 to choose his own ministers.

All the Scandinavian kings are conscientious and hard-working, zealous in furthering the well-being and happiness of their people within the limits of their constitutional powers. They are a rugged, outdoor lot, often wearing clothes simple to the point of shabbiness. King Haakon of Norway was originally a Danish prince, Charles by name. Early in life he served as an apprentice in the Danish navy, where he was hazed like other apprentices and where he had to darn his own socks and mend his own clothes. He was chosen as King of Norway when that country separated from Sweden in 1905. There was a strong republican movement in Norway at the time of the separation, but it was finally decided to adopt a monarchical form of government, because it was believed that it would promote friendlier relations with Norway's monarchical neighbors. The Norse are well satisfied with their decision. Among other things King Haakon has taken the lead in promoting scientific experiments in the dairy industry, particularly in the breeding and care of cattle, for the dairy industry is a mainstay of Norwegian life.

The children of the Scandinavian kings are expected to

follow in the path of simplicity and hard work marked out by their fathers. In accord with royal tradition in these lands, they have specialized in various vocations. The Crown Prince of Sweden, a man of marked intellectual ability, has made a name for himself as a professional archeologist. One of his brothers is a talented painter. Another is head of the Swedish Red Cross and goes to his office every day. The Princess Astrid was taught, among other things, to cook and to sew. In a word, royalty in the Scandinavian countries is not a class set apart. It is of the people, by the people and for the people. There is little reason to anticipate its overthrow.

Until the advent of Fascism, Italy was a constitutional monarchy approximately like those of Western Europe. And until the advent of Fascism, King Victor Emmanuel III traversed much the same path as royalty in Western Europe. At first blush, the king's personality hardly seems to be an asset in the never-ending task of winning his people's favor. He has a small head, a blunt but slightly receding chin. His mouth is somewhat crooked and twitches nervously in an unattractive way. His heavy body rests on short, spindling legs and he has a peculiar walk. Usually he lacks animation, and not infrequently he appears to be bored.

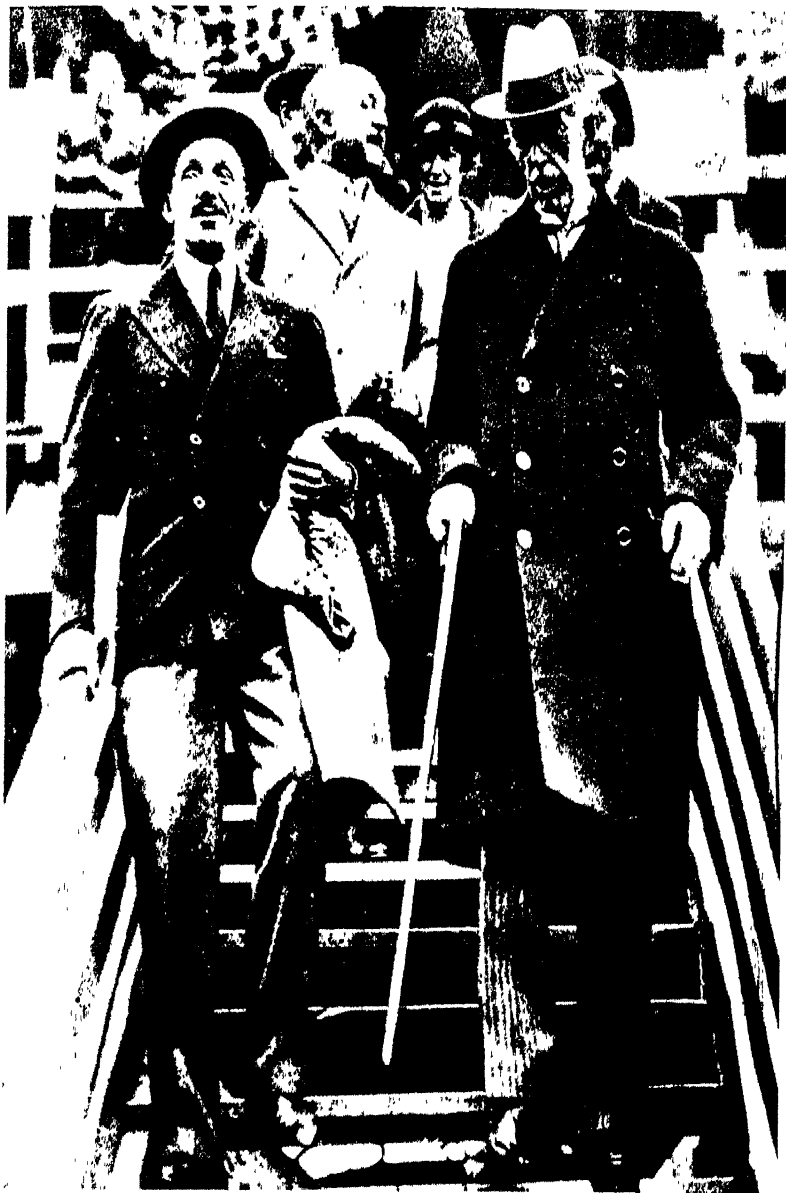
Despite these handicaps, however, there is no doubt that he has found favor in the eyes of his people. He has always been unassuming and tactful, and has brought his family up in simple, unpretentious fashion. Before the war he used such influence as he had to help put through the meager social insurance which was all that the Italian

Government felt that poverty-stricken Italy could then afford. During the World War he was the very incarnation of Italian patriotism. He was frequently in the trenches, sharing with the soldiers their dangers and hardships, partaking of their simple fare. Naturally he became very popular with the army, and remains so to this day. In his "Victor Emmanuel III" (p. 127), the king's biographer, Robertson, quotes from the letter of an Italian lieutenant writing from the front to his family:

Yesterday was the happiest and most historic day in my life, for I had the good fortune to approach and speak to the King. I saw, too, with what simplicity he sat on the ground amongst us, eating his lunch and sharing his *salami* (sausage) and cheese with the soldiers. He also graciously gave to me a handful of cherries, and praised the good marksmanship of my battery.

The rise of Fascism after the war was fraught with ominous possibilities for royalty in Italy. In 1922 Mussolini was talking openly of a march on Rome. There were rumors that machine guns would be used. Would this former Red Socialist allow the royal house to escape unscathed or would he not, rather, sweep it from his path? It was a grave question. To save himself and his dynasty, the King chose to take time by the forelock, while the forelock was still there. He had one of his generals call up Mussolini and ask him to form a ministry. The Fascist leader consented. Henceforth Italian royalty was tied up with the cause of Fascism, though it is doubtful if the Italian king had the least idea at the time how far his proffer of the olive branch was to lead.

Today the King of Italy presents a pathetic figure to



Pictures Inc.

A KING AND AN EX-KING: KING GUSTAV V OF SWEDEN AND ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN AT THE RACES AT MONACO.

the outside world. He is so obviously playing second fiddle to Mussolini. Yet within Italy he seems really to have gained in popularity and security since the coming of Fascism to power. In the old days Communism and Socialism were something of a danger to the Crown. With Fascism's triumph that danger seems to have passed. Moreover, there is widespread sympathy for the King in the subordinate part he is apparently obliged to accept. Today Mussolini would hardly dare to force him out even if he wanted to, partly because of the King's popularity, partly because he is a living symbol of the liberation of Italy from Austria, which was carried out under the leadership of the royal house to which he belongs. On the other hand, it is not unlikely that any successful revolt against Fascism would carry the throne with it. Rebellion would hardly discriminate between the Fascist dictatorship and the Crown. So it looks as though Victor Emmanuel would continue in his ignominious role as long as Il Duce is in power.

A remarkable adaptability is the secret of the success of all these monarchs. Every one of them understands his people even in little things. In England, where men who can afford it are the best dressed in the world and where, as Price Collier once remarked, "The male bird wears the more brilliant plumage," the King pleases with his extensive and fashionable wardrobe. In homespun Norway, except on formal occasions, any old suit of clothes will do for royalty.

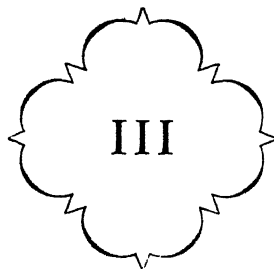
Every one of these monarchs has physical courage, than which there is no quality more admired by the populace.

Most of them please an age madly devoted to athletics by their interest and participation in outdoor sports, in some of which some of them excel. Every one of them works zealously to relieve his people's sufferings within the limits of his restricted powers. All of them are democratic in their sympathies, with the possible exception of the King of Italy, who has bent the knee to Fascism. And the King of Italy is as simple in his tastes and as democratic in his manners as any of the rest. There is no more swank about him than there is about the King of England.

"Tightrope walkers, every one of them." Thus ex-King Alfonso characterized the monarchs of Europe to Alexander, once a Grand Duke of Russia. The characterization goes perhaps too far. Tightrope walking implies subservience to the public and, again with the possible exception of the King of Italy, these European monarchs can hardly be called subservient. Within restricted limits the King of England goes his way, Gustav of Sweden goes his and Wilhelmina of Holland goes hers. But probably none of them would dare champion an unpopular cause. To do so would be to court disaster, not only for themselves but for their dynasties and the cause of royalty. They simply *must* be popular—and they are popular.

They are like Cinderellas, these monarchs. There is no more popular fairy tale than the story of Cinderella, the little kitchen-slavey who drudged all day and at night became the belle of the ball. The populace loves a Cinderella. So the peoples of these realms like to think of their monarchs in the dual role of simple, everyday persons, "just folks" like the rest of us, and glittering symbols of national glory. So the English loved to picture the Prince

of Wales, one day democratically taking a cup of tea in the cottage of a humble miner, and the next day riding on a charger through the streets of London, resplendent in a highly decorated uniform. So the Dutch love to picture Queen Wilhelmina, one day simply dressed, engaged in homely domestic duties and helping the Princess Juliana with her lessons, the next in royal robes driving through the streets of The Hague on her way to open Parliament. So it gave the Belgians a thrill to think of King Albert, one day in his shirtsleeves, his brow dripping with perspiration, helping a fellow motorist whose car had broken down, and perhaps the very next day in court dress, holding a reception in his palace, the cynosure of all eyes. It is partly because these modern sovereigns have known so well how to play the part of Cinderella, uniting the spirit of present-day democracy with the trappings of medieval royalty, that monarchy holds its own today in Northern and Western Europe.



SHAKY THRONES

ONE EVENING IN FEBRUARY, 1931, KING ZOG OF ALBANIA was about to set out from his hotel in Vienna for the opera. He had come to the Austrian capital to consult his physicians. But his visit was to be something of a holiday, too; so, having a free evening on his hands, he felt that he could best enjoy himself by going to see a performance of *Pagliacci*. Just as he was about to enter his automobile, however, two men suddenly stepped out of the darkness with drawn revolvers and, before anyone could stop them, they had both fired point-blank at him. Fortunately for him they missed him in their excitement, though they killed his adjutant. So Zog, looking somewhat depressed, naturally enough, went on to the opera. As for the would-be assassins they turned out to be Albanian exiles, belonging to a faction filled with undying hatred for the King. When seized and taken into custody they expressed regret—not that they had tried to kill the monarch but that they had failed in the attempt. Zog, they said vehemently, “had dragged their country into ruin and sold its freedom.”

Zog is one of five monarchs reigning in the Balkan kingdoms of Southeastern Europe. The others are Peter II of Yugoslavia, Boris III of Bulgaria, George II of Greece and Carol II of Rumania. The thrones of these Balkan kings are much more beset with dangers than those of the sovereigns of Western Europe. Assassination and exile are almost commonplaces in Balkan history. The attempt in Vienna to kill Zog was the fourth in his experience as ruler. Then there are always the perilous possibilities of war, domination by a foreign power and internal intrigues to make the monarch the tool of one or another political faction. Eternal vigilance is a necessity for a Balkan king. He can never risk being caught napping.

The career of Zog of Albania is shot through with adventure. He is the only one of the five Balkan monarchs of today who was not born to the purple, though he did not by any means come from the lowest stratum of society, as has sometimes been asserted. His father was a local chieftain, head of the wild Mati mountaineers, a Mohammedan clan living in the northern part of Albania. Of these Mati mountaineers might be said what Byron once said of the Albanians as a whole:

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back
Who can so well the toil of war endure?

Hardy, bold and courageous in battle, faithful to their friends and implacable to their foes—such are the men of the clan from which Zog sprang.

At an early age Ahmed Zogu, as he was then called, was sent to Constantinople to be educated. There, among other things, he learned the Turkish language and a smattering of German. But the period of his education did not last long. For in 1910, when he was only fifteen years old, his father died and Zogu was called to take his place as chieftain of the clan. Two years later came the Balkan wars and the youthful chieftain led his hardy mountaineers in guerilla warfare against the Serbian foe. Scarcely had the Balkan wars come to an end when the World War broke out, and Zogu became an officer in the Austrian army.

After the World War his rise to power was rapid, though far from smooth. He became a national figure in 1920 when, with the aid of his mountaineer sharpshooters, he guarded an Albanian constitutional convention against the danger of an Italian attack; for even at that time the Italians were casting covetous eyes on the little neighboring state across the Adriatic. Two years later he became Prime Minister. Discontent with his leadership mounted rapidly, however. A large and important element in the population did not like the way things were going at all. The country needed money badly. Yet Zogu refused to borrow from abroad. Moreover, he arbitrarily favored Mohammedans against Christians. In course of time dissatisfaction found a champion in the person of Bishop Fan S. Noli, head of the Albanian Orthodox Church and a one-time student at Harvard. The doughty Bishop engineered a revolution which speedily overthrew the Prime Minister and those who backed him. Angry and chagrined, Zogu fled for safety to Yugoslavia.

The tables were soon turned, however. The Bishop proved to be neither a tactful nor an able administrator. He sought a loan from the Assembly of the League of Nations, but antagonized that august body by the witty insolence of his way of addressing it; the loan was refused. At home the fear spread that he was going to turn the country over to Communism, an idea thoroughly displeasing to the Albanians, ninety per cent of whom own property; not much property, most of them, but still property.

From his exile in Yugoslavia Zogu cynically watched his tactless rival setting Albania by the ears. Then, when the time seemed to be ripe, he started a counter-revolution with the blessing of the Yugoslavian Government and with the aid of Yugoslavian troops. In December, 1924, he suddenly crossed the border with his armed forces, drove the unlucky Bishop out of the country and assumed control of its affairs. The following year Albania was proclaimed a republic and Zogu was elected President. He soon established a virtual dictatorship, from which his coronation as King Zog I in 1928 came easily and naturally.

Dictatorial rule over the Albanians did not mean, however, that in governing the country Zog was free to follow his whims after the manner of an Oriental despot. Some time before he attained the throne, Italy had begun to play with Albania as a cat plays with a mouse. As early as 1921, Great Britain, France and Japan had obligingly cleared the path for Italy's ambitions on the other side of the Adriatic by agreeing to her "right" to maintain the "territorial integrity" of Albania. In other words, these

powers had virtually said to Italy: "If you have plans for Albania, go ahead with them. We are perfectly willing to have you do so and we shan't interfere with you." They did not underwrite Italian conquest of the little state, but they did underwrite the extension of Italian influence over it. This agreement was made before Mussolini came to power in Italy.

Albania's weakness in the face of Italian plans lay in her poverty. The struggling little country simply could not get on her feet, much less fulfill dreams of further economic development, without money. But across the Adriatic there were smiling, obliging Italians who were eager to lend her ample funds. The Albanians disliked and distrusted the Italians, but, like many other potential debtors, they deluded themselves with the wishful thought that they would soon pay back any money they might borrow.

So they turned to Italy with hope in their hearts. In 1925, with the backing of Italian bankers, an Albanian National Bank was founded. Up to this time Albania had never had a paper currency, much less a national bank. Coins had been used for such little business transactions as had been carried on. Now the new bank was given power to issue currency, to arrange contracts for public works and to function as treasurer for the state of Albania. At the same time Italy extended a loan of what was supposed to amount to 70 million *lire* to her little neighbor. Bankers' commissions and other "expenses" for floating the loan cut this down to 50 million at the outset, and owing to other juggling the 50 million was cut still farther. But Albania was debited 70 million *lire* just the

same. As security for the loan the little country agreed to pledge her customs receipts and other revenues. And the pledging of customs receipts gave Italy a hold on Albanian ports where these receipts were collected.

These friendly little business transactions were followed up by even more tangible evidence of Italy's dominating interest in Albania. In 1926 she tied the little country more firmly to her apron strings by securing her consent to the Treaty of Tirana, which gave Italy the right to safeguard the existing order in Albania, "the political, juridical and territorial *status quo*," against "any disturbance." In 1928 she shipped into Albania over 300,000 rifles and more than 10,000 machine guns. When Zog was crowned King that same year, he was guarded against danger and disorder by Italian as well as by Albanian soldiers. Later Albania's army was modeled after that of Italy, and Italian officers taught Albanian soldiers, garbed in Italian uniforms, the principles of modern warfare.

Meanwhile the loans continued. In 1931 Italy lent her neighbor a sum amounting to about two million gold dollars without interest. Three years later she lent her more, and the next year still more. With the money thus obtained Albania's economic development proceeded apace. Bridges and docks were built. Roads were constructed under Italian supervision. Oil wells were handed over to Italian concessionaires. Primitive Albania was seemingly being rapidly transformed into a bustling, modern country under Italian control.

"Today, when King Zog of Albania wants a new pack of cigarettes," wrote Hiram Motherwell in 1935, "he has to ask Mussolini's permission." The statement seemed true

enough when it was written. Zog seemed at that time to be nothing but a puppet king, a plaything in the hands of Italy. At the present time, however, there is evidence that the Albanian ruler may not be quite the pliant tool of the Italian dictator that he has been supposed to be. When Mussolini turned to the conquest of Ethiopia, he could not give the same attention to Albania that he had previously given. The stream of Italian funds to the little state dwindled to a mere trickle, and Zog's attitude grew increasingly independent. Should Mussolini try to compel Albania to repay her loans or otherwise to dictate too much to the little country, he might find himself involved in a war with Yugoslavia, a war for which he has at the present time little relish. Zog knows this and shrewdly plays off Yugoslavia against Italy with the object of reaping gain for his own country.

So the King of Albania can afford to smile to himself as he sits in his closely guarded palace at Tirana and reads biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon has long been his hero, and it has long been his ambition to emulate the Corsican's career—except, of course, the last part of it. Like Napoleon, Zog was born the son of a petty nobleman. Like Napoleon, he was an able warrior. Like Napoleon, he lived to wear a crown. Perhaps there the comparison will end. There seems little likelihood that the Albanian ruler will conquer vast territories as his hero did. But if his policy of strengthening Albania's position by playing Italy against Yugoslavia succeeds, his name may yet stand high in the history of the Balkans.

For many years the Albanian King seemed to have no thought of marrying. Rumors arising from time to time

that he was about to wed were quickly and emphatically denied. "What have I to offer a bride?" he once asked mournfully. But toward the end of January, 1938, the engagement of the 42-year-old monarch to the Countess Geraldine Apponyi of Hungary, daughter of Count Julius Nagy Apponyi and the former Gladys Virginia Stewart of New York, was officially announced. Apparently the King has decided that the time has come when he has something to offer a bride after all.

Nearly five years after Zog narrowly escaped death in Vienna, an assassin's bullet laid low his fellow monarch, Alexander of Yugoslavia, father of Peter, the present ruler. For years the Yugoslavian King had been a marked man. Between 1920 and 1933 five attempts were made on his life, and there would have been many more had he not been guarded with the greatest care. In the last years of his reign hundreds of secret service men circulated through the crowds whenever he ventured into the streets of his capital, Belgrade. Even so the expectation of being assassinated was always with him. "Sooner or later they will get me," he once remarked with prophetic fatalism.

The final attempt was made in the autumn of 1934 on the soil of France. Alexander had gone to that country on an official visit, hoping to aid in easing the tense political situation in Europe. The picturesque old city of Marseilles was filled with crowds and gay with flags as he landed from the Yugoslavian destroyer, *Dubrovnik*. He was greeted by M. Louis Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, who kissed him on both cheeks. The two then stepped into the official automobile which had been held

in waiting for them, and started down the principal thoroughfare of the city.

Suddenly out from the crowd dashed a tall, bulky man, shouting, "Long live the King!" Before the dazed on-lookers could collect their wits, he had jumped on the running-board of the car and poured a stream of lead into the King and M. Barthou. The chauffeur quickly pushed him from the running-board and a cavalry officer accompanying the car, slashed him to the ground with his saber. The crowd then pushed in, trampling him underfoot. But it was too late. He had killed both the King and M. Barthou. He himself was but little better than a corpse. The police seized him from the crowd and carried him off to the city prison, where he died almost immediately.

On the very afternoon of the day of Alexander's death, his little son Peter was learning to play football on the playing-field of an English public school. He had arrived in England less than two weeks earlier, sent because his parents had not found to their liking the teaching and training he had been receiving at Belgrade. Nobody told him about the assassination that day. He came back from the Rugby game with his little English schoolmates, ate his evening meal with them and slept peacefully in the dormitory. The next morning the school authorities broke the news to him and sent him off to London. Here his grandmother, Queen Marie of Rumania, was waiting for him. As soon as he reached her he burst into tears, crying out:

"But, Grandmother, why did they do it?"

Why indeed? To answer this question something must

be said of political conditions in Yugoslavia. In these will be found the underlying causes of the assassination.

The root of the trouble in Yugoslavia lay in the jarring elements that composed the kingdom. Yugoslavia only came into existence at the end of the World War. It was established at that time as a "constitutional, democratic monarchy," to be known as the "Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes." The Croats and Slovenes had formerly been under Austrian rule; but all three groups were South Slavs (Yugoslavs) and it was hoped that they would get along well together. Their common Slavic blood should prove a bond of unity.

The outcome, however, was disappointing. In practice it was soon found that the Croats and Slovenes could not get along with the Serbs, and the Serbs could not get along with the Croats and Slovenes. The Croats, especially, felt themselves unfairly treated. They resented the strongly centralized government which was established. They complained that it gave undue advantage to the Serbs, that the Serbs were dominating the country and overriding the other groups. And there is much to be said for this contention. They demanded restoration of their old local liberties. Feeling grew intense. There were riots in the streets of Belgrade. Even in the house of Parliament itself there were fights so serious that several times the police had to rush in and stop them.

Meanwhile Parliament fiddled while Rome burned. The country was confronted with grave national problems, of which impending bankruptcy was the most alarming. Yet Parliament contributed nothing toward the solution of these problems, its members expending their

energies in violent political controversy. The climax of partisan strife was reached when Stefan Radich, leader of the Croatian Peasant party, was shot and killed by an enraged deputy. In a fury the Croatian deputies withdrew from the legislative halls, refusing to participate in the government. Parliamentary government collapsed completely.

Then it was that King Alexander resolved to take the situation in hand himself. He dissolved Parliament, abolished the constitution and set up a dictatorship. "The hour has come," he proclaimed, "when there must no longer be any intermediary between the People and the King." He expressed belief in Parliamentary institutions but added that "blind political passions abused the parliamentary system to such a degree that it became a hindrance to all profitable national work. Parliamentary methods began to provoke spiritual collapse and national disunion."

With stern determination Alexander then set to work to "Serbify" his kingdom in the alleged interest of national unity. Croats were imprisoned, exiled and even tortured. Louis Adamic, visiting his native country, saw men and women whose armpits had been burned with live coals by the police of Belgrade and Zagreb. How far the King was responsible for such brutalities it would be impossible to say, but certainly he became an object of intense hatred to many of his subjects, particularly the Croats.

This hatred took concrete form outside the kingdom. Croatian refugees formed a terrorist society, known as *Ustacha*. Its funds were drawn from Italy and Hungary

and its members were trained in shooting and bomb-throwing. The man who assassinated Alexander was a member of this organization, though he himself was not a Croat but a Macedonian. Apparently the conspirators had hoped that the death of the King would put an end to the policy of Serbification, and free Croatia and Yugoslavian Macedonia from Serbian rule. If so, they were doomed to disappointment.

Alexander's youthful son was brought back from England to Belgrade. Here he was crowned King Peter II, while the Government, in accordance with Alexander's will, was put in the hands of a regency, with Prince Paul, a cousin of his father and a graduate of Oxford University, at the head. Paul is conscientiously doing his best with his harrowing task, which is not at all to his liking and which cost him many a sleepless night when he first took it on.

In the meantime little King Peter, in his castle of Dedinje, is being quietly and carefully trained for his lifework of reigning over the turbulent kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. His daily life is carefully regulated. Up before seven in the morning, he says his prayers, breakfasts and takes a short walk. Lessons begin promptly at nine and they are far from easy. Not only does Peter have to study all the subjects that other Yugoslavian children of his age study, but, to prepare him properly to reign, he is obliged to do special work in law, in the constitution of Yugoslavia and in languages. He has already acquired some knowledge of four languages besides his own: English, French, German and Russian. It must be admitted, however, that he is not very proficient in his studies, for his mind is by no means brilliant.

After the morning lessons comes luncheon, at 12:45, then a period of reading and rest until 3:00 P.M., then horseback riding and other forms of sport and recreation. One of his favorite amusements when he first became King was to ride around the castle grounds in a toy automobile presented to him by the French Government. Tea is served at 4:30, dinner at 7:30 and promptly at 9:00 o'clock in the evening the ruler of the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is sent to bed.

Though Peter is one of the wealthiest boys in Europe, owing to his acquisitive father's success in getting and saving money, his mother tried to train him in thrift by giving him rather a niggardly allowance. Finally he rebelled. "Mother," he said, "things can't go on in this way. I'm going to learn a trade." His mother readily agreed to the plan, and forthwith a carpentry shop was set up in the palace and an instructor provided. The King at once made clear to the instructor his chief purpose in taking lessons.

"Sir," he said, "I am counting on you to teach me how to make beautiful things, which I shall be able to sell easily, in spite of the depression. I need some money."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the enterprise was a great success. The King was taught to make "beautiful things" and they were sold to admiring subjects—at high prices.

Perhaps the Dowager Queen was more farsighted than might at first appear in allowing Peter to learn a trade. Perhaps she had in mind the fearful uncertainties of Balkan and European politics. It is quite possible, of course, that Peter will reign over Yugoslavia throughout his life and that after he comes of age he will never want for

money. On the other hand there is always the possibility that in some upheaval he will lose both his throne and his fortune. In that case his knowledge of a trade might well prove his salvation. No matter what the turmoil of the times, no one is less likely to starve than a skilled craftsman. Kings and those who plan for kings have to think of such things in these uncertain times.

The dangers that beset the throne of Yugoslavia seem to be considerably greater than those to which the ruler of the neighboring country of Bulgaria is subjected. Once when King Alexander of Yugoslavia was paying a visit to his fellow ruler Boris III of Bulgaria, he was thrown into consternation on learning that he was expected to walk with Boris through the streets of Sofia, the capital, practically unguarded. Alexander was an unusually brave man, but had he ventured into the streets of Belgrade without guards, it would probably have meant almost instant death from assassination, and he could not understand how Boris could be seemingly so foolhardy as to neglect precautions.

Boris, however, knew that both he and his royal guest were safe enough. Ever since his accession to the throne in 1918, on the abdication of his father Ferdinand, Boris has been thoroughly popular with his people. His personality reminds us more of some of the monarchs of Western Europe than of a typically Balkan king. He loves shooting and mountain-climbing, and drives his own motorcar at a furious pace wherever he can find a smooth road in his somewhat backward little peasant country. His specialty in sports, however, is running a locomotive. Nothing delights him better than to sit in the engineer's cab, open the

throttle and run a railway train straight along an open plain or around winding curves up into the mountains.

Boris is the most democratic of Balkan monarchs, so democratic that a Bulgarian cartoonist once represented him holding audience in his shirtsleeves with a fencing foil in his hand; and a French newspaper man records that the King, in receiving him for an interview, wore a dressing-gown. A man of able intelligence and pleasing personality, with a high forehead, a well-bred look and unassuming manners, he labors assiduously in the interests of his people. The virile peasant premier, Stambulisky, once said of him:

“Tsar Boris is the most perfect President of a Republic that a democratic country could desire.”

It is not surprising that everywhere the peasants of his little realm sing his praises. But even this most popular of Balkan monarchs has known what it means to hear an assassin's bullet whiz past his car. One spring morning in 1925, the youthful monarch was being slowly driven in his open car along a rough road leading to Sofia. Suddenly, as the car passed through a narrow stretch of road, with high banks on both sides, the King heard, above the purring of his motor, the sound of voices coming from a clump of trees. As he turned to look in the direction from which the sounds came, a rifle shot barked out, followed by a veritable fusillade of bullets. One bullet grazed his cheek, clipping away part of his mustache. Another wounded his chauffeur, who almost fell out of the car.

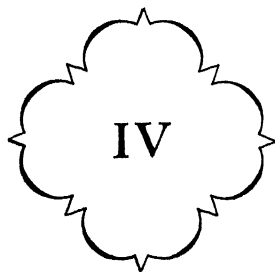
The King then seized the wheel and tried to turn the car around. Unable to do so, he jumped to the ground and with his attendants began firing back at his assailants. One

of the attendants, however, fearing for the King's life, persuaded him to run back to a motorbus which they had passed on the road. The bus was standing by the roadside when the King reached it. Its driver and passengers had alighted and were sitting in the grass near by, calmly eating their luncheon. Picture their surprise when they perceived this tall, pale, dark-haired young man whom they recognized as their King, running toward them as fast as his legs could carry him. Picture their further amazement when they saw him run to the motorbus, jump into the driver's seat and without a by-your-leave, make off with the bus, leaving them to reach their destination as best they could.

The King was going back for help. Later he returned to the scene of battle with a group of soldiers. They scoured the woods for the King's assailants, but no one was shot. No one was captured. Nobody ever found out who the wouldbe assassins were. Perhaps they were Communists. A few days later Communists exploded a bomb in a cathedral at Sofia. Perhaps they were merely bandits. In any case the incident served to heighten the King's popularity with his people. And the persistence of this popularity, though it cannot eliminate the risk of assassination, certainly diminishes it. Boris is freer to come and go among his people than any other Balkan monarch.

All the affection of his peasant subjects for him, however, has not saved the Bulgarian King from serious difficulties brought about by individuals and factions seeking power. In the spring of 1934 Kimon Gheorgiev, a bold, plain-spoken army officer, engineered a military *coup d'état* which forced the King to do away with Parliament

and set up a dictatorship. It was the ultimate object of the conspirators either to drive the monarch from the throne or at least to deprive him of all his powers. Early in 1935, however, Gheorgiev was himself driven out of office by the royalist Military League, and later in the year he was arrested and imprisoned. Nevertheless, the dictatorship was continued with other daring spirits in power until the autumn of 1936, when Boris succeeded in throwing them out and re-establishing something resembling democratic government. Whether he will finally succeed in reigning as a constitutional monarch, however, remains to be seen. There is a strong Fascist element in the country, to say nothing of a republican movement which may assert itself in the future as it has in the past. Honest, kindly and well-intentioned as the King is, he seems to suffer from a certain indecisiveness of which adventurous intriguers may some day take successful advantage.



MORE SHAKY THRONES

EARLY IN THE YEAR 1935, WHILE BORIS OF BULGARIA WAS striving to disentangle himself from the spider webs of plotting and counter-plotting in which he had become enmeshed against his will, the present King of Greece, George II, was living in exile at Brown's Hotel in London. He lived comfortably enough, but simply, with only a single equerry in attendance. An affable, attractive man of forty-five, he went out much in English society, always a welcome guest at the countryhouses of the wealthy and aristocratic. He was by temperament an outdoor man, devoted to sports and often seen at the races, a gray tophat on his head and a monocle in his eye. He openly expressed his preference for brawn to brains. "Give me a burly man of bone and gristle," he said in a speech at Oxford. "The world is too full of bookworms."

George was serving his second term of exile in those lightsome, London days when he stayed at Brown's Hotel. The first term began back in 1917 when the Allies, assisted by the intrigues of the wily Greek statesman, Venizelos,

forced King Constantine to abdicate the throne of his native country. The Allies had been insisting for some time that Greece join them in the World War, but Constantine had staunchly stood for neutrality. In the end, however, the Allies and Venizelos had their way. Greece was hurled into the maelstrom of conflict, while Constantine was forced to renounce the throne and go into exile. And George, his eldest son, who was held to be pro-German like his father, followed suit. Alexander, Constantine's second son, then ascended the throne.

If Alexander had happened to have had an aversion for animals, the latter history of both Constantine and George would have been quite different from what it turned out to be. But Alexander had a pet monkey and one day, in a treasonable fit of temper, this pet monkey bit him. Poison set in and the King died. So the mercurial Greeks turned once more to Constantine, recalling him to the throne. This was in 1920. All might have gone well for the restored ruler had not Greece been engaged at the time in a war with Turkey, which had begun some time before Constantine was restored and which ended disastrously for the Greeks. This disaster, in its turn, stimulated unreasoning hostility against Constantine, who now had to pay the penalty for a conflict which was none of his making. Once again he was sent on his travels.

This time George took the throne. But he soon found that he was a mere figurehead. The country was really being run by a revolutionary committee, which often did not even trouble to let him know what was going on. He was virtually a prisoner in his own palace. Meanwhile, republican agitation was spreading and finally George was

advised to leave the country. So one dark night he and the Queen went to the Piraeus, the celebrated harbor of Athens, and were spirited away in a motorboat to a Greek warship which was waiting for them and which carried them off into exile. At first they went to Bucharest, the capital of Rumania. Later the ex-King went to England to live. He and his wife were divorced in 1935. Meanwhile, in May, 1925, Greece was proclaimed a republic.

The country remained a republic over ten years. But toward the end of that period unrest, discontent and intrigue were on the increase. The focus of intrigue was General Kondylis, a stocky, broadshouldered man, with a thick mop of black hair, a typical, adventurous, Balkan fighting man who had been in more than fifty engagements. "The Thunderbolt" they called him in Greece. He had warmly professed his loyalty to the existing republican regime, and had played the chief part in crushing a military and naval revolt early in 1935. But for some reason he veered suddenly to royalism, and in October he engineered a successful revolt against his rival, the Prime Minister Tsaldaris. Then he had himself appointed Prime Minister and Regent, and sent an urgent invitation to George to return to the throne.

George could hardly have been blamed if he had turned a deaf ear to this proposal. He had come back to the throne once, only to find himself a figurehead and ultimately packed off on his travels again. Moreover, there is much to be said for a life of exile from a Balkan king's point of view. As long as he is on the throne he is encompassed by problems and perils. The sword of Damocles is ever hanging over his head. But once he is in exile, he is free as air.

Danger and responsibility are shuffled off. In the old days, it is true, exile from a throne often meant discomfort and poverty; but today, in most cases, this is no longer so. As a rule a royal exile is well provided with funds when he leaves his native land. A world of pleasure lies before him if pleasure be his bent—and it usually is.

For all that, if opportunity to return to the homeland offers itself, the exile is pretty sure to seize it. It may be the lure of the throne that attracts, with the prestige and power attendant thereon. But it is more probable that the exile is more deeply motivated by a sense of responsibility. If he was born heir to the throne, as is usually the case, he has been trained from birth for the position he is to occupy later. He must carry on as his father and grandfather have carried on. The people of the kingdom are to be his people. To the extent that the law of his country permits he is to be responsible for their welfare. He may lack the qualities essential to the highest success as a monarch. He may be hardhearted or narrowminded or weak and vacillating. For a time he may even be irresponsible, as was Carol of Rumania. But in the long run there is the same urge to succeed in his lifework that there is in the ambitious man who has chosen law or medicine or banking as his field.

So when the day comes for him to gain or regain the throne, the pleasures of exile must go by the board. George II apparently enjoyed himself during his enforced stay abroad. But when the second call to return came, he responded to it as he had done to the first.

Before he finally accepted the invitation extended by Kondylis, however, George stipulated that the Greek people should vote on the question of the restoration. Ac-

cordingly a plebiscite was held which brought out an overwhelming vote in favor of George's return, over a million and a half for it, less than 35,000 against it. Whether the vote really represented the overwhelming popular approval that it seemed to may be questioned; for under the shadow of Kondylis' dictatorship, the Greeks knew the wisdom of voting for monarchy. But at any rate George held the result satisfactory and accepted the recall to the throne.

"In obedience to the imperative call of my country," he said in his speech of acceptance in London, "I will come home among you. In so far as it concerns me, I will in the full consciousness of my obligations loyally carry out my duty in drawing the curtain over the recent past and looking forward only to the future." But—"I appeal to all conscious of their own responsibilities to extend to me their unqualified support, so that we may together go forward in co-operation and concord."

To his people at home he cabled: "Greeks! My ancestors' motto will also be mine. 'My strength lies in my people's love.'"

After a short interval he set out, stopping in Italy on his way home to pay his respects to King Victor Emmanuel and Mussolini, and to pray at the tomb of his father and mother in Florence. When he arrived on his native shores, Premier Kondylis was there to greet him.

"I am happy," said "The Thunderbolt," "to welcome your Majesty to the soil of the Fatherland."

"I am really grateful," replied the King, "to be able again to set foot on that soil."

Commenting on the restoration the Greek newspaper,

Atlantis, published in New York City, observed: "The return of the former King will very likely restore national unity and normal political life to the country." This optimistic prophecy has not been fulfilled. Instead of returning to the normal political life of a constitutional monarchy, Greece has apparently surrendered herself to a Fascist dictatorship. When George returned to his country, there was some thought that Kondylis was aiming at a permanent dictatorship. He was known to be a great admirer of Mussolini; and it was said that he had visions of playing the part of a Greek Mussolini, with George in the role of Victor Emmanuel III.

Kondylis, however, turned out to be no problem at all. He was quietly "kicked upstairs." In other words, whether of his own free will or at the King's insistence, he resigned his office of Premier; and the King then rewarded him with the highest decoration at his disposal, the Grand Cross of the Redeemer. He died in the spring of 1936.

Greece's "strong man" turned out to be not Kondylis, but General Metaxas. There were serious labor troubles in the country after the King's restoration and in the summer of 1936, apprehensive of the spread of Communist disorders, he agreed to a proclamation of martial law. Metaxas, who was Premier, announced a dictatorship. He declared the Chamber of Deputies dissolved and postponed all elections to an indefinite future.

Metaxas was sixty-five years old when he assumed power. Born on a little island near the shores of Greece, he chose a military career and served long and with distinction in the Greek army. At the same time he played a part in politics. Twice he was exiled for his royalist sym-

pathies. After George's second restoration, however, he rose rapidly, holding one portfolio in the ministry after another until he finally became Premier. Stout and rather short, peering out at the world behind horn-rimmed glasses, ruthless in repressing opposition, Metaxas has long been considered by many the strongest will in Greece. It was natural for the King to turn to him in emergency.

The advent of the dictatorship does not necessarily mean, however, that George is now but a puppet king. The fact that Metaxas was sixty-five years old when he became dictator and the fact that he has always been loyal to the throne, suggest that King and dictator rule in harmony. It seems probable that the restored monarch had had enough of being a figurehead when he was on the throne the first time. He has said that his strength lies in his people's love. But perhaps he also believes that his people's love lies in his strength. Metaxas may well be a means of manifesting and increasing that strength. In a word it may well be that, speaking paradoxically, the King is the man behind his own throne.

Like George of Greece, Carol II of Rumania lived for some years in exile. But while George was exiled for purely political reasons, it was love that long kept Carol from his native land. In fact, Carol's career can only be understood in the light of his love affairs. The romances of most royal personages, however much that of Edward VIII of England may seem to argue to the contrary, have usually little direct political significance. But at least two of Carol's love affairs have been matters of national moment. They are part and parcel of the history of Rumania.

The first of these affairs was with Zizi Lambrino, daughter of an officer in the Rumanian army. There had been several minor episodes earlier. The young prince's amorous propensities had caused shocked comment even in the lax atmosphere of the Rumanian court, and had led to his being called on the carpet by his father, King Ferdinand. But the affair with Zizi Lambrino was very different. Rumor has it that she held him off for some time and that his ardor increased in proportion to the difficulties he encountered.

Finally, however, she yielded to his ardent wooing and they arranged to marry. But as it was contrary to Rumanian law for a member of the House of Hohenzollern, to which Carol belonged, to marry a Rumanian girl, the romantic couple decided to elope. So they fled secretly to Russia and were married in a church in Odessa in 1918.

News of the elopement and marriage aroused a storm of astonishment and anger in Rumania. Russia, which had deserted the cause of the Allies in 1917 and gone over to Bolshevism, was looked upon by many Rumanians as an enemy country, and some of these did not hesitate to denounce Carol's flight to that land as treason. Queen Marie was furious, but for other reasons. She had had other plans for her son, whom she had always tried to dominate, and she sent word to him to return at once. Despite all this resentment, however, Carol would have lived on in exile with his bride had it not been for one very prosaic reason: he was running out of money. So finally he had to come home.

Immediately after his return his mother went into action. The marriage with Zizi was annulled by the Ru-

manian Supreme Court, and Carol was persuaded to marry the Princess Helene of Greece. Having yielded to his mother, Carol wrote Zizi, telling her of his undying love for her but breaking the sad news that he was about to take another wife. Zizi wrote back in tearful protest, but Carol remained firm and she was left to console herself as best she might. The marriage with Princess Helene was duly celebrated in 1921 and later a son, Prince Michael, was born to the royal couple.

As might have been foreseen, however, the new marriage turned out badly. The amorous Carol soon fell in love again, this time with Madame Tampeano, divorced wife of a Rumanian army officer who, after her divorce, resumed her maiden name, Magda Lupescu. She was the daughter of a thrifty, well-to-do Jewish chemist and a Catholic mother, and she herself was baptized a Roman Catholic. In course of time it became evident that she was an unusual personality. Endowed with plenty of courage and no mean intelligence, this redhaired, vivacious, charming lady was destined to become the dominating influence in Carol's life and a powerful factor in Rumanian politics.

In the early days of his affair with Magda Lupescu, some of Carol's friends ventured to protest against the marked attentions he was paying to the new lady of his choice. But the Prince was not to be dissuaded.

"If to be king," he said, "means not to live one's own life as one wishes, I prefer life to a throne. I have the same right to happiness as the milkman has."

King Ferdinand, however, thought differently about the question of a milkman's happiness. In November, 1925, he ordered Madame Lupescu to leave the country. At first the

spirited lady refused, protesting stoutly that Rumania was her country and that she had a right to live there. However in the end she went—but not to lasting defeat. Shortly after she left her native land Prince Carol went to London to attend the funeral of Queen Alexandra. On his way back Madame Lupescu met him at the railway station in Paris. The upshot was that instead of returning to Bucharest, Carol accompanied his lady love to Venice.

From Venice he wrote a letter to King Ferdinand renouncing his right to the throne.

“I not only renounce the throne,” he wrote, “but I renounce all the rights that I have, all the rights given to me by the Rumanian laws, over my child and over my wealth.”

Back in Rumania they took him at his word. A law was passed excluding him from the throne, and providing that his five-year-old son, Michael, should succeed when King Ferdinand died. Provision was further made for a council of regency to govern the country in the event of Ferdinand's death before Michael came of age. This council the ambitious Queen Marie hoped to dominate when the time came.

Having made his sweeping renunciation, Carol proceeded to enjoy himself. From Venice to Paris, from Paris to Deauville, from one scene of pleasure to another, the gay ex-heir to the throne flitted in his high powered car with his redhaired mistress beside him. French children who had learned to recognize them as they passed along the road would call out:

“La Princesse Rouge! La Belle Juive!”

In Paris they attracted a crowd of gay friends, theatrical

people, newspaper men, a sprinkling of musicians, artists and hangers-on of the sort who love to hover around the great and the near-great. Paris was glad enough to have them there. Curiosity to see them attracted tourists to the French capital. They spent money freely. In the cafés and restaurants waiters accorded them the quick, respectful attention which they reserve for those who know how to eat, drink and be merry and who are liberal with their tips. They were often recognized in those days in Paris, dining in merry company at a great round table reserved for special occasions and distinguished guests. Carol would come in with shambling gait, his redhaired lady with him. At table Magda would make herself conspicuous with her loud talk and loud laughter. Refinement was never her forte.

Back in Rumania the deserted Helene waited, little pleased with her exiled husband's diversions, growing more and more bitter. Finally, in 1928, her marriage with her faithless spouse was dissolved and she was given the consoling title of Princess of Rumania.

The year before the dissolution of the marriage King Ferdinand died and little Michael, son of Carol and Helene, was proclaimed King in his stead, a council of regency governing in the youthful sovereign's name as had been previously arranged. But Michael was destined to have but a short reign. Carol grew more and more impatient to attain the throne; and despite his renunciation of it and his widely advertised escapades, there were many in Rumania who wanted him back. The once powerful Bratianu party, unfriendly to Carol, had lost ground. Queen Marie's ambition to dominate the council of regency had

aroused hostility to her and to it. A large part of the Rumanian army was enthusiastic about the errant Hohenzollern, and was ready to play an active part in his restoration. Most important of all, the able and devotedly patriotic Juliu Maniu, leader of the National Peasant party, who became Prime Minister in 1928, decided that it was to the best interests of the country to bring the exiled Prince to the throne.

It was Maniu who, more than anyone else, was responsible for the prodigal's return. He secured the backing of his own party and assured himself that public opinion in general was sufficiently favorable. But, as he himself confessed later, he delayed for a time for two reasons: "First," he says, "I needed assurance from H.R.H. Prince Carol that . . . he intended to reign in a constitutional manner and not through personal friends; and secondly, that he would separate from Madame Lupescu, whose fatal influence on Carol enshadows him."¹

In due course Maniu's mind was set at rest. Madame Lupescu is said to have promised theatrically that "the day that H.R.H. is restored to the throne for the happiness of his country, I shall disappear forever and my only wish is that hereafter no one shall speak of me." This and other assurances convinced the Premier that Carol and his mistress would part forever, and that if the Prince were restored he would govern constitutionally. So he sent word that "if . . . H.R.H. Prince Carol should decide independently to return he would find a good friend in me."²

¹ Quoted in Gunther, "Inside Europe," 1937 edition. Gunther gives several extracts from Maniu's story of the restoration, never previously published, pp. 350 ff.

² *Ibid.*, p. 350.



Acme Photo.

KING CAROL II OF RUMANIA AND MADAME MAGDA LUPESCU ENJOYING

The result was the *coup d'état* of June, 1930. One day when Carol was about to set out for a family gathering in Bavaria, a telegram arrived from his brother Prince Nicholas, saying, in substance, "Now is the time." So Carol, who had kept himself in readiness, took off at once in an airplane for Bucharest. A few hours later when he swooped down from the skies to the Rumanian capital, the streets were gay with flags and thronged with people waiting joyously to greet him. Conspicuous in the crowds were detachments of Rumanian soldiers in brightly colored uniforms. After he had landed, he went to the royal palace, on a balcony of which he appeared time after time, with his brother Nicholas, and smiled in response to the plaudits of the crowds below.

Two days later the National Assembly proclaimed him King. Not only did it do so, but it dated the beginning of his reign back to the date of his father's death in 1927. So Michael hadn't been King at all and Carol had been King a good part of the time that he had been playing around in Venice and Paris and Deauville! It is said that he is the only sovereign on record who was King for three years without knowing it.

Carol has hardly had an easy time of it since his return. He came back when the world was in the throes of the great depression. Rumania's business was going from bad to worse. Her foreign trade was rapidly declining. Most significant of all, since Rumania is primarily an agricultural country, the peasants were in wretched condition. Many of them could not buy the three things considered essential to a minimum of decent living: salt, kerosene and matches. The depression in Rumania was no more the fault

of Carol than the depression in the United States was the fault of President Hoover. But the Rumanian King, like the American President, had to endure the criticism which always finds a focus in the head of a state when conditions are bad.

And then there was the Jewish problem of which the Lupescu question is an integral part. Madame Lupescu did not keep her promise to disappear forever the day that Carol returned to Rumania. On the contrary she was back in the country in two months. Carol had found that he could not get along without her. Since her return she has been the target of a bitter and dangerous hostility, so dangerous that she dares not appear in public. There is a deepseated anti-Jewish feeling in Rumania, and the fact that the King's mistress is a Catholic and only half-Jewish does little or nothing to mitigate antagonism toward her. An even stronger count against her is the great political influence that she exercises. Behind the scenes, in connection with a powerful little group of the King's friends, this clever woman pulls wires, places some men in important positions and puts others out, makes and unmakes careers. Naturally this subterranean activity arouses widespread resentment, especially among politicians who fail to find favor in her eyes and among their followers.

Soon after Madame Lupescu came back to Rumania Maniu resigned his position as Prime Minister. He naturally felt he had been duped, and neither he nor the National Peasant party has ever forgiven the King. Besides the National Peasant party, another organization deeply hostile to the monarch's favorite is the Fascist Iron Guard, founded in Bucharest in 1927 and with branches scattered

throughout the country. It was this organization which was responsible for the assassination of Jon Duca, Prime Minister of the country, and one of the inner circle of political friends of the King and his mistress. Later, in 1937, when Carol deprived his brother Nicholas of all his titles and all right of succession to the throne for having imitated the royal example by marrying a commoner ("There is no puritan like a reformed rake," as John Gunther observes), the Iron Guard was said to have been aroused once more. It was thought by some that it would start a revolution to overthrow Carol and put Nicholas on the throne. But the storm never broke, and in a little while the rumblings subsided. The Iron Guard, it may be added, has never manifested animosity toward the King himself. But like its prototype, the Nazi party in Germany, it is avowedly anti-Jewish and it insists that the King part company with his Jewish mistress.

In the early summer of 1936 there occurred an angry outburst of feeling against Madame Lupescu and the Jews. Half a million members of the National Peasant party took part in a great demonstration against the influence of the King's mistress in the Government. More than a hundred thousand of these marched through the streets of Bucharest, demanding that the Prime Minister resign from office and that Madame Lupescu be sent into exile. In a rousing speech Juliu Maniu proclaimed that "the roads between the King and the peasants shall no longer be barricaded by the court camarilla."

The Fascists carried on where the peasants left off. They rioted in the streets of the capital. Motorcars were wrecked. Windows of the houses of Jewish doctors and

lawyers were smashed. Jews were seized and beaten. With difficulty the police finally succeeded in restoring order.

But Madame Lupescu refused to budge. She might have to live in seclusion and in the midst of perils. But leave the country she would not, and Carol backed her in her stand.

Early in 1938 the political situation became so dangerous and difficult that the King decided to cut the Gordian knot by openly concentrating power in his own hands. Elections had been held late in 1937 in which the Liberal party, on which Carol had counted for support, had been badly defeated. Instead of turning to the National Peasant party which, though it had not obtained a majority, had polled more votes than any other one group, the King chose as his Prime Minister, Octavian Goga, leader of the anti-Semitic, anti-parliamentary, pro-Nazi National Christian party which had won less than ten per cent of the votes in the elections. Goga was known to be a pliable individual who had long been a close friend of both Carol and Madame Lupescu and the King presumably expected him to be an easily manipulated tool of the royal power.

The new Premier, however, soon found himself in hot water. The Government which he headed proceeded at once to issue a number of harsh, anti-Semitic decrees. Though these were but little enforced, a severe economic crisis ensued. For the Jews control some eighty per cent of the trade of Rumania and many of them, not knowing what would happen, simply stopped trading. At the same time rumors that Rumania was about to throw in her fortunes with Germany and Italy aroused alarm and indignation in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, France and Russia. Dangerous possibilities loomed on the international hori-

zon. Finally there were clashes between Goga's armed followers and members of the Iron Guard. In one of these two men of the Iron Guard were killed.

For Carol this was the last straw. On the afternoon of February 10th, according to a despatch printed in the *New York Times* the next day, when Goga appeared at the palace for an audience with the King, Carol received him icily and said roughly:

"What are you doing here? Do you still want to see me about anything in view of the situation now?"

"But, Your Majesty," protested the Premier, "I have a long audience granted me for the settlement of a great many routine questions."

The King broke in brusquely: "Look here, Goga, this sort of electoral bullying (referring to the killing of the two Iron Guards) cannot go on."

When Goga continued to protest the King said angrily:

"Don't argue with me. I am forming a government of national concentration. I want your resignation by 7:30 tonight."

There was nothing left for the crestfallen Goga to do but resign, which he did forthwith. And the King proceeded to form his government of "national concentration," choosing as Prime Minister the Patriarch Miron Cristea, head of the Rumanian Orthodox Church, and appointing to the Cabinet members of various political parties. Elections which were to be held in March were called off. Orders were given that Parliament was not to meet. Government is now by royal decree.

Thus Carol has joined the ranks of the dictators. Privately he has said that the dictatorship is to last only some

five or six months and that he will then return to constitutional government. Whether he will carry out these assurances remains to be seen.

The Jews received the news of the establishment of a dictatorship with joy. The new Premier is anti-Semitic but anti-Semitism is likely to take a milder form under Carol's dictatorship than it would have taken under Goga's direction, much less than it would have taken had the Iron Guard come to power. Not long before the dictatorship was proclaimed Carol gave assurances to a representative of the Associated Press that there would be no violent persecution of the Jews.

"A Jewish problem? Yes, we have one, and we are wrestling with it," he said. "How, ultimately, the problem is to be met is not altogether clear, but the first and important part of our policy will be that there shall be no violence to Jews. Of that we are certain. . . ."

"It is understandable that in some quarters there might be concern. But it may be stated on the highest authority that Rumania contemplates no inhumanities."

The Rumanian King's escapades long made him ridiculous in the eyes of many people. But he is far from being the fool that a certain part of the press in Europe and America would make him out to be. He is said to be willful, obstinate, and lacking in stability. He is extravagant in his tastes and too childishly fond of showy uniforms. But he has courage and is by no means unintelligent. His most severe critic can hardly withhold him a grudging respect for his loyalty and courage in standing by Madame Lupescu. "If the whole world knew the truth about our

affair," he once remarked, "it would be more sympathetic toward us."

Carol's assumption of dictatorship is little to the liking of those of us who believe in democracy. But a politically backward country like Rumania, seething with discontent and torn by factional strife, is far from easy to rule; and it is probable that the King sincerely believes that a royal dictatorship offers the most practical solution of the difficult problem of government. At any rate Emil Lengyel, able commentator on central and eastern European affairs, says: "King Carol is far from being a typical tyrant and it is not easy to get into a rage over him. He is trying his best, according to his light, to help his country."

The fundamental problems of Balkan kings are very different from those of their fellow sovereigns in Western Europe. As has been pointed out, monarchs in Western Europe participate but slightly in the work of government. They are expected to attune themselves to the democratic spirit of the age, to be tactful and sympathetic, to make themselves reasonably popular, to preside or be the guests of honor at important ceremonies and to use their prestige to work in an inoffensive way for the welfare of their peoples. They may be consulted behind the scenes by the ministers of their countries, but these ministers are not obliged to take their advice. The active work of making policies and laws is relegated to cabinets and parliaments. Any hint of undue interference on the part of a king would be met with instant resentment, and would in all probability prove utterly ineffective. These monarchs are supposed to be above all parties and all factions, symbols of national unity.

Balkan monarchs, on the other hand, still have real powers. As a rule they have not been absolute sovereigns, though today, perhaps, the tendency to royal dictatorship may be increasing. Customarily they have been restrained by parliaments and constitutions; but these constitutions are usually not as restrictive of the royal power as those of Western Europe. Thus the Rumanian constitution of 1923, for which Carol recently substituted one of his own construction, differed from the British constitution "in the numerous and considerable rights accorded to the monarch," including the very significant right to veto parliamentary legislation.

But apart from what constitutions may or may not permit, the factional strife that prevails in internal Balkan politics is apt to work to the advantage of monarchical power. Monarchs can often play off one faction against another in accord with the good old Roman principle of "*Divide et impera*," or they can espouse one faction and ignore or hold down the others. Of course, this playing with factions exposes a Balkan monarch to grave dangers: control of him by the very group he is seeking to use as an instrument of power, exile if his own faction goes under or assassination by a member of a hostile group. But in seething southeastern Europe monarchs can hardly avoid playing this sort of politics. A Balkan ruler who tried to rise above all parties, as the sovereigns of Western Europe do, might finally become a dictator. But he would be much more likely to end as a party-ridden figurehead, an exile or a corpse.

In broad outlines, the explanation of the Balkan monarchs' situation and conduct is simple. These rulers are

subjected to two great contrasting influences: first, that of the backward, semi-Oriental civilization out of which these little states have sprung; and second, that of the alien, liberal, democratic movement of the nineteenth century.

At the opening of the nineteenth century, all of South-eastern Europe was under the rule of the Ottoman Turks, with the exception of the little principality of Montenegro, now incorporated in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia. To the Turks the Christian peoples under their yoke were "*rayahs*" (cattle), and were treated like cattle. Gradually, however, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, as the Ottoman Empire sank farther and farther into decline, one part after another emancipated itself from Turkish rule, until only a little territory around Constantinople remained to the Turk in Europe. From the territory thus freed from Ottoman domination the Balkan states took shape.

It is not surprising, then, that the Balkan peoples have not yet learned to govern themselves or to get along with one another. It is not surprising that they are overridden with factional strife and that their history is strewn with assassinations and expulsions of kings into exile.

Of Bulgaria's three Christian rulers since she freed herself from Turkish rule, two were forced to abdicate.

Of Rumania's three, the first was deposed, the second made to abdicate.

Of Montenegro's four (since 1782), one was murdered, and another forced to flee the kingdom.

Of the three kings of Greece from 1833 to 1917, the first was deposed, the second assassinated, the third, Constantine, forced to abdicate and driven into exile.

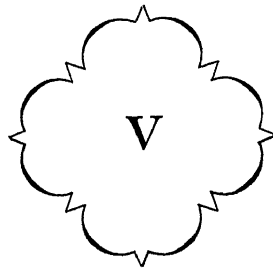
But of all Balkan royalty, that of Serbia has had the longest catastrophic history. Karageorge, the Serbian swineherd who began the struggle for independence against the Turks in the early nineteenth century and from whom the present King of Yugoslavia is descended, was murdered by a rival leader who himself became the ruler of Serbia. This sovereign was in his turn deposed after some years. His successor was deposed, restored and finally murdered. The next two rulers in the succession were deposed, and the one who followed was murdered. Finally, Alexander I of Yugoslavia was assassinated. Only one of all these Serbian sovereigns, Peter I, Alexander's father, managed to reign to the end of his days and die a natural death.

It might be assumed from this record of assassinations and depositions that the Balkan peoples are fundamentally hostile to royalty. But such an assumption is unjustified. Where antipathy has led to acts of violence against the Crown, it is usually antipathy to the man himself rather than to the institution of royalty. Some of the Balkan states have made a few experiments with republicanism, but these have not lasted long. It is in the logic of their history for these peoples to look to a monarch for leadership. And the kings for their part, knowing full well the dangers to which they are exposed, have attempted to manage their turbulent subjects by a combination of self-assertion and political finesse.

On the other hand, as the Balkan states came into being and developed, their peoples were stirred by the ideals of liberty and democracy which stemmed from western Europe and spread over a large part of the Continent in

the nineteenth century. As a result, constitutions were proclaimed in one country after another of southeastern Europe, one purpose of which was to restrict the royal power by means of popularly elected parliaments. The Balkan peoples did not stop to question whether they were advanced enough politically to make a success of constitutional government. They seemingly failed to realize that their own semi-Oriental historical development was pressing in a contrary direction: toward oneman rule. As a result of these two conflicting influences, one from western, the other from eastern Europe, the Balkan monarchs of today are in an equivocal position. They are hampered but not submerged by parliamentary institutions; and the limits of the powers that they may exert are far from clear to the outside world and even to their peoples and themselves.

From one point of view, all this means that the Balkan monarchs have come much less than their fellow sovereigns of Western Europe under the influence of that sporadically spreading movement to curb the authority of kings which began over three hundred years ago, and of which it is our purpose to give some account in later chapters. But to round out the picture of royalty today something must first be said of monarchs outside Europe.



OUTSIDE EUROPE

THE PROBLEM OF ROYALTY IS NOT CONFINED TO EUROPE. Even in Asia and Africa, the unrest and upheaval so characteristic of modern civilization have left their mark on the sovereigns of ancient states. In recent years the careers of three monarchs of these two continents have been completely altered by tumultuous changes: Henry Pu-yi of Manchukuo, Prajadhipok of Siam and Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. On the other hand, in Japan, the most modern and perhaps the most restless of the countries of the East, the throne stands, unshaken by turmoil, serene and splendid in its centuries-old sanctity.

The first of March, 1934, was a day of triumph for Henry Pu-yi. On the morning of that day he emerged in gorgeous robes from his palace in the city of Hsinchang, where for two years he had been Chief Executive of the newly established state of Manchukuo, stepped into a brand-new, armored motorcar and was whisked five miles from the city out into the desert. Soldiers, standing in the brilliant sunshine and stoically enduring a temperature far

below zero, lined the route through which the car passed, guarding every foot of the way. In the desert, at the end of the route, stood a somewhat tawdry "Altar of Heaven," hastily built for the occasion: and here while zooming airplanes circled overhead, the youthful Chief Executive was crowned, with ancient and appropriate religious ceremonies, Emperor of Manchukuo, "God's Regent on Earth." He was given the name Kang Teh, meaning "Tranquillity and Virtue."

It was not the first time that he had been crowned, for Henry Pu-yi had been born to the purple. In 1908, when he was about three years old, he acceded to the throne of a country far greater than the state of Manchukuo, the Empire of China. Manchukuo, Manchuria in those days, was, in fact, at that time merely a part of the sprawling Chinese Empire. But the reign of the little Emperor was short. The impact of Western civilization, coupled with dislike and fear of the "foreign devils," had brought in its train an overwhelming demand for reform and modernization along Western lines. Discontent with the reigning Manchu dynasty, under whose rule favoritism, corruption and inefficiency had permeated the Government, was rife. In 1911 a revolution broke out; and early in the following year the abdication of the Emperor was decreed and China was proclaimed a republic.

But the deposed Emperor was not banished from the country. On the contrary, by the terms of an agreement known as the "Articles of Favorable Treatment," the republican government allowed him to retain his titles and his palaces and granted him a pension amounting to about three million dollars. Thus, even though he had lost the

power to rule, his "spiritual quality of Emperor" was preserved and he lived on for some years in Peking, holding a shadowy court. Most of the Chinese people, who had little understanding of what the change in government from empire to republic signified, continued to think of the deposed ruler as their Emperor, who had of his own free will accepted the "Articles of Favorable Treatment" and chosen to live temporarily in retirement.

In 1924, however, the Christian General Feng-Yu-hsiang roughly put an end to this tolerant treatment of the deposed ruler. Seizing Peking, he destroyed the "Articles of Favorable Treatment," to the horror of the vast majority of those of the Chinese people who realized what was going on, and kept the "Son of Heaven" virtually a prisoner. Though Feng was later driven out and the Emperor set free, it was feared that he would return later. So Mr. (later Sir) Reginald Johnston, the Emperor's tutor, helped him to escape to Tientsin, where he was warmly welcomed by the Japanese.

He was still living in Tientsin when the Japanese overran Manchuria, established the state of Manchukuo early in 1932 and invited him to become its Chief Executive. He accepted at once. There was a rumor at the time that he had been kidnaped and forced to take his new position by the Japanese, but there is no reason to suppose that this was true. "Kidnaped! Kidnaped! No! No!" he cried, when asked about the rumor by an interviewer, and threw back his head, roaring with laughter. His reasons for taking the post, he said, were two. In the first place, Manchuria was the home of his ancestors, the land from which the Manchu dynasty had gone forth to conquer China. In the

second place, when he had abdicated the Chinese throne, he had done so with the object of restoring sovereignty to the Chinese people. But instead of such a restoration, the country had been torn with strife and exploited by grasping militarists. Evidently it did not trouble his conscience at all to accept his position as Chief Executive of Manchukuo at the bidding of the Japanese. It was just two years later and again under Japanese auspices that he was crowned Emperor.

The Emperor Kang Teh seems to combine in his person the influence of the Occident and the Orient. The very name by which he was known before his coronation suggests it: Henry Pu-yi, with the ridiculously Western prefix, "Mister." Before his accession to the throne of Manchukuo, dressed in Western garb, soft collar, necktie and sack suit, wearing spectacles, he looked very much like a Chinese graduate student at an American university. Even today, in his not very sumptuous palace at Hsin-ching, once a tax office, he diverts his dull routine by reading the *Illustrated London News*, enjoying a movie or playing handball.

Fundamentally, however, he is of the Orient. He enjoys painting in the classical Chinese manner. He spends much time in quiet meditation. Not so long ago he talked quite freely with visitors privileged to see him. Now, on the rare occasions when distinguished foreigners are admitted to his presence, he receives them in complete silence. Not a word is exchanged.

Apparently he wants to do all he can for the welfare of his subjects, but he has no faith in democracy. On the contrary he is quite hostile to it. He looks to a revival of

Oriental ethics to regenerate his people. "Our primary efforts," he said shortly before he was crowned Emperor, "are directed to make this country a land of contentment, tranquillity and happiness, under the benevolent principles of *Wangtao*." The doctrine of *Wangtao* originated more than twenty centuries before Christ and means "the Way of the King." From the monarch, from the Emperor, goodness and happiness are to radiate to the people like rays of warm sunshine. "If you remove the selfish motive from men's hearts," he said not long ago, "then the peace and welfare of Asia as well as that of the whole world will be achieved." Such is the characteristically Oriental, if not very practical, ideal of the Emperor Kang Teh.

The Japanese invasion of China suggests the possibility that some day the Emperor of Manchukuo will be restored to the throne from which he was ousted in childhood. Such a restoration would be a natural move on the part of the Japanese. Kang Teh is generally looked upon today as the puppet ruler of a puppet state. If the Japanese bring him back as Emperor of China, no doubt they will expect him to be a puppet ruler in their interest and very likely he will be. But China has a way of "taking captive her rude conquerors." She does not conquer them. She simply absorbs them in her vastness. So even if Kang Teh is restored to the Imperial throne of China, the time may come long after he is dead when the Chinese Empire will be as independent of Japan as it was in days of yore. In that case the conquest by the Japanese, as well as the republican movement, will have been all in vain. China will take up her history at the point where it was interrupted by the ferment of the early twentieth century.

On a stifling hot morning a little less than four months after Henry Pu-yi was crowned Emperor of Manchukuo, Prajadhipok, "King of Siam, Buddha's Prince, Brother of the Moon, Supreme Arbiter of the Ebb and Flow of the Tides," left his seaside villa of Hua-Hin for a game of golf. As he was about to drive off from the first tee, a grimy, disheveled man rushed up to him and told him that there had been a revolution in Bangkok, the capital city of Siam. The man was Prince Purachatra, a relative of the King and one of the highest officials of the country, who had managed to elude the revolutionists, seized an engine, packed his family into it and driven furiously down the railroad to seek safety and inform his sovereign of what had happened.

A little later Prajadhipok received a telegram from the leaders of the revolution telling him of what had happened, and asking him to return to Bangkok to ratify a constitution which had been drawn up by one of their number. He readily agreed. Up to that time this somewhat frail, near-sighted, unimpressive little man, weighing about a hundred pounds, had been one of the very few absolute monarchs left in the world. But Prajadhipok had allowed a large measure of power to get into the hands of his relatives, the Princes of the Blood. These Princes, many of them educated at Oxford or Harvard, were commonly believed to have exploited the people while they themselves led lives of luxury; and it was against them, rather than against the little King, that the revolution was really directed.

What the revolutionists demanded was the transformation of Siam from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy

on the Western model. Prajadhipok, who always seems to have had at heart the welfare of his subjects, was quite willing to accede to their wishes. Unlike the Emperor Kang Teh, he believed in democratic government. Accordingly a constitution (replacing the one signed by the King immediately after the revolution) was promulgated in December, 1932. It provided for parliamentary government and granted the right to vote to all men and women of twenty years of age or over.

It is one thing to modernize an ancient, absolute monarchy on paper, however, and quite another to modernize it in practice. In practice the constitutional regime turned out to be a thinly-veiled dictatorship, with power centering in the hands of Colonel Phya Bahol, who had led the military clique which had brought about the revolution and who was later made Commander-in-chief of the army and Prime Minister. For some time the King worked to put into effect real constitutional government, but he constantly found his efforts obstructed by Phya Bahol and his associates. Finally, early in 1935, after Phya Bahol had forced through the National Assembly certain measures particularly obnoxious to the monarch, he sadly decided to abdicate the throne. "I am unable," he stated in his abdication proclamation on March 2, "to agree that any party should carry on the administration in this way under cover of my name. I am willing to surrender my former powers in favor of the people generally, but I refuse to surrender to any particular individual or party so that power can be used in an autocratic way without the people having any voice."

Thus dictatorship defeated constitutional monarchy in Siam. But the form of monarchical government was retained. Prajadhipok's nephew, Ananda, at the time an eleven-year-old schoolboy in Switzerland, succeeded to the throne and a Council of Regency was set up to reign in his name during his minority.

Prajadhipok was in England at the time of his abdication, having gone there for an operation on his sadly afflicted eyes. England was familiar soil to him, for it was there that he had been educated. In 1913 he had gone to Eton, at which historic school he had been a pupil for six years. Later he had attended the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he was given an excellent military training. So England was a second home to him. The day after he had announced his abdication he granted a strictly non-political interview to representatives of the press at Knowle, the ancient estate in Surrey which he had leased during his stay in the country. Bareheaded, smoking a pipe, wearing a tweed suit and a pullover sweater, the ex-King was quite the English country gentleman. "I like the English countryside very much," he said. "I have always liked it. The Queen is as fond of this country as I am. We have done a lot of motoring since we came here. Perhaps we may take a holiday now." Then he smiled and added: "One thing I want to ask you. In what you are writing about me please do not talk about the 'brother of the moon' or the twenty-four umbrellas. That's all bunk. There is a nine-tiered umbrella in our ritual but I don't know who invented the title which is ascribed to me."

The story of Haile Selassie has been told so often and so recently that it is not necessary to retell it here in detail. Photographs of the slender little blackbearded King of Kings of Abyssinia, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, who claims descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, with his long cape thrown over his shoulders, are familiar to readers of the press the world over. Acting as Regent of Abyssinia for some time under the Empress Zeoditu, he came to the throne at her death in 1930 and was crowned in the cathedral of Addis Ababa. The Duke of Gloucester represented England at the ceremony and Marshal Franchet d'Esperey, France. From the outset his reign was beset with troubles. It was his task to hold together and rule a principality of virtually feudal chieftains, while at the same time he attempted to spread European culture and European technology among his backward people. An intelligent, skillful organizer, a shrewd diplomat and a hard worker despite none too robust health, he struggled manfully with his difficulties until the war with Italy forced him to turn all his energies toward saving his country and his throne. But the unequal struggle was too much for him. The Italian invasion began in October, 1935. On May 2 of the following year the little Emperor fled with his family from Addis Ababa, and shortly thereafter his country was annexed to Italy.

The exiled monarch betook himself to Jerusalem. Thence he sailed by warship and steamer to England, reaching the shores of that country early in June. By rail he went to London, where a cheering crowd greeted him at the station as he descended from his railway carriage,

clad in an anomalous costume of black cape, blue serge trousers and a derby hat. In London he made his home at first in an ornate residence at 6 Prince's Gate. Later he went to live in a gray stone house on a hill near the city of Bath. Here he continued to hold the semblance of a court and from time to time entertained English friends in a modest way. For the most part he has been conspicuously ignored by British officialdom, but much to the anger of the Italians he was invited to the coronation of King George VI.

At the end of June, 1936, the dethroned King of Kings made a pathetic appeal to the Assembly of the League of Nations for justice to his country and himself. As he stepped upon the rostrum in the Assembly Hall at the invitation of the President of the Assembly and started to speak, pandemonium broke loose. In the press gallery Italian newspaper correspondents furiously shouted insults at him. The League delegates rose in protest against this amazing interruption. Swiss policemen appeared on the scene, arrested the correspondents and put them in jail. After order was restored Haile Selassie quietly went on with his speech, accusing Italy of barbarous conquest. In concluding he asked, "What measures do you intend to take? What reply have I to take back to my people?"

The Assembly made no answer. It did, indeed, vote to seat the Ethiopian delegates to the Assembly, despite the angry protests of the Italian Government. But to all pleas for action in behalf of Ethiopia it turned a deaf ear. In an anarchic world such as that of today it could hardly do otherwise.

Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, has never known such vicissitudes as have been the lot of the Emperor of Manchukuo and the former kings of Siam and Abyssinia. The stability of the institution of monarchy in the Flowery Kingdom is amazing. The Imperial dynasty is over two thousand years old, the oldest reigning dynasty in the contemporary world. It has survived even the tremendous transformation that the country has undergone since a little after the middle of the nineteenth century. Before that time the Emperors had lived for nearly seven centuries (1186-1867) in seclusion. Temporal power was exercised by an official known as the Shogun. The Japanese people were shut off from the rest of the world, forbidden to leave the country. Foreign trade was almost entirely prohibited.

Then in 1853 came Commodore Perry's visit to the islands, followed the next year by a treaty permitting trade with the United States. A little later came similar treaties with other countries. The Mikado, to give the Emperor the title by which he is known to the Western world, angry at the Shogun for making these treaties without consulting him, awoke from the lethargy of centuries. Civil war ensued in 1867, the Shogun was defeated and the Shogunate abolished. The Mikado assumed the reins of power. The existing feudal regime was swept away. Military conscription was adopted and the army reorganized on the European model. Railways, steamships and factories were built, the factories pouring forth an ever-increasing amount of goods. Education was revolutionized under the guidance of Western teachers. Constitutional, parliamentary government was established with a wide franchise.

Japan had become a modern industrial country and a world power.

If the institution of monarchy in Japan has come virtually unscathed through all this revolutionary modernization, which in most other countries would have overthrown it or altered it almost beyond recognition, this is because of its sacred character in Japanese eyes. The theory of the divine right of kings which buttressed the throne of Louis XIV of France pales in comparison with the reverential awe of the Japanese for the office of Emperor. The people of Japan are deeply religious. They are, it may be said, nationalistically religious, for religion and patriotism are with them one and the same. As Willard Price has expressed it:

“Japan is the only divine land.

“Japan’s Emperor is the only divine Emperor.

“Japan’s people are the only divine people.

“Therefore, Japan must be the light of the world.”¹

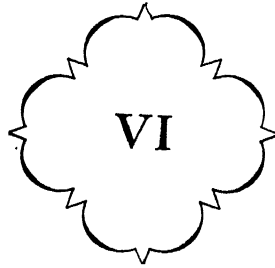
Every child is taught that the Emperor, the Heavenly King (Tenno) is the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, and partakes of her divine character. It is believed that the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, was himself a deity. In his “Commentaries on the Constitution” Prince Ito puts in a nutshell the deepseated belief of the Japanese people in the Emperor’s divinity: “The Sacred Throne was established at the time when the heavens and earth became separated. The Emperor is heaven-descended, divine and sacred.”

Had the Emperors oppressed their people or selfishly exploited them to advance their own ambitions, faith in

¹ Price, “Children of the Rising Sun,” p. 294.

their divinity might, in the course of centuries, have been damaged or destroyed. But they have never been wantonly cruel. They have never been ambitious for themselves. Consequently they have never forfeited the respect and devotion of their subjects. So whatever storms may break about other thrones, the Emperor Hirohito can rest in godlike peace in his palace at Tokyo, revered and adored by his subjects, his dreams undisturbed by nightmares of revolt against his sacred person.

It is unnecessary to discuss farther the problems of monarchs in Asia or Africa. For Europe is the real theater in which the drama of royalty's decline has been played. It is doubtful whether the institution of monarchy would have been much affected in any part of the Orient or the dark continent had it not been for the impact of Europe. It was European influence that stirred up China and led to the revolution that ousted Henry Pu-yi from the Imperial throne of that country and brought him thence by devious paths to another throne in Manchukuo. It was in imitation of European models that Siam became a constitutional monarchy. It was Italian imperialism that took Haile Selassie's country from him and made him a fugitive. In a sense what has happened in Asia and Africa is byplay. It is to Europe, therefore, that we now return.



TWO STUBBORN STUARTS

“A SUBJECT AND A SOVEREIGN ARE CLEAN DIFFERENT things.”

Thus spoke King Charles I of England a few moments before he met death on the scaffold. Throughout his life he had clung with sincerity and tenacity to the conviction that the King should always be the master, the people the servant. It was the King's place to command, the people's place to obey. Of the theory of the sovereignty of the people he had no conception. The British Government of today, constitutional monarchy based on the rule of the people, would have shocked him. “For the people,” he said on the scaffold, “truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whatsoever; but I must tell you that their liberty and freedom consists in having government, those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not having a share in their government; that is nothing pertaining to them.”

Like his father James I, Charles believed to the depths of his being that kings ruled by divine right. And the

theory of the divine right of kings had no more ardent champion than James. He expatiated on it in his writings and speeches. "Monarchie," he wrote, "is the trew paterne of Divinitie." "Kings are the breathing Images of God upon earth." They "are not only God's Lieutenants upon earth, and sit upon God's throne, but even by God himselfe they are called Gods." "As it is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do," he said in a speech in 1616, "so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do." James summed up his conception of government in a Latin epigram: "*A deo rex, a rege lex*"—"The King comes from God, the law from the King."

It is not surprising that King James and King Charles held convictions such as these. They reigned during the first half of the seventeenth century, when absolute monarchy was the prevalent pattern of government in Europe. Absolute monarchy had flourished in England during the sixteenth century, and it was but natural to assume that it would continue to flourish in that country as elsewhere.

It is true that England had a Parliament which made the laws with the consent of the monarch, and which was in a position to refuse the monarch grants of money if it dared to do so. But the Tudor sovereigns who reigned in sixteenth-century England had known how to keep Parliament in a subordinate position. Above all they had known how to keep from becoming too dependent on it for money. Their absolutism was tinctured with tact, but it was absolutism just the same.

So when Henry VIII had desired to separate from the Church of Rome, Parliament had subserviently aided him

and in the Act of Supremacy had proclaimed the King "Supreme Head of the Church of England." Later, when Henry's daughter Mary Tudor had turned the face of England back to Catholicism, Parliament could not say her nay. Still later it had assisted in undoing Mary's work and re-establishing the Church of England. In their dealings with Parliament the Tudor sovereigns might use the velvet glove, but that body knew that the velvet glove concealed an iron hand. Had it tried to challenge the royal power, it would soon have found who was master.

Early in the seventeenth century, however, a change set in. The tactful Tudors were succeeded by the stubborn Stuarts; and against them there developed an opposition as pigheaded as the Stuarts themselves. A long conflict set in, which ended only with the accession of William of Orange to the throne after the "Glorious Revolution of 1688." During the greater part of this struggle the Anglican Church, the Established Church of England, lined up on the side of the King. Both Church and monarchy rested on the theory of divine right. Therefore, as a modern writer says, "to exalt the crown was to strengthen the established church, and the theologians of the Anglican church supported the royal prerogative as the most effective weapon against the papacy on the one hand and the Puritans on the other."¹ In 1640, when England was on the verge of civil war, a majority of the Anglican clergy even went so far as to assert that armed resistance to the King was a crime punishable by damnation in the hereafter. "For subjects to bear arms against their kings," they proclaimed, "offensive or defensive, upon any pretence

¹ Gettell, "History of Political Thought," p. 200.

whatsoever, is at least to resist the powers which are ordained of God; and though they do not invade, but only resist, yet Saint Paul tells them plainly they shall receive to themselves damnation."

In the camp opposing Crown and Church stood the Puritans and a Parliament controlled by a Puritan majority. Stern, unbending moralists and doctrinaires, the Puritans were dissatisfied with Anglicanism and sought to bend it in the direction of Calvinism. Abhorring Roman Catholicism, they would fain rid the Church of every last taint of "Popery." Some of them, known as Presbyterians, sought to do away with the rule of bishops and substitute government by laymen, called presbyters. An immoderate Puritan pamphleteer in Elizabeth's reign called the bishops "false governors of the Church, petty popes; proud, popish, profane, presumptuous, pernicious prelates and usurpers, enemies of God and the state." One group of Puritans, known as Independents or Separatists, sought to break away from the Anglican Church entirely.

Parliament not only backed up the cause of Puritanism against the King, but stood firm against him on other matters which it considered vital. It opposed his demands for money. It clashed with him frequently on questions of foreign policy. So it sought more and more to limit his powers and enhance its own.

Complicated as the long conflict was by the mixture of religious and political questions, the fundamental issue stands out clearly. It was whether or not a subject and a sovereign were clean different things. If they were clean different things, as Charles I later maintained with his dying breath, then the monarch was justified in expecting

and compelling the complete obedience of his people. He was within his rights in forcing the Puritans to conform with the forms and doctrines of the Established Church. He was justified in "suspending" laws of which he disapproved or in "dispensing" his subjects from obedience to them. He was entitled to resort to unusual and extraordinary expedients for raising money, if Parliament refused him the grants he deemed essential. He was within his rights in suppressing freedom of speech in Parliament and elsewhere. He might, if he pleased, throw recalcitrant members of Parliament into prison or even have them executed. If Parliament refused to bend to his will, he was justified in dissolving it and governing without it. Such was the Stuart interpretation of the theory of divine right monarchy.

On the other hand, if a subject and a sovereign were not clean different things, then the people or their representatives might lay claim to sovereign powers. In that case the Puritans were entitled to a voice in religious matters. Parliament had the right to refuse money to the King and to expect him to refrain from the use of unusual means to obtain it. It could claim for its members the right to discuss freely such matters as they chose in its sessions and the right to be immune from arbitrary arrest if they offended the King. It had the right to share the Government with the monarch. It might even claim that fundamental supremacy rested with it and not with the King. Such was the gradually developed parliamentary conception of government.

On the whole, the monarchical point of view had the best of it in theory and established practice. The right to

freedom of worship was rarely conceded in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The theory of divine-right monarchy was generally accepted. Parliament had played but a subordinate part in history. There was little basis for the dry assertion of John Selden, member of Parliament and most learned man of his day, that "There is no *species* of kings. A king is a thing men have made for their own selves, for quietness' sake, just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat." Parliament was hard put to it to find justification for some of its claims. It cited Magna Carta and other kingly guarantees against royal oppression, but such guarantees were scanty enough. It referred to a few writers like George Buchanan, a Scotchman and former tutor of King James, who had stated that government was a contract between sovereign and people and that "checks on the royal power were ancient and customary." But while it cited ancient precedents and earlier writings, Parliament was for the most part really laying claim to new powers.

It is probable that the conflict between Crown and Parliament would have come no matter who sat on the throne of England. But it was sharpened and intensified by the personalities of the first two Stuarts. There was little in the appearance and character of James I to recommend him to his subjects. He was an awkward, ungainly man, with a rolling gait, and a tongue too large for his mouth, "which ever made him speak full in the mouth, and made him drink very uncomely." He was slovenly and far from clean. "His skin was as soft as taffeta sassenet," says a contemporary, "which felt so because he never washed his

hands, only rubbed them slightly with the wet end of a napkin."

He was a man of considerable learning, but his learning smelt of the lamp. It was the encyclopedic knowledge of a pedant rather than the ripe, practical wisdom of an able man of affairs. A Frenchman dubbed him "the wisest fool in Christendom"; and once a Scotch clergyman, angrily plucking at his coat, called him "God's silly vassal." He talked too much and his Scotch accent grated on his subjects' nerves. But most of all his subjects resented his liking for handsome young men whom he caressed in public and promoted to high office with little regard for their abilities.

As a ruler he proved to be decidedly unfit. Though ordinarily goodhumored, he gave way to outbursts of wrath at critical moments. Though well-meaning enough, he was tactless, narrowminded, dictatorial, obstinate, too full of his own importance and too insistent on what he held to be those royal rights which God had conferred on him. Unlike his Tudor predecessors, he coveted not only the reality but the show of power. Above all he lacked the quality of sympathy by means of which some, at least, of his differences with Parliament and the Puritans might have been ironed out.

His hot temper, tactlessness and dictatorial temperament revealed themselves in a clash with the Puritan clergy soon after he succeeded the great Elizabeth on the throne in 1603. He held a great conference at his Hampton Court palace to consider a petition presented by Puritan divines for alterations in the forms, ceremonies and doctrines of the Anglican Church. For Puritanism at that time hoped to make over the Church in its own image. The conference

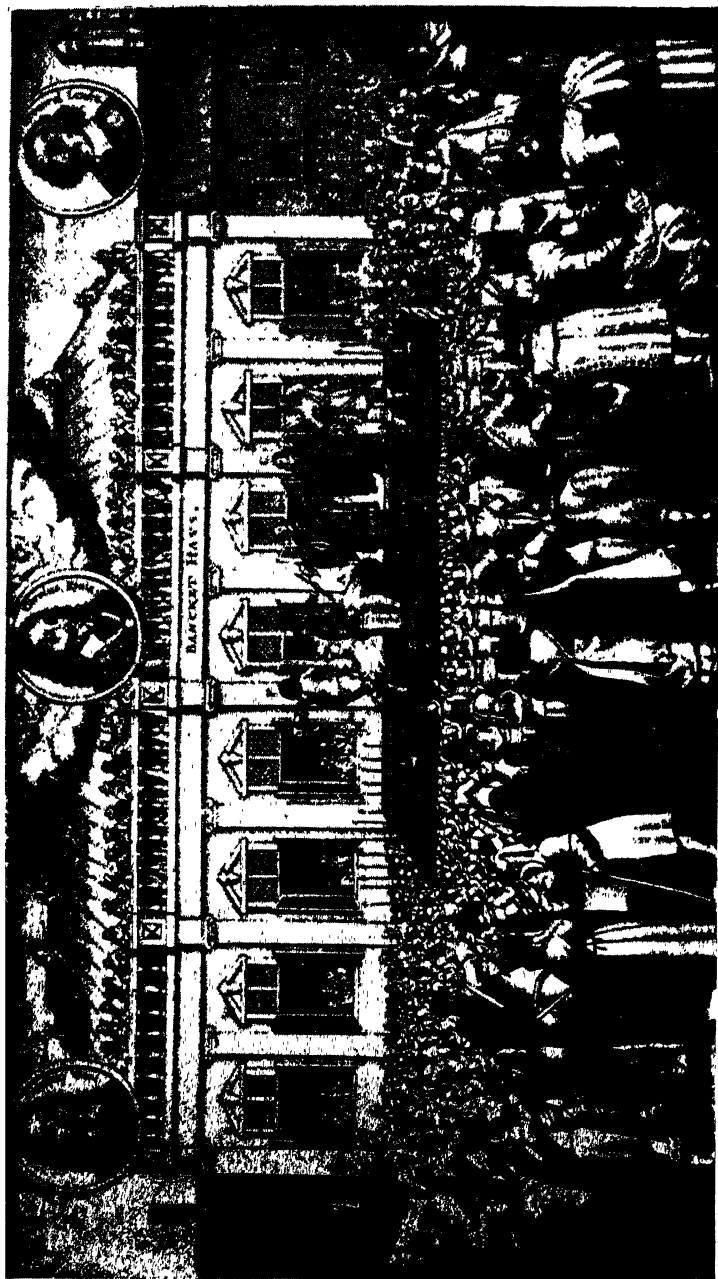
proceeded without too many hitches, until one of the clergymen hinted that the rule of bishops might better be done away with entirely and that of lay presbyters substituted as in Scotland. This was what the Presbyterian element among the Puritans ardently desired. In other words they proposed that the Church be democratized by putting it in the hands of elected laymen. James, who had been brought up in Presbyterian Scotland, rightly sensed danger to the Crown. If the Church were democratized why not the government of England? He flared up at once.

“A Scotch Presbytery,” he exclaimed angrily, “as well fitteth with a monarchy as God and the Devil. Then Jack and Tom, and Will and Dick, shall meet at their pleasure, censure me and my council and all our proceedings. . . . No Bishop, no King.”

Finally he lost all patience and walked out of the room, saying as he left: “If this be all they have to say I shall make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse.”

The King won a Pyrrhic victory. He did make some of the Puritans conform, and others he harried out of the land as he had promised. Some of the latter sought and found on the bleak shores of Massachusetts the freedom of worship that had been denied them in England. But throughout his reign the Puritans remained a thorn in his flesh, a menace to the royal power. And after his death they brought his son and successor to ruin and to execution on the scaffold.

Quarrels with Parliament followed hard on the heels of these difficulties with the Puritan clergy—quarrels over



THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I OF ENGLAND, JANUARY 30, 1649. FROM A DUTCH ENGRAVING MADE SHORTLY AFTER THE EVENT BY SEBASTIAN FURCK.

money, over religion, over questions of foreign policy. The whole reign was filled with wrangling. James was in desperate need of money, but a niggardly, hostile Parliament refused to grant him what he asked. So he turned to extraordinary expedients. He sold monopolies to manufacture goods, he forced men to loan him money under the guise of benevolences and he trafficked shamelessly in peerages and other titles. On one occasion, when a man who had bought a knighthood showed embarrassment at receiving it, the King, who was by no means lacking in wit, cried out: "What! hold up thy head, man; I have more reason to be ashamed than thou."

One outstanding controversy between King and Parliament illustrates especially well the yawning chasm that divided them. It arose out of the so-called Spanish marriage question. James was planning to have his son and heir, Charles, marry a daughter of the King of Spain. Parliament was outraged, for the Spanish princess was a Catholic. The Puritan majority in the House of Commons fearfully foresaw a return of England to "Popery" and resolved to take action. So, after a vehement debate on the issue, the House drew up a petition demanding the enforcement of the existing laws against Catholics. The petitioners also requested that "our most noble prince may be timely and happily married to one of our own religion."

James was furious when he read the petition. In his anger he ordered the House that "none therein shall presume to meddle with anything concerning our government or deep matters of state, and, namely, not to deal with our dearest son's match with the daughter of Spain."

Deeply stirred in its turn by the King's haughty com-

mand, the House discussed at great length what it should do next. As the debate wore on it grew so dark in the late November afternoon that for the first time in the history of the House candles had to be brought in and lighted. Finally a resolution to the King was drawn up stating that "Your Majesty doth seem to abridge us the ancient liberty of parliament for freedom of speech, jurisdiction and just censure of the House and other proceedings there . . . the same being our undoubted right and inheritance received from our ancestors."

James' retort to this assertion of rights was such as might be expected from a sovereign believing firmly in absolute monarchy. First, he made it clear that the attitude of the House on the Spanish marriage question was nothing less than treasonable. "We desire to know how you could have presumed to determine in that point without committing high treason," he said. Second, he told the House that its claim to freedom of debate was not "your ancient and undoubted right and inheritance," but rather that "your privileges were derived from the grace and permission of our ancestors and us."

Stubborn as ever, the House refused to be cowed. Instead it entered on the pages of its journal a "Great Protestation." In this it reiterated that "the liberties, franchises, privileges and jurisdictions are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England." It further affirmed that the members of Parliament were free to discuss whatever policies they chose and that they were rightfully immune from arrest.

When James heard of what had been done, he ordered the journal of the House sent to him. Then, with his own

hands, he tore the Great Protestation from its pages. Later he had some of the Commons leaders arrested and put in confinement.

The Spanish marriage did not take place. This anticlimax, however, came not because of Parliament's opposition but because of the breakdown of negotiations with Spain. Later Charles married a French princess who was a Catholic.

It was an unenviable legacy of debts and quarrels that James left his son and successor, Charles I, when he died in 1625. But at the outset much was hoped from the new King. He was handsome and athletic, dignified and gracious in his manners. He was known to be upright, kindly and abstemious, anxious to do well and a hard worker. "We can hope all things from the king who now governs us," said a courtier. Events proved, however, that Charles was narrowminded and even more dictatorial than his father had been. So intensely did he believe in divine-right monarchy and in his own course of action that he was utterly unable to recognize any sincerity or justice in those who opposed him. "Conscious of the purity of his own motives," says S. R. Gardiner, "he never ceased to divide mankind into two simple classes—into those who agreed with him, and those who did not; sheep to be cherished, and goats to be rejected."

The controversies of his father's reign were soon renewed. But after a few years when it became apparent that the bigoted Parliament was trying to turn the House of Commons into an oligarchy, the King decided to dissolve it. "Remember," he said in dismissing it, "that Parliaments

are altogether in my power for their calling, sitting, and dissolution.”

Then for over a decade he ruled alone. Absolute monarchy seemed to have come into its own. Hostile critics have called this period “The Tyranny.” But a seventeenth-century royalist historian wrote that after the dissolution of Parliament, “there quickly followed so excellent a composure through the whole kingdom, that the like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity for ten years was never enjoyed by a nation.”

It was a peace, however, that solved no fundamental problems and that paved the way for worse things to come. The opposition was scotched but not killed. Archbishop Laud, under Charles’ direction, enforced rigid conformity to Anglicanism. “I set my face like a flint and knew that I should not be ashamed,” said Laud, in self-approving comment on his work. To procure much-needed money, since he could no longer look to Parliament for grants, the King resorted, as his father had done, to expedients that were illegal or of doubtful legality, but all justified in his mind by the divine right of monarchy and the purity of his own purposes. On one occasion opposition dared raise its head in defiance. John Hampden, a country gentleman and an earnest Puritan, refused to pay a “ship-money” tax on the plea that it was illegal. One of the richest men in England, he declined on principle to pay a levy of two shillings. For this refusal he was haled into court, tried and found guilty. “I have never heard,” said one of the judges, “that *lex was rex*, but it is common and most true that *rex is lex*.” But if Hampden lost in the courts, he won undying fame, the only man in history,

as someone has said, to earn immortality by refusing to pay taxes.

In the end, however, the King's need for money forced him to call Parliament into session once more. The result was a civil war, between the monarch and his supporters on the one hand and Parliament and its supporters on the other. And the outcome of the civil war was not only the defeat of Charles and his adherents, but in the end the capture, trial and execution of the King. At the trial, conducted by a commission appointed by Parliament, the wellworn issue of rights and liberties as between King and Parliament was raised once more. The charge against the monarch asserted that though he had been merely "trusted with a *limited* power to govern by and according to the laws of the land, and not otherwise . . . yet, nevertheless, out of a wicked design to erect and uphold in himself an unlimited power to rule according to his will, and overthrow the rights and liberties of the people . . . (he) hath traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present Parliament."

The King, for his part, indignantly questioned the right of Parliament to try him.

"I would know by what power I am called hither . . .," he exclaimed when the President of the court called on him to answer the charge. "Now I would know by what authority, I mean lawful. There are many unlawful authorities in the world, thieves and robbers by the highways. . . . When I know what lawful authority is, I shall answer. Remember, I am your King, your lawful King, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgment of God upon this land. Think well upon it, I say,

think well upon it, before you go further from one sin to a greater . . . I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent. I will not betray it to answer to a new and unlawful authority, therefore resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me."

The question was not answered. Parliament may not have had the right, but it had the power to try the monarch. Therefore the commission paid no attention to Charles' plea, but proceeded with the trial and condemned him to death.

It has been said of Charles that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." The story of his last hours has little direct bearing on the contest for power in England. But it has an indirect bearing, because the reaction that followed the execution gave a new impetus to the monarchical cause, though it was some time before that impetus was felt. In any case the story is worth telling for the dignity and nobility with which the monarch met his end.

The morning of January 30, 1649, the day appointed for the execution, dawned cold. The King arose early. "Herbert," he said to his attendant, "this is my second marriage-day. I would be as trim today as may be; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." Then he went on: "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers may imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputations. I fear not Death. Death is not terrible: I bless my God I am prepared."

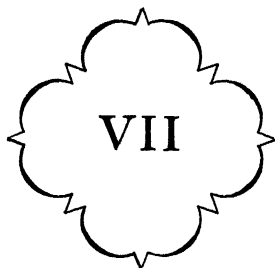
It was not until early in the afternoon that he was led

out to execution. The scaffold had been set up in a street leading to Charing Cross in front of a building known as the Banqueting Hall. Apparently the King stepped out from a window in this building onto the platform. Two masked men stood there awaiting him: the executioner and his assistant. While final preparations were being made, the King talked with Bishop Juxon who had been allowed to step out on the platform with him, and it was to him that Charles asserted his profound conviction that a "subject and a sovereign are clean different things." Never for a moment did he lose his poise.

When the moment came the King quietly laid his head on the block. The executioner's ax descended; and all was over. Then the executioner picked up the gory, severed head, holding it high above him that all the people might see. "Behold the head of a traitor!" he cried, using the customary words prescribed for such occasions. The tensely gazing crowd replied as one man with a great groan of horror and anger. It was not at their behest that the King had met this fate. Their indignation spread throughout the country. Among the simple folk of many an English town and village the conviction grew that those who had condemned the King to death had committed the awful crime of sacrilege.

Nevertheless, the execution of Charles seemed to mean that royal absolutism had gone forever from England, and that the theory of the divine right of kings had disappeared into limbo. Moreover, it was believed by many that with the passing of arbitrary royal government a new day of liberty had dawned for the country. But as so often happens in history the signs of the times were deceptive. Not

many years were to pass before a new King of England would be living in St. James's palace, and not for many years thereafter was the conflict between monarch and Parliament to be fought to a finish. But before the restoration of royalty to England a different type of absolutism was for a time to prevail, the absolutism of the first great dictator of modern times, Oliver Cromwell.



THE TRIUMPH OF PARLIAMENT

OLIVER CROMWELL WAS THE DOMINANT FIGURE IN England at the time of Charles' death. Sprung like John Hampden from the class of country gentlemen, he had served in Parliament where he had risen to prominence through sheer force of character and intensity of conviction. There was little in his appearance or in the quality of his voice to win influence in that body.

"I came into the House one morning, well clad," says a contemporary, the courtly Sir Philip Warwick, "and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable; and his eloquence full of fervour."

It was this fervor of eloquence, exerted in the cause of

religious liberty that soon won Cromwell attention and respect. Despite his unprepossessing appearance and harsh voice he was ere long "much hearkened unto."

It was on the field of battle, however, rather than in the halls of Parliament that Cromwell rose to commanding influence. In the civil war against Charles he organized a cavalry regiment of "Ironsides," composed of intensely pious Puritans like himself. They eschewed all the dissipations common to the soldier's life. If one of them so far forgot himself as to swear he was promptly fined. "Not a man swears but he pays his twelve pence," said Cromwell. They fell on their knees and prayed before they went forth to do battle for the Lord. They sang psalms as they fought. "A lovely company," said Cromwell. "They are honest, sober Christians; they expect to be used as men." Well organized, well disciplined, regularly paid and victorious in battle the "Ironsides" made such an impression that a large part of the Parliamentary army was rebuilt in their image. It became the "New Model" army; and Cromwell became a power.

In their religious convictions Cromwell and most of the soldiers of the "New Model" army were Independents. These Independents were the left wing of the Puritan movement. Not satisfied as the Presbyterians would have been to reorganize the Anglican Church by overthrowing the rule of bishops and substituting that of lay presbyters, they insisted on greater religious liberty and more democracy in church government. They would have each church group, each "congregation," independent of every other, and under no central supervision, its members entirely free to choose their own minister and to worship God in

their own way. It was the army and its leaders, imbued with Independent doctrines, who insisted on continuing the war against Charles when the Presbyterian Parliament was ready to compromise with him. It was the army and its leaders who, after Charles had been captured, insisted on bringing him to trial for treason. And when Parliament showed reluctance, a certain Colonel Pride was sent with a band of soldiers to the House of Commons to expel the majority members disposed to be lenient to the fallen monarch. "By what right do you arrest me?" cried one of them. "By the right of the sword!" was the answer.

The sword won the day. "Pride's Purge" left only a "Rump Parliament" of Independents determined to deal harshly with the King. What happened to him has already been told.

For the King's execution no man was more responsible than Cromwell. Reluctantly he had made up his mind that peace, order and good government could not be brought to England so long as the King lived. "We will cut off his head with the crown upon it," he said. He brought all the pressure of his now mighty influence to bear on the judges to condemn the King to death. When some of them at the last shrank from signing the death warrant, it was Cromwell who held the waverers in line. There is even a story, now not generally accepted, that he actually seized the hand of one of these waverers and forcibly traced his signature of the warrant.

The execution of Charles made imperative some quick solution of the problem of government. Since a war ending in victory had been fought to overthrow royal absolutism, it was logical to assume that England would turn

at last in the direction of representative democracy. Shortly before Charles was convicted of treason the "Rump Parliament" drew up a resolution proclaiming:

"That the people are under God, the original of all just power; that the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, being chosen by and representing the people, have the supreme power in the nation; that whatsoever is enacted or declared for law by the Commons in Parliament assembled, hath the force of law, and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent of the King or House of Peers be not had thereunto."

Shortly thereafter the Commons voted the abolition of the House of Lords.

The most radical element in the army went even farther in its demands for representative democracy. Some time before Parliament passed the resolution just quoted this element had drawn up two documents, the *General Agreement of the People* and the *Case of the Armie*, in which it demanded biennial election of Parliaments by universal manhood suffrage. "All the freeborn at the age of 21 yeares and upwards," declared the radicals, "shall be the electors, excepting (those) that have or shall have deprived themselves of that freedome, either for some years, or wholly, by delinquency."

As it turned out, the times were not yet propitious for the democratization of government. The pendulum was soon to swing in just the opposite direction. The Independents looked to Cromwell; and it is one of the paradoxes of history that this leader, who had championed liberty as a member of Parliament, who had fought for Parliament against absolute monarchy in the civil war and

who belonged to the most democratic of the great Puritan groups, in a short time became a ruler more absolute than any of the Tudors had been or either of the Stuarts had tried to be. No new elections were held following the death of Charles. Instead the "Rump Parliament" continued to sit, appointing a Council of State, of which Cromwell was the leader, to carry on the executive functions formerly exercised by the King.

In the course of a few years, however, Cromwell grew as sick of Parliament's selfishness and obstructionist tactics as James I or Charles I had ever been. Finally, indignant at its mishandling of public funds and its disregard of public interest, his patience gave way and he decided to get rid of it.

So the records tell us that one day in 1653 he marched to the House with a company of soldiers. Entering he quietly sat down, "clad in plain grey clothes and grey worsted stockings" and listened for a time to the discussion of a Bill to which he was bitterly opposed. Then he called one of the leaders to his side and told him that the House must be dismissed. "Sir," was the answer, "the work is very great and dangerous." "You say well," replied Cromwell. For some fifteen minutes longer he continued to sit listening to the debate. Then, when the Speaker was about to put the Bill to vote, he turned to the leader to whom he had previously spoken and said: "This is the time; I must do it."

Thereupon he arose and addressed the House. Beginning quietly, his indignation soon mastered him and he heaped one accusation on another against the House. Finally he cried out: "Your hour is come. The Lord hath done with

you." When some of the members started to protest angrily, he put his hat on his head, walked to the center of the hall, stamped his feet, and exclaimed furiously: "You are no Parliament, I say you are no Parliament. Come, come, we have had enough of this; I will put an end to your prating. Call them in!" And at this word in marched twenty or thirty soldiers.

In the excitement that followed, Cromwell's voice could be heard above the uproar denouncing his enemies. "There sits a drunkard," he said, glaring at one member. Then he shouted, "Some of you are unjust, corrupt persons, and scandalous to the profession of the Gospel." One of the ablest members, Sir Henry Vane, found courage to protest at what was being done: "This is not honest, yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell turned on him, crying out wearily, "Oh Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane." As the members were hustled out of the hall he called out accusingly: "It is you who have forced me to do this, for I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." When it was all over, he ordered the soldiers to lock the door and strode away.

Other Parliaments followed. But they proved to be stubborn, quarrelsome and impractical. Wearied, disillusioned and disgusted, Cromwell sent them packing, ruling the country with an iron hand. Religious toleration, it is true, was granted to all save Anglicans and Catholics. But every effort was made to enforce conformity to a stern, Puritanical code of morals. And of political freedom there was none. Thus absolutism returned to England in Cromwell's

dictatorship without even that restraining influence on the executive that Parliament had exercised in the time of the Tudors.

The course of events soon showed, however, that the cause of royalty was far from being permanently defeated in England. In 1660 the House of Stuart was restored to the throne. The causes for this seemingly astonishing about-face were numerous. The English people had been growing more and more restive under Cromwell. They felt oppressed by his military despotism. The joyless severity of Puritan morality irked them. They resented the transformation of Sunday from a day of relaxation and enjoyment into a Puritan Sabbath, gloomy in its religiosity, with its constant reminder of the terrors of Hell awaiting the sinner. The simpler folk longed for the good old Sunday of other days, for the dancing and sports on the village green. Underneath all this restlessness lay the enduring reaction against the execution of Charles I, the uneasy feeling that his execution had been a horrible crime.

So when Cromwell's son and successor proved a failure an invitation was sent to the martyred King's eldest son, Charles Stuart, to assume the Crown. Charles quickly accepted the offer; and Parliament proclaimed him "Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland and Ireland." His return to London was a veritable triumph. Great crowds of cheering people turned out to greet him. Flowers were strewn in his path as his carriage was driven through the streets. Fountains of wine spouted in his honor. "It is my own fault," he remarked with ironical amusement, "that I had not come back sooner; for I find nobody who does not tell me that he always longed for my return."

The new King little resembled his father, either in appearance or character. More than six feet tall, with a swarthy complexion, thick lips and large nose, he was well-built but far from handsome. "Oddsfish," he once exclaimed, "I am an ugly fellow." He was lazy, selfish, untrustworthy and sensual. His numerous amours scandalized the puritanical, diverted the gossips and in later times put money in the pockets of the authors, publishers and vendors of spicy, pseudo-historical biographies. Despite his defects of character, however, he was the most popular of the Stuarts. London folk loved to watch him feeding the ducks in the park of St. James's Palace with his own hands. He was gracious, affable, genial and friendly—in a word, thoroughly human. In his tact he was more like a Tudor than a Stuart. A contemporary said of him that "he could send away a person better pleased at receiving nothing than those in the good king, his father's time that had requests granted them."

Yet this easygoing "merry monarch" had one underlying purpose toward which he consistently strove: to be an absolutist King. He was determined not to let Parliament get the upper hand if he could help it. He once said that "he did not think he was a king, so long as a company of fellows were looking into his actions, and examining his ministers as well as his accounts." On another occasion he remarked that "a king of England that is not slave to five hundred kings is king enough." And again, "I who will never use arbitrary government myself am resolved not to suffer it in others . . . I look upon myself as head of the government and mean to do what I think best for myself and the people."

In pursuing this aim, his tact and duplicity stood him in good stead. Joyfully as he had been acclaimed when he came back to England, the political atmosphere at the time was decidedly unfavorable to a return to royal absolutism. Parliament was in a stronger position than it had been under James I or Charles I. The new King knew this and trod warily. He was too much of a skeptic to put his faith in the divine right of kings, too sensible to charge bull-headedly at Parliament as his grandfather had done and as his brother and successor was yet to do. One desire was even closer to his heart than the liking for power and that desire was "not to go on his travels again." In other words he preferred at any price the comforts and luxuries of his position on the throne to the rough and tumble of exile.

He carefully concealed his absolutist aims. Just before his return to England he assured the House of Commons "upon our royal word—that none of our predecessors have had a greater esteem for Parliament than we have." In fact, he averred, Parliament had been "so vital a part of the constitution of the kingdom, and so necessary for the government of it, that, as we well know, neither prince nor people can be, in any tolerable degree, happy without it." Later he confided to a friend in speaking of Parliament, "They shall know nothing. I tell them nothing."

His general policy was to go as far as he dared in asserting his power but to retreat when he found himself on dangerous ground. This policy is well illustrated in connection with the Declaration of Indulgence which the King issued in 1672. Early in his reign Parliament, now devoutly Anglican in its complexion, had passed a series of severe laws to compel Puritan dissenters to conform to

the tenets of the Anglican Church. These laws applied with equal severity to Catholics. Partly because he was secretly a Catholic and partly perhaps to win the support of the dissenters, Charles proclaimed his Declaration of Indulgence "suspending" the operation of these penal acts. Immediately Parliament buzzed like a nest of angry hornets. The King, it asserted vehemently, had no right to suspend laws passed by Parliament. Charles saw the danger signals clearly. He knew it was time to back down and so he quietly withdrew the Declaration—in return, however, for a grant of money to him by Parliament.

There were other quarrels, but they never went to the length that they had done in the days of Charles' father and grandfather. In the end he succeeded in his lifelong ambition of establishing absolutism. Through a "permanent loan" from the London Goldsmiths and other irregular financial expedients, through a secret subsidy from the wealthy Louis XIV of France and with the aid of an increase of revenue arising from the growing prosperity of the country, he succeeded in making himself financially independent of Parliament. The newly formed Tory party gave him political support. So in 1680 he dismissed Parliament, and from then on until his death in 1685 he ruled alone. That the theory of divine-right monarchy still flourished in the country is shown by a pronouncement of Cambridge University that "Kings derive not their authority from the people but from God—to Him only are they accountable."

Had Charles' brother, who succeeded him on the throne as James II, had the tact of his predecessor he would probably have ended his days as King of England and the royal

power might have continued to flourish after his death, though presumably it would have declined in any case in course of time. The country was tired of civil strife and disposed to let well enough alone. But James had none of his brother's easygoing readiness to adjust himself to circumstances. In him the old Stuart obstinacy reappeared in accentuated form. Despite all that had occurred, he was determined to ride roughshod over those who opposed him.

Like his brother, James was a Catholic. But while Charles had concealed his religious beliefs, James had proclaimed his from the housetops; and because of his openly professed Catholicism there had been a strenuous, though ultimately unsuccessful struggle to prevent his becoming King. Once on the throne, he openly favored Catholics. He began to build up a standing army, and appointed Catholics as officers in it. Heedless of Charles' failure to carry through his Declaration of Indulgence, James issued first one, then another, of his own, exempting Protestant dissenters and Catholics from penalties for disobeying the religious penal laws.

The issue of the second Declaration of Indulgence brought opposition to a head. James had ordered it to be read in all the churches of England. Seven bishops, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, presented a petition to the King protesting against this. They stated respectfully that they objected to publishing it "not from any want of duty or obedience to His Majesty—nor yet from any want of due tenderness to Dissenters—but because that Declaration was founded upon such a dispensing power as had been oft declared illegal in Parliament."

James was astounded. To the delegation of bishops who presented the petition to him in person he kept repeating, "This is a standard of rebellion!" He ordered the bishops sent to the Tower. Public opinion, however, was by this time thoroughly aroused and as the bishops were being led to the Tower, crowds of people ran along the banks of the Thames watching and crying, "God bless your lordships!" Men from Cornwall in the west of England rallied to the cause of Trelawney, popular bishop of Bristol, and a poet of later days has put these words in their mouths as they tramped through the streets of London:

A good sword and a trusty hand
A merry heart and true!
King James' men shall understand
What Cornishmen can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
—And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.

Later the seven bishops were put on trial in Westminster Hall for "a false, malicious and seditious libel." But amid the huzzas of the onlookers they were acquitted by the jury. As an eyewitness later said the crowd cheered till "one would have thought the Hall had cracked." As the bishops left in triumph people surrounded them crying, "God bless you! You have saved us all today."

While the bishops were awaiting trial came news that capped the climax. James' wife had just given birth to a son, who, in the natural course of events, would have succeeded to the throne. This event, seemingly so irrelevant to the conflict between the King and his opponents,

was in reality crucial. Since the country was fearful of another civil war, and since James was well along in years, he might have gone on reigning to the end of his life, despite the passions that were stirring in England, had it not been for the advent of this heir. For it had been taken for granted that when James died his daughter Mary, who was a Protestant and who was married to William of Orange, the Protestant ruler of Holland, would take his place. Now it was assumed with reason that this son would be brought up as a Catholic, and as a Catholic he would later succeed to the throne. In those days of hot religiosity this was more than either Anglican or dissenter could stomach.

So certain leaders in Parliament sent a call to William of Orange and his wife Mary to come over and take the throne. They responded to the call, and James was forced to flee. William of Orange became King William III of England.

This "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 brought to an end the protracted conflict between King and Parliament, as well as the long years of religious strife. Parliament had triumphed at last. William III reigned not by divine right but with the consent of Lords and Commons. This did not mean that Parliament from then on could choose the monarch. On the contrary, the principle of hereditary succession was specifically secured. Nor did Parliament's victory mean that the King was deprived of all power. But it did mean that absolute monarchy had gone down to definite defeat in England.¹

¹ A stubborn effort made by George III in the eighteenth century to revive absolutism was successful for a time but ultimately it failed.

In their efforts to free themselves from the trammels of Parliament and to establish their own authority, the Stuart kings had concentrated on certain major objectives. They had tried to establish a royal army of professional soldiers independent of Parliamentary control. They had sought to extricate themselves from financial dependence on Parliament by assessing taxes of their own and by other arbitrary financial levies. They had suspended laws and "dispensed" their subjects from obeying Parliamentary enactments. They had interfered with freedom of speech in Parliament and with elections to that body, had caused some of its members to be arrested and imprisoned, had dissolved it at their pleasure when not too hardpressed for money and had ruled for years at a time without its aid. They had also used special courts of justice of their own to carry out their will.

Such practices Parliament now put an end to in the Bill of Rights passed in 1689. This famous law forbade the monarch to maintain a standing army without Parliament's permission. It prohibited him from establishing special courts of justice and from levying money without its consent. It deprived him of the right to suspend the laws or dispense with them. It safeguarded Parliament against royal domination by providing that it should meet at frequent intervals, that members should have complete freedom of speech and debate at its sessions and that elections of members should not be tampered with. Finally, it guaranteed that if any of the King's subjects were accused of crime, they should be given a fair trial by jury and should not be made to suffer cruel or unusual punishment.

Even after Parliament's triumph was made concrete in the passing of the Bill of Rights, the King still retained certain important prerogatives. He still had the right to choose his own ministers and to veto Parliamentary enactments. But William III found that the work of government was hampered unless he chose his ministers from the majority in the House of Commons; and since the Whigs commanded a majority in that body, he chose Whig ministers. Thus, in course of time, the ministers became responsible to the House of Commons rather than to the monarch. If at any time they failed to hold the confidence of the majority in that body, they lost office.

The veto power likewise fell into disuse. The last sovereign to exercise it was William III's successor, Queen Anne. Thus, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the Government of England emerged from the long conflict for power much as it is today. The Crown had prestige and influence. It could advise, encourage and warn. That was about all. The rest was left to Parliament.

The religious issue was settled partly by the Bill of Rights, partly by the Toleration Act of 1689. The Bill of Rights did nothing for liberty of worship. It simply provided that the English sovereign must henceforth be a member of the Church of England. Never thenceforth could a Protestant dissenter or a Catholic ascend the throne. Only an Anglican might reign. But the Toleration Act accorded Protestant dissenters the right to worship publicly and after their own fashion. No longer could they be prosecuted because of their religious beliefs. No such toleration, however, was granted to Catholics; and Protestant dissenters as well as Catholics were still debarred

from holding office. It was a limited rather than a complete toleration that England gained in 1689; but it paved the way for complete toleration later.

Responsibility for the long-drawn-out struggle which culminated in the defeat of monarchical power cannot be laid entirely at the door of the Stuarts. True, they had much to answer for. They had decided defects of character and temperament. They were all of them too anxious to get the best of Parliament. They were all of them too self-willed and too tactless, except Charles II. Extravagance was characteristic of James I and Charles II, unreliability of Charles I and unscrupulousness of Charles II. Sometimes their very virtues seemed to work against them. If John Hampden was a hero for refusing to pay taxes, Charles I was a hero in his readiness to lay down his life for his conviction that "a subject and a sovereign are clean different things"; and James II in his readiness to renounce his throne rather than renounce his Catholicism. But Parliament had little toleration for the excesses of royal power, even in the guise of virtue.

Primarily the failure of the Stuarts was a failure to adapt themselves to changing conditions. Sometimes they failed to read the signs of the times. Sometimes they ignored them. The one among them who did adapt himself, Charles II, reigned with comparative tranquillity and in his last years was able to dispense with Parliament altogether. On the other hand, James I sowed seeds of bitterness, while Charles I and James II not only sowed seeds of bitterness but reaped a bitter harvest.

But Parliament had much to answer for too. If the Stuarts were pigheaded so was Parliament. If the early

Stuarts were too blindly devoted to the theory of the divine right of kings, Parliament was too grasping in its claims to powers which it had never previously possessed. If the Stuarts, always excepting the easygoing Charles II, were too set in their religious convictions, Parliamentary majorities were too set in theirs.

To a certain extent, the Stuarts were the victims of circumstances. They happened to reign at a time when it was exceedingly difficult to meet expenses, and in a country where the legislative body was in a position to hamper them greatly in the attempt to do so. They happened to live at a time when religious passions ran high, and when their own cherished beliefs usually ran counter to the beliefs of the majority in Parliament. With the country fundamentally divided on questions of government and religion, conflict was inevitable and had to be fought out in one way or another. Since the trend of the times was on the whole with Parliament, the power of monarchy would probably have been weakened in any case as a result of that conflict. But the House of Stuart could at least have retained the throne, had it proved more adaptable.

Wherever the responsibilities for the conflict may lie, there can be no doubt that in the long run the cause of popular government and personal liberty gained from the fight put up by Parliament and its adherents. Parliament, it is true, did not actually represent the people of England as a whole at the end of the seventeenth century. It represented chiefly the landed aristocracy. But if it did not represent the people in fact, it did so in theory; and in later times theory was translated into fact. Therefore the establishment of Parliamentary power through the Bill of

Rights was a long step in the direction of democratic government, just as the Toleration Act was a long step in the direction of religious freedom.

More indefinable than concrete measures, but perhaps even more significant for later times, was the impetus given by the seventeenth-century struggle to theories tending toward democracy and individual liberties. Out of the welter of claims and arguments made by Parliament to buttress its cause, came increasing emphasis on such concepts as the doctrine of popular sovereignty, the theory of the social contract and what came to be called the "natural rights" of individuals. In defending the House of Commons against the alleged encroachments of monarchy, its leaders laid stress on what they called the "fundamental liberties" of Englishmen, such as freedom of speech, of person and of property. As time passed such theories more and more became part and parcel of English political practice.

The example of what had been done in England in overthrowing the royal power was not lost on the rest of the world. Absolute monarchy, it is true, remained the prevalent form of government on the Continent of Europe in the eighteenth century, as it had been in the seventeenth. But the cause of monarchy had suffered a body blow. The overthrow of the Stuarts remained a warning and a lesson. What had been done in England could be done elsewhere.



ROYALTY AND REVOLUTION

WHEN LOUIS XV OF FRANCE DIED IN 1774, OLD IN YEARS and debauchery, his grandson, who was to succeed him on the throne, cried out despairingly:

“It seems as though the universe were falling on me. I am the most unfortunate of men! God! What a burden is mine, at my age, and they have taught me nothing.”

The youthful Louis XVI had reason to tremble, though he would better have kept his feeling to himself and girded up his loins for battle. He had fallen heir to the greatest throne in the world. But dark clouds had long been gathering about that throne and the ominous rumbling of thunder sounded nearer and nearer, louder and louder. Soon the storm would break; and this King who felt himself so inadequate would become the storm center of the greatest crisis to which monarchy had ever been subjected.

A hundred years before Louis XVI came to the throne, few would have thought such a crisis possible. For in the seventeenth century the French monarchy had reached the height of its glory. While in England the Stuarts were

struggling against the forces that were finally to overwhelm them, the proud, imperious Louis XIV sat calmly and securely on the throne of France. His country was the greatest in Europe, his army the most effective fighting force in the world. The rich soil of France and a rapidly growing commerce yielded abundant wealth. For the King's delectation and as a fitting symbol of his grandeur, he had built for himself on the sandy wastes of Versailles, not far from Paris, a splendid, huge palace in the florid, rococo style of architecture of his day, with sloping mansard roofs. Within the palace were many ornately decorated rooms, of which the most magnificent was the famous Hall of Mirrors where the King's courtiers assembled to do honor to him on state occasions. It was in this great room that the German Empire was to be proudly proclaimed amid flashing sabers by the conquering Germans during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; and it was here that half a century later the Germans, defeated in the World War, were to be forced to sign the humiliating Treaty of Versailles.

The King's palace was surrounded by a spacious park, in which groves of trees and broad lawns were laid out, interspersed with walks and driveways and enlivened with splashing fountains. In park and palace the King, his mistresses and his courtiers disported themselves in an endless succession of fêtes, balls and other costly amusements. The court at Versailles became the wonder and envy of Europe. Every little princeling in Germany aspired to imitate it as far as his limited means permitted. Louis XIV was "Le Roi Soleil," the Sun King; and the rays of his fame penetrated to the farthest reaches of the Continent.

Throughout his realm his will was law. He issued the edicts governing the kingdom. There was no parliament to restrain him. He appointed the leading officials. He could change the sentence passed by any court or condemn an offender without any recourse to a court at all. That he ruled by divine right was taken for granted. Bishop Bossuet expressed the general view when he wrote: "Kings should be guarded as holy things. . . . All the state is in him (the King); the will of all the people is included in him." And Louis XV, Louis XIV's successor, summed up his view of the monarch's position thus:

"The sovereign authority is vested in my person—The legislative power, without dependence and without division, exists in myself alone. Public security emanates wholly from myself. I am its supreme custodian. My people are one only with me; national rights and interests, of which an attempt is made to form a body separate from those of the monarch, are necessarily combined with my own and only rest in my hands."

It is true that the royal absolutism was not as complete in practice as it was in theory. Modern historical scholarship has made it clear that it was sometimes impossible to enforce an edict of the King, especially where it seemed to conflict with local customs and local privileges. But it would be easy to exaggerate the influence of this obstructionism. It did not nullify the reality of the conception that the King's will was law. There has never been a country yet where laws were not sometimes resisted and broken.

There was a reverse side to this picture of grandeur and glory and power, however. Monarchical France had little

indulgence for the spirit of liberty. Louis XIV insisted on religious conformity and persecuted Protestants who refused conversion to Catholicism. The press was fettered by government censorship. Beaumarchais' satirical characterization of the censorship in the latter half of the eighteenth century applied with greater accuracy to its efficacy in the reign of Louis XIV. "They tell me," wrote Beaumarchais, "that if in my writing I will mention neither the government, nor public worship, nor people in office, nor influential corporations, nor the opera, nor the other theatres, nor anybody that belongs to anything, I may print freely, subject to the approval of two or three censors."

Industry and trade were likewise painfully restricted. With the misguided zeal of a faultfinding schoolmaster, Louis XIV's finance minister, Colbert, sought to tie manufacture and commerce to his apron-strings. He regulated the color, the quality and the size of numerous manufactured articles. Cloth must be of a certain length and width, the warp must contain a given number of strands, no more, no less. Shearers were to use no grease but lard. When the workers in one factory did not work hard enough to suit him, Colbert ordered the tavern keepers in the town not to sell them food or drink except for one hour a day. Naturally such irritating rules were sometimes broken, but Colbert indefatigably ran down offenders and brought them to book.

The principle of equality was as foreign to the French monarchy as that of liberty. The people of France were divided into two great groups, the privileged and the unprivileged. The privileged orders, though comprising less

than ten per cent of the population, together owned perhaps a third of the land of France and escaped the bulk of taxation. To the unprivileged belonged the bourgeoisie and the peasantry. The peasants bore the chief weight of the unjustly assessed, wastefully collected system of state taxation, paid tithes to the Church, paid feudal dues and rendered feudal services to the nobility. Toiling drearily from dawn to darkness, they were ill able to bear the burden that rested on their shoulders. As the Abbé Fénelon dared to say to Louis XIV toward the end of his reign:

“Your people are dying of hunger. Instead of extracting money from these poor creatures, we ought to give them alms and feed them. All France is nothing but a vast, desolate hospital without provisions.”

Fénelon, however, was a voice crying in the wilderness, and no heed was given to his warning plea. Men suffered in silence under Louis XIV. But in the reigns of his two immediate successors, criticism of the abuses festering in the body politic of absolute monarchy came more and more into the open, became more and more daring. Under Louis XIV, it has been said, no man dared speak, under Louis XV men whispered, under Louis XVI they spoke out loud. A group of popular writers, known collectively as the “philosophers,” fired one shot after another at various parts of the system of absolutism and privilege, known today as the Old Regime in France. Voltaire attacked the Church, with its wealth, its privileged clergy, its intolerance of other religious beliefs than its own. “*Ecrasez l'Infame!*” “Crush the Infamous One!” he cried. He also held up to scorn the “bewigged and bepowdered” nobles who idled away their time at Versailles.

Rousseau attacked the theory of absolute monarchy in his book "The Social Contract," offering the theory of popular sovereignty in its stead. "Man is born free and yet is everywhere in chains," he exclaims in his opening sentence; and he then proceeds to show how men can be set free again through democratic government. Quesnay and Gournay attacked the galling restrictions on industry and trade, demanding that they be set free from hampering restraint. "Leave business alone," said Gournay. "*Laissez faire et laissez passer.*"

To many of the philosophers, England was the classic land of freedom and good government. Many of them had visited that country and returned home full of enthusiasm for English institutions. Rousseau drew the inspiration for his "Social Contract" largely from the great English thinker, John Locke, who had written in criticism of absolute monarchy and in defense of the English Revolution of 1688. Thus, through these writers and in other ways, the developments in seventeenth century England influenced the French in the belief that absolute government in their own country was failing to meet the pressing problems of the day. Yet none of the philosophers advocated revolution. None sought the overthrow of the monarchy even though they unconsciously paved the way for it.

Shortly after the accession of Louis XVI to the throne, the American Revolution gave added impetus to the rising discontent. Nothing could be in more striking contrast with the theory of divine-right monarchy than the second paragraph of the American Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

But it was the fact of the American Revolution, its example, rather than the theories and beliefs of the American founding fathers, that influenced the course of French history in the later eighteenth century. Theories such as those advanced by the American leaders were already common-places of advanced political thought in France. But the *fact* of the American Revolution was startling and stimulating. As one of the French philosophers observed, it was not enough that the rights of man "should be written in the hearts of virtuous men; it is necessary that ignorant or weak men should read them in the example of a great people. America has given us the example. The act which declares its independence is a simple and sublime exposition of those rights so sacred and so long forgotten."

Thus the abuses that had developed under the ægis of absolute monarchy in France, the propaganda of the philosophers and the example of the American Revolution, all pointed the path to radical reform, though not necessarily to revolution. But it was the financial problem that brought matters to a crisis. Owing to the underlying abuses

and the wastefulness of the Court at Versailles and of costly wars, the government was finding it more and more difficult to make ends meet. When Louis XVI came to the throne, the abyss yawned before him. As Mirabeau put it later, "Bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, stares us in the face." No wonder Louis quailed.

Poor Louis was utterly unfitted to rule in the parlous times that lay before him. He was kindly, well-intentioned and by no means devoid of intelligence, though he was dull and heavywitted. The heaviness of his wits was increased by his gluttonous consumption of food. "Ordinarily," it is said, "his breakfast consisted of four chops, a fat chicken, six eggs, a slice of ham, and a bottle and a half of champagne." No wonder he often fell asleep at council meetings. But his most fatal defect was his lack of will power. He hated to make a decision; and if, after painful effort, he had made one of the right sort, he was too easily persuaded to reverse it. "You may lend a man your ideas," one of his ministers once said in speaking of him, "but you cannot lend him your strength of will."

Unfortunately he was much under the influence of his wife. Marie Antoinette had the force that Louis lacked, but she was prone to exert it in the wrong direction. Ignorant and frivolous, brought up in the strict atmosphere of the Austrian court by her pious mother Maria Theresa, she came to France determined to have her fling. She rushed madly from one pleasure to another, from the theatres in Paris to the balls at Versailles, "always in a flutter, hoping to escape boredom by perpetual motion." She gambled heavily and associated with persons of loose morals. Isolated from the people of France in this artificial

atmosphere, she never troubled to try to understand their needs. The old story may not be true that when told that the people did not have enough bread, she asked, "Why don't they eat cake, then?" but it illustrates well her abysmal failure to comprehend the sufferings of the masses. Whenever it was a question of affecting some needful reform at the expense of entrenched privilege, her willful influence was thrown on the side of entrenched privilege. And the King was all too ready to yield to her entreaties.

When Louis XVI came to the throne he was not yet twenty years old. Marie Antoinette was even younger than he. It was a tragedy for the French monarchy that its fate was bound up with the fate of these two children, the one well-meaning but weak willed, the other headstrong and ignorant.

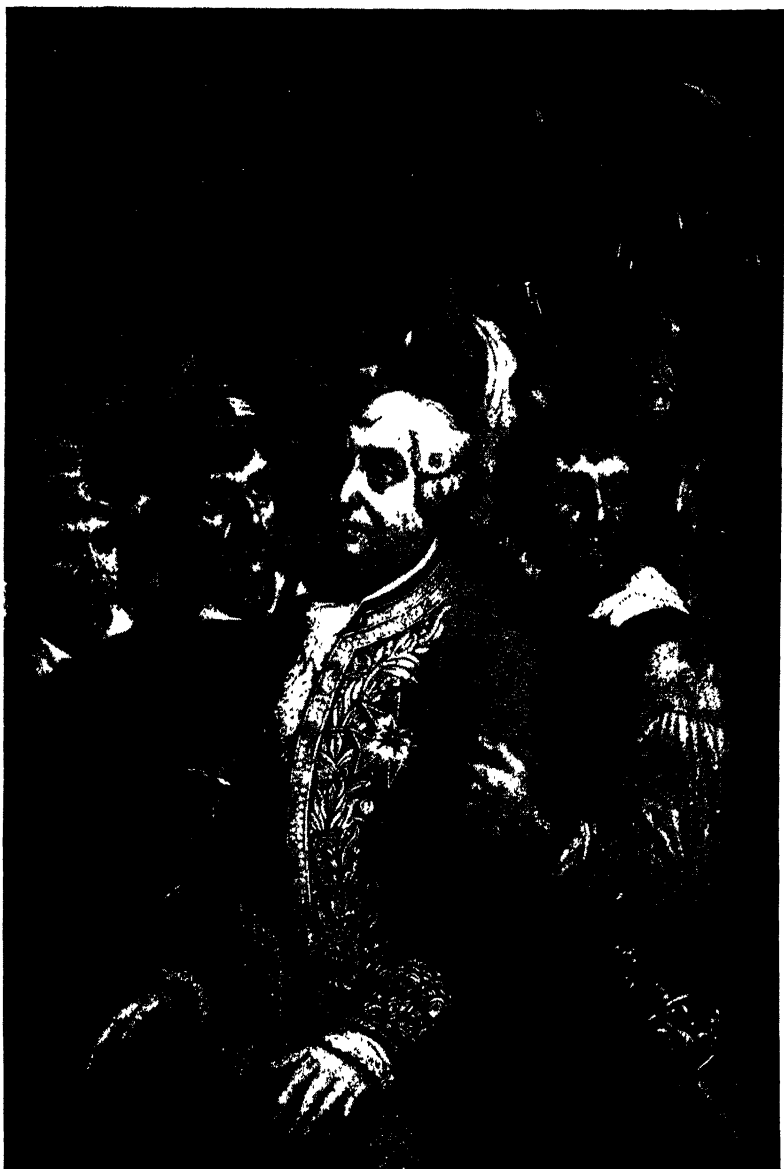
Had Louis been a strong and able man, events would have taken quite a different course in France. The Revolution would very likely have been averted. He was popular with his people. At the outset of the Revolution there was no desire to overthrow him, nor for some little time thereafter. Had he been a strong-willed ruler, he would either have taken the lead in the reform movement, or crushed it if it showed signs of getting out of hand. As it was, he did neither. Owing to his fatal indecisiveness, he made one misstep after another. As a result he first lost control of the Revolution. Then it got control of him. Then it made him its prisoner; and finally it took his life.

In following the story of Louis' unhappy career and its fatal mistakes, it is easy to see why the Bourbon monarchy fell during the Revolution. His first misstep lay in dismissing Turgot, whom he had appointed at the outset of his

reign as controller-general of finance to wrestle with the problem of impending bankruptcy. Turgot, one of the ablest and most conscientious officials in France, had instituted a series of rigid economies and other much-needed reforms immediately on taking office. But these reforms had at once aroused the antagonism of various vested interests, especially the coddled lapdogs of luxury at Versailles. Soon the pack was in full cry, barking and snapping at his heels, with Marie Antoinette at its head. Weakly Louis yielded to the pressure and dismissed his faithful servant. "Only you and I really love the people," he said plaintively to Turgot. But he let him go just the same.

His next bad error lay in the way he dealt with the Estates-General. After appointing one controller-general after another, each of whom failed in his attempt to solve the grave financial problem, Louis finally summoned the Estates-General to help him in the crisis. The Estates-General represented the three "estates" or "orders" of which France was made up: clergy, nobles and commons. In a general way it corresponded to the British Parliament. Had it been able to assert itself in earlier times it might have acted as an effective check on monarchical power, as Parliament had acted in England. But it had not asserted itself. In fact, until it came together in 1789 at the summons of Louis XVI, it had not even met for over a century and a half.

After the Estates-General assembled Louis might have done one of two things. He might have sided with the Third Estate and become its leader, or he might have used force to crush it. A strong-willed ruler would have taken



KING LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE MADE TO DON A RED "LIBERTY CAP"
BY A MOB WHICH HAD FORCED ITS WAY INTO THE TUILERIES
PALACE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

one of these two courses. For the Third Estate, representing ninety per cent or more of the nation, was determined to take control of affairs. It refused to sit separately from the other two estates, and be outvoted two to one: the privileged orders, clergy and nobles, against commons. It demanded that the other two estates sit with it in one body, and that the voting be by head, by individual, and not by order. In that case it would command the situation for it had more members than the other two orders put together.

Finally, wearying of persistent refusals of the privileged orders to sit with it, the Third Estate proclaimed itself a National Assembly, with the intention of legislating for France. Three days later its members took a solemn oath never to separate until they had given France a constitution.

These were revolutionary acts. Now if ever was the time for Louis to assert himself. Feebly he tried to do so. He held a "royal session" of the Estates-General and ordered the three estates to sit separately. The Third Estate, however, refused flatly to obey his command. And the King weakly gave in. When word of the Third Estate's refusal was brought to him, he merely remarked wearily, "They want to sit together, do they? Oh well, damn it, let them." He had lost control of the situation.

The National Assembly now proceeded to take charge of affairs in earnest. In the "Declaration of the Rights of Man," issued in the summer of 1789, it swept away the theory of absolute government and set up in its place the rights of popular sovereignty, equality and freedom.¹ In

¹ Among other things the Declaration proclaimed that:

"Men are born and remain free and equal in rights. Social distinctions can be based only upon public utility.

other words, it embodied in an official document those principles of self-government, equality and liberty which had been developed by English thinkers and French philosophers, and which were now to constitute a platform for the Revolution.

While it was theorizing the Assembly was overthrowing the old order by concrete acts. It abolished the privileges of the clergy and nobility. It destroyed the old feudal dues and services and did away with the Church's right to tax the people. It abolished the timeworn restrictions on industry and trade, and established the regime of *laissez-faire*, of free enterprise. Everyone was to be as free as any other to make his way in industry and trade. Finally, after some two years, it completed the Constitution which it had promised itself, establishing limited monarchy in France. No longer could the King make the laws as in the days of old. This right was now to be entrusted to a legislative body elected by property-holders. At the same time the Constitution restricted the King's executive functions to a minimum. He became little better than a figurehead.

"The aim of every political association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man. These rights are liberty, property, security and resistance to oppression.

"The source of all sovereignty is essential in the nation; no body, no individual can exercise authority that does not proceed from it in plain terms . . .

"Law is the expression of the general will. All citizens have the right to take part personally or by their representatives in its foundation— All citizens, being equal in its eyes, are equally eligible to all public dignities, places, and employments . . .

"No one ought to be disturbed on account of his opinions, even religious, provided their manifestation does not derange the public order established by law.

"The free communication of ideas and opinions is one of the most precious of the rights of man; every citizen can freely speak, write, and print, subject to responsibility for the abuse of this freedom in the cases determined by law."

While all these changes were taking place, Louis was becoming more and more entangled in the toils of the Revolution. In October, 1789, he took another fateful misstep, as a result of the so-called "March of the Women to Versailles." The story of the March is worth telling because it shows how the Revolution was stirring muddy depths, and how not merely the remnant of the King's power but his personal safety and that of his family were becoming endangered from a new and sinister quarter.

In Paris the mob spirit was stirring. All this talk of liberty and equality was all very well, but it put no bread in the mouths of the masses. There were ominous rumblings in the lower quarters of the city. On October 5, egged on by agitators, a motley rabble of women from the slums, together with some men dressed as women, marched out from Paris to Versailles, seeking bread from the authorities to appease the hunger that was gnawing at their vitals. Some of them burst into the hall where the Assembly was sitting, throwing the session into confusion. When some of the members tried to explain and expostulate to them they shouted: "Your fine talk won't give us bread! Talk to us about bread." With shrill cries they accused the Archbishop of Paris of paying the millers to stop grinding grain for flour, for an absurd story to this effect had spread in the capital. They screamed that they would "play bowls with the head of that damned Abbé Maury," who was one of the Assembly's leaders. The Assembly did not know what to do and the session dragged on aimlessly; but finally the terrible ordeal came to an end and the women left.

That night the motley rabble encamped in an open

space in front of the royal palace. There were angry mutterings against the Queen, whose unpopularity was increasing. "Go up to the Château," cried one of the women to a passing soldier, "and tell them we shall soon be there to cut off the Queen's head." Early the next morning some of them made their way into the palace through a side entrance which by accident or design had been left unguarded. One of the King's soldiers asked them what they wanted. "The hearts of the King and Queen and their entrails to make into cockades!" was the answer. They started up the staircase leading to the Queen's rooms. Two guards who tried to block their way were killed and their gory heads were stuck on pikestuffs. Half naked and in terror of her life, the Queen fled to the King's apartments for safety. As she ran someone in the mob cried out that they would "make her liver into a fricassee!"

In an effort to appease the rabble, the King, the Queen and the little heir to the throne, the Dauphin, together with the popular Lafayette, came out on a balcony, smiling and bowing to the surging crowd below. There were loud cheers for the King, a few scattered plaudits for Marie Antoinette, and shouts of "On to Paris." If Louis came to Paris, the women believed, they would get their bread. After some hesitation the ever-yielding Louis consented. So back to the capital the royal family drove forthwith, accompanied by the rabble, in grotesque procession. The women were in holiday mood. "We've got the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's little boy!" they shouted gleefully. They felt sure of their bread now.

A little later the Assembly followed the royal family to Paris. The transfer to the capital was a fatal mistake. Both

King and Assembly were brought by it under the influence of the Paris mob, the most radical, the wildest, the cruelest element of the French Revolution. Louis was now virtually a prisoner in the Tuileries palace. By his goodnatured weakness he had put his head into the noose which was later to be drawn tighter and tighter about his neck.

The unhappy monarch's next great mistake was a misguided attempt to flee the country with his family. The plans were carefully laid. At dead of night the royal family was to leave the Tuileries palace and be driven to Montmédy, a little town near the eastern border of the country, where loyal troops were to meet them and escort them to the frontier and to safety. On the date fixed for the flight, after a reception which must have seemed interminable to their beating hearts, they escaped from the palace and took their places in a berlin, a great coach, which was awaiting them. But there had been a delay in getting started. Marie Antoinette had lingered, perhaps, too long in dressing, and it was long after midnight when the coach finally began to lumber through the silent streets of Paris. As they reached the gates of the city the first, faint streaks of dawn could be seen in the sky.

Nevertheless, as the berlin bowled along the country roads, leaving the capital further and further behind, the King's spirits rose. He felt like an escaped prisoner who at last sees freedom ahead of him. But there were other delays. Once the harness broke and had to be mended. On another occasion they were recognized by loyal subjects, who detained them awhile out of the very enthusiasm of their devotion. When they finally reached

Montmédy a cold chill struck their hearts. The soldiers who were to escort them were not there. They had been there, it is true, and had waited and waited. But their continued presence had aroused such suspicions that finally their officers, thinking that the King's plans had miscarried, had dared linger no longer and had ordered them away.

Meanwhile the royal family had been recognized by one Drouet, postmaster of a village through which they had passed, and an ardent revolutionist. Drouet galloped through the woods by a shortcut to head them off and warn the authorities. The upshot was that when they reached the village of Varennes they found the road ahead of them barricaded, and were forced to submit to arrest. The next day, under guard, they were driven back to Paris. A more humiliating return journey could scarcely be imagined. They were hooted and jeered and threatened by the crowds that gathered along the road. A few venomous hoodlums even stepped up to the carriage and spat in the King's face. After they had reached Paris and were driven through the streets to the Tuileries palace, the silence of the people standing on the sidewalks bore even more eloquent testimony than the curses and catcalls along the route to the ominous distrust and hatred of the populace for them. "Our poor Queen bowed her head almost to her knees," wrote one of the few friendly observers in the crowd. The apathetic Louis, on the other hand, gorged himself with food after arriving at the palace. Gluttony seems to have been his way of escaping from reality.

The next important development in the humiliation and

subjection of the monarch by the Revolution can hardly be said to have been directly his fault. War had broken out between France and the monarchies of Austria and Prussia. Driving back the French troops and smelling complete victory, the Duke of Brunswick, commander of the Austro-Prussian forces, issued a flaming manifesto, promising that he would stamp out "anarchy" in France and restore the King to his "rightful powers." Furthermore the manifesto breathed fiery threats of vengeance against anyone who should dare do harm to the King or his family. Should the slightest injury be done to any of them the Duke vowed that his troops would "inflict an ever memorable vengeance by delivering over the city of Paris to military execution and complete destruction, and the rebels guilty of such outrages to the punishment that they merit."

The not unnatural answer of the mob and its radical leaders to this foolish manifesto was a wrathful attack on the Tuileries palace. Forewarned, the royal family fled for refuge to the Assembly, where they were courteously received. The King's Swiss Guard bravely defended the place, until finally the King, who had listened in torture to the sound of cannon from his seat in the Assembly Hall, realizing that further resistance was useless, and hoping to win mercy for the defenders, ordered them to surrender. But no mercy was extended. The mob rushed in, massacring all on whom it could lay its hands. In all, more than nine hundred defenders were killed in this memorable uprising of August 10, 1792.

After it was all over the Assembly "suspended" the King from his functions and imprisoned him and his family in a gloomy old fortress known as the Temple. Some

weeks later it deposed him and proclaimed France a republic. Limited monarchy had failed and fallen just as absolute rule had done earlier.

The question of what should be done with the King himself remained unsettled and became ever more and more pressing. It was found that he had been in secret correspondence with the enemies of France abroad. Feeling against him rose to fever pitch. A few members of the Convention, the representative body now governing France, demanded that he be executed without trial. "Caesar," said one of these, "was dispatched in the very presence of the Senate without other formality than twenty-two dagger thrusts." The majority, however, voted that he be tried by the Convention for treason. In due course, therefore, he was tried; and the trial resulted in conviction.

Then came the question of the penalty. Many demanded death. Some protested, among them the American Thomas Paine, at that time a French citizen and a member of the Convention. "Citizen President," he said in his speech of defense, "my hatred and abhorrence of monarchy are sufficiently known; they originate in principles of Reason and Conviction, nor except with life can they ever be extirpated; but my compassion for the unfortunate, whether friend or enemy, is equally sincere . . . I voted that Louis be tried because it was necessary to afford proofs to the world of the perfidy, corruption and abomination of the monarchical system."

But he then asked for mercy for the fallen King, proposing that he be exiled to America. "Let then these United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet.

There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of Royalty, he may learn from the constant aspect of Public prosperity, that the true system of Government consists, not in Kings, but in fair, equal and honorable Representation.”

But the pleas for mercy of Thomas Paine and others who felt as he did were of no avail. One after another the members of the Convention ascended the tribune and openly recorded his vote for or against the death of the former King, while the howling mob in the galleries and the streets shrieked out their demand for the extreme penalty. The voting lasted twenty-four hours; and in the end Louis was condemned to death by a vote of 387 to 344.

The ex-King met his fate calmly and courageously. In his last days he showed a dignity which he had never attained when he sat on the throne. He spent the evening before he died with his family, who bade him a tearful farewell. Then he was taken to his own quarters, where he slept soundly throughout the night. The next morning he was driven with his confessor in a closed carriage to the Place de la Revolution (now the Place de la Concorde) where he was to be executed. The scaffold stood in the center of a large, empty space which was guarded on every side by cannon. The rest of the Place was filled with armed men who stood in silence. As Louis descended from the carriage three executioners approached to take off his coat. Louis quietly motioned to them to desist, took his coat off himself and loosened his collar. He protested indignantly when they started to bind his hands; but to no avail. When his hands were tied, however, he turned to the executioners, saying resignedly, “Do what you will. I shall drain the

cup to the dregs." Then he walked up the steep steps of the scaffold leaning on the arm of his confessor, crossed the platform and cried out in a loud voice:

"I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me. I pardon the authors of my death and I pray God that the blood which you are going to spill will never fall on France."

A roar of drums drowned his last words. The knife of the guillotine descended; and the ex-King's head fell into the basket. From the serried ranks of soldiers rose the cry, "Vive la nation!"

Louis little deserved the fate that had been meted out to him. True, his reign had been far from a success. He had shown weakness and ineptitude where he should have shown strength and shrewdness. He had corresponded secretly with the enemies of the Revolution abroad. But he was no criminal, no traitor. His conscience on this point was clear. From his point of view the leaders of the Revolution were treasonable, not he; and it must be admitted that there is something to be said for this contention. Not Louis, but the Revolutionists were in rebellion against legally constituted authority. And, however much fundamental reform may have been needed in France, its need could hardly justify the excesses which stained the course of the Revolution.

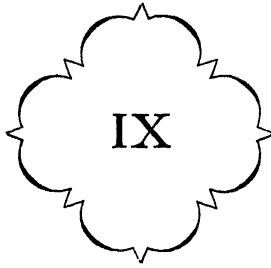
At the time of Louis XVI's execution the war between France and Austria and Prussia, which had begun in April, 1792, was still raging unabated. After his death other countries joined the enemies of France—England, Holland, Spain, etc., until she was at war with most of Europe. At the outset, the struggle was fundamentally a conflict between the old order of monarchism and privilege and the

new anti-monarchical egalitarian order which revolutionary France was seeking to establish; and, though other factors later entered in, the war never completely lost this character. Even before Louis' execution, absolute monarchs feared that the revolutionary doctrines which were being translated into practice in France would spread and undermine their thrones and the old order in Europe. After his death opposition stiffened. As Leo Gershoy has put it: "To crush the menace of the armed doctrine of the French Revolution became a matter of life and death to all legitimate governments."

The monarchs had good reason to fear. To the French the struggle was a great crusade, a "war against tyrants." In declaring war on Austria in the spring of 1792, the Assembly called it "the just defense of a free people against the unjust aggression of a King." Toward the end of the same year the Convention issued two propaganda decrees. The first declared "in the name of the French nation" that the Government would "bring fraternity and aid to all peoples who wish to recover their liberty." It stated further that the French generals were "to bring aid to those people and to defend those citizens who have been or may be molested in the cause of liberty." The second decree promised that wherever French arms prevailed, the abuses of the old order would be done away with. It stated specifically "that in all occupied states the system of taxation, the tithe, titles of nobility, all special privileges and all feudal dues were to be abolished." The French soldiers went forth imbued with the missionary spirit to do battle for "liberty, equality and fraternity."

At first, however, the French armies suffered reverses.

Then the tide turned and they began a career of conquest. As more and more territory was brought under its control the French Government proceeded to redeem its promises. The old order was in large measure overthrown in the Austrian Netherlands (now Belgium), in Holland, in Switzerland, in parts of Germany and in the Italian peninsula. In course of time a number of republics were set up on or near the French frontier. Holland became the Batavian Republic, Switzerland the Helvetic Republic; and the Italian peninsula was divided into four republics in place of the monarchical states which had yielded to French arms. The Austrian Netherlands was annexed and thus directly incorporated into the French Republic. No one could tell how far the victorious Revolution would spread. No wonder the monarchs trembled.



A NEW MASTER FOR FRANCE

WHILE FRENCH ARMIES WERE WINNING VICTORIES ABROAD in the "war against tyrants," history was taking a strange turn at home. Fear of counter-revolution had led to the institution of that Reign of Terror in which enemies and suspected enemies of the Revolution were ruthlessly exterminated. But in the end the Terror had brought its own reaction, as Frenchmen more and more sickened at the slaughter; and wholesale executions came to an end after the arch-terrorist, Robespierre, had been sent to the guillotine by frightened colleagues in the Convention who feared for their own heads. Royalists appeared openly in the streets of Paris, though they were far from being in the majority. Among the masses there was less longing for liberty, equality and fraternity and more for peace, order and security. And there was a growing feeling that only oneman rule could bring these blessings.

The establishment of oneman rule, however, could not be brought about all at once. Such a right-about-face was not to be thought of. Ardor for the Revolution had died

down, but it had not died out. In 1795, however, the trend in the mind of the French people away from democracy was reflected in a change of government from the Convention to the Directory. The Convention had been elected by universal manhood suffrage. The two legislative bodies which took its place, the Council of Elders and the Council of Five Hundred, were elected by the property holders. The government of the Convention had had no regularly instituted executive. The government that took its place had an executive but this executive consisted not of one man as in the old days, but of five Directors with limited powers. The Government of the Directory, however, proved increasingly unpopular, and the underlying nostalgia for a strong man at the country's helm increased proportionately. As time passed, it became more and more apparent that the Directory must fall.

No man sensed the changing atmosphere more clearly or adapted himself to it more shrewdly than the Corsican adventurer, Napoleon Bonaparte. Having distinguished himself as an officer in the wars of the Revolution, he was appointed Commander of the French army in Italy in 1796, at the age of twenty-seven. It was his first great opportunity and his ambitious soul welcomed it with ardor. When he took command of his army it was not to liberty, equality and fraternity that he appealed in addressing his troops, but to something far more material. "Soldiers," he said, "you are ill-fed and almost naked; the government owes you much, it can give you nothing. Your patience, the courage which you exhibit in the midst of these crags, are worthy of all admiration, but they bring you no atom of glory; not a ray is reflected upon you. I

will conduct you into the most fertile plains in the world. Rich provinces, great cities will be in your power; there you will find honor, glory and wealth. Soldiers of Italy, can it be that you will be lacking in courage or perseverance?"

The army was won by his enthusiasm and his promises. It followed him devotedly in a brilliantly executed campaign which resulted in the defeat of the Austrians and their allies, the Sardinians, and brought all of northern Italy under the control of France. When he returned home he was the cynosure of all eyes.

To win military glory in the service of the Directory, however, was far from being the limit of Bonaparte's ambition. "What I have done so far is nothing," he remarked. "I am but at the opening of the career that I am to run. Do you suppose that I have gained my victories in Italy in order to advance the lawyers of the Directory—the Carnots and the Barras'? What a notion! What the French want is glory and the satisfaction of their vanity. As for Liberty, of that they have no conception. Look at the army! The victories that we have just gained have given the French soldier his true character. I am everything to him. Let the Directory attempt to deprive me of my command and they will see who is master. The nation must have a head, a head who is rendered illustrious by glory, and not by theories of government, fine phrases, or the talk of idealists, of which the French understand not a whit."

When he talked of a "head rendered illustrious by glory" there is no question whom he meant. But at the time of his return from Italy, "the pear," as he put it, "was not yet ripe." The Directory was not yet ready to fall.

He must do something in the meanwhile to "keep his glory warm." The Directory for its part was glad enough to get him out of the way. So it sent him off to Egypt, where presumably he would either win new victories for France, or discredit himself by defeat or be killed.

While he was in Egypt news came to him that the pear was ripe. The Directory was becoming more and more unpopular by reason of its failure to meet pressing problems at home and because of alarming military reverses abroad, especially in Italy. The political atmosphere of France was murky with corruption, venality, disillusionment and distrust. So Bonaparte, leaving his soldiers to perish on the burning sands of Egypt or make their way home later as best they could, secretly set sail for France with a few trusted friends.

Landing on the southern coast of France he proceeded at once to Paris. Everywhere along the route he was hailed with plaudits. The Egyptian expedition had been far from successful, but the French people did not know that and Bonaparte was more than ever a national hero.

Having arrived in Paris he entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. Plans were laid to abrogate the existing Constitution and substitute for it another concentrating executive power in the hands of two or three consuls, of whom Bonaparte was to be one. But the conspirators dared not carry out their plot in Paris, for there they would have to face the opposition of the dangerous Jacobin element, still very strong in the capital city and its suburbs and devoted to the fundamental ideals of the Revolution.

Therefore it was arranged to have the two legislative

bodies transferred out to Saint Cloud, where much less was to be feared from Jacobin opposition. The conspirators believed that they could count on the Council of Elders, many of whose members were in sympathy with their aims. So it was planned that after the transfer to Saint Cloud had been effected, the Council of Elders should bring the proposed changes before the Council of Five Hundred and secure its consent to them. After this consent was secured, the new Constitution was to be drawn up and ratified by a great national plebiscite.

The one crucial question in the plot was whether the Council of Five Hundred would agree to give up the existing constitution in favor of a new one. To make certain that the plot would not fail on this account troops were to accompany the councils to Saint Cloud, ostensibly to "protect" them; in reality, to force acceptance of the conspirators' plans if force were necessary. And Bonaparte was chosen to command the troops.

Thus was initiated the famous *coup d'état* of the 9th and 10th of November (the 18th and 19th *Brumaire*, according to the calendar adopted in the early days of the Revolution). On the 9th of November all went well. The Council of Elders decreed the transfer to Saint Cloud. Two of the Directors, Sieyès and Ducos, who were in the plot, resigned from the Directory of their own accord. A third, Barras, yielded his office at Bonaparte's insistence, believing that it was hopeless to resist the popular young general. Bonaparte used the occasion of Barras' resignation to excite feeling against the existing Government. When Barras' secretary agitatedly sought an interview with him

in the garden of the Tuileries palace, Bonaparte called out to him in a loud voice:

“What have you done with France which I left you so glorious? I left peace and I find war. I left you victorious and I find defeats. I left behind the millions of Italy and I find nothing but plundering and poverty. What have you done with the 100,000 Frenchmen who were my companions in glory? They are dead. This state of things must cease; in three years it would lead to despotism. We want a Republic founded on equality, morality, civil liberty and political toleration. Under a good administration factions will soon be forgotten, and the citizens will become Frenchmen once more. The defenders of the Fatherland will again enjoy that confidence they have so amply deserved.”

The next day the two houses met as arranged in what had once been the château of Louis XVI at Saint Cloud. Napoleon and some of his generals, together with Sieyès and Ducos, waited in a room where they were kept informed of what was going on in the sessions of each of the councils. As time passed the news that reached them was disquieting. In the Council of Five Hundred a deputy who was in the conspiracy got up to speak. He was greeted with shouts from the Jacobin members whose suspicions were now thoroughly aroused: “No dictatorship! Down with dictators!” A motion, ominous to the conspirators’ plans, was carried that every member renew his oath to the existing Constitution. This was done orally, deputy by deputy, consuming endless time.

Bonaparte, waiting in the private room, grew more and more nervous and impatient. Finally he cried out, “There

must be an end to this," and rushed into the hall where the Council of Elders was sitting, dallying, no one having the courage to denounce the Constitution. He began an excited, rambling, incoherent speech. The Council, he said, was sitting on a volcano. He was no Caesar, no Cromwell! The Council must maintain liberty and equality. A deputy, interrupting, accused him of ignoring the Constitution. Whereupon he shouted angrily, "The Constitution? You yourselves have violated it. . . . The Constitution is being invoked by all and violated by all . . . and the Constitution being violated, we must have another compact, new guarantees." He hinted that he would use his soldiers if the Council opposed him. Whereupon the members yielded, rising to signify that they were with him.

Still he rambled on. He had lost his head completely. Finally one of his friends whispered, "General, you no longer know what you are saying," and hurried him from the hall.

Worse was to come. He rushed to the Council of Five Hundred, with some of his officers and a few soldiers. He started for the President's chair. A storm of indignation broke loose. There were cries, "Armed men!" and "Hors de la loi!" "Hors de la loi!" ("Outlaw him! Outlaw him!") He was pushed and shoved this way and that by angry members. He might have been killed there and then. He fainted away and was saved only by his friends, who dragged him hastily out of the meeting.

It seemed as though all were lost. Napoleon had made an utter fool of himself. But at the crucial moment the day was saved by his brother Lucien, who was President of the Council of Five Hundred. Now, slipping from the Presi-

dent's chair, he made his way out to where Napoleon's soldiers were standing in readiness for an emergency and began to harangue them:

"Frenchmen!" he cried, "The President of the Council of the Five Hundred assures you that the vast majority of that assembly is at present terrorized by a number of deputies armed with daggers who besiege the tribunal, threatening their colleagues and proposing the most violent resolutions."

He then called on the soldiers to protect the councils. Napoleon, who had regained consciousness, chimed in, "And if anyone offers resistance, kill him. Follow me! I am the Divinity of the day!"

"For heaven's sake keep quiet!" whispered Lucien disgustedly.

"Long live Bonaparte," cried the soldiers. But they did not move. Then Lucien played his trump card. Drawing his dagger he pointed it at Napoleon's heart and swore that if his brother ever attempted anything against the liberty of the country, he himself would plunge his dagger into that brother's breast.

The melodramatic gesture worked. With drums beating the soldiers marched into the hall where the Council of Five Hundred was sitting. The members escaped as best they could, some of them jumping from the windows and running as fast as their legs could carry them, and as their robes would let them, away into the cool mists of the November evening.

After it was all over, the rumps of the two councils met that night to lay plans for a new Government. They named two commissions to take part in drawing up a new

Constitution, and they appointed three provisional consuls, of whom Bonaparte was one, to take charge of affairs for the time being.

The new Constitution was soon completed under Bonaparte's direction and ratified by a plebiscite. It preserved the forms, but only the forms, of representative government. The right to vote was retained and there were several elected legislative bodies. But the realities of power were concentrated in the hands of the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte. After ten years of Revolution France had returned to absolutism. She had delivered herself over to the Corsican adventurer.

Having achieved the reality of absolute power, Bonaparte set himself to gild it with a fitting title. He paved the way carefully and when the time was ripe a complaisant Senate requested him to accept the title of Emperor. This title, furthermore, was to be hereditary. Napoleon graciously accepted the proffered honor.

So on the 2nd of December, 1804, the anniversary of one of his greatest battles, he was crowned Napoleon I, Emperor of the French, in a brilliant ceremony in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The day of the great occasion was bright with sunshine. All Paris was alive with gay decorations which, as a newspaper said, "might have been the work of fairy wands." At nine o'clock in the morning the Pope, who had come to Paris especially for the coronation, was driven from the palace of the Louvre to the Cathedral. Then a gorgeous procession passed through the streets of Paris. First came mounted soldiers and the carriages of dignitaries, then "the Imperial coach, a huge golden cage with glass sides and surmounted by four eagles

supporting a crown." Within the coach sat Napoleon and Josephine, his wife and, opposite them, two of his brothers, Joseph and Louis. Napoleon was resplendent in a suit of purple velvet with gold embroidery. In his hat he wore a white plume. Josephine was dressed in white satin with silver embroidery.

The procession stopped at the palace of the Archbishop of Paris where the hero of the day and his wife donned their coronation robes, red, with ermine lining. Then they went on to Notre Dame where the Pope awaited them. As they knelt at the foot of the steps in front of the altar the Pope consecrated them. But he did not crown them. Napoleon was not going to be even symbolically beholden to the Church for his crown. After the consecration, he walked up the steps, took the Imperial crown from the altar where it was resting and placed it firmly on his own head. This done he took the other crown, walked down the steps and put it on the head of Josephine.

The Imperial couple took their seats on thrones which had been prepared for them. The Pope blessed them, crying out "*Vivat Imperator in aeternum!*" Trumpets blared, the organ played triumphal music and the audience broke into shouts of applause. The French Republic had become an Empire.

During the ceremony Napoleon had whispered to his brother, "Joseph, if only our father could see us now." No doubt Carlo Bonaparte, the poor struggling Corsican lawyer who had sired this prodigy would have enjoyed it—much more than republican patriots of other days, men like Danton, Marat and Robespierre, who had given their lives for the Revolution.

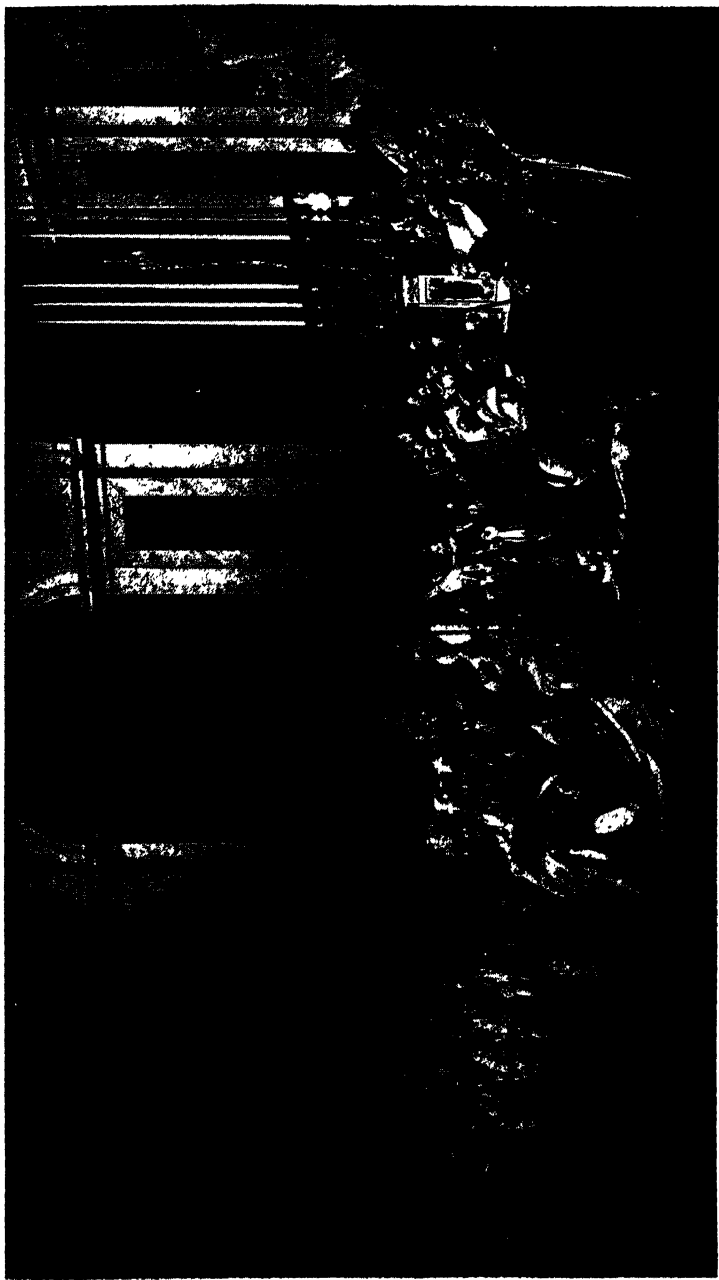
So grand a monarch must have a grand court. Napoleon wanted all the glittering trappings of royalty. So he created a new order of nobility. He appointed his uncle Grand Almoner. He made Talleyrand Lord High Chamberlain. He distributed titles right and left to personal favorites and to those who had distinguished themselves in the service of France under his leadership. He divorced Josephine and married Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. He brought back Madame de Campan, former lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, to teach his courtiers, a number of whom had come from the humblest beginnings, how to conduct themselves in their unaccustomed splendors. She had no easy task. It took time and patience to train an ex-waiter or an ex-washerwoman in the graces of the Old Regime. But Napoleon was pleased with his court. "Does it not seem" he asked someone, "as though the old order had come back again?" "Yes, Sire," was the reply, "except for the millions of men killed to bring it back."

It has been said that Napoleon was at once the completion and the negation of the French Revolution. He was its completion in so far as he solidified its work at home and extended it abroad. Under his direction the laws of France were codified in the Code Napoleon, the Emperor's most enduring monument. The Code lastingly legalized the principal social results of the Revolution, such as religious toleration and the abolition of the ancient privileges of the clergy and nobility, including the abolition of feudal dues and services. Above all, it maintained the principle of equality before the law. All had the right to a fair trial in the courts. Military and civil positions were open to all who had the ability to attain them.

Wherever practicable the new regime was put in force in lands conquered by Napoleon's victorious armies. Privileges were destroyed or curtailed, Church property was confiscated, equality in taxation was brought in, serfdom, feudal dues and guilds were abolished. The Code Napoleon exerted a profound and lasting influence not only in France but in Italy, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, parts of Germany and elsewhere.

Napoleon was the negation of the Revolution, however, in that he restored absolutism and put liberty in chains. "Both the savage and the civilized man," he said, "need a lord and master. . . . Obedience is man's destiny; he deserves nothing better, and he has no rights." A highly organized police system meddled unceasingly with private lives. Spies were everywhere. Suspects were thrown into prison on the slightest evidence. The theatres were under the control of agents of the government. Liberty of the press was destroyed. No writer could publish a book without the consent of the government censor. The two leading literary lights of the day, Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, were persecuted and driven into exile.

To strengthen the dynasty which he was trying to establish and to gratify family pride, the Emperor handed out crowns and coronets to his numerous brothers and sisters as his armies brought more and more of Europe under his sway. Republics were no longer in the mode. The ring of republics, which had been one of the proudest products of the popular enthusiasm of revolutionary France for liberty, equality and fraternity, disappeared. In their place, as well as elsewhere in other conquered lands, mushroom kingdoms sprang into being as the Em-



THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON I AS EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND JOSEPHINE AS EMPRESS
-- IN THE PRESENCE OF THE BODY AT THE CATHEDRAL OF AIX-LES-BAINS --

peror waved the magic wand of his power. He made his brother Joseph King of Naples and Sicily, and later transferred him to the more exalted throne of Spain. Murat, who had married the Emperor's sister Caroline, took Joseph's place as King of Naples and Sicily. His brother Louis was made King of Holland. "Holland has no executive," Napoleon remarked casually one day. "I will give her Prince Louis." Brother Louis objected. He had no desire for the honor. But Napoleon replied, "It is better to die sitting on a throne, than to live a mere prince of France." So Louis yielded and was duly crowned King of Holland.

Elise, who was made Grand Duchess of Tuscany, took her new position with amusing seriousness. "My people are satisfied," she wrote Napoleon. "The opposition is crushed. Your commands, Sire, have been fulfilled. I am well pleased with the Senate. It is showing deference to my authority."

Lucien, too, could have been a King had he been willing to give up his wife of humble birth. Napoleon wanted his family to strengthen his own position and theirs by marrying into old established noble and royal houses. He himself had divorced his Josephine and married into one of the proudest houses in Europe. But Lucien refused to follow his example.

Another brother, Jerome, was more pliant. He had married a commoner, an American, the beautiful Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. But when Napoleon offered him the throne of the kingdom of Westphalia, which the Emperor had set up in northwestern Germany, Jerome yielded and divorced his wife. More than a century later

Baltimore was neatly avenged, when the sovereign of a far greater realm than the ephemeral kingdom of Westphalia gave up his throne to marry another belle of that city.

The new rulers whom Napoleon had created from his family and elsewhere remained his satellites. Their first allegiance was not to their peoples, but to the Emperor of France. They were part and parcel of his dreams and schemes for attaining a power such as no European monarch had ever known. "There will be no rest in Europe," he had said in the year that he became Emperor of France, "until it is under a single chief—an Emperor who shall have kings for officers, who shall distribute kingdoms to his lieutenants, and shall make this one king of Italy, that one of Bavaria; this one ruler of Switzerland, that one governor of Holland, each having an office of honor in the Imperial household."

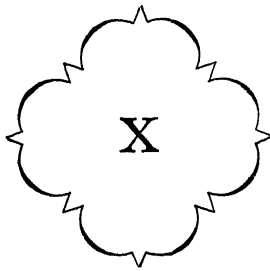
This dream of supreme power he was never destined to realize. In a few years the imposing structure that he was building in Europe collapsed like a house of cards. The tide of war turned against him. His troops were slowly pushed back in Spain, his Grand Army driven out of Russia in disastrous rout and he was decisively defeated in Germany in the great battle of Leipzig. Fighting desperately every inch of the way, he was driven back to Paris. There he was forced by his victorious enemies to abdicate and was sent into exile. As everyone knows, his dramatic escape and recovery of the throne led only to another decisive defeat at Waterloo and his final exile to Saint Helena.

The Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars had put the cause of monarchy in France and in Europe to a whitehot

test. But when the wars of Napoleon ended and his Empire fell, the smoke of battle still obscured the results. The Revolution had overwhelmed the old Bourbon monarchy and sent Louis XVI to his doom. But the republic which had replaced the monarchy had in turn been swept away by the Corsican adventurer. Finally Napoleon had been forced out. The throne of France was vacant and Europe wondered whether it would be filled again. If it were filled, it remained to be seen whether this would mean the restoration of absolute monarchy, or whether the powers of the King would be limited, as they had been in England and as they had been in France during the final years of the reign of Louis XVI. No one could tell with certainty whether the people or any part of them would now have any voice in the government.

Outside of France, many other monarchs had lost their thrones in the course of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. Napoleon's puppets, who had replaced some of them, had now been overthrown. Would the former monarchs be brought back or would they be allowed to languish in exile while other new governments were set up? France had been defeated but it remained to be seen whether the Revolution had been conquered as well. The potential strength of this movement which had swept over so large a part of Europe had even yet to be measured.

Such was the mood of uncertainty that pervaded men's minds as Napoleon's star sank below the horizon.



MONARCHICAL REACTION

WHEN ALEXANDER I, TSAR OF RUSSIA, RODE VICTORIOUSLY into Paris after Napoleon's defeat in 1814, Prince Talleyrand waited for him and invited him to stay at his house. Talleyrand, the wily old fox, had survived the vicissitudes of the Revolution in France, transferring his allegiance from one form of government to another, turning his coat as occasion required and saving his skin. Skilled diplomatist that he was, he always had an eye to the future, both his own and that of his country. Now that Napoleon had fallen, he was concerned with the question of what the new government of France was to be. So, when all the rest of Napoleon's officials had fled the capital, he had contrived to remain. He had no thought of following the fallen Empire into exile.

The Tsar graciously accepted the proffered invitation. "M. de Talleyrand," he said, "I have decided to stay in your house because you have my confidence and that of my allies. We do not wish to determine anything before we have heard you. You know France, its needs

and desires. Say what we ought to do and we will do it."

By all odds Alexander was the most influential of those rulers who had brought about Napoleon's defeat. It was for this reason that Talleyrand had sought him out. On Alexander rested the chief responsibility of deciding what government France was to have. After he had reached Talleyrand's house the question of government was taken up in earnest. Talleyrand suggested the restoration of the Bourbons, the house that had ruled France for centuries. Though Louis XVI had left no son to claim the throne, he had two brothers who had survived him. Talleyrand suggested that the elder of these two be made king.

Alexander demurred. Despite the confidence he had shown in Talleyrand's judgment, he questioned whether the French people, after all that they had gone through, would accept the Bourbons again. For some twenty years the Bourbon line had been cordially hated by most of the French people.

"Your Majesty," replied Talleyrand, "we can do anything with a principle. I propose to accept the principle of legitimacy, which recalls to the throne the princes of the House of Bourbon."

Talleyrand knew human nature. He knew how people could be stirred by an ideal, a slogan. He knew that the French people, tired of the excesses of the Revolution, worn out with wars, would welcome the return of the Bourbons if an appealing reason could be offered to justify it. The principle of legitimacy had just the right sort of appeal. It meant the restoration of the "lawful" line of monarchs. It accorded with the longing of the people for

law and order after the chaotic upheavals of a quarter of a century.

Impressed with Talleyrand's suggestion the Tsar, after some hesitation, was persuaded to accept it. It met the approval, furthermore, of the Allied powers which had united to overthrow Napoleon and whose province it now was to settle the affairs of Europe. So it was decided to restore the Bourbon line to France. Not only so, but the principle of legitimacy became one of the fundamental bases for the settlement outside that country. With a few exceptions, it was decided to bring back to their former positions the kings, princes and other rulers who had been ousted from their thrones by the revolutionary and Napoleonic conquests.

Acceptance of the principle of legitimacy meant an initial triumph for the conservatives in the long and hard-fought contest which was to be waged between the forces of conservatism and those of liberalism and democracy throughout the nineteenth century. In this struggle liberals everywhere sought to overthrow monarchy or to limit its powers. They drew their inspiration from the French Revolution, with its principles of liberty, equality and fraternity. They maintained the right of the people to share in government, either directly or through their representatives. Therefore, they demanded that parliaments be established to decrease or nullify the power of the king. They insisted on the destruction of class privilege and the maintenance of the principle of equality before the law. They fought for freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom for the individual to worship as he pleased or not to worship at all. Finally, they demanded written con-

stitutions to institute, legalize and guarantee parliamentary government, to legalize and safeguard "the natural and in-prescriptible rights of man."

The liberals were drawn principally from those elements in the population which were suffering or had suffered from the inequalities prevalent under the rule of absolute monarchy, though some idealists, even from the privileged classes, were always to be found in their ranks. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the movement against monarchical absolutism and the old order in general was wholeheartedly democratic. On the contrary, it was dictated to no small degree by motives of class interest, the interest of the bourgeoisie. After the fall of Napoleon the bourgeoisie gradually forged more and more to the front, at first in Western Europe, later in other parts of the Continent. Busy, pushing little men from the middle class were more and more making places for themselves in the ever-expanding world of industry, trade and finance, or as lawyers, doctors, teachers, journalists and politicians. It was natural for these ambitious men to seek political power for themselves and their class, and in seeking power for themselves to try to limit the power of the monarch. No doubt many of them enlisted quite sincerely under the banner of democracy. Yet there can be no doubt, also, that many others were filled with a deepseated distrust of the masses. They would stop short of transferring power to the people as a whole, and center it as far as possible in their own class.

In the forces of conservatism the leaders were drawn from the old privileged classes, with the kings at their head, while the privates in the ranks were their numerous

followers and all others who feared change. The nobles looked back with homesick longing to the good old days before the French Revolution. "No one who did not live before 1789 knows what it is to have lived," said one of them. They clamored for the restoration of absolute monarchy where it had been overthrown and its rigid maintenance where it had not. They saw in the principle of legitimacy a bulwark of defense against assaults on the privileges and perquisites to which they clung.

The clergy, on the whole, stood staunchly with the nobility in supporting the cause of monarchy. Accepting only their own particular form of religious faith as true, they could hardly be expected to sympathize with the theory of the right of the individual to worship as he pleased. Besides, the clergy had suffered too much from the French Revolution to have much liking for its principles. They feared, with good reason, that the triumph of those principles in Europe would mean their own undoing. So they looked to the union of "the throne and the altar" as a safeguard against hostile influences. Like the nobles, they were defending themselves in defending the cause of monarchy.

It was not merely class interest, however, that led the conservatives to rally to the defense of monarchical rule and the old order. Not without reason, they looked on the ideals for which the French Revolution had stood—equality before the law, individual liberties, representative parliaments and written constitutions—as a menace to domestic tranquillity and the peace of Europe. "French ideas" they called them. These ideas had thrown France into violent disorder, the effects of which were felt in that country

long after Napoleon's fall. Moreover it was in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity that French military power had gone raging like a lion through Europe. For nearly a quarter of a century France had been the foe of European peace.

Remembering, then, the havoc wrought by the crusade to spread French ideas in the time of the Revolution and Napoleon, it is not surprising that conservatives trembled at the thought of the havoc these principles might wreak in the future. Just as a century later the powers at war with Germany looked on autocracy as the arch-enemy of world peace and the President of the United States, speaking for them, cried out that the world must be made safe for democracy, so conservatives in the countries that had been at war with France in Napoleon's time looked on democracy and its kindred principles as arch-enemies of the peace of Europe. If they did not actually say, they certainly believed, that the world must be made safe for autocracy.

So it gave conservatives a feeling of security when the principle of legitimacy won acceptance, and the kings and other potentates came back to their thrones like homing pigeons returning to their nests. The stout, elderly Count of Provence left his quiet comfortable life in England and his study of Horace to ascend the throne of his ancestors in France as Louis XVIII. Even before Louis' return, Ferdinand of Spain had been brought back by an English army which was aiding the Spaniards in the war against Napoleon. As the restored monarch journeyed through the country on his way to the capital, crowds of people who had gathered along the route cried, "Long live the absolute King! Down with the traitors!"

Later another Ferdinand was restored to the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, replacing Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat, who had started life as a waiter and had risen to be one of the brightest of the shining stars in the Napoleonic firmament. William, hereditary prince of Holland, came back from England to become William I, King of the newly established Kingdom of the Netherlands, created through the union of Holland and the lands now known as Belgium. To the little states of which a disunited Italy and a disunited Germany were then composed returned a host of minor potentates.

Most of these restored rulers took to the resumption of their absolute powers as ducks take to water. In Spain a veritable reign of terror was instituted. Liberal leaders were arrested and imprisoned or exiled. Toward the end of Ferdinand's rule a young man who shouted, "Hurrah for liberty!" was hanged, and a like fate was meted out to a young woman who had stitched on a flag the words, "Law, liberty and equality." In Portugal secret political societies were outlawed and membership in them severely penalized. A decree passed in 1818 declared that "whosoever sells, gives, lends or hands to another a medal, seal, symbol, picture, book, catechism or instruction relating to those cursed societies shall be punished by transportation of from four to six years." In Germany the Elector of Hesse restored the old laws, brought back the privileged guilds, replaced military and civil officials with fossilized relics of an earlier generation and even ordered his soldiers to wear pigtails as they had before the coming of the French Revolution. "I have been sleeping all these years," said the Elector.

In Italy most of the restored rulers were quite as stiff-necked and petty in their attitude as the old Elector of Hesse, and some of them were quite as ludicrous. King Victor Emmanuel I of Piedmont-Sardinia, returning to his capital at Turin after long years of exile, rode through the streets of the city in a gilded coach especially borrowed for the occasion, wearing his hair in a pigtail with a great antiquated hat perched on his head, smiling with benevolent condescension on his cheering subjects. Soon after his return he ousted all officials who had been appointed during the period of French occupation and put in their places men whose names had appeared in the Court Almanac for 1798.

The same monarch restored old privileges and forbade religious toleration. He arbitrarily interfered with the system of justice in the courts and gave police agents wide powers of arrest, with terrorizing effect. He permitted his courtiers to come to court only in costumes such as he himself had worn in the days of his youth; and it is said that at his court "no one who loved his king and his God spoke otherwise than through his nose, the nasal twang being, we know not on what ground, taken as evidence of loyal zeal and religious unction."

In 1814, before most of the exiled monarchs had come back to their thrones, the Congress of Vienna met to liquidate the Napoleonic wars and to stabilize Europe. This Congress seemed both to symbolize the joyful return to the old order and to breathe new life into it. It was as brilliant an assemblage of rulers and diplomats as one could wish to see. Here again one would have thought that the clock had been turned back twenty-five years, though it was a

grander and more dignified clock than the antiquated time-pieces of the Elector of Hesse and the King of Piedmont. A profusion of entertainments followed one another in bewildering succession. There were reviews, *tableaux vivants*, masked balls, dinners galore, huge hunts where innumerable wild animals were slaughtered and a medieval tournament which much delighted the heart of the impressionable Tsar Alexander. "You have come just at the right moment," said the Belgian Prince de Ligne to a young nobleman who arrived at the Austrian capital shortly after the opening of the Congress. "If you like balls you will have enough of them; the Congress *ne marche pas, il danse* [The Congress dances but does not advance]. There is literally a royal mob. Everybody is crying out: 'Peace! justice! balance of power! indemnity!' As for me I am a looker-on. All the indemnity I shall ask for is a new hat; I have worn mine out taking it off to sovereigns whom I meet at the corner of every street."¹

The Prince went with his friend to one of the gay entertainments offered by the Austrian court for the pleasure of its guests, a masked ball at the Imperial Palace. Here richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, some in fancy costume, danced waltzes or polonaises or stood about chatting with one another. The greatest monarchs of Europe mingled freely and unostentatiously with the lesser folk in the brilliant assemblage.

The Prince pointed out some of the leading personages.

"Take notice," he said, "of that graceful, martial figure walking with Eugene de Beauharnais; that is the Emperor

¹ Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne, translated by Katharine Wormeley, vol. II, p. 262.

Alexander. And that tall dignified man with the lively Neapolitan on his arm is the King of Prussia; the lady, who is making him laugh, may be an empress or a grisette. And there, in that Venetian suit, the stiffness of which scarcely conceals his affability, is our own [Austrian] Emperor, the representative of the most paternal despotism that ever existed. Here is Maximilian, King of Bavaria, in whose frank countenance you can read the expression of his good heart. Those two young men over there are the Prince-Royal of Bavaria and his brother Charles. The latter has the head of an Antinoüs; but the other, Louis, whose tastes are all for literature and the fine arts, promises to give Bavaria, one of these days, a noble reign. Do you see that pale little man with an aquiline nose, near the King of Bavaria? That is the King of Denmark, whose cheerful humour and lively repartees enliven the royal parties—they call him the *Lustig* (merry joker) of the Sovereign Brigade. Judging by his simple manners and the perfect happiness of his little kingdom, you would never suppose him to be the greatest autocrat in Europe. But he is, for all that. In Copenhagen the royal carriage is preceded by an equerry armed with a carbine, and the king as he drives along can, if he pleases, order any of his subjects to be shot. That colossal figure leaning against the column, whose bulk is not lessened by the folds of his ample domino, is the King of Württemberg, and next him is his son, the Prince-Royal, whose affection for the Grand-Duchess of Oldenburg has brought him to the Congress, rather than the settlement of public business that will soon be his own. All this crowd of persons who are buzzing around us are either reigning princes, archdukes, or great dignitaries from vari-

ous countries. With the exception of a few Englishmen (easily distinguished by the richness of their clothes), I do not see anyone without a title to his name.”¹

The sovereigns and statesmen who met at Vienna, and who for the time being held the fate of Europe in their hands, were not all completely reactionary. The Tsar Alexander, particularly, was known to have liberal sympathies. But the general, decided tendency was to fortify absolutism and the old order. Therefore, the principle of legitimacy became a rule of action for the Congress. As has been pointed out, some of the monarchs had already come back to their thrones before Europe's leaders assembled at the Austrian capital. The Congress confirmed the restoration of these and effected the restoration of the rest. In states like Austria, Russia and Prussia, no return to absolutism was necessary, for in these lands the powers of the monarchs had never been seriously disturbed.

Only in a few countries of continental Europe were the powers of the sovereigns now limited by a constitution: the Swiss Confederation, France, the United Netherlands and Norway. The Swiss Confederation had no King but consisted of a union of republics ruled by the aristocracy. The constitution of Norway was the most democratic in Europe at the time. Modeled directly on the French constitution of 1791, it provided for a Parliament elected by a franchise that extended well down into the ranks of the peasantry and lower middle class, and it gave only a suspensive veto to the King.

The constitutions of the Netherlands and France were much less democratic than that of Norway. Both provided

¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 264-6.

for Parliaments, but in both the King alone had the right to initiate legislation. In both the ministers were responsible not to Parliament but to the King, and in both the King appointed the members of the upper house. The right to elect members of the lower house, on the other hand, was in each case restricted to large property-holders. Only the wealthier nobility and bourgeoisie, in other words, were granted the suffrage. But even these arrangements were a far cry from the absolutism of the Old Regime and the absolutism that prevailed in most European countries after Napoleon's downfall. The upper bourgeoisie had been admitted to a share in the Government.

The elderly, prosy Count of Provence, who was restored to the French throne in 1814 as Louis XVIII was an adaptable man. He knew enough not to try to bring back to France the absolutism of the Old Regime. Like Charles II of England, his chief idea was not to "go on his travels again." He looked on the throne as "the softest of armchairs." He understood the spirit of his age far better than did some of his reactionary fellow monarchs. The lesson of the French Revolution was not lost on him. He knew that the French people of his day had no desire to return to the absolutism of the Old Regime nor, on the other hand, did they want to go forward to a republican form of government which had become associated in their minds with the Reign of Terror for which the first French republic had been responsible. What the French really wanted at that time was a compromise between Old Regime and Revolution; and the King guided them in the path of compromise. So the French constitution, granted

by him in 1814, was a nice balance between the old spirit and the new: a King but not an absolute King, a Parliament but not too powerful a Parliament, a franchise but a much limited franchise; and, along with these arrangements, the principle of equality before the law, equality for peasant and bourgeois as for priest and noble.

The existence of constitutional government in countries like France, England and the Netherlands merely stiffened the backs of those at the helm in most of the conservative countries to maintain absolutism and privilege. The man on whose shoulders fell the chief responsibility for maintaining the old order was Prince Klemens Wenzel Lothar Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor. Handsome, witty, intelligent, something of a Lothario, but a Lothario whose "*petites distractions*" never swerved him from his work, Metternich was quite ready to assume leadership in the struggle against absolutism. "Fate," he said oracularly, "has laid in part on me the duty of restraining, as far as my powers will allow, a generation whose destiny seems to be that of losing itself upon the slope which will surely lead to its ruin." He lumped his opponents under the name "revolutionists" and stated the issue, as he saw it, very simply. "The object of these factions is one and the same, the overthrow of every legally existing institution. . . . The principle which the monarchs must set against this . . . is the preservation of every legally existing institution."

His confidence in himself was colossal. "There is a wide sweep about my mind," he wrote in 1819. "I am always above and beyond the preoccupations of most public men; I cover a ground much vaster than they see, or wish to see.

I cannot keep myself from saying about twenty times a day, 'How right I am and how wrong they are.' " "Traveling is a terrible affair in my present position," he said on another occasion; "I am bored as monarchs are bored by the attentions of the Courts which entertain me on my journey; and I am bored as a prophet who is constantly asked advice by everyone." "I have become a species of moral power in Europe," he boasted in a letter to his wife; and again: "My visit here has been crowned with great success. I arrived at Frankfurt like the Messiah to save sinners."

The suave Austrian Chancellor's confidence in himself was not wholly unjustified. For a time he scored signal successes. He stamped his personality on his age as did none other of his contemporaries. History has done him the honor of calling the period of his activity, from 1814 to 1848, the "Era of Metternich"; and the system of reaction which he fathered is known as the "Metternich System."

Metternich's responsibility lay in two fields: first, in the Austrian dominions and Germany; and second, in the foreign field, most of the rest of continental Europe.

In Austria Metternich and the Emperor Francis who backed him up made every effort to keep the country "frozen." Or, to change the figure of speech, they strove to keep the Austrian dominions immune from the noxious gases of liberalism and democracy. Liberty was put in chains. A secret police system was organized to ferret out conspiracies and political disaffection. Agitators were thrown into jail. The press was rigorously censored. Books of foreign origin considered subversive, like the works of

King and Assembly were brought by it under the influence of the Paris mob, the most radical, the wildest, the cruelest element of the French Revolution. Louis was now virtually a prisoner in the Tuileries palace. By his goodnatured weakness he had put his head into the noose which was later to be drawn tighter and tighter about his neck.

The unhappy monarch's next great mistake was a misguided attempt to flee the country with his family. The plans were carefully laid. At dead of night the royal family was to leave the Tuileries palace and be driven to Montmédy, a little town near the eastern border of the country, where loyal troops were to meet them and escort them to the frontier and to safety. On the date fixed for the flight, after a reception which must have seemed interminable to their beating hearts, they escaped from the palace and took their places in a berlin, a great coach, which was awaiting them. But there had been a delay in getting started. Marie Antoinette had lingered, perhaps, too long in dressing, and it was long after midnight when the coach finally began to lumber through the silent streets of Paris. As they reached the gates of the city the first, faint streaks of dawn could be seen in the sky.

Nevertheless, as the berlin bowled along the country roads, leaving the capital further and further behind, the King's spirits rose. He felt like an escaped prisoner who at last sees freedom ahead of him. But there were other delays. Once the harness broke and had to be mended. On another occasion they were recognized by loyal subjects, who detained them awhile out of the very enthusiasm of their devotion. When they finally reached

was hurriedly passed by the German Diet, the governing body of the Confederation. These Carlsbad decrees suppressed the liberal student societies, put spies in the universities, established a drastic censorship of the press and set up a central committee at Mainz, a sort of governmental detective agency, to bring to light any evidence of conspiracy. The decrees got results. Opposition was silenced. The absolutist German princes, who had felt their thrones shaking, breathed easily once again.

In his efforts to hold in check the revolutionary spirit outside of Germany and the Austrian Empire, Metternich was backed, at first at any rate, by the four great powers which had united to overthrow Napoleon and which dominated the Congress of Vienna: Russia, Prussia, Austria and England. But as England soon became lukewarm, he was obliged to look for support chiefly to the other three great monarchies, collectively known as the Holy Alliance. This so-called Holy Alliance took its name from a curious document put forth by the dreamy, mystical, idealistic Tsar of Russia, Alexander I. The sovereigns who signed this document proclaimed their "fixed resolution" henceforth to base their conduct and policies on the precepts of the Christian religion, to "remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity" and therefore "on all occasions and in all places" to "lend each other aid and assistance." They further agreed that they would regard themselves "toward their subjects and armies as fathers of families" and would "lead them, in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace and justice."

Conservative and paternalistic as the principles under-

lying the Holy Alliance were, it was not intended to be an instrument of reaction. Alexander I was far from being a reactionary at the time the Alliance was drawn up. As for the other monarchs who signed the declaration, hardly one of them took it seriously. But in course of time the Holy Alliance came to be identified in the public mind of Europe with the system of reaction and repression of which the Governments of the three great absolute monarchies, Austria, Russia and Prussia were the leading exponents. And it is from this fact that its importance for history derives.

One of the outstanding acts of the Congress of Vienna, in its collective effort to maintain the existing order in Europe, was the provision which it made that other similar international congresses, similar to it in character, should meet at frequent intervals. At these congresses, which met in due course, was developed the doctrine of intervention; the theory that the powers had the right and duty to intervene in the internal affairs of a country to repress revolution wherever it might show its head. If, for example, revolution should break out in Italy or Spain or France, it was the alleged right of the powers to send troops into the country where the revolt occurred to stamp it out.

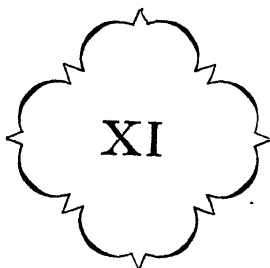
Under Metternich's leadership this doctrine was soon put into practice. Smoldering liberalism in the Kingdom of Naples and Sicily in southern Italy burst into flames of revolution in 1820. Frightened King Ferdinand, after taking a solemn oath of loyalty to the constitution which the revolutionists proclaimed and praying God to strike him dead if he ever violated it, hurried north to the interna-

tional Congress sitting at Laibach in Austria, where he sought aid in crushing the revolution. In response to his plea, Metternich promptly sent Austrian troops down to Naples and the revolt was thoroughly suppressed. The following year a similar uprising in Piedmont in northern Italy was likewise quickly put down with the aid of Austrian soldiers.

Meanwhile revolution was raging in Spain; and another frightened Ferdinand sent out a call for help. Again Metternich and his fellow statesmen, sitting now at the Congress of Verona, responded. But this time it was French soldiers who were sent marching into a foreign country to quell revolt. So far had France swung away from the ideals of 1789 and identified herself in international affairs with the system of reaction. In short order the French troops suppressed the rebellion and restored absolute monarchy to power in Spain. Later that architectural curiosity, the Trocadero, was erected in Paris as a monument to the triumph of French arms over the spirit of the French Revolution.

Ten years after the Congress of Vienna, Metternich and the monarchs who backed him might well have congratulated themselves on the success of the Metternich system. International congresses, as prescribed at Vienna, had been held under the auspices of the great powers. The doctrine of intervention had been successfully applied to uphold monarchical power in Italy and Spain. Once-radical France had co-operated with her conservative sisters in the Spanish affair. Austria had been kept "frozen" and the abortive liberal movement in Germany brought under control. Alexander of Russia, who had at first shown tendencies

distinctly liberal, had been won over to the system of reaction. "Today," he said to Metternich in 1820, "I deplore all that I said and did in 1815 and 1818. I regret the waste of time, which we must try to retrieve. Tell me what you desire and what you wish me to do and I will do it." France and a few other countries on the Continent, it is true, to say nothing of England, had maintained constitutional government. But Metternich complacently observed that "France and England may be considered as having no government. The Ministers of these two countries only exist from day to day, and I share the opinion of all calm observers when I say that neither of these two administrations can maintain themselves." In any case, almost everywhere in Europe outside the area of constitutional government absolutism had been upheld and liberty suppressed.



MONARCHY ON THE DEFENSIVE

HAD LIBERALISM BEEN A PLANT OF TENDER FIBRE IT MUST needs have died in most of Europe during the decade of monarchical reaction that began with Napoleon's fall. But it proved to be a far tougher growth than its enemies realized. Underneath the surface, with precautionary secrecy, the liberals carried on their agitation, winning more and more converts. Underneath the surface the movement seethed and boiled, storing up steam for the explosion that would surely come some day.

In 1830 the lid blew off. In July of that year, revolution broke out in France, spreading thence to the Netherlands, Italy and some of the German states. The French King, Charles X, an obstinate old man who once said that he would "rather chop wood" than reign on the same terms as the King of England, attempted once too often to play the part of absolute monarch, and was forced to abdicate and flee in disguise to England.

Some thought that this July Revolution would mean a republic. But France was not ready for a republic; and

politicians behind the scenes turned instead to the King's cousin, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, who had played up to the democratic spirit by his custom of walking through the streets carrying a green umbrella, instead of dashing along in a coach and four, and by sending his children to a *lycée* where children of the bourgeois went, instead of to a school reserved for the children of the aristocracy. In a carefully staged demonstration Louis Philippe was escorted to the Hôtel de Ville, taken inside and then made to appear on a balcony with the aged but popular hero, Lafayette. There the two men embraced as the crowd assembled below applauded; and Lafayette promised that the new monarchy would prove "the best of republics." Thus "divine-right" monarchy came to a final end in France, with the fall of the last legitimate monarch, and "bourgeois" monarchy took its place.

The revolution which broke out in the Netherlands led to the establishment of the Kingdom of Belgium and a distinctive victory for the liberal movement. Since 1814 the Belgians had been united with the Dutch in an unnatural union. Now, in 1830, they broke away to form a state of their own. They chose a German, Leopold of Coburg, to be their king; but they did not permit him to exercise autocratic power. He was to rule not by divine right but by the will of the nation. "All the powers emanate from the nation," it was declared. "The King has no powers other than those formally assigned to him by the constitution and the laws made in accordance with it." By provision of the new constitution the King could choose his own ministers but they were to be *responsible* to Parliament. This was a vital point. In practice it meant

that the ministers resigned as soon as they failed to command a majority in the lower house. The right to make the laws was to rest with Parliament and the King. This was another vital point. In practice it meant that laws were made by Parliament, subject only to royal suggestion and royal veto. Finally the constitution guaranteed liberty of person, of speech, of the press and of religion. Thus, from the start, the Kingdom of Belgium was a liberal, constitutional monarchy of the English type. The King had the title and all the glories thereunto appertaining. But the real sovereignty rested with a Parliament elected by the property-holders. In the last analysis Belgium was ruled not by the King but by the bourgeoisie.

Outside of France and the Netherlands the revolutionary movement was of minor importance. In Italy it proved abortive and failed. In Germany it led merely to the granting of constitutions by a few of the lesser princes, and to the passage of further repressive decrees by the Diet of the Confederation under the influence of Metternich. Naturally Metternich did not like what was going on at all. Of the revolution in the Netherlands he said: "The Belgian affair is regarded by our august master (the Emperor of Austria) with the utmost abhorrence. However the truth be disguised, it starts with countenancing a rebellion." Of the changes in Germany he wrote: "Several princes have committed the unpardonable crime of giving their States constitutions copied from that of France." But he did not attempt to overthrow these constitutions and, except for the repressive decrees to check the liberal movement in Germany, he took no significant action.

After the revolutionary movements that began in 1830

came to an end, Europe was restored to relative calm. But worse, much worse, was in store for the Austrian Chancellor and his system. In 1848 came an explosion much greater and more violent than that of 1830. In Paris a comparatively mild demonstration turned into riot, and riot turned into rebellion. Louis Philippe, who had become more and more autocratic, though always careful to observe constitutional forms, was made to give up the throne and was packed off to foreign parts like his predecessor. With shouts of joy a republic was proclaimed. Even the clergy, in the enthusiasm of the moment, joined with red republicans in planting "liberty trees."

From France the Revolution spread eastward like a prairie fire. In Germany the Frankfurt Parliament, an assembly extra-legally elected by universal manhood suffrage, laid plans to unite that country as a constitutional monarchy. In Italy little Piedmont made war against Austria, which controlled the northern part of the peninsula and dominated much of the rest of it. The Pope was forced to flee from the Papal States; and the Roman Republic was proclaimed in Rome, his capital. Hungary burst into flames, seeking separation from Austria. A member of the Hungarian Diet denounced Austria as "a charnel house whence issue pestilential vapors." Bohemia followed Hungary in revolt. There were riots in Vienna. Only six countries in Europe escaped the impact of the Revolution: England, Spain and Portugal in the west; Sweden, Norway and Russia in the north and east. In some states, however, the movement took the form not of violent rebellion but of peaceful, but none the less revolutionary, political reform.

When the Revolution reached Vienna, the chief citadel of absolutism, Metternich naturally became a storm center. On the 13th of March, 1848, an excited mob surged through the streets of the Austrian capital, angrily demanding that he resign his office. At first he refused to take the demonstrations seriously. Carefully dressed in a green coat and gray trousers and carrying a walking-stick, the seventy-five year old statesman passed calmly through the threatening crowds to attend an Imperial Council which had been called to consider the situation. At this meeting he advised that the Emperor's absolutism be maintained, that no concessions be made and that soldiers and gendarmes be sent to disperse the "rabble" in the street. When someone pointed out to him that there were many persons of quality and substance in the crowd of demonstrators, he coldly answered that were his own son among them he would none the less call them a rabble.

The Council broke up without deciding anything but another was called later in the day. The Citizens' Guard sent an ultimatum demanding that Metternich be dismissed by nine o'clock in the evening. At the meeting the old Chancellor embarked on a long-winded, discursive argument. After a time the Archduke John broke in, saying: "Prince, only half an hour remains, and we have not yet taken counsel as to the answer we must give the people." Then Kolowrat, one of Metternich's old associates, spoke up, saying: "For twenty-five years I have sat with Prince Metternich in this Conference and I have always heard him speak so, without coming to the facts." "But today," said the Archduke, "we must come to realities. Do you know that the people are demanding your abdication?"

claimed the "Second Empire" and assumed the name "Napoleon III." France had gone back to autocracy.

Some time before Louis Napoleon seized power in France, the fires of Revolution had been stamped out in central Europe. The Austrian Government, pulling itself together, playing one nationality in the Empire against another, suppressed rebellion and restored the shaken throne of the House of Hapsburg to stability and order. In central Italy the Pope was restored to his temporal rule in the Papal States. In the north Piedmontese soldiers yielded to Austrian arms and once more Austria dominated most of the peninsula. In Germany the princes of the various states smoothed out their disordered robes, resumed their old haughty dignity and proceeded to exercise once again their absolute powers. The Frankfurt Parliament, the assembly which had been elected for all Germany by manhood suffrage in the hope of uniting the country along liberal lines, found itself balked by the opposition of the Prussian and Austrian governments. For a time it inflated itself with long winded discussions which accomplished nothing. Then, finally, it fizzled out.

Reaction followed. Governments turned on defeated liberals and nationalists with anger begotten of their recent fright. In northern Italy the Austrian Government imprisoned thousands who had incurred its enmity and inflicted all sorts of brutal punishments. The Austrian general Haynau, nicknamed the "Hyena of Brescia," ordered women whipped publicly in the streets of Italian cities. Hungary was treated like a conquered province. When the Austrian Premier was asked to show a spirit of conciliation toward that unhappy region he replied, "That

sounds all right but before all we wish to hang a few." Haynau was sent to Hungary to carry on his brutal policy of repression. Thirteen Hungarian generals were executed under Government orders in Arad and many other persons were killed or sent to prison.

In Germany liberals were arbitrarily arrested and imprisoned or driven into exile. Some of the finest Germans of the day fled to the United States, among them the young and ardent Carl Schurz, who later rose to distinction here. Public meetings suspected of liberal tendencies were broken up by the police. The press was subjected to rigid censorship. Education was carefully supervised and its content restricted. The King of Prussia vented his indignation on the elementary school teachers. "You and you alone," he said at a conference of masters of training colleges in 1849, "are to blame for all the misery which the last year has brought upon Prussia! The irreligious pseudo-education of the masses is to be blamed for it, which you have been spreading under the name of true wisdom, and by which you have eradicated religious belief and loyalty from the hearts of my subjects and alienated their affections from my person."

Reaction, however, did not mean complete return to the old *status quo*, the condition of things as they were before the Revolution. A precipitate of concrete gain for liberalism remained, despite the repression. In Denmark riots (not revolution) engineered by political malcontents led to the adoption of a liberal constitution which, though it was abrogated in the course of a few years, furnished the basis for later reforms restricting the powers of the King. In Holland, where King William II had had the good sense

to avoid violent outbreaks by assuming leadership of the reform movement, a truly liberal constitution was promulgated. This constitution considerably increased the independence and power of the Dutch Parliament, the States-General, and sharply curbed the power of the King. Piedmont, the leading Italian state, was transformed from an absolute into a limited monarchy on the English model by the promulgation of a new constitution, the so-called *Statuto*. Even in rock-ribbed Prussia the King had to bow to popular pressure and grant a constitution. But his ministers continued to be responsible to him; and, as will be shown in due course, his successor unconstitutionally overrode Parliament in a vital crisis.

The Revolution of 1848 had the further, important effect of making both sides in the great nineteenth-century political struggle more cautious. Most of the monarchs, after the first fury of reaction was over, became more diplomatic in their methods. They discarded the crude, antagonistic measures characteristic of the old Metternich System in favor of more subtle and more conciliatory policies. They paid more attention to winning the loyalty of their subjects. Finally, sensing better than they had previously the trend of the times, they gradually showed themselves ready to make concessions to the liberal, democratic movement.

The liberals, for their part, proceeded more slowly and more carefully. Never again in the nineteenth century did a great, violent revolution like that of 1848 sweep over a large part of Europe. For some years after the Revolution there was a noticeable lull in the progress of the movement for democracy and liberty. Then, in 1861, the

Italians, having at last united most of the peninsula, adopted the *Statuto* of Piedmont as the basis of government for the new-born Kingdom of Italy. Thus, from its very birth, the Italian Kingdom was a constitutional monarchy, governed by an elected Parliament rather than by a King. In 1867 England, ever in the van of political progress, took a "leap in the dark" by enfranchising most of the workers in the cities.¹ The same year Bismarck, the arch-conservative, the northern states of Germany having united in the North German Confederation, astonished the world by incorporating in the constitution for the new union a provision for adult manhood suffrage. This document became, with few changes, the constitution of the German Empire, proclaimed in 1871. But the provision for suffrage meant less in fact than it seemed to mean, for reasons that will be made clear later. It was merely a sop thrown to the liberals by the wily Bismarck.

The most striking political change of all at this time came in France. For some years after his *coup d'état*, Napoleon III had sought to divert the minds of his people from possible resentment against his autocratic rule by promoting internal prosperity and by foreign war; and for a time he was successful. The brilliance of the Second Empire seemed like a sequel to the glories of the First. But the spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity was not dead. It was merely submerged. As the fright which had thrown the bourgeoisie into the arms of the starry-eyed adventurer gradually wore off, the forces of liberalism began to ferment beneath the gas-lit glamour of the Empire.

¹ In 1884 the British Parliament extended the franchise to agricultural laborers.

Then, as prosperity proved elusive and foreign wars failed to add new luster to French arms, Napoleon's popularity waned and discontent with his autocratic rule increased.

Angry mutterings grew more and more audible. Finally a young lawyer, Léon Gambetta, came out into the open. In ringing tones he denounced the Emperor, his associates and the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, which had brought Louis Napoleon arbitrary power.

Yes! On the second of December there were grouped around a pretender men whom France had not known up to that time, men who had neither talent, nor honor, nor rank nor position, the sort of men who, at all periods, are accomplices of deeds of violence, the sort of men of whom one can say what Sallust said of the rabble that surrounded Catiline, what Caesar himself said in describing his accomplices, the eternal scum of orderly society:

Aere alieno abruti et vitiis onusti

or, as Corneille translates:

Un tas d'hommes perdus de dettes et crimes

(a mass of men engulfed in debts and crimes). It is with the aid of such men that throughout the ages institutions and laws have been overthrown, and the human conscience has been powerless to prevent it, despite the long, sublime line of thinkers and martyrs, Socrates, Thræseas, Cicero, Cato and the rest, who have protested in the name of desecrated religion, of wounded morality, of righteousness crushed under the soldier's boot.

.

Listen, you who for seventeen years have been absolute, "discretionary" masters of France—it is your own word;—we say nothing of the use you have made of her

treasures, of her blood, of her honor and of her glory: we shall not speak of her compromised integrity, nor of what has become of the fruits of her industry, assuming that no one is ignorant of the financial catastrophes, which at this very moment undermine our footsteps; but that which characterizes you best because it is the evidence of your own remorse, is that you have never dared to say: "We shall place among the solemn festivals of France, we shall celebrate as a national holiday, the second of December!" And yet all the successive forms of government in this country have been honored by honoring the day of their birth. The 14th of July, the 10th of August are festival days; the days of July have been celebrated also, and even the 24th of February; there are only two anniversaries, the 18th Brumaire and the 2nd of December, which have never been raised to the rank of commemoration, because you knew that if you should so raise them, they would be rejected by the conscience of the nation.

Well! this anniversary which you have never adopted, we claim; we take it for ourselves; we shall celebrate it always, unceasingly; each year it shall be the anniversary of our dead up to the day when the country, having once more become master of itself, shall impose on you the great national expiation in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity.

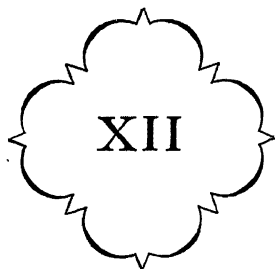
It took a war, however, to bring the Emperor to his doom. In 1870 France and Germany locked horns in deadly conflict. The Germans won victory after victory, culminating in a smashing defeat of French arms in the battle of Sedan, where the Emperor himself was taken prisoner. When the news of his capture reached Paris, a mob rushed to the Hôtel de Ville and there, amidst an icy silence, the Third Republic was proclaimed. In far-off

American enterprising newspaper editor cabled Victor Hugo, who had just returned from exile, for some expression of opinion on the establishment of the Republic. Three words were the answer: "La République durera!" "The Republic will endure!"

He was right. The Republic has endured. But not at first was it evident that it would last. The monarchist element was still strong in the country, and it was nearly ten years before the new Government was secure against monarchist attack and intrigue. But in the end the nation accepted the result wholeheartedly. A Parliament elected by universal, manhood suffrage ruled the country. Freedom of the press, freedom of religion, all the "natural and imprescriptible rights of man" were guaranteed. The triumph of liberty, equality and fraternity had come at last. After nearly a century of struggle the French Revolution had come into its own in the land of its birth.

It is not essential to dwell on the struggle between conservatism and liberalism in the smaller countries of Europe during the nineteenth century. Suffice it to say that states like Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Spain and Portugal adapted themselves to the trend of the times by curbing the powers of their monarchs, increasing those of their Parliaments and broadening the suffrage. Even the little Balkan countries as they came into being and developed, imitated Western Europe in establishing the forms of constitutional government. But in these states, as has been pointed out, the backwardness of their political evolution led to a greater concentration of power in the hands of the monarch than was customary in the Western part of the Continent.

In general, the political change that came about in Europe between the fall of Napoleon and the opening of the World War was tremendous. In 1815, at the time of the Congress of Vienna, absolute government had been the prevalent form of rule in most of continental Europe. In the course of the struggle that followed sometimes absolutism won the advantage, sometimes its opponents. But in the long run it became obvious that whatever temporary success absolutism might achieve it was in most European countries fighting a losing battle. When liberalism was forced to earth it rose again stronger than ever. A hundred years after Napoleon's fall most European countries had gone over either to limited constitutional monarchy or, in a few cases, to republicanism. And where constitutional government triumphed there was freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of religion. On the eve of the World War only four great fortresses of strong monarchical power remained in Europe: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia and the Ottoman Empire.



THE LAST STAND

Not to Prussia's liberalism but to her power is Germany looking. . . . Not by speeches and majority votes are the great questions of the day decided . . . that was the great error of 1848 and 1849 . . . but by iron and blood.

THUS SPOKE OTTO VON BISMARCK, HURLING DEFIANCE AT the lower house of the Prussian Parliament.

It was the year 1862. Prussia was at the parting of the ways. A crucial conflict was on between King and Parliament. The King, seeking aid, had chosen Bismarck as champion in the fight; and Bismarck, contemptuous of Parliamentary speeches and votes, had plunged into the fray with all his characteristic daring.

King William I was a blunt, soldierly man, not overbrilliant but thoroughly honest, who had come to the throne of Prussia rather late in life and with set ideas. A true Hohenzollern, he believed as firmly as the Stuarts of seventeenth-century England in the theory of the divine right of kings and the duty of the monarch to rule as well

as reign. "The Kings of Prussia receive their crown from God," he proclaimed to Parliament on the eve of his coronation in 1861. "I shall therefore take my crown tomorrow from the Lord's table and place it on my head." Again, the next day when he actually did take the crown from the communion table he announced: "I am the first King to mount the throne since it was surrounded with modern institutions; but not forgetting that the crown comes only from God, I have shown . . . that I have received it from His hands." Thus he gave clear warning that he did not intend to be a figurehead in the government of his realm.

The conflict which broke out between the King and Parliament shortly after his accession to the throne is known as the Army Bill crisis. William was determined to increase the size of the Prussian army. Prussia and Austria were deadly rivals for leadership in Germany. Austria had been in the ascendant thus far in the nineteenth century, and Prussia had had good cause to fear her power. "Humiliate Prussia and then destroy her," the Austrian Chancellor, Schwarzenberg, had once advised; and while Austria had not actually tried to carry out this advice, she had definitely humiliated Prussia something over a decade before William's accession, forcing her King to abandon a plan of his to unite the German states under his leadership. The Prussian king had had to yield simply because the Austrian army was stronger than the Prussian. King William had made up his mind that such a humiliation or worse should not occur again. He was determined to safeguard Prussia's position in Germany by building up his army.

But the lower house of the Prussian Parliament refused to grant the credits necessary to pay for the proposed army changes. The Prussian constitution, granted after the Revolution of 1848, gave Parliament, not the King, the right to appropriate money. In refusing the credits, then, the lower house stood squarely on its constitutional rights. This was not because it was fundamentally opposed to army reform, but because it was determined to control the budget. Through controlling the budget it could exercise controlling influence over the King's ministers and the policy of the Government. The majority of voters in the state emphatically endorsed its stand. In a word, the lower house and the voters who supported it were insistent that Parliament should rule through the King and not the King through Parliament. William I took just the opposite stand. On such a fundamental issue there could be no compromise.

William held tenaciously to his position. When the lower house refused to vote the credits by a vote of 308 to 10, he grew desperate. He even thought of abdicating. He actually drew up an act of abdication, but before putting it into effect he resolved to make one more effort to defeat Parliament. So he called on Bismarck to form "a fighting ministry."

He could have found no better instrument for his purpose. It is evidence of the King's insight into character that he saw in this Pomeranian "Junker" a remarkable ability which few others recognized at the time. For Bismarck was not generally held in high esteem in his earlier days. As a youth he had given little promise of the man he was to become. At the University of Göttingen he had been

but an indifferent student, though a voracious reader. He had had the reputation of being a hard-drinking, dueling roisterer. Later, when he went back for a time to his ancestral estates in Pomerania, stories were told of his galloping wildly through the countryside at dead of night, shooting off his pistol like an American cowboy. People called him "the mad Bismarck" (*Der Tolle Bismarck*) in those days. He had settled down after that, married a quiet, religious woman, become deeply religious himself, and won something of a reputation in the diplomatic service. But he had antagonized a great many of his fellow-Prussians by taking, on certain important issues, a position to which sentiment throughout the state was overwhelmingly opposed.

Above all the liberals disliked him for his reactionary views. He was thoroughly uncompromising in his reactionary position in those days. He distrusted and disdained the liberal, democratic tendencies of his day as much as Metternich ever had. He believed that they had done France nothing but harm. "French Equality," he once said, "is a will-of-the-wisp, daughter of Envy and Greed, pursued without success by that richly gifted nation for sixty years through blood and madness." Representative government, he held, inevitably led to inefficiency, wasting its energies in "speeches and majority votes." Liberalism was a luxury Prussia could not afford. Only by the exercise of strength, power, force, he was convinced, could Prussia solve her pressing problems—in a word, by blood and iron.

Per contra, he naturally believed firmly in monarchy. Monarchy alone, he held, could furnish the strong leadership Prussia so badly needed. "The Prussian Monarchy,"

he warned Parliament in the course of the Army Bill conflict, "has not yet completed its mission; it is not yet ready to become a purely ornamental decoration of your constitutional Parliament House; not yet ready to be manipulated as a piece of lifeless machinery of parliamentary government."

The qualities that made Bismarck so unpopular with many people were naturally the very qualities that commended him to the King in the struggle with Parliament: his fearlessness, his devotion to monarchy, his aggressiveness, his independence and his readiness to face unpopularity for the sake of a cause in which he believed. In the course of the conflict, furthermore, he revealed a shrewdness and diplomatic skill which even the King could hardly have anticipated.

For four long years the Army Bill crisis lasted. Throughout these years the lower house of Parliament steadily refused to vote the army credits. Bismarck defied and bullied, threatened and cajoled; but he could not break the opposition in the house, supported by a majority of the voters. But neither could Parliament break him. He violated the constitution with impunity. He increased the size of the army, raising the necessary funds to pay for the increase by taxes unconstitutionally assessed and collected. Only a revolution could have stopped him and the King in their course; and Bismarck knew that neither Parliament nor people dared embark on revolution. The failure of the Revolution of 1848 was too recent, the memory of it too painful. In his knowledge that he was safe from revolution lay Bismarck's great advantage.

In the end he won. Parliament at last gave in and voted

the credits. Not only so, but it turned around and thanked him for what he had done.

For under Bismarck's leadership the Prussian army, increased in size and efficiency, did great things. It became the chief instrumentality in welding the states of Germany, stubborn, quarrelsome and disunited throughout the centuries, into a strong, powerful nation. In 1866 it decisively defeated the Austrian army, something it could never have done had it remained the comparatively weak force it had been under William's predecessor. As a result of this defeat, Austria was expelled from Germany and the North German states were drawn together in a new union. Four years later the army was used against France; and that country went down to a defeat even more humiliating than that of Austria. In this war the South German states joined with the North German; and while their troops were besieging Paris, the German Empire was exultantly proclaimed in the Hall of Mirrors of Louis XIV's palace at Versailles, on the 18th of January, 1871.

The glory of these achievements overshadowed the fact that the new Germany was deviating from the straight and narrow path of liberalism and democracy. Everywhere the success of Bismarck's policy was hailed as a personal triumph. From one of the most unpopular men in the Prussian kingdom he became the hero of the German nation. The faith of the average German in liberalism was shaken (not destroyed—the underlying trend of the times in Europe was too strong for that), while his confidence in strong monarchical leadership and in military power was strengthened. Few stopped to think that unification would probably have come about naturally in the course

of time. Few stopped to think that Bismarck had brought it about by an unhealthy forcing process which in turn had stimulated an unhealthy militarism. After the defeat of Austria the country looked to Bismarck for leadership; and under his guidance was worked out the scheme of government which became the constitution of the German Empire.

It was not to be expected that a man who had scorned "speeches and majority votes" and had set his face against democracy would work out for Germany a truly democratic, representative government. But Bismarck was too astute, diplomatic and able a statesman not to recognize that there was still a strong undercurrent of liberalism in the country, and it would be the part of wisdom to make some concession to the demand. So he surprised friends and enemies alike by coming out for universal manhood suffrage. The constitution which he worked out accorded to all males twenty-five years of age or older the right to vote for members of the Reichstag, the lower house of the new Parliament.

This concession, however, was greater in appearance than in reality. The balance of power in the new Government lay with the Emperor and his officials, not with the representatives of the people. The position of the Reichstag was reduced to a position not much better than that of a debating society. It could talk, but it took only a minor part in the making of the laws and the Emperor exercised over it a paramount influence. Moreover, the constitution accorded the Emperor the right to appoint and remove the Imperial Chancellor; and it was the Chancellor who initiated and carried out policies. It was he who

was the actual working head of the Government. Bismarck himself held this office as long as William I was German Emperor. The Chancellor was not in any way responsible to Parliament, as was the Prime Minister in England. He could be outvoted time after time by that body and still retain office, as long as the Emperor chose to keep him.

If this was not complete absolutism, it was certainly old-fashioned monarchy in modern dress. The Emperor governed through Parliament, not Parliament through the Emperor. At first there was little disposition on the part of the German people to question this arrangement. But, as time passed, there grew up a rather vigorous opposition to the undemocratic concentration of power in the hands of the monarch; and of this opposition the Social Democratic party became the spearhead. Kaiser William II called the Social Democrats "vermin which gnaw at the Imperial oak" and the Government was frightened when what it called "the party of disorder and negation" became the largest single group in the Reichstag as a result of the elections of 1912.

The constitution, however, remained unchanged. The truth is that, despite the increased Social Democratic vote, the majority of the German people remained reasonably well satisfied with old-fashioned monarchical rule up to the time of the World War. They never forgot that Bismarck, the champion of monarchy, was the Moses who had led them from the wildness of disunity to the promised land of a strong, united German Empire. And they found that land to be flowing with milk and honey. For prosperity increased with amazing rapidity, especially after the accession of William II in 1888, until the wealth

of the Empire became the tenth wonder of the world. It followed naturally enough from all this that democracy had but little attraction for many of the Kaiser's loyal subjects. "Democracy!" exclaimed a German girl contemptuously to an American friend a few years before the outbreak of the World War. "Democracies are out of fashion." Her attitude was typical of that of a great many of her compatriots.

The spirit of equality naturally found little foothold in this monarchical land. The aristocracy looked down contemptuously on the "lower orders," and the "lower orders" showed their "betters" a cringing deference. The almost unbelievable rudeness of Prussian officers in forcing women into the gutters, rather than turn aside for them on the sidewalks, illustrates graphically the strength of the caste system in imperial Germany.

Liberty, however, did exist in the Empire—liberty of speech, liberty of the press, liberty of religion, liberty of economic enterprise. It is true that this freedom did not extend as far as it did in France or England. The Germans were a docile people. They expected to be regimented and they were regimented. What was permitted was permitted and what was *verboten* was *verboten*. Too free criticism of the Kaiser, for example, was not tolerated and indulgence in it could easily lead to arrest and imprisonment for *lèse majesté*. Nevertheless, the freedom of speech and action which the Germans enjoyed under William I and William II was much greater than that permitted the English under James I or the French under Louis XIV.

Contemporaneously with William I of Germany there ruled in the other three great monarchical strongholds of

Europe three sovereigns as devoted as he to the exercise of autocratic power: Francis Joseph of Austria, Alexander III of Russia and Abdul Hamid of Turkey.

Francis Joseph of Austria, whose reign lasted nearly seventy years, was a sovereign who would have been much more at home in the sixteenth than in the bourgeois nineteenth century. Cold, austere and haughty, he isolated himself from his people. A stickler for rank and form, he reserved his intimacy for a few members of the highest nobility and a few of the higher military officers. He never unbent to his ministers whom he looked on as a species of upper-class servants. Professor Oscar Jaszi tells a story which aptly illustrates the exaggerated emphasis which this proud Hapsburg ruler placed on conformity to rigid etiquette. Once when the Emperor was seriously ill with an attack of catarrh and asthma, a hurry call had to be sent to his physician, Dr. Kerzl. Now it was a carefully observed requirement of the court that whenever he came to attend the needs of the Emperor the physician should wear a frockcoat. But this time Kerzl, who was in his shirt-sleeves when the call came, in his haste to reach the Emperor as quickly as possible, snatched up and donned a sackcoat. When he appeared at the bedside the Emperor, blue in the face from coughing, breathing with the utmost difficulty, almost strangled, managed to gasp out one word: "*Frack!*" (Frockcoat!). Nor would he let the unlucky doctor minister to his needs until he went back and got the proper garb. In this single word "*Frack!*", as Professor Jaszi remarks, "we realize the pulsation of the whole atmosphere of absolutism and at the same time the feeling, not without grandeur, of that grace-of-God origin which

defies death rather than transgress the rule of Spanish etiquette.”¹

It was not to be expected that an autocrat by temperament and conviction like Francis Joseph would adapt himself any more than he had to to nineteenth-century tendencies toward representative government. Yet even he could not ignore completely the trend of the times and Austria-Hungary like Germany became a constitutional monarchy. The two great divisions of the Emperor's realm, Austria and Hungary, were placed on an equal footing in 1867. Each division had a Parliament, the lower house of which was elected, not as in Germany by adult males, but by a greatly restricted suffrage. In each, however, in contrast with Germany, the ministry was made responsible not to the Emperor, but to Parliament; and in each personal and political liberties were guaranteed. Thus medieval Austria donned modern political clothes. They did not fit very well but she continued to wear them to the time of her death at the end of the World War.

Political clothes like the habiliments of individuals in everyday life, can easily create a mistaken impression. In reality the power of Francis Joseph was far from being as restricted as the Dual Monarchy's nineteenth-century

¹ *Dissolution of the Hapsburg Monarchy*, pp. 117-118. By way of contrast, a story may be told of an Austrian Archduke, a close relative of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, but of a later generation, who came as an exile to the United States after the World War. Having to make a living for himself, he found employment in a Wall Street brokerage firm. Another Austrian of noble birth, curious to see with what deference this descendant of proud Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire was treated in his new environment, went to call on him in his office. As he entered the busy room he heard a telephone girl call out from her switchboard, "Hey, Hapsburg, take this call!"

dress implied. In practice certain factors fortified the monarchical authority which in theory was so diminished by the establishment of Parliamentary institutions. For one thing, when the Austrian Parliament was not sitting, the Emperor could issue ordinances which had the force of law. In other words, he could virtually make laws himself. Again, he commanded the army which was devotedly loyal to him. He knew that in any great emergency he could count on the army to back him up.

Most important of all, the Emperor was the one unifying force in the Dual Monarchy. The various nationalities in his ramshackle dominions, Germans, Magyars, Czechs, Poles, etc., were most of them at swords' points with one another. The Austrian Parliament became a veritable bedlam of conflicting nationalities, its sessions scenes of wild disorder. Members brought in jew's-harps and sleigh bells to drown out the speeches of their opponents. When the debate grew really hot they would throw inkwells and other missiles at one another. Obviously, Parliamentary government could not function effectively amid such chaos. All the Emperor had to do was to play off one nationality against another to attain his ends.

Of course, there was a movement for democratic reform in the Dual Monarchy as in Germany, and in 1907 Austria (not Hungary) was given universal manhood suffrage. But the army remained loyal to the Emperor, his power to issue ordinances remained untouched and nationalist agitation grew worse rather than better. This nationalist agitation boded ill for the future, and it was freely predicted that when the aging Emperor died the Dual Monarchy would break up. But for the time being it gave

the Emperor the advantage. He could "divide and rule." So, as Jaszi says: "The Hapsburg monarchy remained until the end the model state of military absolutism. . . . The feeble force of public opinion, divided in continuous struggle into eight or ten parts, could not counteract in any serious manner the exclusiveness of the imperial will."

In Russia and the Ottoman Empire absolutism was untempered even by constitutional forms. Russia was the classic land of autocracy. Throughout his vast dominions the Tsar's will was law in an even more literal sense than the will of Louis XIV had been the law of France. The miserable peasants, scarcely able to keep body and soul together, living amidst filth and vermin, were at the mercy of the Tsar's officials and soldiers who could exploit them, flog them within an inch of their lives for arrearages in taxes or alleged misdemeanors and even murder them in cold blood. Of liberty Tsarist Russia knew nothing. "Your Majesty," wrote a Russian lady in Paris whose heart was wrung by the oppression of her people, in a letter to the Tsar, "the laws of my country forbid free speech. All that is honest in Russia is forced to look on at the arbitrary despotism of the officials, the persecution of thought, the moral and physical ruin of the rising generation, the slavery of the oppressed and plundered people."

Any deviation from the tenets of the Russian Orthodox Church was liable to the severest punishment. The Jews, it is true, since there were so many of them, were grudgingly allowed to practice their religion. But most of them were crowded into the "pale" in the western part of Russia, and wherever they lived they were in constant terror of cruel pogroms, sudden raids in which their houses

were burned and they themselves were robbed, beaten and sometimes slaughtered.

Woe to those who sought secretly to stir up opposition against this inhuman system of government! The Tsar's secret agents were everywhere and many were the political offenders caught within their net. Once caught, it was an easy matter to sentence them to long terms of imprisonment or to exile in Siberia. "For one incautious word," wrote the Russian lady in Paris, "for a few pages of 'underground' literature (often taken up out of mere curiosity), a lad—a child—is a political offender. There have been political prisoners, children of fifteen—even of fourteen years old—in solitary confinement. The Government that rules over one hundred million is afraid even of children."

When Tsar Alexander read this letter of heartrending protest he is said to have remarked drily:

"That is all very well, but how on earth does it concern her?"

During his reign of thirteen years hundreds of thousands of men, women and children were sent to Siberia, the horrors of whose convict prisons made the world shudder: "people from every social class; murderers and degenerates side by side with tender girls who were exiled through the jealous wife of some petty official."

Yet Alexander III was not the cruel, hard-hearted monster the inhuman system of government in Russia suggests him to have been. In his personal relations, and especially in his own family circle, he was human enough. A huge, bearded, broad-shouldered giant with a giant's strength, he delighted to amuse his children by twisting in his hands a heavy iron poker, tearing a pack of cards in two or bend-

ing a silver rouble double. In 1888 when the railway train on which he and his family were traveling was derailed, he saved the lives of his children by holding up on his own shoulders the roof of the wrecked car in which they were gathered. It is said that internal injuries resulting from this heroic feat led to his death several years later.

The explanation of the Tsar's seeming inhumanity lies in the fact that he believed, simply and sincerely, that the maintenance of a stern, unbending autocracy was essential to the well-being of his realm. When he came to the throne in 1881, there had been some hope that he would take steps in the direction of establishing constitutional government. His father had emancipated the serfs and had instituted a minimum of local self-government. Subterranean agitation against the system of naked autocracy had been growing in intensity, and there was some hope that the Tsar would heed its influence. Two factors, however, militated against such a course: the influence of the Tsar's old tutor, Pobyedonostsev, and the tragic circumstances leading directly to Alexander's accession to the throne.

Pobyedonostsev, a dried-up, bespectacled, fidgety little man, was an arch-enemy of democracy and liberalism. His antipathy to these forces, his cynical disbelief in them, may be illustrated by a few passages culled from a little book he wrote, which has been translated into English by R. C. Long under the euphemistic title, "Reflections of a Russian Statesman":

Among the falsest of political principles is the principle of the sovereignty of the people, the principle that all power issues from the people, and is based upon the national will—a principle which has unhappily become

more firmly established since the time of the French Revolution (p. 32).

Parliament is an institution serving for the satisfaction of the personal ambition, vanity and self-interest of its members (pp. 34-35).

Tumultuously the waves of passion roll on every side, tranquillised only for a moment by the magic sounds of Liberty, Equality, Publicity, the Sovereignty of the People: and he who can best play with these words becomes the master of the people (pp. 104-105).

The influence which this reactionary pedant continued to exert over his erstwhile pupil may be gauged from the fact that Alexander later appointed him to one of the highest offices in the realm, Procurator of the Holy Synod, head of the Orthodox Church of Russia.

The tragedy that brought Alexander III to the throne occurred on Sunday, the 13th of March, 1881. His father, Tsar Alexander II, had gone to review some of his troops. Alexander the son and heir, as well as one of his chief officials, had begged him that very morning not to attend the review, but the Tsar insisted on going, taking only a few Cossacks to guard him. "Only God can protect me," he said with Oriental fatalism, "and when he no longer sees fit to do so, these Cossacks cannot possibly help me." As he was driving home from the review through the streets of St. Petersburg, a bomb was thrown under his carriage. When the smoke cleared away, it was found that the whole rear part of the carriage had been destroyed and two men had been wounded, but the Tsar himself had escaped uninjured. He ordered the coachman to stop and got out of the carriage. As he alighted an officer rushed up to him, asking anxiously whether any harm had befallen

him. "No, thank God, I am untouched," said the Emperor coolly. "Don't disturb yourself. Let us look after the wounded." He then gave orders looking to the care of the injured and started toward the carriage, intending to drive home.

At that instant another detonation was heard and a moment later the onlookers saw the Tsar lying on the street, covered with blood, terribly wounded, his limbs mangled. He was picked up unconscious and placed in a sleigh with the Chief of Police who vainly attempted to staunch his wounds. As he was driven along, he recovered consciousness for a moment,—and gasped out, "Quick, take me home to the Palace to die." Meanwhile Alexander, the heir-apparent, had been told what had happened, had jumped into a sleigh with his wife and driven at break-neck pace to the Winter Palace. He arrived to find his father still unconscious and dying. In a little while it was all over, and the grief-stricken heir-apparent became Tsar of All the Russias.

Immediately after the assassination some of the leading Russian newspapers boldly demanded a constitution. At the same time the Executive Committee of the Revolutionists sent the new Tsar a threatening letter denouncing the abuses of his father's reign and calling for reform:

You are aware, your Majesty, that the Government of the late Emperor could not be accused of a lack of energy. It hanged the innocent and the guilty, and filled prisons and remote provinces with exiles. Tens of so-called "leaders" were captured and hanged, and died with the courage and tranquillity of martyrs; but the (revolutionary) movement did not cease—on the contrary it

grew and strengthened. . . . The Imperial Government . . . has brought Russia to such a pass that, at the present time, the masses of the people are in a state of pauperism and ruin; are subjected to the most humiliating surveillance, even at their own domestic hearths; and are powerless even to regulate their own communal and social affairs. The protection of the law is enjoyed only by the extortionist and the exploiter, and the most exasperating robbery goes unpunished.

In conclusion the Committee promised that it would abandon its revolutionary activities only on two conditions:

1. A general amnesty to cover all past political crimes; for the reason that they were not crimes but fulfillments of civic duty.
2. The summoning of representatives of the whole Russian people to examine the existing framework of social and governmental life, and to remodel it in accordance with the people's wishes.

But the Tsar turned a deaf ear to these pleas. Perhaps just at first, before he received the letter of the Committee, he hesitated. Perhaps at first he was inclined to carry out plans which his father had made just before his death to grant a sort of constitution providing for an assembly elected by the people. If so, he soon rejected the idea and resolved firmly to maintain autocracy. "I will never suffer autocracy to be limited," he wrote to a relative soon after his accession, "as I believe autocracy to be necessary and useful to Russia." About the same time he issued a manifesto to his people, drawn up by the faithful Pobyedonostsev, in which he proclaimed: "In the midst of our great affliction, the voice of God commands us to discharge

courageously the affairs of government, trusting in God's providence, with faith in the strength of the autocratic power, which we have been called upon to support and preserve for the people's good from all impairment and injury."

So, throughout his reign, he set his face like flint to maintain autocracy unimpaired. In his zeal he even bent backward. He restricted the mild powers of local self-government granted by his father. He strengthened the political powers of the landed proprietors and of government officials chosen from the nobility, in relation to the peasants. He made more rigid the censorship of the press and restricted, even more than previously, the privilege of public assembly. He smothered the aspirations of national minorities. He condoned persecution of the Jews, and his reign was marked by many outbreaks of violence against these unhappy people. In a pogrom in the town of Balta, for example, it is said that nearly a thousand houses were destroyed, eight persons killed, some two hundred wounded and many others robbed right and left. When the rioters were asked why they did these things, some of them answered: "They say that our little father, the Tsar, wishes it," while others said: "If the Tsar did not wish us to murder the Jews, he would have long since issued a ukase to that effect."

To all outward appearance Alexander succeeded in upholding and even strengthening the heritage of autocratic government which he had received from his father. Revolutionary agitation actually declined. But in the reign of his successor, Nicholas II, the clouds gathered again, finally breaking into storm in the Revolution of 1905. Un-

rest had been spreading rapidly in the autumn of 1904 and there had been a number of strikes. Then came "Red Sunday," the horrible massacre of January 22, 1905. On that day a priest, Father Gapon, led a procession of workmen to the Winter Palace of Nicholas II, bearing a petition to the Tsar which the priest had drawn up asking redress of grievances. Unarmed and orderly, the crowd sang hymns as they advanced, bearing in their arms ikons, crucifixes and portraits of the Tsar.

As they approached the Square in front of the Palace they were ordered to disperse. When they paid no attention to this order but pressed on with sullen determination, mounted Cossacks rode at them, striking them with whips. Finally the Palace guards began to shoot and the white snow was reddened with the blood of men, women and children. "I was present today at the most horrible spectacle I have ever witnessed," wrote a French newspaper correspondent. "I have seen blood flow in streams on the hardened snow. I have seen police agents, sword in hand, slash blindly about them. I have seen whole companies of infantry discharging volleys on the shrieking crowd. And on all sides the dead with the wounded falling upon them and the horrible pell-mell in which women and children covered with blood fell in the snow. It is not a strike. It is a revolution."

It is but fair to add that Nicholas II was not directly responsible for this bloodshed. He was at his palace at Tsarskoe Selo.

The next day the most prominent literary men and lawyers of St. Petersburg published a statement declaring that "the public should understand that the Government

has declared war on the entire Russian people. There is no further doubt on this point. A Government which is unable to hold intercourse with the people except with the assistance of sabers and rifles is self-condemned."

After that the Revolution spread rapidly for some months, almost breaking down the economic life of the country. Finally it became so menacing that the Tsar sullenly yielded and issued a document known as the "October Manifesto." In this he promised that a Parliament would be established, a Duma, to be elected by the people and to share with himself the government of Russia. Great was the excitement and rejoicing among the people. Crowds milled through the streets of St. Petersburg crying: "God save the Tsar!" It seemed as though Russia had been transformed into a modern, liberal, constitutional state.

This apparently happy climax to the long struggle against autocracy, however, soon proved to be an illusion. The Revolution before long spent its force in sporadic outbreaks which the Cossacks repressed with ruthless ferocity. Once he felt himself secure again the Tsar proceeded to nullify most of the concessions he had made. He restricted the suffrage so that only a conservative Duma could be elected and he deprived it of all real power. It could do nothing but talk and it had to be careful about even that. The existence of this hapless body, then, was all that the forces of liberty and democracy had to show for the Revolution of 1905. Autocracy, unhorsed for the moment, sat boldly in the saddle again. Once more the jails were crowded with political prisoners. Once more a swollen stream of exiles poured over the Siberian border.

While the autocracy of Alexander III and Nicholas II held sway over Russia, the Sultan Abdul Hamid cowered in his palace at Constantinople. Abdul the Damned was a strange, unhappy personality. Fear was the dominating motive of his life. It sharpened his native intelligence and made him cunning and shrewd, as well as callous and cruel. Yet on first contact he inspired trust and confidence. Foreign diplomats at Constantinople all succumbed at first to his winning personality. He was so gentle, so courteous, so friendly, so altogether charming. "Only by a tremendous effort," says Victor Bérard, "or because of long experience, is one able to distrust, or free oneself from the spell of, a man who seems so good and, at the same time, so unhappy. For everything about him—his speech and his silences, the nervous tightening of the lips, the quick breathing, the terror in the eyes, and even the pallor of the cheeks showing through the rouge—everything betrays constantly unreasoning and incurable fear."

There is no despotism like a despotism founded on fear. Abdul Hamid had begun his reign as a constitutional monarch. Coming to the throne in 1876 on the wave of a reform movement and as the direct result of the murder of his predecessor in a palace revolution, he had been forced to promulgate a constitution. But when he found that the Parliament elected in accordance with its provisions was not amenable to his orders, he simply dismissed it and governed without it. Fear had led him to proclaim the constitution; fear, as much as love of power, led him virtually to abrogate it.

Similarly it was fear that caused him to further the persecution of his Christian subjects, which reached its

climax in the terrible Armenian massacres of 1895 and 1896. He trusted no one, not even his own ministers. It was his custom after appointing a minister to appoint a subordinate selected for his known enmity to the minister, to check up on him and report to the Sultan. He had spies everywhere. But since he feared and distrusted even his own spies, it was his habit to appoint other spies to spy on the spies. Liberal-minded, able men he feared most of all, and wherever he could do so he sent them to distant parts of his dominions, to exile or to prison.

Of liberty under this arbitrary regime, permeated with corruption, his subjects naturally knew next to nothing. The press and the theatre were under the most rigid censorship. Theatres were not permitted to present such plays as "Hamlet" or "Julius Caesar" because they involved the murder of a monarch. Public assemblies were strictly prohibited, and where private parties of any size were given, the authorities required that lists of those invited be sent them for inspection. No subject of the Sultan was allowed to leave the country without a government passport. Not only so, but no subject, Turk or Christian, was permitted even to travel from one town to another within the Ottoman Empire without a special permit.

For the most part the Turks accepted this stifling rule with Oriental fatalism. A few of the more intelligent, however, who had studied abroad and admired the political institutions of western Europe, determined that something must be done for Turkey. These ardently patriotic "Young Turks" organized the Committee of Union and Progress to propagandize secretly and prepare for revolution. In 1908 the signal was given and the revolution broke

out. Easily overcoming resistance, the Young Turks forced the Sultan to revive the old constitution of 1876 and rule in accord with its provisions. Then after a counter-revolution, which the Sultan or some of his adherents had treacherously started, was speedily and thoroughly quelled, they made him abdicate and brought to the throne his bewildered, elderly brother, whom Abdul Hamid had kept in confinement for so many years that he was utterly out of touch with affairs. The new Sultan took the name Mohammed V.

In keeping with his character, Abdul Hamid cringed in terror of his life when told that he must abdicate. After the revolutionists had decided on his deposition, a committee of four men was sent to the palace to inform him of the fact. They were received by a number of black eunuchs who conducted them to a room with mirrors on all sides so that whenever the Sultan was in it he could not be taken unawares by anyone. After they had waited a little while Abdul Hamid came in, pale and tremulous, with his little son. He at once asked them why they had come and they told him that he must leave the throne. "It is my fate," replied the Sultan, and asked anxiously whether his life would be spared. One of the committee said that he thought it would be, but that he could give no positive assurance. "Will you swear to me that my life will be safe?" cried the Sultan. Again much the same answer was given. The painful interview went on a little longer, the Sultan pleading and protesting against the injustice of his deposition. His cries of despair mingled with the heart-rending sobs of his little son as the deputation left the room.

His pitiful life was spared. That very night he was taken, with three of his Sultanas, several concubines and a number of attendants to the railway station and sent to Saloniki. Here a villa was placed at his disposal, where he lived for some time in gloomy seclusion, his doors and windows locked and barred from within. Such consolation as remained to him in his exile was diminished several months after his deposition, when several of the ladies of his establishment asked and received permission from the Government to leave him. In 1912, when Saloniki was captured by the Greeks in the Balkan war with Turkey, he was brought back to Constantinople. Later he was sent into the interior of Turkey in Asia Minor, after which little was heard of him. Early in 1918 he died.

The Revolution had been ushered in in an exalted mood of brotherhood. For a short time the spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity prevailed. The hated spy system was done away with, the censorship of press and theatre, as well as the galling restrictions on travel within the Empire, were abolished, provision was made for a national, elected Parliament and Christians, Jews and Mohammedans were all declared equal in the eyes of the law.

The reality, however, proved to be less iridescent than the dream. The Young Turks soon showed themselves to be more nationalists than liberals. The subject Christian peoples were treated as badly as they had been under Abdul Hamid. In some respects they were treated worse. But at least Parliamentary government had been established and the Oriental despotism of the Sultanate had passed from the Ottoman Empire, even though a figure-head of a Sultan still sat on the throne.

Obviously, all four of the last great strongholds of old-fashioned monarchical power were in an unhealthy condition in the early twentieth century. In all four of them the forces of political discontent had long kept up a running fire against that power, and in all four the spirit of democracy had made some headway. In Germany the Social Democratic party had alarmed the Government by the great increase in the number of votes it polled even though it brought about no fundamental political reform. In Austria-Hungary democracy had won a sizeable victory when the right to vote was granted to all adult males in the Austrian part of the Dual Monarchy. In Russia the revolutionary movement of 1905, discouraging as its outcome was to heartsick liberals, at least gave birth to a Parliamentary body, even though that Parliamentary body had no real power and was not really representative of the Russian masses. In Turkey Parliamentary institutions had been established at least in form and the tyranny of the Sultan destroyed even though the Young Turks attempted to set up a tyranny of their own. More important than these relatively small achievements, however, was the underlying strength of the anti-monarchical movement which the agitation and revolutions of the early twentieth century revealed. On the eve of the World War monarchical power still held up its head haughtily in Germany, Austria and Russia. But it had already become clear that its foundations were not as strong as they had once been.

Long before the power of monarchy was shaken by twentieth-century winds and storms, Bismarck had visualized the danger to it from the growing influence of Republicanism and Socialism. This danger he had clearly in

mind when, shortly after the Franco-German war, he sought to bring together the three chief monarchical powers of Europe, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia, in a union having the nature of an alliance. It behooved the "strong existing monarchies," he held, to join together and gird up their loins for the struggle which he feared lay before them: the struggle, as he says in his "Memoirs," "between the two European tendencies which Napoleon called Republican and Cossack, and which I, according to our present idea, should designate on the one side as the system of order on a monarchical basis, and on the other as the social republic to the level of which the anti-monarchical movement is wont to sink."

The monarchs of the three great monarchical countries felt as Bismarck did. Alexander II of Russia said that "the sacred cause of Royalty" was in grave danger, especially from England. "Germany, Austria and Russia," he asserted, "should hold together to resist those dangerous and evil influences of England, if order is to be maintained in Europe." So, with Bismarck as the guiding spirit, the three monarchs exchanged ceremonial visits, talked over their affairs with one another in a friendly way and finally formed the "League of the Three Emperors," the purpose of which was to protect the national interests of each of the countries concerned and to safeguard the monarchical principle. It was really a new Holy Alliance.

To preserve this monarchical solidarity, however, proved a difficult, in the long run an insuperable, task. Austria and Russia clashed in the Balkans. Bismarck tried to play the part of "honest broker" and reconcile them, but to no avail. In 1878, after some five years of union,

the spirit of monarchical brotherly love succumbed to the strain of conflicting national interests and the League broke down. Bismarck succeeded in patching it up again, this time in the form of the "Alliance of the Three Emperors"; but, after a few years, Austria and Russia once more came into conflict in the Balkans and again the union of the monarchs broke down, this time permanently.

Even worse was to come. Up to the time of Bismarck's fall from office in 1890, even though the Alliance of the Three Emperors had ceased to exist, none of the three great monarchies had allied itself with any non-monarchical country. But after the grizzled old statesman had passed from the scene of active politics, Russia and France began seriously to draw together. The haughty Alexander III turned to France only with the greatest reluctance. He detested French republicanism with a holy hatred. It was a penal offense in his day even to sing that revolutionary song the "Marseillaise," on the streets of St. Petersburg. French liberals, for their part, hated Russian autocracy. An alliance between autocratic Russia and republican France seemed almost as unnatural a union in those days as an alliance between Communist Russia and Fascist Italy would seem today. But both countries feared isolation, both feared the growing power of Germany and both, at that time, feared England. So the Franco-Russian alliance was formed and, with its completion in 1894, monarchical solidarity as an influence received its death-blow.

Even after that time, however, there were those who refused to believe in its death. It is tragic to think that the Emperor William II of Germany was among those who

failed to realize that monarchical solidarity had passed forever. Had he done so, there is good reason to believe that a European war would have been averted in the summer of 1914. When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, was assassinated at Sarajevo on that fateful June 28th, the Kaiser was shocked at this blow to the monarchical principle. The Tsar, he thought, must share his feelings. He told Captain Zenker of the German naval staff that he did not believe that Russia would intervene in behalf of Serbia, which had stained itself by an assassination, and he said to Admiral von Capelle that he did not believe a great war would develop. In his opinion the Tsar would not associate himself with the murderers of princes.

He had other reasons, too, for believing that Russia would not intervene, but the thought of monarchical solidarity in this crisis was uppermost in his mind. So, with a light heart, he promised Austria that Germany would stand back of her in whatever action she might take in punishing Serbia. Without this "blank check" Austria would never have dared risk Russian vengeance by attacking Serbia; and if Austria had not attacked Serbia, there would have been no World War in 1914. Thus the Kaiser's misplaced confidence in monarchical solidarity played an essential part in bringing the world to Armageddon.

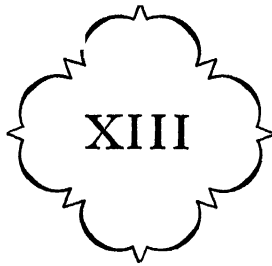
In Austria, as in Germany, there was something of this same misplaced confidence in monarchical solidarity. About ten days after the assassination the *Neue Freie Presse*, a leading Vienna newspaper, stated editorially that it had learned from a special source that "all circles in Rus-

sia are united in condemnation of the Crime of Sarajevo. . . . The monarchical principle is so greatly cherished in the Empire of the Tsar that it appears quite natural that Russia would never disapprove of such a step on the part of Austria-Hungary." The following day it announced that once again, after a long interval, a bridge had been built between St. Petersburg and Vienna. "The monarchical principle!—Would it not be mortally wounded if the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy were humiliated? . . . Europe has only three Emperors who embody the traditions of royal power of other days and who, despite the changes of times, have still remained rulers in the earlier sense of the word." Other Austro-Hungarian journals voiced similar views.

But it was precisely Russia, the most conservative country in Europe, the country whose government clung closest to monarchical absolutism, that repudiated monarchical solidarity in this crisis. The Tsar might be shocked that an heir to a throne had been brutally murdered. But he would not, on that account, stand aside and let Austria take vengeance on the country she believed responsible for the assassination. Serbia was Russia's protégé; she must be protected at all costs. So thought the Tsar and with him the great majority of his fellow-countrymen. Consequently Russia intervened, and the Kaiser realized at last that his hope that the monarchs would stand together in the crisis had proved a broken reed.

So flags waved, trumpets blared, troops marched and machineguns rapped out their sharp staccato. Above the din the cannon boomed a fateful prelude to the downfall

of monarchy in Russia, Austria and Germany. And across the years the ghostly echo of Bismarck's words took on new meaning: "Not by speeches and majority votes are the great questions of the day decided, but by iron and blood."



FALLEN KINGS

JUST EAST OF THE URAL MOUNTAINS, NEAR THE BORDER OF Siberia, lies the flourishing city of Sverdlovsk, a center of gold and platinum mining. Originally it was called Ekaterinburg, the City of Catherine, in honor of the wife of Peter the Great. But the Bolsheviki, detesting all reminder of the hated Romanoffs, renamed it for one of their leaders, Sverdlov.

On the summit of a hill dominating this city stands a somewhat pretentious mansion of brick and white plaster, built in the rococo style of architecture, today a government building but formerly the residence of the engineer, Ipatiev. The house is built into the steep slope of the hill in such a way that the bottom story is below the surface of the ground at one end and above the level of the street at the other. Thus this bottom story, a room about 17 feet long and 14 feet wide, constitutes a sort of cellar or basement. Ordinarily it is commonplace enough in appearance. But on the night of July 16-17, 1918, it was transformed into a chamber of horrors.

Since the end of April the house of Ipatiev had been the prison of the ex-Tsar Nicholas of Russia and his family. At Tobolsk, where they had been previously confined, they had enjoyed relative comfort and had been treated with relative courtesy by those set to watch over them. Now all this was changed. They were kept under the strictest surveillance and shown little respect. Guards passed freely into their rooms at any time of day or night. Some of these guards amused themselves by scrawling on the walls lascivious drawings of the Tsar's daughters, of the Tsarina and the monk Rasputin. The rooms of the imperial family were crawling with vermin, so that the Tsar's daughters, the four Grand Duchesses, had to cut off their hair; and for want of other place to dispose of their shorn tresses, they stuffed them into an empty stove. Thus the miserable family dragged out its ignominious existence, day after day, week after week, until the fateful night of July 16-17.

About one o'clock on that night, the jailer in charge of the imperial family, a man named Yurovsky, came into the Tsar's room and woke him up. Czech soldiers, he said, were approaching the city and there was likely to be fighting in the streets. To avoid danger from stray bullets which might come through the windows, he told the Tsar, the imperial family must go down into the cellar. The Tsar thanked him with his customary courtesy. He and the Tsarina then got up and dressed. Their attendants and the other members of the family were likewise aroused, and after dressing, went into the dining-room with the Tsar and his wife. There were eleven in all, the Tsar, the Tsarina, their fourteen-year old son, the four young and charming Grand Duchesses, Dr. Botkin, the faithful physician who

had accompanied the family into exile, and three servants. The Tsar was dressed in a military blouse of khaki-color, blue army breeches and high leather boots. He looked haggard and worn with suffering.

Silently the party descended the steep steps into the basement. The little Tsarevitch, lame and sickly, had to be carried down. Soldiers accompanied the party, some of them carrying lanterns, which cast a gruesome flickering light on the scene.

By the light of one of these lanterns, Yurovsky, pale and agitated, read what purported to be an order of the Soviet authorities to execute "Nicholas Romanoff, the Bloody, and all his family." Immediately all in the doomed party, except the Emperor, fell on their knees, crossing themselves as they did so. The Emperor stepped in front of his wife and children, presumably in a vain effort to shield them. At once Yurovsky drew his revolver and shot him through the head, killing him instantly.

At this signal the soldiers of the guard began to shoot wildly and in less than five minutes all but the Grand Duchess Tatiana and her maid Demedova were killed. Tatiana, who had been wounded and had lost consciousness, recovering for a moment, shrieked, "Mother, Mother!" Instantly a soldier thrust his bayonet through her body. The maid Demedova was likewise quickly despatched. The soldiers bayoneted all the bodies and beat in their skulls. The corpses were then taken away in motor lorries to be burned, so that not a trace might remain of the last of the Romanoffs or his family.

Formerly it was believed that Yurovsky carried out the execution on his own initiative and that the alleged Soviet

decree of death was a forgery. Now it is known that the decree was genuine. The execution of the Tsar and his family was ordered by the local Soviet authorities and approved by Moscow. Yurovsky was merely their agent.

Fear appears to have been the prime motive for the decree, fear of the White armies which were closing in on Ekaterinburg and which later captured the city. In a public speech the day after the execution Goloschekin, Commissar of Ekaterinburg, said: "The Czechs, those hirelings of French and British capitalists, are close at hand. The old Tsarist Generals are with them. The Cossacks are coming, too. And they all think that they will get back their Tsar again. But they never shall." He paused for a moment and then raising his voice, shouted at the crowd gathered in front of him and still ignorant of what had happened, "We shot him last night!"

When the Russian Revolution had broken out in March, 1917, the Tsar had faced it with Oriental fatalism. Earlier, when his kinsman, the Grand Duke Alexander, had warned him on Christmas Day, 1916, that the country was drifting toward revolution, he had answered calmly: "God's wishes shall be fulfilled. I was born on May 6th, the day of Job the Sufferer. I am ready to accept my doom." On the 11th of March, after strikes and riots had started in Petrograd, he had made a feeble attempt to stop them by decree: "I order that this very day the disorders in the capital, intolerable at this most difficult time of war with Germany and Austria, be brought to an end."

No attention had been paid to this order. A Provisional Committee of the Duma, the Russian Parliament, had taken charge of affairs and decided that if the revolution

was to be carried on peacefully, Nicholas must abdicate. "It is extremely important," said Guchkov, one of the Committee, "that Nicholas II should not be overthrown by violence. Only his voluntary abdication in favor of his son or brother can ensure the firm consolidation of the new order without great convulsions. The voluntary abdication of Nicholas II is the only means of saving the Imperial regime and the Romanoff dynasty."

So the Committee had sought him out at the city of Pskov, where he happened to be at the time. About nine o'clock on the evening of March 15 they reached the Emperor, who received them with courtesy and kindness. Guchkov told him at once why they had come and added: "Nothing but the abdication of Your Majesty can still save the Russian Fatherland and preserve the dynasty." The Tsar gave them no trouble. He had already decided to yield the throne, but to his brother rather than to his own sickly son. "I decided to abdicate yesterday," he told Guchkov, "but I cannot be separated from my son. That is more than I could bear; his health is too delicate. You must realize what I feel . . . I shall therefore abdicate in favor of my brother, Michael Alexandrovitch." Without more ado he went into his study, and in ten minutes returned with the abdication proclamation signed. As it turned out, the Tsar's abdication failed to save the Romanoff dynasty. Feeling against the house was too strong. But it facilitated the course of the Revolution. With the Tsar out of the way, a Provisional Government took charge of affairs with little opposition.

The Tsar was thoroughly weary of reigning. Shortly before he renounced his throne he had said:

“If the revolution succeeds, I shall abdicate voluntarily. I’ll go and live at Livadia; I love flowers.”

After his abdication he told one of the Tsarina’s ladies-in-waiting, “How glad I am that I need no longer attend to those tiresome interviews and sign those everlasting documents! I shall read, walk and spend my time with the children.” He loved children, he loved flowers, he was a kind and affectionate husband and father. He liked to chop wood. All he asked was to live the simple life of a private gentleman. But it was not to be. At first he was kept a prisoner in his own palace of Tsarskoe Selo. Then he was exiled with his family to Tobolsk in Siberia. And finally, some months after the Bolsheviki had come into power in November, 1917, he was sent to Ekaterinburg and to his death.

From the outset of his reign Nicholas had headed toward some such fate as actually befell him, though in less chaotic and more tolerant times he might have escaped it. He had had no desire to become Tsar. He knew himself to be ill-fitted for the task that lay ahead of him. “Sandro, what am I going to do?” he said to the Grand Duke Alexander at the time of his accession. “What is going to happen to me, to you, to Xenia, to Alix, to mother, to all of Russia? I am not prepared to be a Czar. I never wanted to become one. I know nothing of the business of ruling. I have no idea of even how to talk to the ministries. Will you help me, Sandro?”

“He possessed all the qualities praiseworthy in a simple citizen but fatal in a Czar,” said Alexander later. “Had Nicholas II been born in an ordinary family, he would have spent a harmonious existence, rewarded by his su-

periors and respected by the whole community. He worshiped the memory of his father, he was a devoted husband, he believed in the inviolability of his sacred oath of office, and he endeavored to remain honest, polite and unassuming till the very last day of his reign. It was not his fault that ironical history turned each one of these sterling virtues into a deadly weapon of destruction.”¹

When he came to the throne in 1894 he had one guiding idea: to rule as his father had ruled. “I shall follow in the footsteps of my father in everything,” he proclaimed. In other words he intended to be an autocrat as his iron-willed father had been. A little later, one of the Zemstva, or local councils, daringly expressed the hope in a memorial address that “the voice of the people and the expression of its desires would be listened to.” In reply the Tsar announced his “unswerving adherence to the principle of autocracy” and haughtily warned the presumptuous council against “senseless dreams as to the participation of the Zemstva in the general direction of the internal affairs of the state.”

In a little book entitled “The Last Days of Tsar Nicholas,” P. M. Bykov, formerly Bolshevik Commissar of Ekaterinburg, attempts to show that the Tsar richly deserved his fate. He brings evidence to prove the ruthlessness of the ruler of Russia. For example, when a report had been sent to Nicholas shortly after his accession, stating that thirteen strikers had been shot by his soldiers, Nicholas had annotated it with the comment: “I am well satisfied with the behavior of the troops at Yaroslavl during the factory disturbances.” When he was told in November,

¹ “Alexander, Once a Grand Duke,” pp. 168, 175-176.

1905, that anarchists were fomenting strikes at Vladivostok, he wrote: "They should all be hanged." And to a general who had informed him of having suppressed a revolt without shedding blood he had exclaimed: "That is no good! In such cases one must always shoot, General." Bykov cites a number of other similar remarks. It is not surprising that Russian revolutionaries called him "Nicholas the Bloody."

But A. F. Kerensky, who for a short time headed the Russian revolutionary government before the Bolsheviki came into power, came to have a different view of Nicholas. It fell to Kerensky's lot to take charge of the Tsar and his family after the abdication of March, 1917. Thus he came in frequent contact with the man whom he had once hated and whose death warrant he would once have signed without the quiver of an eyelid. Contact with the fallen monarch changed hatred to sympathy.

In his book, "The Catastrophe," (pp. 265-6), Kerensky says: "I think that the Red Terror has already made some people, and will make many others, reconsider their judgment about the personal responsibility of Nicholas II for all the horrors of his reign. I for one do not think he was the outcast, the inhuman monster, the deliberate murderer I used to imagine. I began to realize that there was a human side to him. It became clear to me that he had acquiesced in the whole ruthless system without being moved by any personal ill-will and without even realizing that it was bad. His mentality and his circumstances kept him wholly out of touch with the people. He heard of the blood and tears of thousands upon thousands only through official documents, in which they were represented as 'measures' taken by the authorities

‘in the interests of the peace and safety of the State.’ Such reports did not convey to him the pain and suffering of the victims, but only the ‘heroism’ of the soldiers’ ‘faithful in the fulfillment of their duty to the Czar and the Fatherland.’ From his youth he had been trained to believe that his welfare and the welfare of Russia were one and the same thing, so that the ‘disloyal’ workmen, peasants and students who were shot down, executed or exiled seemed to him mere monsters and outcasts of humanity who must be destroyed for the sake of the country and the ‘faithful subjects’ themselves.”

Kerensky is nearer right than Bykov. The tragedy of Nicholas’ reign was that he separated himself from his people without realizing the harm he was doing. In a suffering land where abuses cried to high heaven for reform, he chose to follow in the footsteps of his father. Poor, weak-willed man that he was, utterly lacking in real initiative, the best he could offer Russia was a feeble imitation of the autocracy of the iron-willed Alexander III. And he chose his course and carried out his policies with the best of intentions. He failed to understand his people and naturally enough they failed in turn to understand him. But judged by his motives he no more deserved execution than did the majority of the victims of his autocratic policy. Still less did his wife, his daughters and his helpless little son deserve to be shot down like wild beasts.

The Tsar was the first victim of a surge of anti-monarchical feeling which accompanied and outlasted the World War, but which had its origins, in the liberal, democratic movement of three centuries. At the opening of the War a Rumanian statesman, Take Ionescu, predicted that the conflict would lead to a veritable “cascade of thrones.”

His prophecy was amply fulfilled. Five monarchs of important European countries lost their thrones during or after the struggle, to say nothing of a number of minor rulers, such as the kings of Saxony, Württemberg and Bavaria. After the fall of Nicholas II and before the close of the War came Constantine of Greece, Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Charles of Austria in the order named. In the postwar period came Mohammed VI of Turkey and Alfonso XIII of Spain.¹

Of the two Balkan kings who followed Nicholas in losing their thrones, little need be said. In an earlier chapter of this book it was pointed out that Constantine was forced to abdicate when the Allies, with the aid of Venizelos, brought Greece into the World War. The Greek monarch had been determined from the outset that his country should not enter the conflict if he could prevent it. Nearly a year before his abdication he had said to a correspondent of the *New York Times*:

I could be the most popular of all kings as far as the Entente Allies are concerned, had I joined in their struggle and led my people to ruin and destruction. . . .

This is the fate that threatens the Hellenic people when they enter the war, and from this fate I want to save them, sacrificing for this, if need be, not only my throne, but my life as well. I want to save the Greek nation from a catastrophe from which it will never recover, and this catastrophe which I can see every day looming larger and larger, is this terrible world war. I may lose in my effort, but I shall know to the end of my days that I did my duty as a man, a Greek and a king.

¹Edward VIII of England is not included in this group of fallen kings since he gave up his throne of his own choice.

I shall know that I kept my oath to my God, to my country, and to history, which like God, is eternal.

Constantine's adherence to his convictions cost him his throne. It is true he got it back again when he was recalled after the World War. But the fickle Greek people soon sent him on his travels again, and this time his exile ended with his death at Palermo in 1923.

Bulgaria picked the losing side in the World War and her army was the first on that side to collapse. At the end of September, 1918, she made peace with the Allies. Tsar Ferdinand, who had used his influence to bring her in on the side of Germany, at once became the object of popular wrath. Stambulisky, the powerful peasant leader who had earlier threatened Ferdinand with physical violence if he led Bulgaria into the war on the side of the Central Powers and had spent three years in prison as a result, was now out of jail and on the rampage. He proclaimed a republic and marched with rebellious troops against the capital of the country, the city of Sofia. With difficulty soldiers loyal to the monarchy succeeded in restoring order.

It was now evident, however, that if Ferdinand remained on the throne he would be the target for revolutionary attack and there would be little peace in the exhausted, war-torn country. So he decided to abdicate. On October 3 he renounced his throne in favor of his son Boris and fled. Quite possibly he was glad enough to go. A foreigner, called to the Bulgarian throne in 1886, he had never really made himself a part of the Bulgarian people. He had once cynically spoken of them as "the most unwashed lot west of Asia." He was in the habit of referring to them as "my bullocks" and he called his not very sump-

tuous palace in Sofia a "Turkish hovel." It was anything but a loss to Bulgaria to exchange the shifty Ferdinand for the patriotic, democratic, popular Boris. From Coburg the old king had come, and to Coburg he now returned as an exile.

The next scene in the drama of falling royalty is laid at Spa in Germany, General Headquarters of the German army. It is the morning of November 9, 1918. In a council chamber, looking out on a garden, stands William II, German Emperor and King of Prussia, in full uniform. With him are Field Marshal von Hindenburg, Quartermaster General von Groener, and several other officers. In a little while the Crown Prince comes in, and with him Count Schulenberg. There is a chill in the November air and the Emperor shivers as he stands in front of a brightly-blazing woodfire.

Anxiously they are discussing the question of the Kaiser's abdication. No one present really wants him to go. They are devoted to the Emperor and to the monarchy. But untoward events are moving fast. Germany has been defeated in the World War, revolution has broken out in the country and ever louder and louder rises the clamor for the Kaiser's abdication. From the Chancellor in Berlin, Prince Max of Baden, have come frantic warnings of the danger of civil war. By telephone and telegraph he has been bombarding the Kaiser with demands for abdication. "The overwhelming majority of the Cabinet," he has said in a despatch of November 8, "which up to yesterday showed a majority against Your Majesty's renunciation, today regards the step as the only possible means of saving Germany from a bloody civil war." In his "Memoirs," the

Prince expresses astonishment that the Supreme Command of the Army at Spa could have allowed the Kaiser to sleep through the night of November 8 without making crystal clear to him the imperative necessity of abdication. "The men in Spa," he says, "were well aware of the desperate situation of the Government. For the last twelve hours, almost without intermission, they had been getting alarm signals from us with the burden: 'We can hold up the Revolution today—but not tomorrow.'"

The Kaiser stands irresolute before the fire. Perhaps in his heart he knows that he must abdicate but he cannot bring himself to say so. He emphatically refuses to be the cause of civil war but he seeks some other way out. He hopes that the army will stand by him. "I want to spare the Fatherland a civil war," he says, "but after the armistice it is my desire to come home to peace at the head of my returning army." Then General von Groener, who has replaced the redoubtable Ludendorff as virtual head of Germany's armed forces, rises and tells him the naked, brutal truth: the Emperor can no longer count on the army. "Under its leaders and Generals," he says, "the army will march quietly and steadily home, but not under the command of Your Majesty. It is no longer behind you."

And now at last the Emperor gives up hope. He knows what a thankless business it is to reign, he says, and if the German people want him to go, he will go. General von Plessen suggests that he abdicate as Emperor, but not as King of Prussia; for he holds the two titles. An absurd compromise, really; "as indefensible constitutionally as it was politically senseless," says Prince Max of Baden. But

the Emperor clutches at this straw. A partial abdication, something that will save his face; that is the solution.

The act of abdication is drawn up and the Emperor signs it. A little after 2 P.M. on this historic 9th of November it is communicated by telephone to Berlin. Even before the news reaches the capital the Socialist Scheidemann has proclaimed the German Republic from the steps of the Reichstag. The Empire of the Hohenzollerns passes into history.

Very early the next day several highpowered motor cars draw up at Headquarters at Spa. The ex-Emperor steps into one of them. A few friends and attendants, faithful to the last, take their places. The engines throb in the gray dawn. The cars move slowly forward, then faster and faster. They are off for the Dutch frontier.

Once out of Germany the Kaiser throws himself on the mercy of Queen Wilhelmina and the people of Holland. The Dutch Government is embarrassed by this uninvited guest, for the Allies are clamoring that he be surrendered to them to be tried and executed for his alleged crimes. "Hang the Kaiser!" is the cry in those days. But little Holland stands firm, refusing to yield him to his enemies.

So the royal exile begins life anew at Doorn. Here he holds his miniature court. Here he conducts religious services as in the old days at Potsdam. Here, like Nicholas II at Tobolsk, he chops down trees and saws wood. Here he graciously receives such visitors as are permitted to see him. With them he discusses science, art, archeology and any number of other subjects, with all his old intellectual fire and brilliance. Or he talks over the question of responsibility for the World War, proving over and over again

to his own satisfaction that guilt lay neither with himself nor his country. To grace his little court he takes unto himself a new wife. So he lives on into a green old age, with his new activities and the memories of former glories.

The time has not yet come for a final appraisal of the reign of William II of Germany. But students of history recognize today that he was not the villain he was supposed to be at the time of the World War. Neither, on the other hand, was he the great man that many of his subjects held him to be in the heyday of his glory. Two counts will always stand against him: he talked too much and he made bad mistakes in foreign policy.

He loved to make speeches. He was a born orator, but his emotions and a certain native lack of tact all too frequently betrayed him into incautious and unwise remarks. "He who opposes my will," he announced in one of his earliest speeches, "him will I smash to pieces." He early took an uncompromising stand against the Socialists, instead of trying to win them over. "To me," he said to some striking miners in May, 1889, "every Social Democrat is synonymous with an enemy to the Fatherland." He aroused alarm abroad, especially in England, by bombastic, boastful references to Germany's greatness: "Our future lies upon the water"; "Bitterly do we need a fleet"; "Germany's greatness makes it impossible for her to do without the ocean—but the ocean also proves that even in the distance, and on its farther side, without Germany and the German Emperor no great decision can be made."

His tactlessness reached a climax in the famous *Daily Telegraph* interview of 1908. The poor deluded man granted this interview, to be published in an English news-

paper, with the idea not of insulting but of conciliating public opinion in England.

“You English are like mad bulls,” he said in the course of this interview. “You see red everywhere! What on earth has come over you, that you should heap on us such suspicion as is unworthy of a great nation? What *can* I do more? I have always stood forth as a friend of England. . . . Have I ever once broken my word? . . . I regard this misapprehension as a personal insult. . . . You make it uncommonly difficult for a man to remain friendly to England.” And so on—.

It is not surprising that the interview aroused a storm of anger in England. What is more surprising is that it aroused a storm of criticism in Germany. The usually docile German people spoke out and made it quite clear that their Kaiser simply must not talk that way any more. They got results. From then on the Emperor became far more guarded in his utterances.

It is not necessary here to discuss his foreign policy in detail. Suffice it to say that he, and those who with him were responsible for Germany’s foreign policy, succeeded in alienating both England and Russia; and that in antagonizing England the Kaiser’s insistence on a big navy for Germany was a leading factor. His tactless criticism of England and his hints about Germany’s sea-power simply added fuel to the flames. So England and Russia drew closer and closer to France, long hostile to Germany, forming the Triple Entente. And, as all the world knows, it was the Triple Entente which, with American and other aid, defeated Germany in the World War.

On the other hand, this impulsive, boastful, sometimes



Acme Photo.

TWO EMPERORS IN THE HEY-DAY OF THEIR GLORY: TSAR NICHOLAS II
OF RUSSIA AND KAISER WILLIAM II OF GERMANY.

truculent ruler really shrank from war. Whenever he realized that he had gone too far, he drew back quickly. In 1914, as Theodor Wolff has said, he had no more intention of setting Europe aflame than a child playing with matches. He was impulsively quick to assure Austria that he would back her up in dealing with Serbia, expecting that only a "localized" conflict between these countries would ensue.

When Russia stood firm in her decision to back up Serbia, however, and it finally became clear that a great European conflict was imminent, the Kaiser tried his best to avert it. He and his Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, made a frantic effort to hold back Austria, Germany's ally. But it was too late. Austria declared war against Serbia and refused to draw back. Russia was drawn in, then Germany, then France and England. The World War was on. In the words of Professor Sidney B. Fay, the Kaiser and his advisers in giving the blank check to Austria were not "criminals plotting a World War; they were simpletons putting a noose about their necks."

As the war drew to a close, pressure for the Kaiser's abdication came first from outside of Germany and only later from within. Peace negotiations opened up the pressure from without. When the German military leaders realized that the game was nearly up, they insisted that the German Government should ask for peace. So, with the approval of the Kaiser, a note was sent to President Wilson, requesting an armistice.

President Wilson, however, who had proclaimed that the world must be made safe for democracy, would consent to no armistice negotiations so long as the Kaiser and

his responsible advisers remained in power in Germany. "If the Government of the United States must deal with the military masters and the monarchical autocrats of Germany now," he wrote in a note of October 23rd, 1918, "or if it is likely to have to deal with them later in regard to the international obligations of the German Empire, it must demand not peace negotiations but surrender. Nothing can be gained by leaving this essential thing unsaid." The language of diplomacy is ever guarded; but it soon became clear that by "the military masters and the monarchical autocrats of Germany" Wilson meant, first of all, the German Emperor.

The Allied governments backed up the American president. In their eyes the Kaiser was the arch-criminal of the war. He must go.

To these peremptory demands from his enemies the Emperor had no thought of yielding. But Wilson's notes aroused the German people. At last a ray of hope after more than four years of fighting. The Government had promised them that glorious victory was to reward their sacrifices. Now they saw humiliating defeat looming darkly on the horizon. Hunger was making them desperate. Many were actually starving. Over and over again wan, hunger-stricken men and women collapsed in the streets of the cities. "Peace! Peace!" cried the masses. If the Kaiser's rule stood in the way of peace, as Wilson and the Allied statesmen insisted that it did, then let the Kaiser be sacrificed.

In this crisis, the Socialists, always hostile to the imperial power, were rapidly coming to be the controlling force in the Government for the first time in German history. It

was they who first gave voice to the mounting feeling against the Emperor. On October 23rd, a Socialist leader, Haase, made a burning speech in the Reichstag, demanding the Kaiser's overthrow:

The German people feel that they have been deceived by lies and delusions during these past years. The German people are unable to understand how it could be possible—after they had been told daily by officials and newspapers, newspapers even of members of the Socialist party in the Government, that they were stepping from victory to victory—that all of a sudden the German Government was forced to succumb to an armistice and a peace offer.

Gentlemen: Crowns roll down to the pavement, the crown of the King of the Bulgars, Ferdinand; the crown of Tsar Nicholas, the crown of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor. The crowns which some thought to see come into being, the crowns of Finland, Courland and Lithuania, have melted away like ghosts. Everywhere around us republics are looming into existence, and can you now imagine that Germany alone, surrounded by republics, will retain the bearer of a crown, the bearer of many crowns and crownlets?

Another Socialist leader, Scheidemann, asked: "Does anybody really believe that the inclination among the people to retain the Emperor is strong enough today to make them lift a finger for him?"

To all these demands for his abdication the Emperor, as we have seen, turned a deaf ear. Even after revolt broke out early in November among the sailors at Kiel and spread quickly to Bavaria, he still refused to yield. Only after his trusted generals had convinced him that all Germany

might be drenched with the blood of civil war if he remained in office, did he finally renounce the throne.

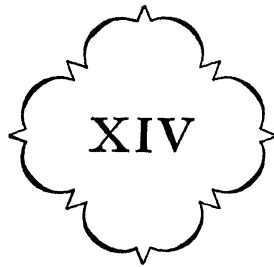
Of the four monarchs whose abdications have been discussed in this chapter Constantine of Greece most deserves respect.

The Tsar caved in without the least sign of resistance, even before he was asked to go, not because he was a coward but because he was a weak-willed fatalist who had long realized his inadequacy. Only in exile and in death did the finer qualities of the man reveal themselves.

The Kaiser's course of action was for a time just opposite to the Tsar's. In his obstinate refusal to see the writing on the wall, in his clinging to power after public opinion in Germany had become overwhelmingly insistent on his abdication he made himself ridiculous. Then his resistance collapsed suddenly, as it always did under severe pressure, and he was forced to hasty and undignified flight.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria had so long been out of sympathy with his subjects that he deserves little sympathy from us in his fall.

Constantine, on the other hand, showed himself a man of rare moral courage. He could easily have aroused the martial spirit in Greece, brought her into the conflict, and won applause at home and abroad. But he chose to sacrifice his personal fortunes to an ideal. Whatever others might do, he at least would have no part in involving his country in the World War. He failed but he failed nobly.



AND STILL THEY FALL

ONE SUNDAY IN THE EARLY AUTUMN OF 1921 A GROUP OF Hungarian aristocrats were driving in a carriage across one of those open plains which are so characteristic of the Hungarian countryside. They were Count Cziraky, proprietor of a nearby estate, and guests who had come to his castle to attend a christening. As they stopped to rest their horses near a broad meadow, they heard far above them the sound of a motor. Looking up they saw an aeroplane circling about, apparently trying to find a place to land. It came nearer and nearer and finally made a landing in the meadow close to the little group of interested onlookers. Three people stepped out: the pilot and two passengers. And to the amazement of this chance audience the passengers proved to be Charles, once Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, and his wife, Zita, ex-Empress and ex-Queen.

The Count and his guests gave them a hearty welcome and asked them their plans. These the royal couple made no attempt to conceal. They had flown from exile in Swit-

zerland, seeking to regain the throne of Hungary from which Charles had been deposed nearly three years before. Enthusiastically sympathetic with their purpose, Count Cziraky offered them his carriage and himself drove them to a nearby castle. Thence they journeyed quickly to the town of Oedenburg, near the Austrian border, where loyal adherents of their cause were waiting for them.

There followed a quick succession of thrilling and harrowing days. Charles had been in communication with friends in Hungary for some time, and the plans for carrying out the plot seemed to have been well laid. It is said that a majority of the Hungarian people were at the time in favor of a restoration of the monarchy. The success of Constantine of Greece in regaining his throne the previous year buoyed up hope. At Oedenburg Colonel Ostenburg met the returning exiles and took them to the barracks of the troops under his command. These troops were known to be the best soldiers in Hungary.

And now began a triumphal journey by rail through Hungarian towns and villages, where the people turned out at the railway stations in gay native costumes to welcome their king and queen with enthusiastic cheers. One detachment of soldiers after another joined the troops until Charles had an army of 12,000 at his command. Men high in government circles were known to be sympathetic with the royalist cause. It looked to the royalists as though the brave adventure would quickly culminate in a happy ending, with Charles firmly seated on his throne at Budapest.

There were, however, those who were determined that this blithesome attempt at restoration should not succeed.

Among them was tough old Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, the country's dictator. Horthy rallied behind him a large number of soldiers loyal to his rule. As Charles' train passed from one village to another news came of clashes between his troops and Horthy's. Anxiety deepened. Finally, at a railway station, wounded soldiers were brought in. Immediately Charles sent orders to have the fighting stopped. By this time it was becoming evident that his cause was hopeless. He and Zita sadly surrendered and were placed in confinement.

Throughout the whole hapless enterprise Zita showed remarkable poise and courage. Even when it became clear that the adventure had collapsed she exclaimed resolutely to those around her: "Don't despair, sooner or later the Monarch we have crowned will reascend his throne."

The short reign of Charles as Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary had been filled with turmoil and trouble. When he came to the throne in 1916 after the long reign of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, with the stout-hearted Empress Zita at his side, Austria was in the midst of the World War. A man of courage, Charles had done his best to keep up the morale of his countrymen. But more than courage had been needed. A story is told of a visit he paid to the General Headquarters of the Austrian army early in the war, while he was still Archduke. It illustrates both his own determination to sustain morale and the weakness of Austria.

"The further you get from the front," he said, "the less confidence do you find. You've got to be at the front to realize that we must and shall win!"

The Archduke seemed to look round for some ap-

proving comment. None was forthcoming. It was the end of November, 1914. Bitterly disappointed, he made for the door, and said as he turned the handle:

“Courage is what is wanted!”

As he disappeared, Baron von Bolfras shook his head and remarked:

“It’s too easy to talk! There’s plenty of courage, but there’s one thing we need far more, and that’s luck! The question is: will he bring it?”¹

But poor Charles brought no luck to Austria. Neither did he himself have any luck, either during his reign or later. Not long after his accession to the throne, he made an ill-advised and ill-fated attempt to bring peace to Austria. Through his brother-in-law, Prince Sixtus of Bourbon-Parma, he set on foot secret overtures to France. In the course of these negotiations Charles promised, in a letter to Prince Sixtus, “to support, by all means and by the use of all my personal influence with our allies, the just French claim to Alsace-Lorraine.” In other words he was quite willing to aid in turning over to France territory held, not by Austria but by Germany.

The attempt at peace-making failed. Not only so but it came back on Charles like a boomerang. The French Premier, Clemenceau, published the Sixtus letters with the damaging statement about Alsace-Lorraine. Naturally there was an outburst of wrath in Germany and Charles was denounced as a traitor to the common cause of Germany and Austria.

Anger in Germany found echo in Austria where it grew as the fortunes of Austrian arms declined. In the early

¹ Margutti, “The Emperor Francis Joseph and his Times,” p. 340.

autumn of 1918, when the Austrian army collapsed before the Italian attack, ugly rumors were floated that the treachery of the Empress Zita was responsible for the defeat of Austria's troops by Italy. The accusation was utterly unfounded, but Zita had been an Italian princess and that was enough for the rumor-mongers. Indignation against the Emperor and Empress rose to fever heat. The Austrian press abused them scurrilously and fulminated against the whole "accursed race of Hapsburgs."

By this time, the early autumn of 1918, the old Austrian Empire, over which the House of Hapsburg had ruled for so many centuries, was going to pieces. When the army went down to defeat there was no solid element in the realm ready to stand by the Emperor. Revolution in Germany touched off revolution in the Hapsburg dominions. New states arose out of the dying embers of Austria-Hungary and these new states, one and all repudiated Charles. Czechoslovakia would have none of him. Hungary would have none of him. Even Austria proper, little German Austria, the Austria of today, clamored for his abdication, impatient to proclaim herself a republic.

The Emperor bowed to the storm. He would not formally abdicate, but he renounced all share in the conduct of the government of the new Austria that was coming into being.

"Since my accession," he proclaimed, "I have incessantly tried to rescue my people from this tremendous war. I have not delayed the re-establishment of constitutional rights or the opening of a way to real national betterment. Filled with an unalterable love for my people, I will not with my person be a hindrance to their free

development. I acknowledge the decision taken by German Austria to form a separate state. The people have by their deputies taken charge of the government. I relinquish all participation in the administration of the state." Charles signed this document renouncing his authority on November 11th, the day of the World War armistice and just two days after the abdication of William of Germany. On the evening of the 10th he worshiped in public for the last time in the royal chapel of the castle of Schönbrunn. "The Emperor's face was white," says an Austrian writer, "his hair had become streaked with grey, and he was visibly shaking with emotion. As the organ began to play 'Gott erhalte,' an outburst of sobbing that could not be suppressed came from the congregation."

Late in the evening of the next day two motor cars drew up in the courtyard of the castle of Schönbrunn. A door opened and Charles stepped out, dressed not in resplendent uniform but in ordinary civilian garb. With him were his wife and their little children. No one noticed them as they drove through the silent streets of Vienna, no longer brilliantly lighted as in the happy days of old, but shrouded in a darkness symbolic of the collapse of the Empire and the fall of the Hapsburgs.

From Vienna the Emperor and his family went to his dearly loved hunting lodge at Eckartsau on the Danube. Here two days later came emissaries from the newly-formed Hungarian Government, demanding his abdication. He refused to abdicate, as he had done when a similar demand had come from Austria. But, as he had done in the case of Austria, he renounced all right to participate in

the functions of the Government of Hungary. Hungary accepted the renunciation as Austria had done.

A little later he was forced to leave Eckartsau and was sent into exile in Switzerland. It was from Switzerland that he made two futile attempts to recover the throne of Hungary in 1921, the second of which has been described. When this second effort failed, the Allied Powers demanded that the ex-Emperor and ex-Empress be surrendered to them for safekeeping. This was accordingly done.

The Allies decided to take no chances. It was too easy to use Switzerland as a starting-point for attempts to recover the throne of Hungary. So they banished him to the isle of Madeira. Madeira seems to be a delightful place to live. To tourists it is a semi-tropical paradise. But it soon proved anything but a paradise to Charles and his family. At first they were lodged in a luxurious hotel near the seashore; but before long they were forced for lack of money to make their home in a cold, bare, inhospitable house in the mountains. Here the unhappy ex-Emperor contracted pneumonia; and for want of proper medical attention, his condition grew rapidly worse. It became evident that he was in grave danger.

When news of this serious illness reached Austria, a desperate effort was made to raise funds to give him proper medical care and relieve the sufferings of his family. Members of the impoverished old aristocracy, still devoted to the cause of Hapsburg royalty, resorted to all sorts of expedients to obtain money. Noble ladies sold their jewels. Counts and barons surrendered a fifth of such possessions as the war had left them. These pathetic efforts no doubt meant much to Charles' family in later days. But Charles

himself was beyond all aid. While the funds were being raised he died, leaving the ambitious Zita to raise her brood of eight children and to groom the eldest, Otto, for restoration to the throne in some distant future.

It is evident by this time that the story of falling royalty since the opening of the World War tends to follow a fairly clearly-marked pattern. First comes a prolonged period of national stress and strain. This leads to murmurs and mutterings of resentment against the monarch. These grow louder and louder until they culminate in an overwhelming demand for his abdication. The ruler finally yields to this pressure. He signs an act of abdication or issues a manifesto to his people transferring to them the reins of government. The three sovereigns, the tale of whose fall is told in this chapter, Charles of Austria, Mohammed of Turkey and Alfonso of Spain, all made a point of stating that while they yielded to circumstances they were not actually abdicating. After signing the proclamation, the dethroned sovereign flees at dead of night or early dawn or some other hour least likely to attract attention, by motor, by rail or by ship, into lonely exile in a foreign land. Tsar Nicholas of Russia failed to conform to this pattern in that he did not flee. Too lacking in initiative, too much of a fatalist to try to seek safety in flight, he passively put himself into the hands of his enemies. All the rest succeeded in escaping.

It was several years after William of Germany and Charles of Austria lost their thrones that the next important sovereign traveled the well-worn path to exile. This time it was a Turk, His Majesty the Sultan Mohammed

VI successor to Abdul Hamid's brother, Mohammed V. Early in the morning of November 17, 1922, a motor-car drew up at the side entrance of the Sultan's palace in Constantinople. In it were seated two British officials. A little later, just as the guard was being changed, the palace door opened and out stepped an elderly gentleman, wearing a fez cap and accompanied by a ten-year-old boy. They were followed by six men, all likewise wearing the customary fez cap. The last Sultan of Turkey had chosen this method of abandoning his throne and escaping from his native land, with his little son, Prince Ertogrul Effendi, and a few faithful members of his palace staff.

Their quiet and unceremonious departure attracted no attention. They were driven quickly and without incident to a naval base which, though supposedly Turkish territory, was held at the time by the British. At this base they were welcomed by General Harington, commander of the British troops stationed at Constantinople, and were transferred to a barge which had been held in waiting for them in the harbor. As soon as they had taken their places in the barge, it was rowed by British sailors straight out to the *Malaya*, a British dreadnought which lay at anchor in the harbor.

Once on the *Malaya* the Sultan was received with all due courtesy and ceremony by Admiral Block of the British fleet and Neville Henderson, a British diplomat stationed at Constantinople. Mr. Henderson welcomed him in the name of His Majesty, King George the Fifth of England. In reply the Sultan thanked him warmly. At the same time he emphasized the fact that he was not abdicating as Sultan, but merely leaving his country for the time being. He was

evidently anxious to have this made known to the world. In the spring following this hasty and surreptitious flight, he publicly proclaimed that just as the Prophet Mohammed had fled from his enemies in Mecca to his friends in Medina, so he, Mohammed VI, had fled from his foes in Constantinople into exile.

The implication of this proclamation was clear. Just as the Prophet, some time after his flight to Medina, had returned, a triumphant conqueror to Mecca, so Mohammed VI, his successor as Caliph of Islam, proposed to return in triumph to Constantinople.

It was revolution that had forced Mohammed VI to leave Constantinople, just as it was revolution that had spurred the flight of William from Germany and precipitated the exile of Charles from Austria. Back of the revolution lay war, in the case of William and Charles the World War, in the case of Mohammed VI a conflict with Greece, the gravity of which was increased by other international complications. For in 1922 Turkey was not only at war with Greece but at odds with the French and British, who had sent troops to Constantinople.

In this situation, so dangerous and humiliating to Turkey, the Sultan's government was functioning feebly. But in the interior of the country, at Angora, a new and resolute government was coming into being. Shaking off the lethargy of centuries, Turkish patriots had rallied under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal, an army officer, destined later to become the dictator of his country. Under their guidance a revolutionary National Assembly was elected by popular vote.

For a time this Assembly, meeting at Angora, carried on

without attempting to overthrow the Sultanate at Constantinople. But the leaders of the new movement and the Turkish nationalists who flocked in increasing numbers to its standards, viewed the Sultan with growing dislike and distrust. They accused him of being a tool of the French and the British, a pitiful pawn in the game of international politics that was being played at Turkey's expense. Finally, early in November, 1922, the National Assembly declared the Sultan deposed and the Sultanate abolished. The way was thus cleared for the dictatorship of Mustapha Kemal.

For some two weeks the Sultan lingered on. But feeling was rising dangerously against him, not merely in far-off Angora, but in Constantinople itself. So in fear of his life, he wrote General Harington, asking for British protection in fleeing from the country. General Harington acceded to his request; and he succeeded with British aid in escaping from the country. The dreadnought *Malaya* carried him safely to the island of Malta.

Ultimately he made his home on the Italian Riviera. His repeated statements that he had not abdicated, that he was merely sojourning temporarily away from Constantinople, may have proved a solace to him in his old age but they accomplished little otherwise. He really never had the least chance of recovering his throne. Nor did the fate of an exile disturb him too much. Life was easy for him. He had plenty of money and was liberal with his tips. The French and Italians liked him and he liked them. He had a host of friends and acquaintances. He became a familiar figure at Nice where he was often to be seen walking leisurely along the *Promenade des Anglais* by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. A courteous, benign, white-

bearded, elderly gentleman, little resembling the Terrible Turk of tradition, he lived on peacefully for some three and a half years of exile. Then came a heart attack and sudden death at his villa in San Remo in 1926.

While Mohammed, ex-Sultan of Turkey and ex-Caliph of Islam, was amusing himself on the Riviera, another exemplar of royalty, Alfonso XIII, was having his troubles in Spain. This lithe, active, wide-awake King, with his protruding Hapsburg jaw and his attractive manners, was one of the most picturesque of European monarchs. For a time he had been exceptionally popular with his subjects. His courage and coolness were superb. He is said to have been the object of more attempts at assassination than any other ruler in Europe. Yet not once did he turn a hair.

One of these attempts was made at the end of May, 1905, when Alfonso was in France. One evening he had been the guest of President Loubet at the Opera. As they were driving back together along the boulevards a bomb was thrown directly under the wheels of the open carriage in which they were seated. It exploded with a terrific noise. The frightened horses broke into a gallop and the coachman was put to it to keep them from running away. Alfonso did not lose his composure for an instant. Calmly he stood up in the carriage, smiled and threw his arm protectingly around the French President. M. Loubet was visibly shaken, but recovered himself sufficiently to ask with much concern whether the King was all right.

“Do not worry about me,” replied Alfonso. “We, the kings, are different. Such are the risks of our trade.”

On another occasion when the King was riding horse-

back, a man stepped out from the crowd, blocked his path and fired a revolver at him pointblank. The shot went wide of the mark and the King, not pausing for an instant, rode directly at him, knocking him down. "Poor fellow," he said later in speaking of the incident, "he was more scared than I. You see it wasn't the first time I had been mixed up in that sort of thing. But one could easily see that, for him, it *was* the first time."

No wonder his people called him "*El Rey Valiente*," "The Valiant King."

Alfonso prided himself on being a modern monarch. Like Edward VIII of England, he was a devoted lover of sports. He enjoyed yachting and polo. He dashed about in a high powered motorcar. He bathed and sunned himself at the seaside. But there was a more practical side to his modernity. He took great satisfaction in his efforts to improve the economic well-being of backward Spain. He furthered industrial enterprises. He stimulated the construction of modern highways. He offered inducements to American and other foreign corporations to establish branches in Spain. He promoted trade, domestic and foreign, and encouraged advertising. "Build highways and construct modern hotels," he said to delegations of Spanish merchants and industrialists who called to pay their respects to him at the royal palace, "but first of all, understand the necessity of advertising."

Alfonso was modern, too, in his apparent devotion to democracy. His manners were simple and democratic, with none of the haughtiness traditionally associated with the Spanish grandee. He emphasized the fact that he was a constitutional monarch, subject to the will of a Parliament

which represented the will of the sovereign people. For a long time he was careful not to step beyond the limits fixed for him by the Spanish constitution. For a long time his people believed in his democracy. As the Spanish radical, Lerroux, once said: "King Alfonso is the greatest obstacle to our aspirations. He is the most democratic ruler we ever had."

In 1923, however, this supposedly democratic monarch helped to establish a dictatorship. There is no reason to assume that he had been insincere in his professions of democracy, though it is said that his natural bent is toward autocratic rule. In any case, circumstances were largely responsible for the change. Before the establishment of this dictatorship there had been widespread unrest in Spain. Wages were low and prices were high. Labor was discontented. Poverty-stricken peasants were suffering. Agitators were arousing resentment against the Government, especially in the city of Barcelona, always a hotbed of radicalism. Spain was suffering from the aftermath of the World War. She had not been drawn into the maelstrom of conflict, but she could not escape its economic consequences. There were serious strikes and other grave disorders.

Moreover, there was grave trouble over in Africa. Spanish forces were fighting the wild tribes of Morocco, and the fortunes of war were turning against the Spaniards. Ugly rumors were afloat that King Alfonso was personally responsible for a major military disaster. He was accused of having ordered General Silvestre to attack when attack was clearly hopeless. According to the story, General Silvestre had telegraphed to the King that retreat was imperative; and the King, without consulting the duly constituted

civil and military authorities, had telegraphed back: "Spaniards never retreat." As a result, it was asserted, the General advanced with his forces and some 12,000 Spanish soldiers were needlessly killed.

As the story of the King's interference circulated through Spain, angry resentment against him accumulated. The scandal became so serious that Parliament appointed a committee to investigate the conduct of the war. But what the committee's findings were was never known, for its report was hushed up. This suppression naturally stimulated anger against the King to fury.

As a result, then, of the military reverses in Morocco and the scandals attendant thereon, as well as of economic hardships and disorders, the King and the Government were in a precarious situation. The monarchy was in grave danger of overthrow. But the success of the Fascist *coup d'état* in Italy in 1922 suggested a way out. And this was the way chosen. In 1923 General Primo de Rivera, military governor of the restless city of Barcelona, suddenly proclaimed himself dictator of Spain. How far Alfonso was directly responsible for this daring stroke is not known. But it is certain that the King backed up the dictatorship and for several years Primo de Rivera ruled the country with Alfonso's co-operation.

The dictator governed with an iron hand and he got results. The war in Morocco was brought to an end. Labor troubles ceased for six years. Steps were taken to improve economic conditions. Partly because of the dictator's measures, but perhaps even more because of a general improvement in world conditions, Spain worked slowly back into what was for her a moderate prosperity.

Then came the great world depression. Again widespread economic unrest appeared in Spain. Smoldering political discontent blazed into flames. De Rivera resigned his office. But the King still maintained the dictatorial regime. Hostility against him now grew by leaps and bounds. In the autumn of 1930 a crowd watching a bullfight in Madrid cheered wildly for a republic. Students at the University of Barcelona in a mass demonstration cried: "Down with the King!"

Obviously the monarch was in great danger. A weaker man would have fled. But Alfonso still stayed on.

The elections of 1931 brought matters to a head. The issue was clearly drawn: were the voters in favor of retaining the monarchy or establishing a republic? The outcome was equally clear: an overwhelming majority favored a republic. Only a meager thirty per cent remained loyal to the monarchical cause. Revolution was openly threatened unless the King abdicated.

And now at last Alfonso gave in. The people had spoken decisively and he saw no other course but to yield. He did not abdicate, but he "suspended the exercise of the royal power." In a manifesto to the country he explained his attitude and purpose. He realized, he said, that he no longer held the love of his people. But he expressed the belief that this feeling would not prove permanent because, as he said, "I have always striven to serve Spain with all my devotion, to the public interest, even in the most critical times."

He went on to say that he would leave the country rather than provoke civil war by remaining.

"I am King of all Spaniards and I am a Spaniard. I could

find ample means to maintain my Royal Prerogatives in effective resistance to those who assail them. But I prefer to stand resolutely aside rather than provoke a conflict which might array my fellow-countrymen against one another in civil and patricidal strife."

"*But,*" he continued, "I renounce no single one of my rights. . . . I shall await the true and full expression of the collective conscience and until the nation speaks, I deliberately suspend my exercise of the royal power and am leaving Spain, thus acknowledging that she is the sole mistress of her destinies."

On the afternoon of April 14, 1931, a brilliant but mournful assemblage of the high aristocracy of Spain gathered at the royal palace to bid farewell to the fallen monarch. To these faithful adherents Alfonso explained, as he had done in the manifesto, why he was leaving the country. "I must prove to the State," he said, "that I am more democratic than many who call themselves so. Since the result of Sunday's elections I have no alternative but to act as I am now doing or to resort to force, and I love Spain too well to do the latter."

His loyal adherents listened in subdued silence. Some shed tears. But only at the last moment was there anything approaching a demonstration. After farewells had been said the King walked toward the elevator to descend to the ground floor of the palace which he was about to leave, perhaps forever. As he reached the door an officer shouted, "Viva el Rey!" The King, who had kept a firm grip on himself up to this point, was obviously shaken. But with an effort he restrained his emotions and turning to face his friends he cried out in a ringing voice:

“Viva España.”

A little later in the evening he set out by motor for the port of Cartagena. In the darkness of night he sped through the land over which he had reigned, technically at least, from the hour of his coming into the world. For his father having died shortly before his birth, Alfonso had been born a king. Cartagena was reached early in the morning and as his car dashed through the streets cries of the fickle populace came to his ears, shouting, not “Viva el Rey!” as was their wont, but “Viva la Republica!”

Arrived at the harbor of Cartagena he went at once on board the cruiser *Principe Alfonso*, which was to carry him to France. As the anchor was hauled in and the vessel slowly got under way, he stood on the deck, gazing at the slowly receding shores of his native land. And once more he cried: “Viva España.”

From Cartagena the vessel took its course to the French port of Marseilles. Here cameramen and newspaper reporters awaited him, eager to photograph him and hear his “story” of dethronement and flight. The King put them off courteously and boarded the train for Paris. As his train drew into the Gare de Lyon in the French capital he found another crowd of people waiting to greet him. Newspapermen and photographers swarmed around him and the ex-monarch had to smile and bow. The crowd cheered wildly: “Vive le roi!” “Vive le roi!”

In Spain they were shouting, “Viva la Republica!” In Paris they cried, “Vive le roi.” The irony of it could hardly escape the tired fugitive as he was driven along the boulevards to the Hotel Meurice where his family, who had come to Paris by another route, were awaiting him.

Alfonso was too active and spirited a man to lapse into melancholy in exile. Well provided with funds, he has lived comfortably enough, too comfortably in the opinion of critics who contrast his easy life with the sufferings of his *quondam* subjects. He has moved about a good deal. At one time he took up his residence at Fontainebleau in France. Later he lived in a well-appointed villa on the outskirts of Rome. From there he moved to the Grand Hotel in the city of Rome itself. One hears of him as a guest at the castle of wealthy noblemen in various parts of Europe, where he goes to enjoy the hunting, ever the sport of kings and ex-kings.

After the Spanish civil war broke out, he naturally followed its development with intense absorption. If his sympathies lay with one side more than the other in the conflict which was tearing his country asunder, he was careful not to reveal them publicly. As regards his own position, he always emphasizes the fact that he has never abdicated. He makes it clear that if an unmistakable call comes to him from his people to re-ascend the throne of Spain he will heed it and return to his country. But he also asserts that he will initiate no steps toward a restoration himself. Such is his professed attitude, and no proof has been adduced that he is insincere in what he says on the question.

In May, 1936, while living at the Grand Hotel in Rome, he accorded one of his rare newspaper interviews to a correspondent of the *New York Times*.¹ Asked by the correspondent about his daily life in Rome he replied that it was

¹ *New York Times*, May 24th, 1936.

As quiet as you can imagine. I have read in a relatively short time more than in all the rest of my life; more, perhaps, than many a passionate reader. I rise at about 9, attend to my mail with the aid of my secretaries and then read the foreign newspapers. At noon I read the Spanish newspapers.

I lunch at the hotel almost always, then work and read in the afternoon. At about 5 or 6 I indulge in a little frivolity and go to the casino to play bridge.

When the correspondent ventured to inquire his attitude toward a possible restoration, he answered emphatically:

You can say that I told you without beating about the bush, that Alfonso XIII is always at the disposal of Spain. That he neither intrigues nor hopes nor suspects, but simply waits. If I were called to my post, I would accept, because now more than ever it is a place of honor, being one that calls for sacrifices.

And so Alfonso goes on watching and waiting for the call that may come some day or may never come.

Outside of professedly royalist circles little sympathy has been evinced for the monarchs who have fallen since the coming of the World War. In much that has been written about them, it is their weaknesses, their ineptitudes, their faults, the errors and failures of their policies that are emphasized, rather than their stronger qualities and their efforts on behalf of the peoples over whom they had been called to reign. In such writings runs the clear implication that these ex-monarchs were themselves largely responsible for their downfall, that they got just about what they deserved. This implication is distinctly evident, for example, in Emil Ludwig's book on the Emperor William II

of Germany. It is evident in slurring newspaper criticism of Alfonso XIII since his exit from Spain in 1931.

Not infrequently a note of ridicule is present in press comments on ex-kings. Thus the *Literary Digest* for November 21st, 1921, carried an article on Charles of Austria and his aeroplane flight to recover the throne of Hungary, entitled, "Karlchen the Simple."

Evidently the title was taken from a comment in the *New York Times* which the *Digest* quotes: "If William Hohenzollern and his esteemed eldest son have not done enough to bring the old divine-right dynasties into contempt," said the *Times*, "Karlchen the Simple has more than completed their work." Another newspaper quoted by the *Digest* observed that "Mr. Charles Hapsburg flew high and landed in a hornet's nest." A third noted that when their plans came to nought, "Charles cried and Zita fainted."

The fundamental explanation of the fall of these monarchs, however, is not to be found in the qualities of the men themselves. That some of them had grave defects as men and as rulers, that some of their policies were badly conceived, cannot be denied. Ferdinand of Bulgaria was shifty and crafty and showed little liking for his subjects. Charles of Austria has been justly accused of insincerity. Alfonso XIII made a mess of military operations in Morocco. The instability of William of Germany's temperament, his faults and weaknesses have been pitilessly exposed to public gaze along with alleged defects that he never had and alleged crimes that he never committed.

But the personal failings and failures of the monarchs ought not to blind us to the fact that five of them were

World War "casualties." They fell as the direct result of circumstances developing out of the World War. Furthermore, the European conflict indirectly affected adversely the fortunes of the other two and contributed to their downfall.

Possibly Nicholas II of Russia would have ultimately been forced out anyway, for Tsardom had long been doomed to destruction, unless it mended its ways and abandoned the path of autocracy and reaction. And this change Nicholas II had no intention of making. Possibly Charles of Austria would have been overthrown, even had there been no European war, for the increasing national consciousness of the various nationalities composing the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy had long tended to split it in pieces. It had often been predicted that when the old Emperor Francis Joseph died the monarchy would break up. The fact remains, however, that it was the World War that ousted both these rulers. And certainly there is little reason to suppose that Constantine of Greece, Ferdinand of Bulgaria and William of Germany would not have gone on reigning to the end of their days, had it not been for the war.

It was not merely the *strain* of war, however, that precipitated the fall of the five monarchs who fell while the conflict was going on. *Defeat* was in almost every case the determining factor. The dethronement of Constantine of Greece was an exception. But even in his case, though his country was not defeated, the king's policy of neutrality was. The Tsar's case seems at first to be an exception, for Russia had not actually acknowledged defeat at the time of his abdication. But her power was crumbling to pieces,

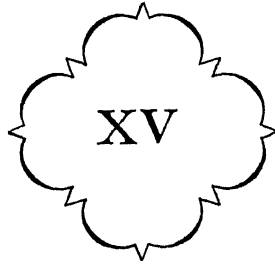
she never thereafter played any effective part in the war, and she was later forced by Germany to sign the humiliating peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary and Germany all forced their rulers out at the time of national collapse.

Turkey, likewise defeated in the war, followed suit later. As for Alfonso, though his dethronement resulted directly from internal revolution, it seems probable that the economic consequences of the World War, which affected even countries which had stayed neutral in the conflict, contributed in large measure to his downfall.

In the countries victorious in that struggle, on the other hand, monarchy survived wherever it had been the existing pre-war form of government. George V of England did not lose his throne. On the contrary he emerged from the conflict more popular than ever. Peter of Serbia did not lose his throne. He appeared on the postwar European scene as ruler of a newly-constituted, greatly enlarged kingdom of Yugoslavia, of which Serbia was but a part. Ferdinand of Rumania and Victor Emmanuel III of Italy both went right on wearing their crowns. Even Greece, after victory, recalled her Constantine. In sum, it was not their personal qualities or abilities as rulers that decided the question of whether or not the monarchs involved in the conflict were to go on reigning, but the fortunes of war.

It would seem, then, that in the postwar world monarchs are either the beneficiaries or the victims of circumstances. If things go relatively well in a monarchical country, the king is cheered to the skies as he rides in pomp and glory through the streets of his capital. If things go badly, muttered curses mingle with the cheers. If they go very badly

indeed the odds are that revolution will force the monarch from his throne. Yet any careful analysis of the causes of mass misery in any country today reveals that they lie in such factors as deep economic depression, over-population, lack of adequate national resources, wars brought on by excessive nationalism, military defeat at the hands of superior forces or a combination of some or all of these, rather than in the wickedness or ineptitude of kings. Excessive power concentrated in a monarch's hands may, of course, work injury to a people in the rare cases where something resembling it exists today in Europe. But the evils of absolutism can be solved by depriving him of some of his powers quite as well as by exiling or killing him. The belief that the first essential step to be taken in solving a grave national crisis is to throw out the king is a naïve survival from the days when absolutism was a real menace to the well-being of peoples. In the postwar world the anti-monarchical movement of three centuries has reached its *reductio ad absurdum*.



ROYALTY IN SHADOWLAND

IN A MODEST CHÂTEAU JUST OUTSIDE OF BRUSSELS LIVES A man who has never sat on a throne but who is punctiliously addressed as "Your Majesty." While Leopold III reigns over Belgium this other young man solemnly holds court within a few miles of the royal palace. He is not, as might be imagined, a lunatic, pathetically puffed up with delusions of monarchical grandeur. On the contrary he is a thoroughly normal individual, handsome and attractive. Anyone who passed him on the street or sat opposite him in a third-class compartment of a railway train on one of his frequent trips to Paris might easily mistake him for an energetic young businessman on the road to success. With his good looks, his affability, his vivacity and his ability to converse easily, intelligently and wittily, he would be popular in any circle.

The château of Steenknockerzeel furnishes a picturesque setting for the miniature court held within its portals. Secluded from the roar of modern traffic, its conical towers and peaked roof peeping out from lofty trees, it suggests

an earlier century when kings ruled as well as reigned. Beside it lies a gentle pond rippling with the wind. Royal swans glide smoothly across the surface, dipping their heads from time to time beneath the water. The bridge which must be crossed to reach the château is solid and modern enough in appearance; yet somehow it suggests the drawbridge of some medieval castle, to be drawn up when the alarm of an approaching foe is sounded. Within the "royal" residence etiquette is carefully observed, though it is an etiquette which compromises skillfully between the formality of an earlier day and the democratic freedom of modern times. Visitors are carefully informed that the young man who grants them an audience must always be addressed as "Your Majesty" and that in leaving him they must back away from his presence. But there is no stiffness in his reception of them and conversation is easy and informal.

The explanation of the "king" and his miniature "court" is simple. "His Majesty" is Otto, Archduke of Austria. As eldest son of the former Emperor Charles, who died on the island of Madeira in 1923, and of the ex-Empress Zita, Otto claims the thrones of Austria and Hungary; and as far as he can do so in exile, he tries to live up to these claims. At the present time he is the most conspicuous of those royal exiles who reign only over phantom kingdoms and whom the world calls "pretenders." Among the others are the ex-Kaiser of Germany, the Grand Duke Cyril, known to the faithful as "Emperor Cyril I of All the Russias," Alfonso XIII of Spain, Prince Xavier of Bourbon-Parma, brother of the ex-Empress Zita and "Carlist" pretender to the Spanish throne, and finally the Duc de Guise,

who aspires to the throne of France. The "heirs" of some of these shadow sovereigns must be counted in the running, too. Henri, Count of Paris, son of the Duc de Guise, "Dauphin" of France, is a much more active royalist than his aging father. And if ever there should develop a strong monarchist movement in Germany, it would be less likely to choose the ex-Kaiser as its standard-bearer than one of his sons or grandsons.

The outside world views the "pretenders" with a mixture of romantic awe and pitying condescension. Their presence always flutters the dove-cotes of bourgeois society. No one of them, no member of any of their families, can appear on a bathing-beach or register at a hotel without creating a sensation. The hearts of young maidens beat faster and elderly ladies gossip over their knitting in more animated whispers. Even the solid businessman cranes his neck to get a good look when the royal personage happens to pass. But the high estate to which the "pretenders" aspire and the comparatively low estate in which they are obliged to live arouse a certain commiseration and compassion, while hard-headed common sense relegates their hopes of restoration to the limbo of the visionary.

It is just possible, however, that what we call common sense dismisses the aspirations of the "pretenders" too lightly. In the very existence of these aspirations lies the germ of a threat to dictatorship. Were an unforeseen reaction against dictatorships to occur in Europe, it would be quite as likely to take the form of a return to royalty as an experiment in republicanism. The fall of a Hitler might easily mean the restoration of a Hohenzollern. The collapse of Bolshevism might well prove the prelude to the

enthronement of a Romanoff. The breakdown of any dictatorial regime that might emerge from the civil war in Spain might logically lead to a return of Alfonso or one of his family.

In any case, whatever the outside world may think of them, most of these phantom rulers take themselves with the utmost seriousness. Through the very force of circumstances, their one goal in life is to return to the thrones of their ancestors. They never surrender their claims and rarely give up their hopes.

From his earliest childhood Otto was trained for kingship by Zita; and if he is today fit to sit on a throne, it is due more to his mother than to anyone else. Zita is neither brilliant nor politically shrewd. The two attempts which she made with her husband to recover the throne of Hungary, and in which she is believed to have been the moving spirit, were ill-timed, badly-executed and quite naturally ended in failure. But she is an indomitable personality and she has courage, faith, persistence and purpose. From the time of Charles' death she was determined that Otto should one day be restored to the throne of his ancestors. She has never lost sight of that goal and she has tenaciously shaped the life of her eldest son to that end.

Hers has been no easy task. After the death of Charles she left the island of Madeira and went to Spain with her brood of eight children. Her means were of the scantiest, but Alfonso XIII gave her the use of a villa in the little fishing village of Lequeitio on the Bay of Biscay. Here her children bathed joyously in the sea and played in the sand as children, rich or poor, noble or peasant, have done from time immemorial. But poor as the family was, Otto

was never allowed to forget, nor did Zita allow others to forget, that he was the heir of the imperial Hapsburgs. Even in those days she insisted that other children call him "Your Majesty."

Somehow or other the family managed to live on such funds as Zita had, and on such gifts as came to them from those who sympathized with her plight and her cause. Somehow or other, Otto was given the fundamentals of an education befitting a prince. Fortunately his brains were good and he took to learning. Altogether, he adapted himself well to the trying circumstances which fate had forced upon him. But obviously a Spanish fishing village was no place to bring up an heir to a throne as he grew older. So Zita got together enough funds to move herself and her family to Belgium and the château of Steenknockerzeel. Here the family scraped and pinched to enable Otto to finish his education. They economized on meals. His mother and sisters swept and dusted the castle to save on maid service. A tutor was employed to coach him where he needed it and a Ford car was purchased, so that he might drive to the University of Louvain where he completed his studies. A devoted "court chamberlain" and "lady-in-waiting" helped out in the difficult situation by serving without pay.

Whether or not Otto ever sits on a throne, his mother may well feel proud of the results and well repaid for the sacrifices she has made. He speaks five languages fluently: German, Hungarian, English, French and Italian. He worked hard at the University of Louvain and won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. But he found time for sports also. He plays a good game of tennis, rides well and

loves it. He is well informed on European politics. While at the University he specialized in the study of government and developed theories, which he set forth in his doctors' thesis written under his title of "Duke of Bar." Some of these theories he expects to put into practice when he wears a crown. For, like his mother, he admits no doubt that he will some day sit on the throne of Austria or Hungary or both.

He does not plan, however, to force the issue. He will wait until the time is ripe and his "subjects" are ready to welcome him with open arms. He says emphatically that any movement for restoration in Austria must come from the people as a whole. But he believes that the time is not far distant when the call will come. He holds that the Austrian people, apart from any other reason, will welcome a return to monarchy as an alternative to the spread of National Socialism. As he once said to an American interviewer: "There are only two roads which are open (to Austria): those to Monarchism or to National Socialism. There is no room in my country for a liberal movement." And to another American he said that "the German system of National Socialism with its suppression of the freedom of speech, could not possibly be put into effect in Austria." He went on to say that the Nazi theory of race was cruel and could bring nothing but grievous trouble in his native land.¹

As Otto comes into the foreground, Zita naturally fades into the background. But she had a brief moment of glory in the autumn of 1933, while she was on a visit to Rome. A gilded throne was set up in a large room in a hotel and

¹ Ybarra, T. R., "Lost: One Empire," *Collier's*, April 18, 1936.

on this throne Zita took her seat, dressed all in black. Then a titled master of ceremonies presented to her, one after another, members of the old Austrian nobility and Zita graciously acknowledged the presentations. But the splendor which this pathetic but high-spirited little scene evoked was of the past rather than of the future. It harked back to the days when Charles and Zita reigned over the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary. Even were the monarchical cause to triumph in Austria, Zita would never sit on the throne. She could only be the Queen-Mother or Empress-Mother, shining only in the reflected light of Otto's reign. There is no reason to suppose, however, that this would not satisfy her. Otto's triumph would be her triumph.

The German monarchist cause is much less to the fore than the Austrian. No doubt there is monarchist sentiment in Germany, but how much or how little no one can say. Under Hitler it dare not assert itself. Outside the country, such champions as support the idea of a restoration to the throne are likewise keeping very quiet. It could do no good and might do much harm if they sought to arouse feeling for a monarchy, as long as the Nazi leaders retain their strong hold on the German people. Nor is there any one outstanding candidate for the German crown as Otto is for the Austrian. It is rumored that the ex-Kaiser would like to return to the throne just long enough to explain away the story that he was "the Emperor who ran away," after which he would abdicate in favor of some other member of his family. But his advanced years, and the fact that the story of running away clings to him like pitch, make

it unlikely that this wish would ever be fulfilled in the event of Germany's return to monarchy.

Next in line for the imperial succession is the former Crown Prince Wilhelm. Before the World War the Crown Prince made himself somewhat unpleasantly conspicuous by his saber-rattling and his undisciplined character. When certain military officers in Alsace raised a storm of anger in France and even in Germany by their harsh treatment of Alsatian recruits and civilians the Crown Prince took it upon himself to send a telegram of congratulation to one of them: "Go it strong" (*Immer feste darauf*), which brought him severe condemnation. When he was a student at the University of Bonn, he objected vigorously to obeying the rules of his "corps," the student society to which he belonged. Later he protested against the uniform he had to wear. It was too drab to suit him. His conduct brought down frequent rebukes on his head from his father and the military officers placed over him, but he himself thought that his "rugged individualism" would make him popular with the people. He was mistaken. As a Berlin cab driver remarked at the time of the fall of the monarchy in 1918, "We could keep the old man—we have had him for thirty years. But that young fellow, with his cap on crooked, won't do."

Though the Crown Prince renounced his rights to the throne and followed his father into exile, he was allowed to return to Germany after a few years. Since he came back, he has lived the life of a gentleman farmer and a sportsman, and has not tried to assert his individuality or stir up trouble as he did in his palmy pre-war days. When Hitler came to power, the Crown Prince accepted the

National Socialist Regime with a fervency rather too obvious. Financially he has little to worry about. The German Republic was exceedingly generous to the fallen Hohenzollerns, and the Crown Prince, like his father, has plenty of money. He has a large castle at Cecilienhof near Potsdam which, as his eldest son said somewhat ruefully, is hard to heat, but which is otherwise comfortable and well-furnished, and another castle at Oels in Silesia. To his faithful followers, his place of business on *Unter den Linden* in Berlin is less an office than a chancellory and his employees are councilors. But if Germany ever chose to return to monarchy, it is quite possible that he would be passed over, though his chances of wearing a crown are better than those of the ex-Kaiser. His age is against him. He was born in 1882. And while he is well enough liked in certain Junker circles, he has never won the popularity that would carry him to the throne on a wave of enthusiasm.

The Kaiser's other sons, of whom there are four, are even less likely than the former Crown Prince to be called on to reign over Germany. About the time of the outbreak of the World War, Prince Oskar created something of a sensation by marrying a woman considerably below him in rank, the Countess von Bassewitz, a lady in waiting to the Empress, his mother. The story runs that the Kaiser remarked in irritation to the father of the Countess, "I do not care for this engagement at all." "Neither do I," was the imperturbable reply.

One of the other sons, Prince August Wilhelm, became an ardent National Socialist even before Hitler's rise to power. Along with other Nazis he took part in a rough

and tumble street fight in Königsberg and was soundly thrashed by the police in consequence. After that he was made a Nazi group leader (*Gruppen Führer*). Naturally it was thought he might expect some reward after Hitler became Chancellor. But the Nazi leader showed little inclination to do anything for him, though his devotion to National Socialism apparently continued to be as strong as ever, and early in the year 1934 he even went so far as to stand shivering on *Unter den Linden* with a gaily painted tin cup in his hand, begging money for the Nazi Winter Relief fund.

Finally the Nazi leaders repudiated him altogether. At the time of Hitler's "June Purge," when alleged enemies of the Chancellor were rounded up and a number of them executed or forced to commit suicide, "Auwi," as the Prince was nicknamed, fell under suspicion. General Goering himself gave him a searching cross-examination to find out whether he was implicated in the plot. But no convincing evidence could be adduced and finally Goering dismissed him in disgust, remarking: "He is too dumb to have known anything." However, he was expelled soon thereafter from the Hitler Storm Troops and from the National Socialist Party. Since then he has been a negligible quantity.

If ever a Hohenzollern now living should wear a crown, the odds are that it would not be the ex-Kaiser or any of his sons, but one of the former Crown Prince's sons, either Prince Wilhelm or Prince Louis Ferdinand. Wilhelm, the eldest, now in his early thirties, is an attractive, energetic young man. "He is a youth of clean-cut, aristocratic features," says an American newspaperman who talked with

him several years ago. "He has narrow slits of eyes surmounted by eyebrows with a curious upward twist. He speaks eagerly and hurriedly and seems never at a loss for words: yet at the same time he betrays a boyish shyness."¹ He conforms to the type of royalty so much admired by the populace today. He rides well, swims well, dances well. His temperament is buoyant, his demeanor modest and his manners democratic.

Like his father, he is a gentleman farmer and a very earnest one. He has a great estate of about 13,000 acres some eighty miles east of Berlin. Here he lives in true Junker style. Horses and cows, pigs, lambs and goats seem to be the one absorbing interest of his life. If he has any aspirations for the throne, he does not disclose them. But in 1933 he took a step which, were Germany to return to monarchy, might possibly prevent his ever reigning. He married a young woman far below him in social rank, Dorothea von Salviati, "in a marriage not recognized as equal to his birth by the royal house" ("*en mariage non reconnu égal de naissance par la maison royale*") to quote the quaintly disdainful language of the *Almanach de Gotha*.

His possible disbarment from the throne by reason of his marriage brings his brother, Louis Ferdinand, to the fore among those who like to speculate about royalty's return to power in Germany. Like his elder brother, the Crown Prince's second son has a lively, pleasing personality and democratic manners. But his outlook is even more modern than that of Wilhelm, his initiative greater and his experience wider. A very intelligent young man, he early

¹ T. R. Ybarra, "Monarch in Waiting," *Collier's*, April 1st, 1933.

developed an absorbing interest in mechanics. While Wilhelm took to farming and stockbreeding, he took to automobiles and aeroplanes. Finally he decided to learn the motor business from the ground up. So he packed his trunks, crossed the Atlantic and went to Detroit, where he worked for two years in the Ford plant, studying the making of automobiles from every angle. Few were aware at the time that Detroit was harboring a Hohenzollern, for the Prince remained incognito, living modestly at the Chatham Apartment Hotel under the name of Dr. Ferdinand.

Besides working in Detroit, the Prince spent some time in Ford factories in Los Angeles and Buenos Aires. There is a story that while in Los Angeles he became engaged to a screen star, but that when the ex-Kaiser heard of what had happened, he forbade the marriage. Such tales spring up so easily, however, that it is doubtful if any credence can be placed in this one. While in Buenos Aires he completed his training as an aeroplane pilot, passed his examination and received his license. Today he is a reserve officer in the German air force.

After Louis Ferdinand had served his apprenticeship in America and returned to Germany, he appeared in the publicity end of the automobile business by demonstrating a Ford V-8 to Chancellor Hitler. What a picture! Medieval royalty, capitalistic enterprise and postwar dictatorship all meet on friendly footing as the Prince enthusiastically dwells on the virtues of the car, while the ex-corporal, now ruler of Germany, bending over, examines it for merits and defects. Such a scene indicates, it may be added, that the Prince accepts Nazi rule grace-

fully, and that the Nazi leader fears little the return of Hohenzollern royalty to office.

Whether or not Hitler fears him, however, the fitness of Prince Louis Ferdinand to wear a crown was enhanced in the eyes of royalists everywhere when the ex-Kaiser at Doorn, in December, 1937, announced the engagement of his grandson to the Princess Kira, daughter of Grand Duke Cyril, who claims the throne of Russia.

Cyril is much more in the style of old-fashioned royalty than these up-to-date sons of the former Crown Prince of Germany. In the picturesque little village of St. Briac on the coast of Brittany, far removed from the hurry and bustle of the contemporary world of business and politics, Cyril lives quietly with his family, calmly and patiently awaiting the call to ascend the throne of his Romanoff ancestors. He has had plenty of excitement in his life. No other among the so-called pretenders has known such extremes of good and evil fortunes as he. He was born in 1876, the son of the Grand Duke Vladimir, grandson of the Tsar Alexander II, and first cousin of Alexander's son, who later ruled Russia as Nicholas II. In his youth everything seemed at first to make for his happiness. His high birth meant that from the moment he came into the world he was, as the Princess Bibesco has put it, "a millionaire by divine right." Honors were heaped upon him. A kind-hearted man, unusually handsome, he became a great favorite in Russian society. A certain austerity of manner, which earned him the nickname of "the marble man" among some of his intimates, only added to his charm.

His first reversal of fortune came from a love affair. In

his early youth he fell in love with his beautiful cousin, Victoria Melita, Grand Duchess of Hesse, sister of the present dowager Queen Marie of Rumania. She reciprocated his devotion. But a ruling of the Greek Orthodox Church, of which the Grand Duke was, of course, a member, prohibits marriage between first cousins. Sadly the young lovers bowed to the edict and went their separate ways. Later Victoria Melita married the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and Cyril was left to console himself as best he might.

Not for long, however. When the Russo-Japanese war broke out, Cyril went in as a naval officer. In the course of the war the vessel on which he was serving, the *Petro-pavlosk*, was blown up in a terrific explosion. Of eight hundred officers and sailors only five survived. But one of these was the Grand Duke Cyril. Though badly burned and thrown with stunning force into the water, he managed to cling to a floating log from which he was finally rescued by a small boat which chanced to be in his vicinity.

This apparently miraculous escape seemed to Victoria Melita, pining away in a loveless marriage, like an act of God. God, she convinced herself, had saved Cyril for her. So, when he came back from the war, she awaited him. She divorced her husband, defied the law of the Orthodox Church forbidding union between first cousins, and married Cyril.

The divorce and re-marriage aroused the wrath of Nicholas II and more especially of his wife, whose influence over her weak-willed husband is known to have been very strong. The anger of the Tsar and Tsarina soon took tangible form. Cyril was deprived of his wealth and

his honors and forced to live in exile. He and his wife went to Paris and took a small apartment on the Avenue Henri-Martin, where they managed to eke out an existence. Between them they had an income of about four thousand dollars a year. No doubt such a sum would seem like affluence to many a modest bourgeois. But to the Grand Duke and his wife, accustomed to luxurious ways of living, untrained in the art of economizing, which from long experience becomes part of the very bone and sinew of poorer people, the readjustment was tremendous. To them, especially after the birth of a child, their life in Paris was poverty itself. However they were destined to know greater poverty, real poverty, later.

The anger of the Tsar and Tsarina lasted for several years. Finally, however, shortly before the outbreak of the World War, the exiles were allowed to come back to Russia. In the World War the Grand Duke played a small but honorable part, as commander of a regiment of marines. But when the first Russian Revolution of 1917 occurred, this scion of royalty quickly transferred his allegiance to the new Government. The red flag was floated from his palace in Petrograd and he marched with his regiment of marines, all wearing red cockades, to the Duma, where he proclaimed himself "a free citizen of free Russia." For this action he has been much criticized. But it should be remembered that he had had little cause to be grateful to the government that had fallen and that even Nicholas II himself, after abdicating, had somewhat sullenly advised loyalty to the government which had displaced his own.

Cyril's prompt reconciliation with the Russian Revolu-

tion did him little good. Hatred for the fallen Romanoffs mounted. The Tsar and his family were imprisoned and one of the Grand Dukes was murdered while the rest sought safety in flight. Cyril and his wife, at the risk of their lives, set out across frozen waters on the border between Russia and Finland. The peril of the Grand Duchess was heightened by the fact that she was pregnant at the time. They managed to elude pursuit, reached the Finnish border safely and found refuge in the little town of Borgo. Here in August, 1917, their son and heir was born. They called him Vladimir.

The sufferings of the little family were far from ended. Their resources were of the scantiest. They had no way of getting out of Finland. Wealthy relatives in other parts of Europe, who would gladly have sent them funds, were unable to reach them in those dangerous, tumultuous days. Their only home was a wretched little cottage where they lived in dire poverty. Summer wore into autumn, autumn into winter, and it grew colder and colder. The only available fuel was the wood to be found in abandoned houses, and the Grand Duke Cyril had to spend most of his time chopping and sawing it.

Finally money found its way to them, they left Finland and after some wandering in Europe reached the quiet village on the Brittany coast where they now live.

Here the Grand Duke presides over his "shadow empire." Thousands, tens of thousands, of exiled Russians look upon him as "His Imperial Majesty Cyril Vladimirovich, Emperor of all the Russias, Tsar of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland," etc., etc. His life is far from idle. From all over the world his "subjects" write to him, asking his

advice, awaiting his command. A dishwasher in a little restaurant in the Middle West, once a captain in the Russian army, asks to be "promoted" to a colonelcy. Others of lower rank have been promoted to this office. Why has he been passed over, he wants to know. Exiled Russians in New York, tossed in the tempest of unemployment crisis, write their "Emperor" that a word or two of monarchical encouragement "would be greatly appreciated by the impoverished Russian colony in Harlem." While his wife works placidly in her garden and his son prepares himself for the responsibilities which he will assume at his father's death, Cyril conscientiously answers letters and "governs" his "Empire." "He issues Orders, bestows 'Monarchical Thanks,' signs Promotions and addresses Messages on policies to be followed by his supporters."¹

Of the other claimants to non-existent thrones little need be said. Alfonso XIII watches and waits, as has already been told, apparently making no move looking toward his restoration to the throne of Spain. His wife has separated from him and one of his sons became an automobile salesman in the United States. His rival for the throne of Spain, Prince Xavier, whose claims go back to the first half of the nineteenth century when his ancestor Don Carlos was excluded from the succession, has the distinction of being the only one of the so-called pretenders whose followers are openly fighting for him. His adherents are the only avowed royalists in the Spanish civil war.

Henri, Count of Paris, works much more zealously for French royalism than does his father, the Duc de Guise. A good-looking, up-to-date young man, athletic, fond of

¹ Alexander, "Always a Grand Duke," p. 137.

flying, he lives in exile in Belgium with his attractive young wife and his children, and keeps his cause before the public eye by publishing his own newspaper, *Le Courier Royal*. Recently, too, he developed in a book his theories of the part that royalty should play in France. He caters to the French Left by taking up the cudgels for the French workingman. But the people of France pay little attention to him, and even less to his competitor for the throne, the young Prince Louis Napoleon, great-grandson of Napoleon's brother Jerome Bonaparte, once ruler of the ephemeral kingdom of Westphalia. The likelihood of a royalist restoration in France is very, very remote. But the royalist cause lives on indefinitely.

Of all the aspirants to thrones now vacant the Hapsburg Otto seems at the present time more likely to find favor with fortune than any other. Sentiment for his restoration seems to be growing in Austria. In recent years the Austrian Government repealed the law which it made shortly after the fall of the monarchy, forbidding the former Emperor Charles and his family to live in the country. It has even restored part of the Hapsburg property confiscated at that time. Over three hundred towns of Austria have made Otto an honorary citizen, and more would follow suit if the charming young claimant to the throne were to return to his native country as a private citizen. In Vienna cabarets entertainers sing of "*der junge Herr in Schönbrunn*" and are applauded handsomely.¹

A year or two ago an American newspaper woman, visiting Austria and talking with Austrians of all classes, found perhaps seventy per cent of the people with whom

¹ This was written before Hitler's *coup* to "Nazify" Austria.

she conversed favorable to a return of the monarchy, and only a minority of some thirty per cent of Socialists and Nazis opposed. In the autumn of 1936 the Austrian Chancellor, Kurt Schuschnigg, himself lent encouragement to Otto's cause by hinting in a public speech that the people of the country might some day have the opportunity to decide whether or not he should be called to the throne. "No outsiders, but only Austrians," he shouted, "will decide whether the monarchy shall be restored!" He promised further that monarchical propaganda would be permitted within the country. "Part of the Austrian people," he said, "sincerely believe that their lot would be improved if the monarchy were restored. Restoration propaganda within the Fatherland will be allowed."

On the other hand, any attempt to bring back the monarchy to Austria would be fraught with danger. It would be sure to cause trouble outside the confines of Austria. The German Government would be certain to oppose the restoration if it could do so, for a return to monarchy would mean defeat of all plans to bring about the triumph of National Socialism in Austria. The countries of the Little Entente, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia would be likely to do what they could to prevent it, for they would look on it as an attempt to bring back the Hapsburg Empire, which before the World War included all of Czechoslovakia and parts of Rumania and Yugoslavia. Efforts have been made to secure the powerful support of Mussolini for the monarchical cause in Austria, and there have been rumors for some time that Otto would marry the Princess Maria of Savoy, youngest daughter of the King of Italy. These attempts to win the Italian dicta-

tor's backing have not yet borne fruit. The closer he draws to Germany, the less likelihood of his looking with favor on a Hapsburg restoration. After all Austria is but a pawn on the European chessboard. The question of Otto's restoration depends on the moves made in the great game of international politics. But some think that the odds are in his favor. He may even wear the crown of Hungary as well as that of Austria. In that case, dictatorship would probably be doomed in both these lands unless Otto himself became a dictator, which is unlikely.

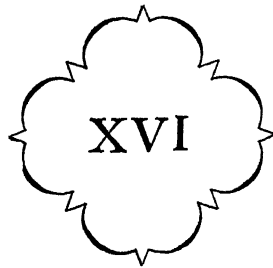
As for the other "pretenders," it seems as though only some strange twist of fate could turn their dreams into reality. Yet such strange twists are far from uncommon in the course of human events. Monarchy is an old institution in Europe and though it finds little favor at present, a reversal of the trend against it is by no means impossible. History has a way of doubling on its tracks. What the Grand Duke Cyril said of his own hopes might well apply to those of his fellow-aspirants for crowns:

I am working for the salvation of our country. I know enough about the cardinal laws of mechanics to understand that each forceful swing of the pendulum to the left is bound to be followed by an equally forceful swing to the right. It is my duty, the duty of every sensible statesman, to be prepared for the moment of that counter-swing and to do all in my power to limit its scope and arrest its potential destructiveness.¹

When Charles I died on the scaffold in 1649, it seemed almost inconceivable that eleven years later his son would be reigning in England. When the head of Louis XVI was

¹ Alexander, "Always a Grand Duke," p. 141.

severed from his body by the guillotine in 1793, it was seemingly inconceivable that less than a quarter of a century later his brother would be sitting on the throne of France. At the turn of the twentieth century, it was inconceivable that a prosy little Marxian exile from Russia would one day replace the proud Romanoff dynasty as autocrat of all the Russias. On the eve of the World War, no one could have predicted that a decade later a former Socialist editor would come to power as the standard-bearer of a strange new creed known as Fascism. When the German Kaiser abdicated in 1918, no one could have imagined that fifteen years later an Austrian house painter, ex-corporal in the German army, would one day be ruling Germany in his stead with an absolute power such as he had never known. So once again the almost inconceivable might happen. As Europe swung toward dictatorship, so it may swing away from it. Though the odds seem to be against it, yet by some unforeseen turn of fortune's wheel some part of the royalty of shadowland may one day emerge into the broad daylight of reality.



BACK TO ABSOLUTISM

OUT OF A TINY TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT IN THE SUMMER OF 1903 came the first portent of that amazing reaction against liberalism and democracy which was to set in some years later in Europe. A band of Russian exiles had gathered in London for the Second Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labor party. The Congress had first met in Brussels, in the storeroom of a building belonging to a workers' co-operative society. Here the sessions had been turned into torture by swarms of fleas, which issued from bales of wool to attack the delegates with all the lusty vigor and devilish ingenuity of which these pestiferous insects are capable. The delegates had endured the attacks of the fleas with the heroism of martyrs to a cause, but they could not withstand the Belgian police. A Tsarist secret agent had informed the police that these exiles were dangerous revolutionaries—which they were. And the police ordered them out of the country. So they had obediently and philosophically packed their few belongings and set off for England's more hospitable shores. Safely arrived in Lon-

don, they could carry on their meetings in peace, undisturbed either by insect pests or the minions of the law.

In London a critical issue threw the Congress into turmoil, a question of democracy or autocracy within the party. All the delegates were fired with ardor to overthrow Tsarist absolutism through revolution for the sake of the suffering masses of Russia and of the world. But on the methods and means by which successful revolution was to be achieved they differed sharply. The party leaders, older men, long steeped in democratic revolutionary tradition, advocated a loose, decentralized, democratic party organization. Furthermore, they would welcome within the party ranks all Russians actively sympathetic with revolution, however weak or misguided their efforts in its behalf. Well-seasoned in conspiracy, experienced in party councils, these leaders had been accustomed to having their advice accepted without much question by the rank and file of the party.

This time, however, they found their views sharply challenged by a comparative newcomer, a rather unprepossessing-looking young man, short, thick-set, with a broad, snub nose and black eyes set wide apart. This self-confident young fellow argued that only a thoroughly disciplined party could carry out a successful revolution. He would rigorously exclude the faint-hearted, the half-hearted, the weak and unintelligent, from party membership, however loudly and profusely they might proclaim their loyalty to the revolutionary movement. "It would be far better," he said, "that ten men who worked should not call themselves members of the party than that one chatterbox should have the right to become a member."

He flatly opposed democratic organization of the party. Control, he contended vehemently, should be vested in the hands of a very few, an élite of strong, tried and true revolutionaries. These should give orders which the rank and file of the party should obey without question. In other words, he insisted on a dictatorship within the party. Given a party thus controlled and manned only with zealous workers, he guaranteed success. As he had written in a pamphlet a year earlier, "An organization of revolutionaries must above all . . . include people whose profession consists of revolutionary activity. This organization must be not very broad and as conspirative as possible. Give us an organization of revolutionaries and we shall turn Russia upside down."

The older men were astonished at this young fellow's audacity in opposing them. "Was it so long ago that he came abroad as a mere pupil?" they asked later. "Where, then, did he get that supreme self-confidence? Where did he get the nerve?" They little realized at the time the caliber of the man who had so boldly challenged them. We know it better today. We know that this man was later to prove himself one of the strongest and ablest personalities of his day, one of the greatest leaders of the postwar world. Vladimir Ulyanov was his name, but he is better known to history by his revolutionary alias, Lenin.

The conflict at the Second Congress of the Social Democratic party has been described at some length because in its outcome lay the germ of the Russian dictatorship of today. The issue split the party. The majority, the Bolsheviks, sided with Lenin and henceforth accepted his autocratic leadership. The minority, the Mensheviks, followed

the old leaders. The future lay with the Bolsheviki; and when Lenin, fourteen years after the meeting of the Second Congress, fulfilled his promise that he would turn Russia upside down, dictatorship over the party was logically translated into dictatorship over Russia. Thus Russia was the first country in Europe to turn to the new absolutism. Just as autocratic government of the party was necessary, in Lenin's view, to achieve a successful revolution, so autocratic government of Russia was necessary to conserve its results. Some day, he believed, when the classless society was firmly established the State would "wither away." Then dictatorship would be unnecessary. But that day never seems to come.

After the Bolsheviki seized power, they had one last bout with democracy. The year 1917, it will be remembered, witnessed two revolutions in Russia, one in March, the other in November. The March Revolution, which brought the abdication of Tsar Nicholas II and the hasty establishment of a Provisional Government in his place, was what the Bolsheviki called a "bourgeois," and the rest of the world a democratic, liberal revolution. It was welcomed with enthusiasm in the countries then at war with Germany. As an American professor somewhat naïvely put it, the revolution "clarified the issue." For it had previously been somewhat awkward to have to admit that one of the three great countries fighting for liberty and democracy against Prussian autocracy and militarism was the most autocratically governed of European powers. But after the March revolution it was believed in the countries at war with Germany that Russia could be expected

wholeheartedly to do her part in making the world safe for democracy.

The liberal, democratic purpose of the Russian Provisional Government stands out clearly in a manifesto which it issued immediately on taking office. The manifesto proclaimed freedom of speech and freedom of the press for all Russia. Workers were to be free to form labor unions and to strike. A Constituent Assembly was to be called to decide on the form of government the country was to have and to draw up a Constitution. Elections were to be carried out "on the basis of universal, direct, equal and secret suffrage."

When the Provisional Government took office its intention was to hold elections for the Constituent Assembly as soon as possible. But owing to the chaotic condition of the country and its own instability, it kept postponing the elections. For this delay it was criticized severely, and by no one more vehemently than by the Bolsheviki who were at that time pouncing on any and every excuse to attack the Provisional Government's policies and undermine its position.

So, after the Bolsheviki had seized power and ousted the Provisional Government in November, most of the leaders felt that they must hold elections for an Assembly as soon as possible, whether they wanted to or not. It would put them in too bad a light with the people if they procrastinated as their predecessors had done. Lenin at first stood out against this course. He anticipated that the Assembly would contain an anti-Bolshevist majority. He was quite ready in that case to break up the gathering by force, but

he feared that he might not get sufficient backing from the Social Revolutionary party which still exercised strong influence in Russia. Without such backing the Bolshevik Revolution would be seriously endangered.

Trotsky tells us of Lenin's concern over the question and of the reassurance he received from a conversation with Natanson, a veteran leader of the Social Revolutionary party:

"Naturally we must break up the Constituent Assembly," said Lenin, "but then what about the Left Social Revolutionaries?"

Old Natanson comforted us very much. He came to us to "talk it over," and after the first words said,

"Well, as far as I am concerned, if it comes to that point, break up the Constituent Assembly with force."

"Bravo," exclaimed Lenin with joy, "what is right, must remain right. But will your party agree?"

"Some of us are wavering, but I believe that in the end they will agree," Natanson answered.¹

So Lenin was won over to the idea of calling a Constituent Assembly. The results of the elections confirmed his anticipations. The Bolsheviks received only about 25 per cent of the total vote. Lenin then prepared to use force, bringing soldiers and sailors to Petrograd. The delegates hostile to the Bolsheviks, for their part, made their own peculiar preparations in anticipation of trouble. Trotsky tells contemptuously how they "brought candles with them in case the opposition cut off the electric light, and a vast number of sandwiches in case their food was taken from them. Thus democracy entered upon the struggle

¹ Trotsky, "Lenin," pp. 120-121.

with dictatorship heavily armed with sandwiches and candles.”¹

As may be imagined, their candles and their sandwiches did them little good. Soldiers and sailors of Bolshevik convictions filled the streets, surrounded the Tauride Palace where the meeting was being held, and swarmed into the building itself. From the galleries they hooted and jeered the majority delegates, turning the Assembly into a farce. Finally, after passing a few futile resolutions, the gathering adjourned until the next day. But it never met again. The All-Russian Soviet Executive Committee simply declared it dissolved on the pretext that it was “only a cover for the struggle of bourgeois counter-revolution for the overthrow of the power of the Soviets.” The delegates dared not resist. The threat of force was too great. As one of them expressed it:

“On our side were legality, great ideals and faith in the triumph of democracy.

“On their side were activity, machineguns, weapons.”

The crestfallen majority, scattering to the four winds, journeyed homeward, munching what was left of their sandwiches as they went.

After it was all over Lenin expressed his satisfaction to Trotsky:

“Naturally,” he said, “it was a great risk on our part that we did not postpone the convention—very, very unwise. But in the end it is best that it happened so. The breaking up of the Constituent Assembly by the Soviet power is the complete and public liquidation of formal

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 123.

democracy in the name of revolutionary dictatorship. It will be a good lesson.”¹

It certainly was a lesson. From that time to this, democracy has never given dictatorship any serious trouble in Russia.

Outside of Russia, however, it seemed at the close of the World War as though the cause of liberalism and democracy had finally triumphed. Three centuries of conflict with monarchical power had collapsed in the great strongholds of Germany and Austria. The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire was but a pitiful puppet, destined soon to go on his travels.

Everywhere, at the end of the War or soon thereafter, republics were springing into being. Germany might be treated as an outcast by the victorious Allies but the German Republic was welcomed with rejoicing by all men of truly liberal mind in Europe and America. They pointed with pride to the fact that her new constitution was the most democratic in the world. Out of the old Dual Monarchy came the republics of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Out of territory once Russian came the republics of Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. The ancient kingdom of Poland, partitioned in the eighteenth century by Austria, Russia and Prussia, came to life as a republic. Down in the Balkan peninsula, little Albania proclaimed herself a republic and later Greece followed suit. At the opening of the World War there had been only three republics of any size in Europe: France, Switzerland and Portugal. By 1921 the number had quadrupled.

The swing to the republican form of government does

¹ *Ibid.*

not tell the whole story. In such monarchies as remained, democracy was in the saddle. Countries like England, Belgium, the Netherlands and the Scandinavian states were as democratic in their governments as most of the republics. The Balkan kingdoms, though less democratic in practice than the monarchies of Western Europe, were clothed in the forms, and to some extent the realities, of constitutional government. Even Russia in those days did not seem to be permanently outside the family of democratic nations. She had overthrown her Tsar; she called herself a republic; and it was freely predicted that her Bolshevist Government would either collapse eventually, or evolve in the direction of political democracy and liberty.

Then history took one of those strange turns which historical scholars find it not hard to explain, but which seem so puzzling to contemporaries. A new type of dictatorship, very different from that of Communist Russia, came into being and spread over a large part of that Europe which had just given the *coup de grâce* to the absolutism of kings. Italy became the laboratory of a fateful experiment. Out of the discontent, the disillusionment, the disorder and suffering that followed the War came a widespread reaction against democracy, the demand for a strong government in that country. For a time it seemed as though Italy would follow in the footsteps of Communist Russia and set up a dictatorship of the proletariat. Then grim-faced, square-jawed, gorilla-shouldered Benito Mussolini, son of a blacksmith and a school teacher, ex-Socialist, ex-soldier, brilliant journalist and editor, organized his *Fascisti*.

Armed with clubs, castor oil and sometimes with revolv-

ers, backed more and more by the middle classes in the cities of the North and the peasants in Central Italy, the Fascist bands extinguished Communist opposition in a series of local tussles and riots, while Parliament looked on helplessly. Gradually they took control of the large cities in the north of Italy. Then came their final triumph, the famous March on Rome in October, 1922. The King recognized that the game was up. He called Mussolini in Milan on the telephone (for Mussolini had not participated in the March on Rome himself) and asked him to form a cabinet. Mussolini agreed and immediately took a train to Rome announcing: "Tomorrow Italy will have not a ministry, but a government."

Thus Fascist dictatorship came into being in Italy. It took the new leader some time to reduce Parliament to complete impotence and to suppress the opposition remaining in the country. Outstanding foes of the new regime were put in prison or driven into exile. Anti-Fascist professors were dismissed from the universities, anti-Fascist lawyers forbidden to practice. A daring young Socialist Deputy, Giacomo Matteotti, who had published a book called "The Fascisti Exposed," was seized by a Fascist gang, taken out into the country and murdered. In the end all dangerous opposition was crushed and Mussolini reigned supreme.

One after another, other countries repudiated democracy and yielded to a rule more or less of the Italian Fascist type. At the very time that Mussolini was rising to power in Italy, the Turks were entrusting their fortunes to Mustafa Kemal. The Hungarians, clinging to the theory of monarchy and the thought that some time a king would

once more reign over their land, accepted a regency for the vacant throne and bowed to the iron rule of the Regent, Admiral Horthy. In the newly-born Polish republic General Pilsudski, impatient with Parliamentary inefficiency and fearing disaster for his country, set up his personal power. Spain turned to dictatorship for a time, then repudiated it, but is quite likely to go back to it again. Portugal, the little states along the Baltic and some time later Greece, all followed the new fashion. But even before Greece had fallen in line came the most important of all the defections from constitutional government. The unhappy German Republic, after struggling for nearly fifteen years against hostility abroad, discontent and suffering at home, gave up the fight; and the weary German people, with new hope springing out of the darkness of despair, hitched their wagon to the latest star in the firmament of dictators, the neurotic, dynamic Austrian, Adolf Hitler.

“What the French want,” said Napoleon in a passage already quoted in this book, “is glory and the satisfaction of their vanity. Of liberty they have no conception.” The dictators of today proceed on the same assumption. Mussolini defies the League of Nations, twists the British lion’s tail and triumphantly adds Ethiopia to Italy’s colonial possessions. Hitler replaces the timidity and inactivity of the German Republic with a new boldness, a new defiance. He denounces the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles and proceeds step by step to nullify it. He declares null and void the clauses internationalizing some of the principal German rivers. He flouts the disarmament clause, rearms his country and marches his troops into the Rhineland, supposedly demilitarized forever by the Treaty. He wel-

comes back the Saar Valley to Germany's bosom after a plebiscite overwhelmingly favorable to its return. Minor glories these may seem to onlookers, but they mean much to peoples like the Germans and Italians who conceive themselves to have been put upon or thrust aside by dominating nations like England and France.

To the satisfaction of the vanity of their people the dictators give much special attention. The Soviet leaders have exalted the self-importance of proletarian and peasant as has never before been done in history. For their benefit bourgeois and kulak have been liquidated. The poor peasant is made to feel that he is a superior person to that wealthier neighbor who looked down on him in days gone by. The factory worker is the special darling of the state. For him the special reserved seat in the theatre or at the opera, for him the praise and prizes if he excels in efficiency. In Germany Hitler ennobles the whole peasant class with a stroke of the pen, and now every little farmer has as much right to write "von" before his name as the proudest Junker. In Italy the Fascist militiaman, sprung from lowly stock but strutting proudly about in his black shirt, can afford to disregard the haughty lineage and titles of the aristocracy, the wealth of the upper bourgeoisie, and feel that he is really somebody. Mussolini inflates the ego of the humblest Italian by reminding him that he is a descendant of the conquering Romans, while Hitler swells the pride of the poorest German by glorifying his Nordic ancestry.

Fundamentally hostile as the Communist and Fascist philosophies are to each other, they are at one in their opposition to democracy and liberty. The very fact of

dictatorship of course excludes the practice of democracy. No despot of the Italian Renaissance was ever as powerful as Mussolini. No Hohenzollern ever wielded as much authority as Hitler. No Romanoff was ever a greater autocrat than the black-haired, heavy-mustached, olive-skinned son of a Georgian cobbler who now rules over Russia and goes under the name of Stalin, the "man of steel."

Stalin's predecessor, Lenin, envisaged liberty as something that might be permitted in the very distant future, but certainly not in his day. "Liberty," he said to an American friend, "is a luxury not to be permitted at the present stage of development. When the Revolution is out of danger, external and domestic, then free speech might be indulged in. The current conception of liberty is a bourgeois prejudice to say the least. Petty middle-class ideology confuses revolution with liberty, in reality the Revolution is a matter of securing the supremacy of the proletariat. Its enemies must be crushed and all power centralized in the Communist state."¹

Mussolini, early in his career, publicly turned his back on liberty even more emphatically than Lenin.

The truth evident to all who are not warped by dogmatism, he wrote in the journal *Gerarchia* in 1923, is that men have tired of liberty. They have made an orgy of it. Liberty is today no longer the chaste and austere virgin for whom the generations of the first half of the last century fought and died. For the gallant, restless and bitter youth who face the dawn of a new history, there are other words that exercise a far greater fascination, and those words are: order, hierarchy, discipline.

¹ Berkman, A., "The Bolshevist Myth," pp. 90-91.

This poor Italian Liberalism that goes sighing and battling for a greater liberty is singularly behind the times. It is completely beyond all comprehension and outside the realm of possibility. Silly notions! There are seeds that die beneath the coverlet of winter, but Fascism, which did not fear to call itself reactionary when many of the liberals of today were flat on their faces before the triumphal beast, need not feel ashamed today to call itself illiberal and anti-liberal. Fascism will not fall victim to any cheap magician's tricks.

Know, then, once for all, that Fascism knows no idols and worships no fetishes. It has already stepped over, and if necessary, it will turn tranquilly and again step over, the more or less putrescent corpse of the Goddess of Liberty.¹

As all the world knows, practice has followed theory with a terrible consistency. Dictators tolerate no dissent. In Russia, Germany and Italy, the press is muzzled and gagged. In Russia, not a book, not a pamphlet, not even a theatre program, can be published without the consent of the *Glavlit*, the Government's board of censorship. All newspapers are controlled by the Government. Not a single private newspaper is permitted to exist. In consequence, throughout the length and breadth of the land the press chants a continuous, monotonous refrain of praise for Communist principles and Communist leaders.

In Germany and Italy, most of the newspapers are private organs but government censorship hangs heavy over their heads. They dare print nothing against the wishes of the powers that be. In his little book, "We or They" (p. 8), H. F. Armstrong cites examples from the instructions given out daily and secretly to the Italian

¹ Translated by Alexander Baltzly.

newspapers by the Ministry of Propaganda. Between May 1st and July 1st, 1936, 86 orders were issued which somehow leaked out. Among them were "injunctions against mention of the promulgation of a new constitution in Soviet Russia; against mention of unemployment in Italian Africa; against reporting discussions of the International Labor Office regarding conditions and hours of labor; against publishing articles or pictures tending to show the 'fraternization' of Italians and Ethiopians or to exalt 'racial hybridism'; against giving details of the successful strikes in France; etc., etc."

The extent to which censorship may go in Germany may be illustrated by a decree issued by the Nazi Government in November, 1936, forbidding all art critics to criticize. Henceforth, no private individual was to criticize any work of art, whether in the field of literature, the drama, the cinema, painting, sculpture or music. Writers were henceforth to be permitted only to "describe" works of art. Criticism was to come only from the State, "the patron and protector of art."

In commenting on the decree the Propaganda Minister, Dr. Goebbels, explained that the patience of a long-suffering Government with the art critics had at last reached an end.

"Those conceited know-it-all gentlemen," he said, "who through their everlasting quarreling constitute an off-chorus in our cultural and artistic life are merely heirs of the Jewish critics' autocracy. We employed every means to bring the critics to their sole and proper role of art observation, giving them with it the possibility of continued existence. All these efforts have failed. It sometimes



Wide World Photo.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III WITH PREMIER BENITO MUSSOLINI
AT ITALIAN MILITARY MANEUVERS IN THE BRENNER PASS.

looks as if all the scolds who could no longer exercise their faculties in other fields centered on the arts. We had to call a halt."

Censorship of press, theatre and art, however, pales in comparison with the harshness of the new absolutism in dealing with enemies and suspects. The juggernaut of dictatorship rolls ruthlessly over everything that gets in its path, crushing it to earth. No need to dwell on the mopping up of foes of Fascism in Italy, the persecution of Jews and Communists in Germany, Hitler's "purge" of June 30, 1934, when seventy-four alleged conspirators against the government were shot down without trial while three more were forced to commit suicide, the horrors of the German concentration camps and the still worse horrors of the Russian construction camps. All these things have been told many times. But a few concrete instances taken from reports published in the *New York Times* will serve to show how a careless, unguarded remark or a minor infraction of political discipline can send a person to prison or a concentration camp.

On January 22nd, 1934, Else Lucas, an elderly school teacher, was sentenced to six months in prison for saying that a report that two enemy aeroplanes were flying over Berlin on June 23rd, 1933, was a swindle. The same day a young saleswoman, Edith Held, was sentenced to nine months in prison for stating that the prisoners in concentration camps were being mistreated. On December 28th of the same year two German girls, sisters, were ordered to a concentration camp for placing flowers on the grave of Rosa Luxemburg, "Red Rosa," celebrated Communist leader, killed in the early days of the German Republic.

On August 9th, 1937, Father Gustav Hugo, a Bavarian monk, was given a two months' prison sentence for stating that the Nazi Strength through Joy Organization kept people from attending church.

Reliable figures published early in 1936 showed that under the Nazi regime the number of persons in prison in Germany had nearly tripled. Of these more than a third were political prisoners. In other words, the number of persons in jail for purely political offenses after a little less than three years of National Socialist government was larger than the total number of prisoners, most of them incarcerated for criminal offenses, in the last days of the German Republic. The number of political prisoners in Italy is considerably less than in Germany but the terror inspired by Mussolini's rule in Italy spreads even to poor peasants.

It is in Russia, however, that the new absolutism has operated on the largest scale as an instrument of repression and suppression. Along the highway of twenty years of Soviet history a long cavalcade of liquidated "class enemies" has passed in ghostly procession: "bourgeois" and noble foes of the early years, Nepmen and kulaks of later times, and finally those alleged adversaries from the very bosom of Bolshevism itself, officials, ex-officials, army officers and others sent to their death in those mass executions which have so astonished and bewildered the outside world. Ruthlessness reached its height, however, in the liquidation of the kulaks rather than in the more spectacular and more recent mass executions. These peasants, who were a little more prosperous than their neighbors and who were alleged to have stood in

the way of the Government's plans for collectivizing agriculture, were uprooted from their homes and the soil on which they had lived, and herded off to the terrible construction camps of the frozen north where they were subjected to forced labor. Here they suffered agonies from overwork, wretched food and housing, cold and vermin. Many died. "It would be difficult," says W. H. Chamberlin, "to name any Government that has inflicted so much loss of life and human suffering in peace time as the Soviet dictatorship between 1929 and 1933."¹

The dictators themselves make no apology for their ruthlessness. To them merciless treatment of individuals or groups deemed hostile or obstructive is merely an unfortunate but necessary by-product of their drive to achieve the goals they have marked out for themselves and their peoples. To them the end justifies the means, as it once did to Tsar Peter the Great of Russia or the Machiavellian despots of the Italian Renaissance.

One of their goals is the well-being of the masses in their lands. They have all made great promises of prosperity to come but fulfillment of these promises is quite another matter. The Italians remain a people sorely stricken with poverty, the wages of the workers among the lowest in Europe. The Germans suffer from severe food shortage and are more and more forced to tighten their belts. The unemployment problem in Germany is being met by swift, costly, unproductive rearmament, to which an end must some time inevitably come. "The National Socialist state of the future," someone has said, "rests upon general poverty, relieved by enthusiasm, and maintained by terror-

¹ "Paradise Imagined," *American Mercury*, September, 1936, p. 16.

ization." Gold reserves in both Germany and Italy are dangerously depleted and the spectre of uncontrolled inflation is ever present.

In Russia manufactured goods are shoddy and expensive. Housing and food are pitifully inadequate in the great cities. At intervals famine stalks the land. The famine of 1932 and 1933 took a ten per cent toll of lives in the Ukraine, to say nothing of the misery of those who managed to survive. "The Russian people of today," says Chamberlin, "if one may accept the plain evidence of Soviet statistics, are worse fed than under Czarism . . . The per capita grain yield of 1913 has not yet (1936) been attained."¹

For all the dictators' boasts that they are bringing to their countries and to the world new and finer types of government and new hopes to stricken peoples, modern dictatorship is fundamentally the absolutism of monarchs in new dress. The absolute monarchs played prestige politics as the dictators do. They made national glory a goal as the dictators have done. Indeed those monarchs whom history has honored with the title of "great" brought their countries glories much more brilliant than the remilitarization of the Rhineland or the conquest of Ethiopia. Peter the Great glorified Russia by pushing her boundaries to the Baltic Sea, Catherine the Great by extending them to the Black Sea. Frederick the Great of Prussia, most brilliant of the Hohenzollerns, astonished the world by seizing the province of Silesia from Austria and holding it against most of Europe, as well as by seizing large slices of Poland in time of peace. Louis XIV, the "Grand Monarque" of

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

France, enhanced his own prestige and that of his country by gaining territory in a series of wars and by the grandeur of his court at Versailles. But the wars and glories of Louis XIV only paved the way for the French Revolution. The conquests of the Romanoffs served in no way to relieve the misery of the Russian people but, rather, added to it. And the pride of the House of Hohenzollern turning to dust and ashes, ended in the humiliation and suffering of the German people at the close of the World War.

The dictators have the same intolerance of opposition that the absolute monarchs of other days had. They use much the same means to suppress it as did these kings and their reactionary ministers. They stifle freedom of the press by censorship just as Metternich did in Germany and Austria in the first half of the nineteenth century. Metternich forbade the importation of the works of Voltaire and Rousseau into Austria. Mussolini's Government forbids the sale of cheap popular editions of some of the books of such "revolutionary" authors as Tolstoy and Jack London. The German Gestapo, the Italian Ovra, the Russian Ogpu all bear a strong resemblance to the secret police developed by Metternich in Austria, the famous "Third Section" of Nicholas II in Russia, the spies and other secret agents of Abdul Hamid.

The Tsars sent political offenders in droves to exile in Siberia. The Bolshevik Government sends thousands of alleged enemies and obstructionists to virtual exile in construction camps. When Peter the Great of Russia heard that a rebellion of his bodyguard, the *streletsi*, had broken out in Moscow while he was traveling in Western Europe he hurried home and personally took part in cutting off

the heads of the mutineers. When Hitler was told, or claimed that he was told, that men high in the councils of the Nazi party were plotting against the government he hurried off to Munich and personally saw to it that they were executed.

Economic paternalism was characteristic of absolute monarchy in the eighteenth century. It is characteristic of dictatorship in our time. The absolute monarchs in the days of mercantilism hampered and checked and restricted private industry and trade. The dictators do the same or more today. As everyone knows, Marxian Russia has no tolerance at all for private business in theory and has reduced it in practice to the lowest possible minimum. Of course, even in democratic countries like England and the United States, business is no longer accorded the freedom that it had in, say, the middle of the nineteenth century. But it is only beginning to be recognized how much more restricted it is in the Fascist countries than it is in democratic states. In Italy today, John Gunther says:

“No employer may discharge labor without government consent. No capitalist may undertake such comparatively minor independent activity, as, say, enlarging his factory, without state approval. Wages are determined by the government; the employer may hire labor only at government exchanges. A factory owner may not liquidate his business without state permission; the government controls his sources of credit; and it takes a large share of his income in Draconian taxation.”¹ “The era of capitalism is over,” said Mussolini not long ago. “Here in Italy it is finished, it is dead.”

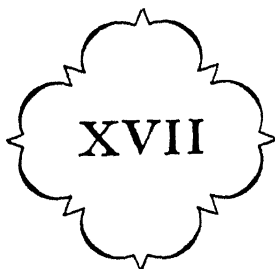
¹ “Inside Europe,” 1937 edition, p. 188.

The absolutism of royalty made possible the exploitation of the masses by aristocracy and clergy. The absolutism of dictatorship makes possible the exploitation of the masses by government and party officials. In democratic countries the ballot, the right to strike, the trade union, freedom of speech and of the press, have been the great weapons of the common man in resisting oppression and furthering mass welfare. Especially the ballot. One has only to think what the situation of labor would be today in England and the United States, had the workers never had the right to vote, to realize what the ballot has done for the laboring classes. Without the ballot and these other weapons, how can the masses prevent exploitation in the countries ruled by dictators? Their heads are in a noose. It is only a question of pulling it tight.

Certainly it is not the intention of Stalin, Hitler or Mussolini to exploit the masses in their countries. Whatever else they are, these dictators are fanatically sincere in their desire to promote the welfare of their peoples. But as the fervor of Communism and Fascism dies down, as in course of time it must, is it not "in the logic of history," to use Bismarck's expression, that officials in a position to do so will feather their own nests at the expense of the masses? Already many Communist officials in Russia are losing the self-denying zeal of the earlier years of the Revolution. They are drawing higher salaries and living in better quarters and some of them are riding around in Rolls-Royces. Throughout history the greater the power of those at the top, the greater has been the exploitation. Is it reasonable to assume that it will be different in the long run under Communist and Fascist dictatorships?

What the dictators are doing, in a word, is setting the clock back. They are returning to a kind of government that England abandoned in the seventeenth century, that France finally gave up when the influence of the French Revolution had finally triumphed and that most of Europe ultimately weighed in the balance and found wanting. Only the hereditary principle is lacking. The monarchs who still remain in Europe, as they watch the rise of dictatorships from the sidelines, may well ask sardonically what on earth was gained by ousting their relatives from thrones in the lands that have gone over to the new absolutism.¹

¹In Italy, of course, the King was not actually ousted but a number of minor sovereigns such as the King of Naples and Sicily, the rulers of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, etc., were overthrown as a result of the unification of Italy along liberal lines.



DICTATORSHIP, DEMOCRACY AND ROYALTY

THE CHALLENGE OF DICTATORSHIP TO DEMOCRACY IS UNMISTAKABLE. "The struggle between two worlds," says Mussolini, "can permit no compromise— Either we or they! Either their ideas or ours! Either our state or theirs!" And Hitler wrote in "Mein Kampf": "Either the world will be governed by the ideology of modern democracy, in which case every issue will be decided in favor of the numerically stronger races; or it will be ruled by the laws of force, when the peoples of brutal determination, not those that show self-restraint, will triumph."¹

Democracy cannot ignore this challenge. Dictatorship imperils the peace of Europe and the stability of constitutional government wherever it still exists. This does not mean that any one of the dictators is consciously seeking to provoke a European war. But they are playing with fire. Such acts as Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland,

¹ Hamilton Fish Armstrong deals with this challenge in his vividly written little book, "We or They."

Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia, Germany's furiously rapid rearmament, the capture of the "free city" of Danzig by National Socialist influences, the intervention of both the Communist and Fascist countries in the Spanish civil war, to say nothing of emotional, chauvinistic appeals of the dictators to their peoples, have kept Europe on edge during these past few years and magnified the peril of another great conflict.

Adherents of democracy may derive some comfort from the fact that the Communist and Fascist types of dictatorship are more hostile to each other than they are to democratic government. They hate each other with a fervor of which only zealots are capable. But it is but cold comfort that derives from such antagonism. There has probably been more actual friction in diplomacy during the past few years between the Fascist powers on the one hand and England and France on the other, than between the Fascist powers and Communist Russia. Moreover, even if war were to break out only between Russia and either or both of the two great Fascist countries, it is hardly likely that England and France and perhaps other democratic countries could avoid being involved sooner or later.

The possibility of a great war, however, is not the only peril which dictatorship offers to constitutional government. A more insidious danger threatens in time of peace. In the democratic countries themselves democracy is on trial. There is widespread discontent with the slow, cumbersome and often inefficient processes of representative government as well as disgust with the wastefulness and corruption which so frequently taints its purity. There is a widespread belief that liberty has been purchased at too

dear a price, that the masses would be better off and happier if they surrendered to one-man rule. In a word, even in democratic countries, there are those who rate Mussolini's "virtues" of "order, hierarchy and discipline" higher than freedom and popular sovereignty. Even in democratic countries there are some who are ready to trample on "the more or less putrescent corpse of the Goddess of Liberty."

As a result of this restless, angry discontent, agitation against the existing form of government flourishes in all the democratic countries. Communists form parties and seek with all the ardor of which they are capable to arouse the proletarian masses to the final struggle which is to bring solidarity and Marxian happiness to the human race.

"C'est la lutte finale! Groupons-nous et demain l'Internationale sera le genre humain."

In France the devotion of Communists to the red flag is so fanatical that it has been transmuted into hostility to the tricolor, the flag of the Republic, the symbol of democracy and liberty. In the summer of 1937 a young Swiss girl who appeared on the streets of a French city wearing red, white and blue sandals was surrounded by a crowd of Communists, buzzing like angry hornets, and warned that unless she quickly changed to other footwear she would get into trouble.

The Fascists are equally active in their agitation. In France the aristocratic Colonel de la Rocque built up his mystically nationalist *Croix de Feu* to huge proportions. Some say that early in 1934 he could have overthrown the government by force. But he missed his chance. "France was not ready," he said later; and when Premier Blum ordered his organization to disband, he meekly yielded.

Now he stands discredited, a pathetic figure, a leader who feared to put his fortune to the touch. Today the chief hope of French Fascism is huge proletarian Jacques Doriot, like Mussolini the son of a blacksmith, once a metal-worker and an ardent Communist, but later expelled from the party by Moscow's orders. His "Popular party," founded in the spring of 1936, has grown with amazing rapidity and his Hitlerian oratory draws great crowds. Boldly he calls for immediate revolution.

In England Sir Oswald Mosley parades his blackshirts and stridently demands that his country go the way of Italy. In Belgium the handsome young Leon Degrelle magnetizes crowds, spreading his Rexist propaganda. In Rumania and Czechoslovakia Nazis carry on active agitation. Little Danzig, succumbing to National Socialism, has virtually reverted to German rule. The shadow of Fascism even hovers over Switzerland, the first European country to embrace democracy wholeheartedly, the home of what was long considered the most liberty-loving people on the Continent. In relatively normal times the propaganda of the agitators may make no deep impression in countries long steeped in democracy. But in time of serious political or economic crisis, it could easily become a grave danger to constitutional government. And unfortunately postwar history has been crowded with crises.

Democracy's answer to this challenge from the foes of its own household cannot rightly lie in suppression except under the greatest provocation. Suppression constitutes a denial of the very fundamentals of liberalism. Only riot or rebellion or direct incitement to outright violence could justify it. Rather, it is the primary obligation of democracy

to convince people that it has something better to offer them than dictatorship has. It has no cause to fear the comparison. It freely admits that the processes of democratic government are normally slow and often inefficient in solving pressing problems. It admits that politicians are often venal and that a certain proportion of the voters are ready to sell their votes. It admits that the masses cannot grasp the more complicated political and economic problems that face modern governments and that they often choose the wrong men to represent them as executives or in legislative bodies. It admits that it has not safeguarded the common man completely against exploitation.

On the other hand, democracy stands squarely on its record and on its principles. It points out that however groping and bungling its processes may be, however many mistakes it may make, in the long run it has done more and can do more for humanity than any dictatorship has ever done or could do. On the moot question of economic well-being, it points out that however much the masses in democratic countries like France, England, the Netherlands and the United States have suffered since the World War, they have weathered the storms much better than the peoples under dictatorships. They are better clothed, better housed, better fed. At almost the worst of the great depression American workers were drawing real wages from five to twelve times as high as those of Russian workers as late as 1935. Moreover, democracy justly claims that in the ballot, freedom of speech, the trade union, and the right to strike, it has given the worker instruments for guarding himself against exploitation far more effective than anything dictatorship can offer. It acknowledges that

a measure of socialization is much more necessary today than it was at the opening of the nineteenth century. But it claims that sufficient socialization can be achieved within the framework of democracy and in proof of its contention it can point to what has already been achieved in this direction in countries like Denmark, Sweden and England.

On the question of liberty democracy brooks no argument. It offers no apology. It believes, as in the days of our Declaration of Independence, that liberty is an "unalienable right" and one of the greatest blessings a people can know. It holds with Herbert Hoover when he says, "I believe in the Bill of Rights—freedom of worship, of speech, of press, of assembly, that men shall not be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. These rights rest in the individual and are denied to the power of government." True democracy holds itself ready, in the words of Newton D. Baker, "to be poor if necessary, but in any case free." It refuses to the last gasp to surrender the precious heritage of freedom for dictatorship's mess of pottage.

It behooves the democratic countries, then, to gird up their loins. If democracy is to hold its own against the insidious influence of Fascism and Communism from within it will have to counter their propaganda by driving home the blessings and achievements of liberalism. It will have to exert itself more than ever to remedy abuses, restrain exploitation and promote the welfare of the masses. For its weaknesses and failures will be constantly under fire. And the greater these weaknesses and failures seem to be the greater will be the lure of dictatorship's pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Insidious as the propaganda of Fascism and Communism within the borders of the democratic countries may be, however, the challenge from without is fundamentally far more serious. The World War which was to make the world safe for democracy led instead to the rise of dictatorships in most of eastern and central Europe. Another war of similar proportions, no matter who won it, would in all probability bring in its train a further spread of dictatorships. For war inevitably leads to centralization of political power in order to achieve victory. And centralization of power, prolonged into the postwar period in order to prevent demoralization and effect reconstruction, leads logically to dictatorship. Thus it seems likely that all the European states involved in it would emerge from another great conflict only to find themselves in the grip of those "strong men" whose rise Spengler predicted in his "Decline of the West." Such an outcome would almost inevitably mean the downfall of democracy in Europe, and quite possibly the collapse of European civilization.

In meeting this threatening challenge to peace and to its own existence, the cause of democratic liberalism, strangely enough, may find in royalty one of its most valuable allies. One of the best things that could happen to Europe would be the restoration of monarchs to certain countries of the Continent—if such restoration could be brought about in the right way and under liberal auspices. If the return of these monarchs could be thus effected, it would not only put democracy and liberty in a much stronger position in Europe than they are today, but it would constitute one of the most effective safeguards conceivable against the danger of another great war.

Whatever contributory factors may be involved the danger of a general European war stems today primarily from the antagonisms inherent in the existing systems of government. Contemporary Europe is divided into three armed camps: democracies, Fascist dictatorships and a Communist dictatorship, each group suspicious of, and fundamentally hostile to, the other two. All this tension would be eased away, if only true constitutional monarchies could be substituted for dictatorships. There would then be only monarchies and republics; and this would mean homogeneity rather than division.

The assertion that republics and constitutional monarchies are homogeneous, that their interests are fundamentally identical, may be received with skepticism by many persons. For a widespread belief persists that monarchy is inherently an anti-democratic institution. This dogma is in reality a survival from the past. Kings were so long the enemies of freedom and representative government—the Stuarts in England, the Bourbons in France, the Hohenzollerns in Prussia, the Hapsburgs in Austria and the Romanoffs in Russia—that a stereotype of monarchy as of necessity the foe of democracy and liberty has taken firm hold on the minds of many liberals and cannot easily be uprooted. Royalty to such minds is still a symbol of reaction.

But a stereotype of this sort is today an anachronism. It ought to be discarded once for all. Outside of a few backward Balkan states those liberals who would keep up the old conflict with kings are tilting at windmills. The whole question of monarchy ought to be reconsidered not in the light of the distant past but in the light of postwar condi-

tions. In the course of three centuries royalty has learned its lesson. In England it long ago adapted itself to the trend toward liberalism. After the Revolution of 1688, it resigned itself readily to Parliamentary rule. In the nineteenth century the sovereigns of Holland, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries all gradually turned to the path marked out by British royalty, and grudgingly or gracefully yielded to the democratic movement.

The personalities of recent, contemporary and potential sovereigns in western Europe make it clear how well royalty has learned the lesson of adaptation to the democratic trend. No monarch could be more democratic than Edward VIII or George VI of England, no king more liberal than Albert I or Leopold III of Belgium. If monarchs are less democratic in the Balkans, it is primarily because government is more backward there than in Western Europe; and even in the Balkans, a monarch like Boris III of Bulgaria can be democratic in his principles and his outlook.

The "pretenders" are as liberal in their views as the reigning monarchs of western Europe. There is nothing in the character of the Hapsburg Otto or the two eldest sons of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany that suggests the haughty, stubborn James I of England, the imperious Louis XIV of France or the mediocrally-minded Francis Joseph of Austria. Were the Hohenzollern line to be restored under liberal auspices in Germany, the Hapsburg line in Austria and Hungary, and even the Romanoff line in Russia, it is safe to say that the representatives of these houses would come back not as autocrats but as constitutional monarchs. True parliamentary government would be established in their realms and there would be a much

wider measure of liberty for the individual than now exists. Even if the restored monarchs wanted to be absolute, they would not be allowed to be so by their peoples. Peoples in some European countries may yield to the absolutism of dictators under the influence of bludgeoning terrorism and mass emotion. But except here and there in a Balkan state, they would never again tolerate autocracy in their kings. Outside the Balkans royal absolutism is dead in Europe.

But it is essential to the cause of democracy and peace that if restoration is brought about, it should be effected under liberal auspices. The ignominious position of the present King of Italy indicates clearly enough what would happen in other countries were royalty restored under Fascist influence. At best, the crown would be reduced to impotence. At worst, it would become the active tool of dictatorship.

It is much to be deplored that on the whole Fascism, despite Hitler's failure to restore the Hohenzollern crown to Germany as it was at first thought he would do, looks with a more kindly eye on the royalist cause than does democratic liberalism. Mussolini has found it useful to retain royalty in Italy; and it has been reported that the rebel general Franco announced that he would bring to the throne of Spain a son of the exiled Alfonso. But there is no impelling reason for a Fascist-monarchist grouping other than anti-royalist prejudice on the part of liberals. It would be as stupid as it would be detrimental to the cause of popular sovereignty and freedom for liberals to allow so potentially valuable an asset as royalty to slip definitely into the hands of Fascism. It need not be done, if only they will wake up and divest themselves of unreasonable anti-

monarchical prejudice and warmly espouse the cause of constitutional monarchy wherever such espousal is practicable.

Fortunately for the peace of Europe and the future of democracy, most of the constitutional monarchies of Europe are free of Fascist domination. They stand today shoulder to shoulder with the republics, united in their devotion to liberty and democratic principles, against the new absolutism. Were Europe composed entirely of these two homogeneous types of states, some grave international problems would no doubt remain unsolved. But the chief danger of another great war in the near future would disappear.

It may be argued that the cause of peace and liberalism in Europe would be even better served by the spread of republics than by reversion to constitutional monarchy. Hereditary monarchy is by no means an ideal form of government. It certainly is not an ideal arrangement to exalt above his fellows one whose only prerequisite is an accident of birth. He may be stupid, weak or vicious. Moreover, a Europe composed entirely of republics would be even more homogeneous than a Europe of republics and constitutional monarchies.

The personal defects of the monarch in a democratically-governed, Parliamentary state, however, are of minor importance. With his powers hedged about, with real rule in the hands of the representatives of the people, a monarch of the wrong sort can do but little harm. As for the question of homogeneity, the difference between republican and monarchical government of the constitutional type is

so slight as to be negligible for the cause of liberalism and peace.

The primary reason for re-establishing constitutional monarchies, rather than setting up republics in certain European countries, is that monarchical government is better adapted than republican government to their historical development, their needs and their desires. The break with monarchy in these countries was a break with centuries-old tradition; and history shows, if it shows anything, that where the thread between the present and the past is rudely broken, grave trouble results until it is pieced together again. It was a tragic blunder of the Spaniards to force Alfonso XIII out, leaving the Spanish ship of state to drift rudderless and helpless into the maelstrom of civil war. The crying abuses from which Spain suffered were not of Alfonso's making. They were centuries old and were primarily and fundamentally the result of class privilege. If the King exceeded his powers—and he did exceed them in the emergencies of the postwar period—it would have been easy enough to curb him without overthrowing the monarchy and breaking the thread of historical continuity. But, no, the Spaniards must have their republic; and the outcome is the disaster that lies before our eyes.

In the middle of the seventeenth century the thread connecting past and present in England was broken by the civil war, the execution of Charles I and the establishment of the Cromwellian Commonwealth. It was mended with the restoration of Charles II. France in 1814 pieced the thread broken in 1792. So it would accord with the law of the continuity of history, history's most fundamental

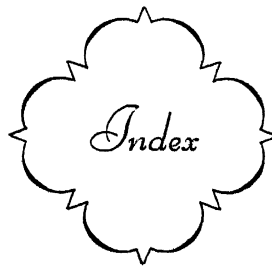
principle, were monarchy to be restored in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain and Russia. By the same token it would mean an attempted breach in continuity to try to restore monarchy to France, a country gradually weaned away from it in the nineteenth century.

Monarchical government means something to peoples accustomed to it for centuries—and through them to the stability of Europe, that republicanism can never mean. To these peoples the crown makes for national unity and loyalty. Since the king is above all parties, since he reigns, if no longer by divine right, at least by the principle of legitimate succession, the masses can look up to him as children to a father. Such reverent and affectionate loyalty as the British felt toward George V may seem naïve and childish to Americans long accustomed to republican government. But it seems perfectly natural and right to the British people and they would feel lost without it.

For the same reasons there can be no doubt that many Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Spaniards and Russians feel lost without their monarchs. "Fundamentally we are a monarchical people," an intelligent German said to the writer in the days of the German Republic. Observers in Austria and Hungary testify to the nostalgia for royalty that exists in these states. It is safe to say that were monarchy restored to most of the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, as well as to Spain in the West, the masses would flock to the standards of royalty like homing pigeons.

This does not mean that violent revolutions should be deliberately engineered to spread constitutional monarchy in Europe. From such turmoil the Continent might well

emerge in a worse state than it is now. But it does mean that if this form of government could be peacefully substituted for dictatorship, it would make for liberty and democracy, for domestic tranquillity and for the stability of Europe. It does mean that if the equilibrium of Europe were unfortunately upset from other causes, the democratic governments would do well to set as one of their goals the return of constitutional monarchy to countries from which it has been ousted since 1917. Better a Hohenzollern than a Hitler in Germany. Better a Hapsburg than a dictator in Austria and Hungary. Better an Alfonso or one of his family reigning as a constitutional monarch in Spain than an autocrat of the Right or the Left emerging from the civil war. Better even a Romanoff than a Stalin in Russia.



- Abdications, 22-25, 61-62, 236-237, 243, 244-246, 249-251
- Abdications, virtual, 257-258, 258-259, 260-262, 268-270
- Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey (1876-1909), 211, 223-226
- Absolute monarchy: in England, 98-99, 107-109; in France, 131-136; *see also* Autocracy.
- Absolutism, The new, 15, Chapter XVI, *passim*
- Adamic, Louis, cited, 54
- Ahmed Zogu. *See* Zog I, King of Albania.
- Albania and Italy, 47-50
- Albert, King of Belgium (1909-1934), 33-35
- Alexander I, King of Greece (1917-1920), 61
- Alexander I, Tsar of Russia (1801-1825), 168-169, 183, 185-186
- Alexander II, Tsar of Russia (1855-1881), 217-218
- Alexander III, Tsar of Russia (1881-1894), 211, 214-217, 218-220, 229
- Alexander I, King of Yugoslavia (1921-1934), 51-55
- Alexander, Grand Duke of Russia, 236, 238-239
- Alfonso XIII, King of Spain (1886-1931), 242, 264-272, 332
- Ananda, King of Siam (1935-), 91
- Anglican Church, 99
- Apponyi, Countess Geraldine, 51
- Armstrong, H. F., cited, 311-312, 321 (footnote)
- Army Bill crisis, Prussian, 203-207
- "Articles of Favorable Treatment," 85, 86
- Assassination: of Alexander of Yugoslavia, 51-52, 54-55; of various Balkan monarchs, 81-82; of Alexander II of Russia, 217-218
- Assassination, attempts at: of Zog of Albania, 44; of Boris of Bulgaria, 58-59; of Alfonso XIII of Spain, 264-265
- Astrid, Queen of Belgium (1934-1935), 35-36, 39
- Atlantis, Greek newspaper, quoted, 64
- August Wilhelm, Prince, of Germany, 285-286
- Autocracy: in Germany, 208-210; in Austria-Hungary, 212-214; in Russia, 214-215, 219-220, 222, 239-240; in the Ottoman Empire, 223-224
- Baker, Newton D., quoted, 326
- Barthou, Louis, 51, 52
- Beaumarchais, 134
- Beatrix Wilhelmina Armgard, Princess, 32
- Bill of Rights, English, 126-127
- Bismarck, Otto von, 202-207, 227, 228, 229
- "Blood and iron" speech, Bismarck's, 202
- Bolsheviks, 300
- Bonaparte family: Lucien, 159-160, 165; Joseph, 162, 165; Louis, 162, 165; Elise, 165; Jerome, 165
- Bonaparte, Napoleon. *See* Napoleon I, Emperor of the French.
- Boris III, King of Bulgaria (1918-), 57-60
- Bossuet, Bishop, 14
- Bourgeoisie, rise of, 171

- Business, British, and the Prince of Wales, 21
- Bykov, P. M., Commissar, cited, 239-240
- Campaigns, final, of Napoleon, 167
- Campan, Madame de, 163
- Capitalism, question of, in Italy today, 318
- Carol II, King of Rumania (1930-), 67-79
- Carlsbad Decrees, 183
- Censorship, of press, etc., 313
- Chamberlin, W. H., quoted, 315, 316
- Charles I, Emperor of Austria (1916-1918), 242, 253-260
- Charles I, King of England (1625-1649), 97, 105, 107-112
- Charles II, King of England (1660-1685), 119-122
- Christian X, King of Denmark (1912-), 37
- Civil War, English, period of, (1642-1649) 109, 112
- Cocks, Frederick, 23
- Code Napoleon, 164
- Colbert, 134
- Collier, Price, quoted, 41
- Commons, House of, 105-107
- Communism in Russia, Chapter XVI, *passim*
- Communist agitation in democratic countries, 323
- Communists of Glasgow and King Edward VIII, 20
- Congress of Russian Social Democratic party, 298-301
- Congress of Vienna, 175-179
- Conservatism, nineteenth century, 170, 171-172
- Constantine, King of Greece (1913-1917; 1920-1922), 242-243
- Constituent Assembly, Russian, 301-305
- Constitutions: Siamese, 90; French, of 1791, 142; French, of 1799, 161; of the early nineteenth century, 178-180; Belgian, of 1830, 188-189; Dutch, of 1848, 195-196; Prussian, of 1850, 196, 204; of the North German Confederation, 1867, 196; Sardinian, of 1848, 197; of the German Empire, 208-209; Austro-Hungarian, 1867, 211; Turkish, of 1876, 223
- Convention, the (in France), 148, 149
- Cornwall, Duchy of, 21
- Coronation of Napoleon as Emperor, 161-162
- Cromwell, Oliver, 112, 113-119
- Coup d'état: of Carol of Rumania, 73; of Napoleon Bonaparte, 156-160; of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte (December 2, 1851), 193, 198, 199
- Cyril, Grand Duke of Russia, 278, 289-293
- Daily Telegraph* interview, Kaiser's, 247-248
- Declaration of Independence, American, 137
- Declaration of Indulgence, of Charles II, 121-122; of James II, 123
- "Declaration of the Rights of Man," 141-142 (footnote)
- Degrelle, Leon, 324
- Democracy and Dictatorship, Chapter XVIII, *passim*
- Democracy, question of, 116, 129-130, 200, 210, 213, 309-310
- Denmark, riots of 1848 in, 195
- Deposition of Abdul Hamid, 225
- Dictators, compared with absolute monarchs, 316-318
- Dictatorship: in Albania, 47; in Yugoslavia, 54; in Bulgaria, 59-60; in Greece, 66-67; in Rumania, 76, 77, 78; in Siam, 90, 91; Cromwell's, 118-119; in Turkey, 262-263; in Spain, 267-268; in Russia, 301-305; in Italy, 306-307. *See also* chapters XVI and XVII, *passim*
- Directory, the, 154-160
- Dissolution of Parliament by Cromwell, 117-118
- Divine right of kings, theory of, 14, 15, 97, 99, 107, 122, 188, 202-203
- Divinity of Japanese Emperor, 95
- Doriot, Jacques, 324
- Duma, Russian, 222
- Economic conditions in countries ruled by dictators, 315-316

- Edward VII, King of England (1901-1910), 13-14, 18
- Edward VIII, King of England (1936). *See* Windsor, Duke of.
- Egyptian expedition, Napoleon's, 156
- Ekaterinburg (Sverdlovsk), 233, 236
- Estates-General, French, 140-141
- Execution of Charles I, King of England (1649), 110-111
- Execution of Louis XVI, King of France, 1793, 149-150
- Execution of Tsar Nicholas II and his family, 233-236
- Exiled royalty, 61-65; 91-93; 246-247, 259, 263-264, 270-272
- Farewell Address of King Edward VIII, 24-25
- Fascism, Chapters XVI and XVII, *passim*
- Fascist agitation in democratic countries, 323-324
- Fénelon, Abbé, 135
- Feng-Yu-hsiang, Chinese Christian general, 86
- Ferdinand, Tsar of Bulgaria (Prince, 1887-1908; Tsar, 1908-1918), 57, 68, 69-70, 242-244
- Ferdinand I, King of Naples (1815-1825), 174
- Ferdinand VII, King of Spain (1813-1833), 173, 174
- France, absolute monarchy in, 131, 133-135
- France, financial problem in, 137
- Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria (1848-1916), 211-214
- Franco-Russian alliance, 219
- Frankfurt Parliament, 190, 194
- "French ideas," 172-173
- French Revolution, Chapter VIII, *passim*
- French Revolution, wars of, 147, 150-151
- Gambetta, Leon, speech of, attacking Napoleon III, 198-199
- George II, King of Greece (1922-1924, 1935-), 61-67
- George VI, King of England (1936-), 13, 23, 26-28
- Gheorgiev, Kimon, 59-60
- Glavlit*, the, 311
- Goebbels, Dr., Propaganda Minister, quoted, 312-313
- Goga, Octavian, 76-77
- Goloschekin, Commissar, 236, 237
- Great Protestation, the, 106-107
- Guise, Duc de, 278-279
- Gunther, John, quoted, 75, 318
- Gustav V, King of Sweden (1907-), 37-38
- Haakon VII, King of Norway (1905-), 37, 38
- Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Abyssinia (1930-1936), 84, 92-93
- Hampden, John, 108-109
- Hampton Court Conference, 103-104
- Helene, Princess, 69, 71
- Henri, Count of Paris, 279, 293-294
- Hesse, Elector of, 174
- Hirohito, Emperor of Japan (1926-), 94
- Hitler, Adolf, 308, 309, 318, 319, 321-322, 330, 334
- Holy Alliance, 183-184
- Hoover, Herbert, quoted, 326
- Horthy, Admiral, Regent of Hungary, 255
- Hunt, Frazier, quoted, 17-18
- Independents (Separatists), 100, 114-115, 116
- Intervention, doctrine of, 184
- Iron Guard, Rumanian, 74, 75, 77
- Italian campaign of 1796-1797, 154-155
- James I, King of England (1603-1625), 97, 98, 102-107
- James II, King of England (1685-1688), 122-125
- Jewish problem in Rumania, 74-76, 77
- Josephine, Empress, 162
- Juliana, Princess, of Holland, 32-33
- Kang Teh, Emperor of Manchukuo, 84-88

- Kerensky, A. F., quoted, 240-241
 Kondylis, General, 63-66
 Kulaks, liquidation of, 314-315
- Laissez-faire, theory of, 136
 Lafayette, Marquis de, 144, 188
 Lambrino, Zizi, 68-69
 Laud, Archbishop, 108
 League of Nations, 47, 93
 League of the Three Emperors, 228, 229
 Legitimacy, principle of, 169, 170, 172, 173
 Lengyel, Emil, quoted, 79
 Lenin, 299-300, 310
 Leopold III, King of Belgium (1934-), 33-36
 Liberalism, 170-171, 201, 205
 Liberty: question of, 129-130, 210; Lenin's criticism of, 310; Mussolini's criticism of, 310-311; suppression of, by dictators, 311-315
 Lippe-Biesterfeld, Prince Bernhard zu, 32
 Locke, John, 136
 Louis XIV, King of France (1643-1715), 131-135
 Louis XV, King of France (1715-1774), 131, 133
 Louis XVI, King of France (1774-1792), 131, 136, 137-151
 Louis XVIII, King of France (1814-1824), 173
 Louis Ferdinand, Prince, of Germany, 286, 287-289
 Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. *See* Napoleon III
 Louis Napoleon, Prince, 294
 Louis Philippe, King of France (1830-1848), 188
 Lupescu, Magda, 69-76
- Manchukuo (Manchuria), 84, 85, 86
 Maniu, Juliu, 72, 74, 75
 Manuel II, King of Portugal (1908-1910), 14
 March of the Women to Versailles, 143-145
 March on Rome, the, 40, 307
 Marie Antoinette, 138-139, 140, 144-148
- Marie, Dowager Queen of Rumania, 52, 68, 71-72
 Mary II, Queen of England (1689-1694), 125
 Maxton, James, 23
 Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Henry of, 30
 Metaxas, General, 66-67
 Metternich, Prince, Austrian Chancellor, 180-186, 191-192
 Metternich system, 181-183, 186, 192
 Michael, Prince, of Rumania, 69, 70, 71, 73
 Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey (1909-1918), 225
 Mohammed VI, Sultan of Turkey (1918-1922), 242, 260-264
 Monarchical crisis of 1936, British, 17, 22-25
 Monarchical power, last strongholds of, comments on, 227
 Monarchical solidarity, attempt to maintain, 227-231
 Monarchies of Europe today, 16-17
 Monarchs, fall of, comments on, 252, 260, 272-276
 Monarchs of northern and western Europe, comments on, 41-43
 Monarchs, question of restoration of. *See* Restoration of monarchs, question of
 Monarchy in the Balkans, comments on, 79-83
 Monarchy, restoration of in Greece, 63-66
 Moroccan campaign, interference of Alfonso XIII in, 266-267
 Mosley, Sir Oswald, 324
 Motherwell, Hiram, quoted, 49
 Mussolini, Benito, 40-41, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310-311, 314, 319, 322, 330
- Napoleon I, Emperor of the French, Chapter IX (*passim*)
 Napoleon III, President (1848-1852), Emperor of the French, 1852-1870, 193-194, 197-199
 National Assembly, French, 141-142, 143, 144-145
 National Socialism, Chapter XVI, *passim*
 "New Model" army, 114-115

- Nicholas, Prince, of Rumania, 75
 Nicholas II, Tsar of Russia (1894-1917), 220, 221, 233-241
 Noli, Bishop Fan S., 46-47
 Norway and Sweden, separation of, 36
- October Manifesto, 222
 Osborne, Prince of Wales at Royal Naval College at, 18
 Oskar, Prince, of Germany, 285
 Otto, Archduke of Austria, 277-278, 280-283
 Oxford, Prince of Wales at, 18-19
- Parliament: Yugoslavian, 53-54; British, 97, 100-102, 103-108, 109, 116, 117-118, 120-122, 125-127, 128-130; Prussian, 202-207
 Paul, Prince, Regent of Yugoslavia, 55
 "Peasants' Army," in Sweden, 37
 Peter II, King of Yugoslavia (1934-), 51, 52, 55-57
 "Philosophers," the, 135
 Phya Bahol, 90
 "Play the Game." King George VI's summer camp for boys, 27
 Pobyedonostsev, 216-217
 Peasant party, National, of Rumania, 75, 76
 Prajadhipok, King of Siam (1925-1935), 84, 89-91
 Presbyterians, 104
 "Pretenders," Chapter XV, *passim*
 "Pride's Purge," 115
 Prince of Wales. *See* Windsor, Duke of
 Provisional Government, Russian, 237
 Prussian army, 207
 Purachatra, Prince, 89
 Puritans, the, 100, 101
 Pu-yi, Henry. *See* Kang Teh, Emperor
- Reaction after the Revolution of 1848, 194-195
 "Red Sunday," 221
 Reign of Terror, the, 153
 Republican movement in England, 13-14
- Republics, 15, 63, 152, 164, 199-200, 305
 Restoration of monarchs, question of, 294-297, 327-334
 Revolutions: British, 1688, 125; American, 136-137; Italian and Spanish, 1820-1823, 184-185; of 1830, 187-189; French, 1789-1799, Chapter VIII, *passim* and 153-161; of 1848, 190-193; Russian, 1905, 220-222; Young Turk, 1908, 224-226; Russian, 1917, 236-238, 301; German, 1918, 244-245; Austrian, 1918, 257; Turkish, 1922, 262-263; Spanish, 1931, 268-270
 Rivera, Primo de, 267-268
 Rocque, Colonel de la, 323
 Rousseau, J. J., 136
 Russian Revolutionists, letter of, 218-219
 Russian Social Democratic party. *See* Congress of Russian Social Democratic party.
- Scandinavian royalty, 37-39.
 Selden, John, 102
 Seven bishops, the, 123-124
 Sixtus of Bourbon-Parma, Prince, 256
 Social Contract, the, 15, 130, 136
 Spanish Marriage question, 105, 106-107
 Stalin, J., 319
 Steenknoekerzeel, château of, 277-278
 Stuart kings, comments on, 128-129
- Talleyrand, Prince, 163, 168-170
 Third Estate in France, 140-141
 Tirana, Treaty of, 1926, 49
 Toleration Act of 1689, 127-128
 Trial of Charles I, King of England, 109-110
 Trial of Louis XVI, King of France, 148-149
 Tuileries palace, attack on, August 10, 1792, 147
 Turgot, controller-general of finance, 138-139
 Turkish domination in Balkans, 81

- Ustacha* (Croatian terrorist society), 54-55
- Varenes, Louis XVI's flight to, 145-146
- Venizelos, E., 61-62
- Versailles, 132, 138
- Victor Emmanuel I, King of Sardinia (1802-1821), 175
- Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy (1900-), 39-41
- Victoria Melita, Duchess, 290
- Vienna, Congress of. *See* Congress of Vienna
- Vladimir, son of Grand Duke Cyril, 292
- Voltaire, 135
- Wilhelm, ex-Crown Prince of Germany, 284-285
- Wilhelm, Prince, of Germany, 286-287
- Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland (1890-), 29-32
- William I, King of the Netherlands (1813-1840), 174
- William I, King of Prussia (1861-1888) and German Emperor (1871-1888), 202-204
- William II, German Emperor (1888-1918), 229-231, 244-250
- William III, King of England (1689-1702), 125, 127
- Windsor, Duke of, 13, 17-25
- World War: Prince of Wales in the, 19-20; outbreak of, and question of monarchical solidarity, 229-232; question of the Kaiser's responsibility for, 248-249
- Xavier of Bourbon-Parma, Prince, 278
- York, Duke of. *See* George VI, King of England
- Young Turks, the, 224-225
- Yugoslavia, conflict of nationalities in, 53-54
- Yurovsky, executioner of Nicholas II, 234, 235
- Zita, ex-Empress of Austria, 253-255, 280, 281, 282-283
- Zog I, King of Albania (1928-), 44-51

