

Abel Bentinck

THE EX-KAISER: IN EXILE



(Photo. Central News.)

THE EX-KAISER IN EXILE

The ex-Kaiser walking in the grounds at Amerongen, with his Adjutant-General! Dommes.

Par Ordre de Sa Majesté Impériale et Royale Apostolique
Lady Noel

est invitée à la
Soirée dansante à la Cour

Lundi, le 7 Février 1910, à 9 heures

Les dames paraissent en robe décolletée, avec parure,
les officiers avec chapeau, casque, shako etc. les autres invités en habit.

Service par la "Botschafterstube"

En cas d'empêchement on est prié d'en informer la Grand-Maitrise de la Cour (Département des Cérémonies)
le plus tôt possible

INVITATION TO THE BAL-BEI-HOF IN VIENNA
(Showing the mistake made in the writing of my name).



1^{er} Walzer
1^{re} Quadrille
2^{er} Walzer
Lancier
Cotillon

SOUPER (5/12 Uhr)

3^{er} Walzer
2^{re} Quadrille
4^{er} Walzer
Schnellpolka

7. Februar 1910.

PROGRAMME OF THE DANCING
at the Bal-bei-Hof.



Souper du 7 Février 1910.

Bouillon. — Crème d'orge.
Dick à la gelée.
Zéphyr St. Hubert.
Chapons rôtis, salade, compote.
Charlotte aux pêches.
Dessert.

MENU OF THE SUPPER
At the Bal-bei-Hof in Vienna
at which I was present.

It is identical with that used during the reign of Maria-Theresa, the last of the Hapsburgs (1717-1780). Her father (Charles VI) it was who conferred a Countship on the Hon. William Bentinck on December 24th, 1732.

THE
EX-KAISER IN EXILE

BY
LADY NORAH BENTINCK

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LIMITED LONDON

FOREWORD

"It was rather a cessation of war than a beginning of Peace."

TACITUS.

I HAVE received many letters since I began to write the articles which are incorporated in this book. Some have been critical, while others, on the contrary, have been of the most charming character.

The first sort, the critical, were on the lines that I seemed to write in a not unsympathetic way of the ex-Kaiser. The writers remarked that it was incomprehensible to people who had lost dear ones in the War that I should put the chief instigator of all its horrors in a favourable light.

Perhaps these critics—whose views I respect exceedingly—thought that I had not suffered loss, and was therefore not in a position to feel as acutely as they did that the treatment meted out to William II. in Holland was too good for him. May I be allowed to mention here that I did suffer loss in the persons of my youngest brother, Robert Noel, Captain, Royal Fusiliers, who died of illness in British East Africa during the campaign of von Lettow-Vorbeck, 1918; of my husband's

brother, Henry Bentinck, Major, Coldstream Guards, who died of wounds received at the Battle of the Somme, September 1916; of my first cousin, Maurice Dease, V.C., Lieutenant, Royal Fusiliers, who was killed at Mons, 23rd August 1914; and of my first cousin, Roger Noel Bellingham, who died in France, 4th March 1915. These two cousins were Irishmen.

I would like here to mention that in his recent book, *The Lives of Francis and Riversdale Grenfell*, Mr. John Buchan has made a mistake. He mentions Francis Grenfell as being the first British officer to whom the great honour fell of earning the first V.C. in the European War.

Gallant Francis Grenfell fell on 24th August 1914, and was mentioned in the *Gazette* of 17th November as having won this distinction, whereas Maurice Dease was killed in command of his guns, holding a bridge over which our soldiers were retreating, at Mons on 23rd August, and he was mentioned in the *Gazette* of 16th November as having been awarded the V.C.

So the unique distinction of being the first officer in the British Army to win the Victoria Cross must be transferred from Francis Grenfell to Maurice Dease.

I have tried to show the ex-Kaiser as impartially as possible. George Meredith's lines seem to explain better than any words of mine exactly what I mean :

"I have studied men from my topsyturvy,
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows : some, right scurvy :
Most, a dash between the two."

That the impressions I gathered of his ideas from the people amongst whom he lived in unique circumstances for eighteen months when I stayed at Amerongen last summer, (1920) should have ever materialised into articles, much less should have become a book, was unthought of by me in December 1920.

Some one suggested then that I should record these impressions ; that they would be of interest as a tiny mosaic in the life-story of this much-discussed man, and that when, after he has been gathered to his fathers, his full history comes to be written my humble chronicle may perhaps not be entirely without value.

I feel it is presumptuous that I should set down what I heard and saw in face of the many already existing annals, and those which are in process of being written by persons whose knowledge of the character in question highly qualifies them for the task.

I would like here to mention that I never took any notes for the making of this book, which will, of course, be obvious from my explanation of how the articles came to be written ; neither have I ever in my life kept a diary, so that all which I have written in the following pages is from memory, with the exception, naturally, of the his-

torical facts taken from books of reference and *Memoirs* which I quote in the text.

One word more. Many writers in their Prefaces take the opportunity to thank their friends for their help in getting data and facts for their work. With the exception of the Directors of the *Weekly Dispatch*, whose courtesy made the rather difficult writing of the articles as pleasant as possible, I have no one to thank! And so I will offer my gratitude to the magnificent British Navy and Army for giving me the name for my book. For the concrete result of their dogged and gallant fighting with the help of our Allies most surely is—*The Ex-Kaiser in Exile*.

Glorious, lovely old England! I have travelled in the five continents and I have never seen a country to equal you for beauty on a perfect day in June. Once more your splendid sons have been victorious and have shown the world how dangerous it is to attack their Motherland. You have conquered in war and now you must conquer in peace. "If England to itself do rest but true." This can be done, and how? By work.

"He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil."

KINGSLEY.

For, as Henry Newbolt says, "The work of the world must still be done." And if we do each our honest share we will keep our heritage as



THE HON. ROBERT NOEL

Captain, Royal Fusiliers. Born 1888—Died 1918
at Masassi, B.E.A., on active service European
War. Youngest son of Charles George Noel,
Earl of Gainsborough. (My brother.)

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Shakespeare described her four hundred years ago. In reading the lines it is impossible not to be struck with delight and wonder, for we have indeed been able to keep our England as the other William (the greatest William) described her—when most of the rest of Europe has crumbled.

“This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradisé ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection from the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.”

King Richard II.

NORAH BENTINCK.

YEW TREE HOUSE, EXTON, OAKHAM,
1921.

“THE Lord also spake unto Joshua, saying, . . .
Appoint out for you cities of refuge, . . .
And when he that doth flee unto one of those
cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of
the city, and shall declare his cause in the ears
of the elders of that city, they shall take him in
. . . and give him a place, that he may dwell
among them.

And if the avenger of blood pursue after him, then
they shall not deliver the slayer up into his
hand; . . .”—JOSHUA xx. 1, 2, 3, 4.

“Then ye shall appoint you cities to be cities of
refuge for you; that the slayer may flee thither,
which killeth any person at unawares.
And they shall be unto you cities for refuge from
the avenger; that the manslayer die not, until he
stand before the congregation in judgment.”

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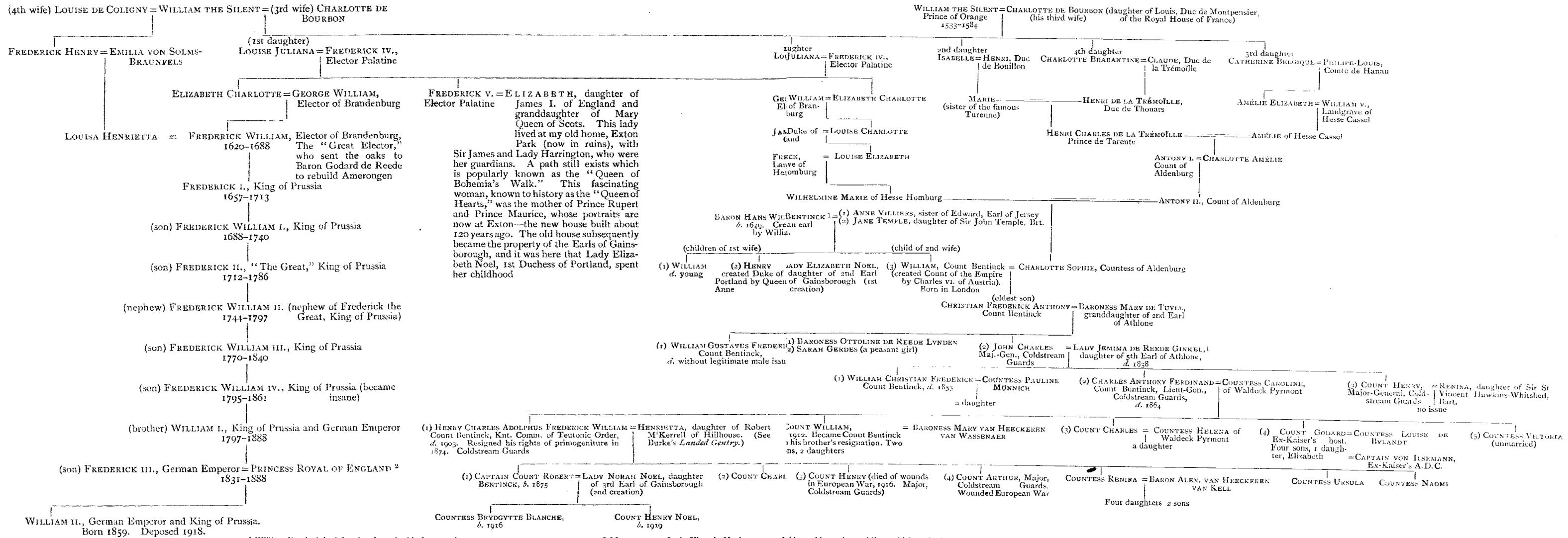
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PÉDIGREE TRACING THE DESCENT OF WILLIAM II. AND COUNT GODARD BENTINCK FROM WILLM THE SILENT.



¹ William Bentinck had five daughters by his first marriage.

² My great-aunt Lady Victoria Noel was one of tidesmaids at the wedding, which took place on January 25, 1858. She subsequently married Sir Fowell Buxton, Bart. She died August 8, 1916.



(Photo. E. O. Hoppe.)

LADY NORAH BENTINCK
(Daughter of Charles George Noel, Earl of Gainsborough).

CHAPTER I

"I would merely remark that history blamed the Dutch authorities who surrendered Charles I.'s murderers to his son, whilst no blame has ever been attached to those Dutchmen who honoured Charles II. when he was a refugee in Holland."—Sir WALTER TOWNLEY in the *New World*, September 1920.

FOREWARNINGS may often be given to us without our realising their significance. Count Godard Bentinck, owner of Amerongen, and one of a shooting party on a neighbouring estate in the second week of November 1918, could not account for the feeling that impelled him to return home with his daughter on Saturday the 9th, instead of staying over the Sunday as he originally intended; but he obeyed the impulse without at the time thinking much about it.

At two o'clock next afternoon, while the rain came down heavily outside, he was smoking a cigar in his library, with no particular preoccupation to disturb his peace, when a servant opened the door and announced that a telephone call had been made for him.

"Where from?" asked the Count.

"The Hague, Graaf."

Wondering what the call could possibly be about (for it was from the Dutch Foreign Office), he hurried downstairs.

"Count Godard Bentinck?" he heard on taking up the receiver.

"Yes; what is it?"

“The German Emperor has crossed the frontier. Will you take him in, also his suite of about thirty persons, for a few days until a suitable lodging can be found for him?”

Sometimes in life supreme decisions have to be made—decisions which affect the whole of one's subsequent life. Mercifully they are rare. But on this day, 10th November 1918, when the telephone rang at Amerongen, Count Godard Bentinck had to make such a decision.

This was indeed a thunderbolt! He stood reflecting for a few minutes on all the implications of the request; and then said he was sorry he could not oblige, but would have to refuse.

Here was news to stir a quiet life! The first intimation of the crash of a great throne with the Emperor a fugitive in Holland. And particularly was it exciting to a Bentinck.

Before going any further I propose giving a slight account of Count Godard Bentinck's family history, as it is a somewhat intricate one, and it is really not surprising that many mistakes have been made about him and his nationality during the last years.

Originally the Bentincks were purely Dutch. They date from the twelfth century, when they were Knights of Guelderland, and they have never since those days failed in the male line.

Early in the thirteenth century one Wicherus Bening (as the name was called in those days) was witness to the signature of Bishop Willibold of Utrecht at the foundation of Zwolle in 1233. He left a son, Willem, whose son, Helmich Bening, had five sons and two daughters. The fourth of these

sons was Gerrit, who had a son named Hendrik. This man had four sons, the second of whom was Hendrik, who owned the Castle of Bentinck between Deventer and Zutphen, near Gorssel. His youngest son was again called Hendrik, and he was the owner of the Castle of "The Loo" (now belonging to the Queen of the Netherlands). And so they descended from father to son, though not always through the eldest son, till we come to Henry Baron Bentinck, who died in 1639.

He had a large family consisting of six sons and two daughters. His fifth son was named Bernard, or Behrend, and his home was at Diepenheim. His family outdid that of his father, his children numbering eleven, six of whom were sons.

The third son was called Eusebius. From him is descended Guy, the present Baron Bentinck.¹ He is an Englishman, and served in the Boer War and the Great War. He is the head of the whole family of Bentinck, representing the senior branch.

The next brother of Eusebius Bentinck and the fifth son of Bernard was Hans Willem Bentinck. He was born in 1649, and during the reign of the Stadthaler, William of Orange, who later became William III. of England, was taken into the Royal household as a page.

As is well known, he became a great man. "Truest and noblest friend prince has ever had" were the words by which Macaulay described him. When William III. went to England he took with him besides Bentinck two other Dutchmen—Keppel, a fascinating courtier whom he created Earl of Albemarle, and de Reede Ginkel, a soldier,

¹ 1921.

who after winning the battles of the Boyne and Athlone for his Dutch master was created Earl of Athlone. He was the owner of the Castles of Middachten and of Amerongen.

At this point it is amusing to quote from an essay called "The Peerage" in a little volume by the late Right Hon. George W. E. Russell, entitled *Collections and Recollections*. He says: "The Revolution of 1688 brought its own element into the House of Lords, and descendants of William III.'s Dutch valets are now numbered among the dukes and earls of England" (1).

Baron Hans Willem Bentinck, whose family had been born and bred Dutch for five hundred years, was then created an English Earl by a Dutchman who had usurped the English throne, and married an Englishwoman, by whom he had two sons. The eldest of these died young, and the second son, Henry, succeeded to the family honours. He was created Duke of Portland by Queen Anne, and he married Lady Elizabeth Noel, eldest daughter and co-heir¹ of Wriothsley, second Earl of Gainsborough, whose father, Edward Noel, Viscount Campden, had been created an Earl by Charles II. in 1661. He was also Baron Noel of Titchfield, near Southampton, and it is from this source that the name of Titchfield came to belong to the family of Portland.

On the death of his first wife in 1688, Willem Bentinck, Lord Portland, married again, his second wife being Jane Martha, Dowager Lady Berkeley of Stratton, and a daughter of Sir John Temple,

¹ With her sister Rachel, who married the second Duke of Beaufort. The step-aunt of these two sisters was Lady Catherine Noel, who became first Duchess of Rutland.



(From a picture by Rigaud in the Louvre.)

HANS WILLEM BENTINCK

1st Earl of Portland. Common Ancestor to the Counts Bentinck and the Cavendish-Bentincks. Born 1649—Died 1709.

Bart. By her he had one son, William, who was born at Whitehall in 1704.

When he grew up he returned to Holland and reinstated himself as a Dutchman. He then went to Germany in search of a wife, and he eventually married Charlotte Sophie of Aldenburg, a reigning countess in her own right.¹

In order to be able to marry her (his position as an Earl's younger son and a Dutch Baron not being considered high enough) he was created a Count by Charles VI. of Austria, who was also Roman Emperor.² He was the father of Maria Theresa, and he failed in his endeavour, through the Pragmatic Sanction, to secure her the succession to the Imperial Crown.

This is the reason that all his (William's) descendants are styled Counts of the Empire, for the man who originally gave the title, besides being a king, was the lay head of the Holy Roman Empire, which historic and ancient institution was given the *coup de grâce* by Napoleon in 1804. The holding of this title brought him and his family into close connection with Germany, and since then their nationality has been a vexed question, though many of them were English by birth and have served both in the English Army and the Diplomatic Service almost continuously since 1704. So we see that this William Bentinck was a Dutch Baron, an English Earl's son, and a Count of the Empire, which gave him and his descendants

¹ It was by this marriage that the branch of the Counts Bentinck (of which my husband is—by birth—the head) inherited sovereign rights in Europe.

² Had this not been done Charlotte Sophie would have had to forfeit her sovereign rights.

nobility in England, Holland, Austria, and Germany. He had two sons, the eldest of whom, Christian Frederick, Count Bentinck, is the direct ancestor of Count Godard. Christian Frederick married Baroness Marie de Tuyll, and their son married Lady Jemima de Reede Ginkel, daughter of the fifth Earl of Athlone. This lady had a sister Lady Elizabeth who married Mr. Villiers, and at her death she left Amerongen to her sister's youngest grandson Godard. Thus it is that this now famous house came into the Bentinck family.

Lady Jemima's son was Charles Anthony Ferdinand, Count Bentinck, and he married Countess Caroline of Waldeck-Pyrmont, a cousin of the Queen Dowager of Holland and the Duchess of Albany. Their fourth child and youngest son is Godard, present owner of Amerongen and host of the ex-Emperor William II.

So it will be seen that it is difficult to know where exactly to pin his nationality, as although the Bentincks are unquestionably a Dutch family their Countship is Holy Roman Empire and therefore Teutonic.

By a decree of the German Diet in 1845 it recognised the rights of the Counts Bentinck to the dignities of the mediatised¹ Houses of

¹ Mediatisation.—The deprivation in the case of several ecclesiastical and lay principalities of Germany of their sovereign rights as Imperial free States in the years 1801-6, by making them subject to other German States.

Thus the mediatised Lords (Seigneurs) of Germany, whether Princes or Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, have rights of equality of birth with the Royal Houses of Europe. Such families therefore rank higher than those of Battenberg, Münster, Blücher, Bülow, Bismarck, Pless, etc., who are described as Princely Houses, "non-souveraines" of Europe.

Germany with the style "Erlaucht," and on 22nd April 1886 a Royal permission was granted to this family to bear the title in England, and that all the descendants of the fifth Count Bentinck (my husband being his eldest grandson) should be entitled to bear the title of Count before their Christian names. Count Godard Bentinck's father, Major-General Count Bentinck (fifth Count), and his uncle, General Sir Henry Bentinck, both commanded the Coldstream Guards, and there are memorials to them in the Guards Chapel.

Count Bentinck commanded the 2nd Battalion in 1843 and the 1st Battalion in 1846, and the same year he commanded the regiment. Sir Henry Bentinck commanded the 2nd Battalion in 1846 and the 1st in 1848. In 1851 he commanded the regiment.

In Lieutenant-Colonel Ross of Bladensburg's *History of the Coldstream Guards* we read :

"The Guards Brigade, consisting of 3rd Grenadiers, 1st Coldstream, and 1st Scots, reached Malta *en route* for the Crimea in March 1854, commanded by Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir Henry) Bentinck, who was appointed Brigadier-General that year.

On 20th June 1854, when the Guards Brigade was at Aladyn, near Varno, Brigadier-General Bentinck, together with Colonels Hay and Codrington, were promoted Major-Generals, but Bentinck continued to command the Guards Brigade.

On 24th August the Brigade embarked for the Crimea under Major-General Bentinck, and was 1st Brigade of 1st Division, which was commanded by the Duke of Cambridge. Bentinck commanded

the Guards Brigade in the Battles of Alma and Inkermann, during which last he was wounded.

On 27th August 1855 he was invested with the Order of the Bath in the Crimea by Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, our Ambassador at Constantinople. He was groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria and a Commander of the Legion of Honour. He died in 1878. His wife was Renira Antoinette, daughter of Sir James Hawkins-Whitshed, Bart., and the present ¹ Duke of Portland is her nephew.

Godard Bentinck's eldest brother, Henry, Count Bentinck, was also in the Coldstream Guards. By a family arrangement (*traité de famille*) in 1874 he resigned his primogeniture, and the family headship honours and fortune devolved on to his next brother, William.

During the War my husband, who is the eldest son of the aforesaid Henry, Count Bentinck, served in the unattached cavalry; his second brother, Charles, is in the Diplomatic Service; and his two younger brothers were in the family regiment. Henry died from wounds received at the Battle of the Somme, September 1916, in the historic Guards' attack. Of this memorable feat I should like to quote Mr. Beach Thomas, who was with the British Army in the field on 16th September 1916:—

“ Among others who earned equal fame the Guards have gone into action, have won new fame; and many names known through the length and breadth of the land will be found in the roll of honour. Something of the spirit of that fight should reach those who read the names.

¹ 1921.

FOUR GENERATIONS



CHARLES ANTHONY FERDINAND
5th Count Bentinck. Lieut.-General, Coldstream Guards. Born 1793—Died 1864. Served in Peninsular War and at Waterloo. Married Countess Mechtilde of Waideck and Pymont. Count Godard Bentinck is his fourth and youngest son.

HENRY
6th Count Bentinck. (Eldest Son of 5th Count.) Owner of Middachten till 1874, when he resigned his birthright. Lieut.-Colonel, Coldstream Guards. Born 1846—Died 1903.



(Photo. by Speaight.)

(Photo. by Compton Collier.)

CAPTAIN ROBERT BENTINCK
(Eldest Son of 6th Count.) Born 1875.
(My Husband.)

HENRY NOEL BENTINCK
(Aged 9 months.) Born 1919.
(My Son.)



MIDDACHTEN

Which belonged to my Husband's Father till he resigned it in 1874.

“ ‘It was worth living, even if I am killed to-morrow, just to have seen such men charge,’ said one commanding officer, whose speech to his men after action will be remembered all their lives, almost syllable by syllable, by all who heard it. Nor in war at any time is any scene more moving than when, the battle over, a regiment lines up under some shelter in the misty dawn to take toll of the missing. However gaily men fight, at that moment they love not war, And the Guards fought the gayest fight of which ever I heard news or any troubadour dreamed; and fought it against bitter odds, the odds of an open flank; and won, inflicting more than they suffered.

“ For the first time in history three battalions of the Coldstream Guards went over in line. They were swept and raked by rifle and machine-gun fire from many directions, and all the while the shells fell right and left. For 200 yards the blast in their front and flank was enough to have stopped a locomotive. It did not stop the men. In the midst of this blast, of a sudden they came upon a trench from which ranks of enemy rose. The sight was all they needed to add the last touch to their fighting spirit.

“ The enemy fired rifles and threw bombs. The Guards used only the bayonet. Each man, they said, got his man. The enemy fought now in the open as well as below ground, and the sight of these new regiments, body to body, hand to hand, stabbing, hitting, even wrestling, so stirred the Irishmen coming up in support that they rushed forward at the double to take their part. Men, N.C.O.s, subalterns, commanding officers, doctors, artillery observers, burst into an incredible shout, smothered by the noise of the guns, but like the swish of the shells savagely inspiring.

“The enemy had fought well. He thought he could stop the Guards; but the bayonet was irresistible, and of a sudden the desperation of the struggle broke. ‘We flushed ’em and they rose like a covey of partridges.’ The battle became a chase. The prisoners who surrendered were just given leave to hurry back without escort to our lines, and took the permission at the gallop, to be rounded up like homing sheep away behind. One group went astray, headed off in its nervousness by other advancing troops, before it was again corralled off like any other half-wild animal. The fight and the chase went on, morning, day, and evening. Germans rose from mysterious holes and picked off isolated men. One Guardsman had a duel at sixty yards with a Bavarian sniper. Each fired three shots. The Guardsman’s last went home and the German fell.

“All this while, whether advancing or stopping in shell holes or trenches, officers greeted one another as if they were meeting in Piccadilly, with familiar greetings and Christian names and the common chaff of the regiments.

“Some golden moments were vouchsafed in this immortal charge, which carried the Guards over a mile and more of shell-raked and bullet-raked desert. While they drove the Germans before them the sun, below the horizon when they started, had reached high noon. It lit a new landscape. A German battery was seen in action, the officers taking notes and the gunners shovelling shells into the breech. Enemy’s transport trailed along the roads. Undamaged steeples rose from the midst of peaceful villages. But soon the panorama shifted like ‘the baseless fabric of a vision.’ The German guns limbered up and galloped off. The transport vanished, and just a little while later the village houses toppled and

the homesteads merged into the general desolation of war.

“Some figures emerge from the ruck of battle in almost ghostly silence. An officer who felt then and afterwards that he had never lived so splendid, so exhilarating a day in his life—such men do really exist—took no cover, but went exultingly forward to any nucleus of resistance he could discover. He killed man after man, some with the pistol, some with a stick.

“One of his men, as great an athlete, if less endowed with Valkyrie spirit, rushed a machine-gun post, shot two of the men, bayoneted a third, and ‘caught the fourth a clip with my fist.’ Some rival of another company then claimed the captive machine gun; but the Irishman settled the dispute by taking the weighty thing under his arm and carrying it back deliberately across the open. He did not stop till he had delivered it personally to the headquarters of his unit. While officers greeted one another with the natural exchange of social phrase, the men called out hilarious encouragement: ‘Go it, Lillywhites,’ ‘Go it, Ribs,’ using the vocatives of the playing-field. But all day and night it was bitter fighting, as every man and every officer knew.

“The enemy ran, but it was not allowed to pursue them. I heard an officer apologise, almost with tears, for the necessity of forbidding too long pursuit. Trenches occupied were often shallow and very full—full of Germans, some gibbering, some obsequious, some wounded and crying for food or water, some quite quiet; full, too, of fighters, some hale, some dead, some wounded. The padre was all day in the front line giving religious consolation where he could; and at night helping to bury the dead. Stretcher-bearers tried to push up, and when unable went

into the open without fuss or hurry. Shells fell all the while—big shells and some mysterious shells smaller than the three-inch. Wounded men were taken into the small but deep dug-outs that the enemy had dug in this loamy soil. In some both doctors and padres found hiding Germans and sent them hustling off to the rear.

“Through it all order reigned, though companies were mixed together; and one bit of trench might be crammed while another was neglected. In spite of all this crumples were smoothed out. Officers with compasses and surveying tools quietly took bearings, and orderlies were sent back with precise messages. Our artillery battered a counter-attack and sent a German battalion scattering till it vanished like steam from an engine. Patrols went forward. Good digging was done. Water and food were brought up, and here and there astonishing supplies of soda-water, bread, and coffee beans collected in German dug-outs.

“Numerous prisoners were collected in the rear and safely despatched. The difficult position was made firm, a great victory registered.”

And thus it was that Henry Bentinck received his death.

He was second-in-command, and, from what he said later in hospital, he felt, when the order was given on the previous night to attack at — a.m., that his hour had come.

He was wounded twice, the second breaking his thigh just above the knee.

The following letter he dictated to his sister from the hospital in Rouen, where he died on 2nd October 1916.

Curiously enough, my son Henry was born on the same day three years afterwards.

“No. 2 RED CROSS HOSPITAL,
A.P.O. 7., B.E.F.,
14/9/16.

“MY DEAR COLONEL,—I can only say that I am very sorry indeed this has occurred. I hope it may not be of too long duration.

“Soon after the attack commenced I was hit in the head by shrapnel—slight—and on going about two or three hundred yards farther I was hit through the right thigh with, I believe, a bullet. Two stretcher-bearers helped me back, and I reached Rouen on Sunday. They had the leg off that night.

“They have been so optimistic with their accounts of fancy legs after my first gloomy thoughts of riding and soldiering that I still hope I may be able to retain the Coldstream uniform” (his darling regiment, as he often refers to it in the Letters). “I heard you were fit, and hope that is correct. Everything else here is disjointed. I shall be glad to hear, if only a line, from you. I wish I hadn’t left you.—Yours ever,

“DRUCE.”¹

(His name in the regiment, on account of the Portland-Druce case which was going on when he joined the Coldstreams.)

“P.S.—I feel so ashamed at everything—I couldn’t walk after I was hit in the leg.”

The following note was found in his Bible after his death, addressed to his sister.

“I could write much, but I haven’t time. I am very happy, and wouldn’t miss being in the 3rd Battalion in line for anything. I have no idea what is going to happen to me, but ‘I know

¹ From *Letters of Major Henry Bentinck*.

Whom I have believed,' and I am quite safe in His hands. Love to M. and all."

So one is content, for no finer end could be desired for a Christian and a soldier.

The fourth son, Arthur, after being wounded in East Africa in January 1914 whilst serving in the 3rd King's African Rifles, was again severely wounded in September 1914 at the Battle of the Aisne, having gone out with the Coldstreams at the beginning of the War immediately on his return from Africa, whence he had come to recoup his health. He is still with his regiment. Two of Count Godard's nephews, the sons of his brother William, were in the German Army; his own eldest son belongs to the Dutch Diplomatic Service; and yet another was in the German Navy, which he was forced to leave at the Revolution, which started at Kiel on 6th November. The fourth son is in the Dutch Army.

I have tried to show how mixed and international the Bentincks are, but it was curious that the request of the Dutch to harbour the German Emperor should have been made to a man whose father and grandfather had both been generals in the English Army, and whose mother, on the other hand, was a Waldeck-Pyrmont! Strange that both guest and host should have been half English.

One of the important moments of which we spoke just now had arrived, and this man had quickly to make a great decision.

Count Godard discussed the news with his son, Count Carlos, and his daughter, Countess Elizabeth. One thing in his mind, as the S.O.S. call on behalf

of the fallen monarch was considered, was that he was an hereditary knight of the *Johanniter Orden*, a Prussian branch of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which the Emperor was head, and of which one of the vows made by members was to help any brother Knight in adversity and distress. This obligation seemed to him to make his position very difficult. He did not know the Kaiser personally, as he had been ill when that monarch visited his elder brother, Count Bentinck, at Middachten, in 1909; and later he heard that when told it had been arranged for him to go to Amerongen the fugitive had asked, "Who is this Bentinck? I don't think I know him."

Three hours after the first call another message came through from The Hague. This time he was most earnestly requested to give the Kaiser sanctuary, "for three days only." The Office had not been able to make any other arrangement. Count Godard pointed out that he had no coal, no petrol, and not enough servants. (Coal, petrol, and food supplies were very real difficulties in Holland during the last years of the War.) He was promised the dispatch of a truck-load of coal that evening, and that as much petrol as he wanted would be supplied. He said then that he would do his best, and while quite realising the odium he would draw upon himself from many sources, he decided to give the Kaiser "sanctuary"—"sanctuary," a relic of Christian, if more frankly barbaric, days.

Every one set to work to prepare the Castle for the temporary guests. Count Godard had during the last two weeks arranged to take in a large number of Belgian refugees, and had made

most elaborate arrangements for them in his large and airy coachhouses. This, as it turned out, was lucky, as it gave him a good many extra beds, with bedding, to draw upon if necessary. Among other servants another *chef* was sent for at once.

The 11th of November broke drab and dismal over Amerongen. Soon after luncheon Count Godard drove off alone to fetch his guest from Maarn, a small and seldom-used wayside station about seven miles away, and near the town of Rhenen—the church steeple of which town inspired Rembrandt to some of his greatest etchings.

The days immediately preceding this date had been chaotic, and no one knew from one moment to the next exactly what would happen. On 6th November 1918 the German delegates reached the allied line. At 9.15 p.m. on the 7th they were directed to a spot near La Capelle. Here the blazing searchlights fell upon the road. The firing ceased and the delegates passed through. At 9 a.m. on the 8th they arrived at Rêthondes, where Foch's Headquarters lay in a train on the Compiègne-Soissons railway. Herr Erzberger, the Catholic deputy, at once asked for an immediate armistice. Foch refused, and then read out slowly the terms on which one would be granted. The Germans asked for seventy-two hours, as they couldn't accept the terms on their own responsibility.

The terms were sent by courier to the German Headquarters at Spa, where they arrived at 10 a.m. on 10th November. When these terms were being considered, Marshal Hindenburg telegraphed to Berlin an urgent request to accept all terms without delay, as he could not undertake to hold the armies



(By the courtesy of the Proprietors of The Daily Mail.)

GENERALS WHO CAME FROM SPA WITH THE KAISER

Walking outside the walls of Amerongen saying "No, No" to the photographer.

together any longer. At this time the German armies had only seventeen divisions in reserve, and Sir Douglas Haig described the enemy as being "capable neither of accepting nor of refusing battle."

When in the Reichstag Herr Fehrenbach read Hindenburg's telegram, Herr Ebert put the question, "Who opposes this step?" Whereupon "followed that fearful silence. I hope I shall never again experience so terrible a silence."¹

When the Armistice terms arrived at Spa the Emperor had gone! All through the night of 9th November he was travelling in a motor steadily towards Holland. He arrived at Eysden, the Dutch-Belgian frontier, at 8 a.m. on the 10th, and seeing a soldier loitering about he walked up to him, saying, "I am the German Emperor," at the same time handing the amazed fellow his sword! Tableau! For the moment no one knew what to do. But mercifully for him in a few hours his special train arrived, and in it he sought refuge for the remainder of the day and the following night, during which time plans were being made as rapidly as possible for his future.

While the Emperor was in his train at Eysden during the cold, dark morning hours of the 11th November² momentous doings were taking place at Foch's Headquarters.

At 5 a.m. on that day the Armistice terms were signed, the signatories being F. Foch, Erzberger, A. Oberndorft, Winterfeldt, von Salow, and R. E. Wemyss. It may be of interest to note here that the only English signature attached to this historic

¹ Reuter from the *Rhenische Westfaelische Zeitung*.

² 1918.

document is that of a Scotsman and incidentally a relation of mine !

Sir Rosslyn Wemyss' grandmother was Lady Emma Hay, sister to the 18th Earl of Errol, K.T., who was my great-grandfather. In this connection may I be allowed to relate a little family history which bears somewhat upon the subject in hand and helps to weave my narrative together ?

It is a matter of history that King William IV. had nine children by Dorothy Jordan the famous actress of the end of the eighteenth century.

Though not beautiful, her success was extraordinary, and according to Boaden the secret of her unique charm lay in her *swindling* laugh.

Hazlitt said of her, "Mrs. Jordan's laugh comes over the heart, and if it has grown dry and seared it fills it with remembrance of joy and gladness once more"; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose favourite actress she was, declared that she laughed from "sheer wildness of delight."

Of herself, she said: "I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed myself: they laughed again, and so did I."

Few actresses can have been admired by so varied a band as the following: Byron, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Haydon, Crabb Robinson (who described her and Mlle. Mars as the types of woman's fascination), John Kemble, Lord North, and the Prince Regent.

How ironical that this woman who made herself loved and immortal by her seductive and irresistible laugh should have died forsaken in Paris in such great misery that she could not even shed a tear !¹

¹ See *Mrs. Jordan*, by Philip W. Sergeant.

Let me quote from Leigh Hunt's clever and sympathetic pen picture of her, and then in a second we can visualise her.

“There was one comic actress who was Nature herself in one of her most genial forms. This was Mrs. Jordan, who, though not beautiful nor handsome nor even pretty nor accomplished, nor ‘a lady’ nor anything conventional or *comme il faut* whatsoever, yet was so pleasant, so cordial, so natural, so full of spirits, so healthily constituted in mind and body, had such a shapely leg withal, so sweet, mellow, charming and loving a voice and such a happy and happy-making expression of countenance that she appeared something superior to all those requirements of acceptability, and to hold a patent from Nature herself for our delight and good opinion. . . . She made even Methodists love her. . . . The very sound of the little familiar word *bud* (her abbreviation for husband) from her lips as she packed it closer as it were in the utterance and pouted it up with fondness in the man's face, taking him at the same time by the chin, was a whole concentrated world of the power of loving.”

In 1831 the King was pleased to grant the title and precedence of the younger children of a Marquis to his family by this lady. His eldest son was elevated to the peerage as Earl of Munster by letters patent, with special remainder in default of his own male issue to his brothers, the Lords Frederick, Adolphus, and Augustus Fitzclarence.

Their sister, Elizabeth, married the 18th Earl of Errol (who incidentally is the first subject in Scotland after the Blood Royal), and they had

one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom married my grandfather, Lord Gainsborough; the second daughter married the 5th Earl of Fife (her granddaughter becoming Princess Arthur of Connaught); the third daughter married Count Stuart d'Albanie.

The following is a letter from my grandmother (Lady Ida Hay), at that date Viscountess Campden, to my grandfather :

"CHÂTEAU DE SAYN, COBLENTZ,
August 1, 1864.

"MY DEAREST LORD,—You will be surprised at the date of this letter. I came here on Saturday to meet the Queen of Prussia,¹ and this afternoon I return again to Ems with Blanche.² This place is charming, not large but beautifully situated, perfectly arranged, and finished with the utmost taste. There are some fine modern pictures and a great deal of beautiful oak carving.

"The party staying in the house are Count Pahlen (whom you know), the Duc de Rohan (whom you remember in Paris), and the Duc de Cajianello. Prince Wittgenstein is growing older and his hair very white; he is a charming host. She is as charming as ever and still very handsome, though her beauty has waned a good deal. She asked much after you.

"Yesterday the Queen arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon from Coblenz. She was accompanied by the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the father of the late Queen of Portugal and brother-in-law of the Duchess of Hamilton, and attended by two ladies-in-waiting and one gentle-

¹ Wife of King William I., first German Emperor, and grandmother of the ex-Kaiser.

² Lady Blanche Noel, my aunt.

man, Count Waldeck. I went in to dinner with Count Waldeck, and sat on the left of Prince Hohenzollern. After dinner the Queen talked to me a great deal. She spoke of my mother¹ and of Lord Frederick, Lord Adolphus, and Lady Mary,² all of whom she had known; also of the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who was her aunt by marriage. She remarked that I had the name of *Ida* from the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. . . . She is still wonderfully handsome and a splendid figure, and has the most perfect manners I ever saw—gracious, dignified, fascinating, and gentle all at once. Full of conversation, brilliantly clever, quite a *Royal lady* in beauty, intellect, and in deportment, Blanche looked charming, and her shiny golden hair is specially admired. Count Waldeck is enraptured with her, and told me she was ‘une veritable figure de keepsake,’ like ‘a lovely little vignette,’ and her proficiency in German enchanted them all. . . .

“The weather here is dreadfully hot.

“God bless you always.—Your devoted wife,
“IDA CAMPDEN.”

It struck me as a curious coincidence that in this letter of my grandmother's the grandmother of the ex-Emperor should figure so conspicuously, and also that special mention should have been made of Count Waldeck.

On looking him up in the *Almanach de Gotha* of 1862 I see him described as Count Adalbert William Charles, and that he married in 1858 (six years before the date of the letter) Princess Caroline of Sayn-Wittgenstein-Hohenstein. So I gather that he was the brother-in-law of my grandmother's

¹ Lady Elizabeth Fitzclarence.

² Lady Mary Fitzclarence married General Charles Richard Fox.

host. His sister, Countess Caroline of Waldeck-Pyrmont, married my husband's grandfather and became the mother of Count Godard Bentinck, the ex-Kaiser's host.

And now, after having looked back into the past for over half a century, we will return to William II. sitting a fugitive in his train at Eysden.

The Royal train was due to arrive at Maarn at about 3 p.m. on the 11th.¹ Count Lynden was first of all approached and asked to give the Emperor hospitality for a few days, but he had found it impossible to comply with the request. Count Godard Bentinck's name was then mentioned, as we have seen, and "on the second time of asking" he complied.

Rumour had conquered secrecy, and a goodly number of people, peasants and others, had gathered in the station yard to witness the arrival. Nobody was allowed on the platform excepting Count Lynden, who is the Governor of the province of Utrecht, Count Godard Bentinck, and the station officials. The rain poured steadily down, and the two men walked up and down the swimming platform, while the stolid, expressionless faces peered at them through the dripping iron railings. Then a soft puffing was heard, and rather slowly the Imperial train steamed into the station.

Immediately it pulled up the ex-Kaiser in uniform and carrying a cane stepped briskly to the platform and came straight up to the Governor and Count Godard, shook hands with both, and exchanged a few words of greeting, of which one sentence was, according to the *Times* correspondent,

¹ November 1918.

“Denn was sagen Sie dazu?” Then Count Godard led the way to his closed car, and almost before the silent crowd had realised that the Kaiser had come and gone the little party was speeding towards Amerongen. Behind them a great bustle began, as the suite descended from the train to unpack their master’s and their own belongings. Large quantities of food and wine had been brought.

During the drive through the rain to Amerongen the Kaiser spoke very little. A few, a very few, conventional remarks were all that passed. No doubt he was still stunned by the sudden catastrophe to his House, fatigued by the journey, and anxious to reach a haven.

At last, in the failing light, the car drew up at the Castle. And as he crossed the bridge over the inner moat to the main door, relief, obvious and deep, at the successful end of his journey from the bewildering transformation scene at Spa to the restful quietude of Amerongen, found expression—in a way that would have sounded very unlikely to British ears.

“Now,” he said to Count Godard, rubbing his hands together, “give me a cup of real good English tea!” Count Godard smilingly assured him he would get it.

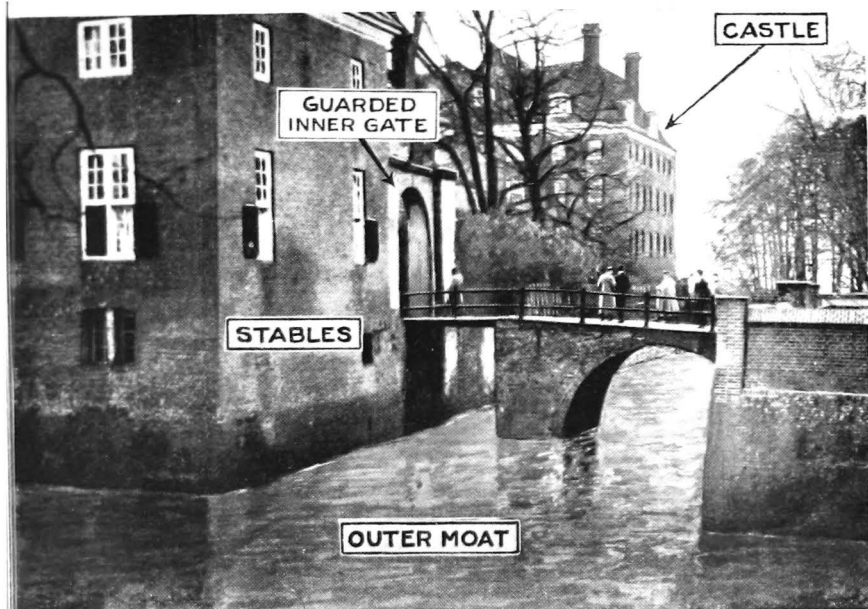
Within the hall Count Godard’s eldest son and only daughter, Count Carlos and Countess Elizabeth, and his elder brother, Count Charles Bentinck, with his daughter, Countess Marie Bentinck, were gathered to meet the Kaiser. Brief introductions and greetings over, he was taken up to the suite of rooms made ready for him.

The "real good tea," but Scottish rather than English, came quickly. There is among the treasures at Amerongen a Scottish housekeeper, an adept in the preparation of the substantial and appetising scones, pancakes, shortbread, and so on, that every one who crosses the Border enjoys at "high tea" at some time or other. Since that introduction to them the ex-Kaiser has delighted in them.

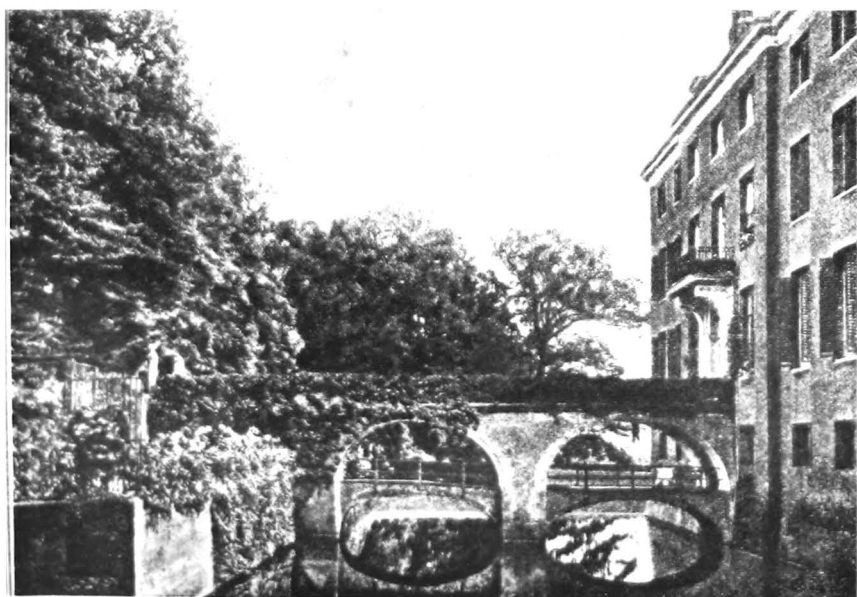
That evening about forty people sat down to dinner at Amerongen. The table was profusely decorated with flowers from the Castle gardens, and the guests ate off silver plates, dated about 1700, and bearing the arms of the Aldenburg family, which is in reality the same as that called Oldenburg to-day, into which one of the ex-Kaiser's sons married. The interior of the Castle was scarcely recognisable; for the household was one of the quietest in the country, Count Godard taking no part in political life and little in ordinary society functions.

During the preceding hours the Castle and outbuildings were in a whirl with the arrival of the suite and baggages and stores. Rooms were provided for as many as possible of the suite, and accommodation was found in the village near by for the remainder; quantities of the stores were packed in the stables.

Perhaps it was fortunate for the fugitive that there was this unavoidable bustle and excitement. It gave a certain amount of animation to a meal which, if only a few had been there, could hardly have escaped an atmosphere of gloom. As it was, nobody had quite got his bearings. The usual



EX-KAISER'S "SANCTUARY," AMERONGEN
Showing outside moat



AMERONGEN
Showing double bridges—the only possible access to the house—
thus making it a peculiarly safe retreat.

deference, of course, was paid to the chief guest by all the suite ; but a certain abstractedness was occasionally apparent.

The Kaiser himself did his best to keep things going, and talked a good deal and with much animation. No word of bitterness or reproach was heard from him, and this fact particularly struck Count Godard. "Never," he told me, "from that day to this has a bitter word of any one, German or English, fallen from his lips, with the sole exception of Prince Max of Baden, of whom he remarked, 'Max von Baden ist hinter mir gegangen' (Max of Baden has tricked me behind my back)." This was an allusion to the fact that Prince Max, who was Imperial Chancellor at the time, had issued a decree on 9th November that the Kaiser had abdicated—though, as a matter of fact, he did not do so till 28th November. It was this, with British propaganda, that he believed helped to make his position in Germany impossible ; the people, naturally accepting what their newspapers told them, believed that the Emperor had forsaken them, and this aroused bitter feeling.

From his rooms the Kaiser could see over the treetops the masts of ships passing slowly up and down the Rhine, for this river runs only about a mile from the house.

Amerongen is withdrawn some distance from the main road between the towns of Arnhem and Utrecht, in a backwater of the country, as it were. This, of course, made it peculiarly suitable as an unofficial prison-retreat. The Castle, a brick building of four storeys, which replaced the original

Castle destroyed by fire nearly two and a half centuries ago, has large, lofty, well-proportioned rooms, marked by a solid comfort and dignified by many art treasures. It is surrounded by two moats, one round the walls, the other at a distance of a hundred yards. From the windows of their quarters the servants could fish in the moat.

For the Royal couple (the ex-Kaiserin was expected soon) a suite of four rooms had been prepared at the back of the Castle. They are all large and high-ceilinged; and the walls are covered with painted canvas, on which are little vignettes with flowered borders. The furniture is chiefly Dutch, but with a great deal of French (Louis Quinze chiefly) and English, and there are many Chinese pieces; all is arranged with an admirable taste that gives to the beautifully proportioned chambers an appearance of dignified calm.

In one, a narrow four-poster bed, its slender posts hung with beautiful blue-grey silk brocade, catches the eye. It has given rest to two of the most talked-of monarchs in history; for it was that used by Louis XIV. in three out of the six weeks, beginning in May 1672, in which, with the great Condé and Turenne, he conquered half the Netherlands. That was in the earlier days of his splendour, and, no doubt—taking into account the official bedroom receptions of those days—it figured in many a gay and glittering gathering, as well as grave and urgent council. If furniture could speak—but we will allow each one who looks upon it to make his own reflections on this link between the two “*L’état, c’est moi*” rulers,

one in the heyday of his fame, the other in the most mortifying moment of his decline.

I began this chapter by mentioning the curious unrecognised forewarning Count Godard received on 10th November. I will end by recalling a strange little omen, linking the Kaiser with the Bentinck family. Wilhelm II., on 9th August 1909, had visited Count Bentinck (Count Godard's eldest brother) at his castle at Middachten. The Kaiser arrived at about five o'clock, and his train remained in the little station at Steeg, which was gaily decorated with Dutch and German flags. The day was a hot and stifling one, and a violent storm suddenly burst. Strange to say, the only flag which was torn from its post and flung violently to the ground was the German one.

The incident was discreetly commented on at the time, but since the Revolution and the coming together again under such strange circumstances of a Hohenzollern and a Bentinck it has struck people more forcibly, for the omen seemed indeed to have been symbolic of what the future held.

CHAPTER II

“Do you deserve to be regarded as a blameless person, stalwart for the right in words and in deeds ?”—JUVENAL.

“THREE days” had been the period suggested, off-hand and very hurriedly, for the ex-Kaiser’s stay at Amerongen; but it was almost at once recognised that this provisional arrangement would have to be extended.

The truth was that no one in high authority knew quite what to do with the fugitive; the outcome of the chaos in Germany, where minor thrones were collapsing and old institutions being uprooted daily, could not be foreseen, and the revolutionary ferment even in staid Holland was causing considerable disquietude; and so no better solution of the embarrassment which the ex-Kaiser’s arrival had thrust upon the Dutch could be found than that he should remain as quietly as possible in the isolated and peaceful residence of Count Godard Bentinck until the situation cleared.

Whether or not the fugitive himself suggested the probable number of days of his stay I do not know; but one may draw one’s own deductions from the fact that some time later he remarked musingly to his host, “How strange it is! I have until now never stayed in any man’s house for more than three days, and with you I have been for months !”



AMERONGEN (FRONT VIEW)

Showing the steps up which the Emperor walked on his arrival
on November 11th, 1918.



DOORN HOUSE

The present home (1921) of the ex-Kaiser.

I have used the word "peaceful" in describing Amerongen, but that adjective has ceased to apply to the quiet old Dutch house since 11th November 1918. Of course that month was a more than usually unpeaceful time. Within the grounds the suite brought day-long bustle; without, in the village, every available room was filled, and the innkeeper did a splendid trade. Motor-cars dashed backwards and forwards, aeroplanes whirled overhead, Press representatives from all parts of the world flocked to the gates—but no farther than the gates. Only the central figure was hidden. No better protected retreat for him than the tree-surrounded Castle within its double moat could have been found in Holland.

A strong military guard had been posted at Amerongen before the fugitive's arrival, and from that time no one was allowed to pass unless furnished with a special "permit."

At the outer entrance, where the walls meet the gates, there is a large brick-floored orangery, and this was used as a guard-room. Here an authorised visitor was given a white card with his or her name written in full on it (no card being given unless the name had been "passed" by Count Godard). Passing up the avenue and over the outer moat, the visitor yielded the white card at the inner gate to the officer in charge of the second detachment of soldiers, and received a blue one in exchange. This was the last formality before entering the Castle. On returning, the visitor gave up the blue card, and was then free to leave the grounds.

All relatives and friends of the family had to

go through this formality every time they visited Amerongen. This was only a check on visitors from outside though, the members of the household and the entourage being too well known to require such a "pass."

Both the gates were securely fastened every evening, and during the dark hours Amerongen held its fugitive safely away from the outside world. His safety was made doubly sure by the fact that, when frosts came, the ice round the inner moat (where no skating was allowed) was broken regularly every night.

Now that the ex-Kaiser has left there are, of course, no more guards, and so there is nothing to stop the inquisitive motorist turning off the high road and darting over the moat past the house and out again, in order to see the now famous refuge of William II. Such an occurrence happened when I was there, and is a cause of considerable annoyance to the family and their guests.

At Amerongen the post of Burgomaster was held by a friend of the Bentinck family (parishes are much larger in Holland than in England, and the post, which corresponds roughly to that of a mayor or chairman of a county council, is sometimes held by county gentlemen), and he naturally had much to do with arrangements without the gates; but everything relating to the guarding of the ex-Kaiser was in the hands of the Governor of the province of Utrecht.

Many mysterious visitors sought an entrance, and once—but that was at a later period than that which I am now describing—a man drove through the gates in a shabby old hired brougham,

although he apparently had no "pass." The bewilderment and annoyance were great, and how he had managed to enter remained a puzzle.

Though the merely curious were kept back at the gates, contact with the outer world was constant and feverish in these early days. Prince Max of Baden had on 9th November announced that the Kaiser had abdicated, but the exile himself had made no formal renunciation of his rights. How and when, if at all, that formality was to be accomplished was the question which agitated him in his interviews and ponderings within the walls—for he was little seen out of doors. No rest could come to him, for the drama was not yet finished; the last curtain had not been rung down, and this could only be accomplished by a supreme action on the part of the chief actor.

Whatever the reports from Berlin, set in motion by Prince Max of Baden, had been he was still German Emperor, and it behoved him with his own hand to put himself down from the pinnacle on which (apart from his birth) his masterful personality had placed him.

On his arrival from Spa he had brought a large "suite" with him, consisting of the following gentlemen, according to the *Times*, 13th November 1918: Colonel-General von Plessen, Lieutenant-General von Gontard, Hofmarshal von Platen, Major-General von Frankenberg, Major-General von Litorff, Major-General von Grimman, Colonel Count von Moltke, Surgeon-General von Niester, Major-General von Hirschfeld, Captain von Ilsemann, Captain Seiss, Captain Knauff, Captain Schaderberg, and Captain Grutsche.

At first he naturally did not discuss with his host at any length the great political events of the day affecting him, and since that time he has been sparing in comment on the actual circumstances attending his abdication. But it was understood that one of the principal determining motives for the formal act of abdication was (apart from the fact that he had already been dethroned) that it had been declared from the allied side that there would be "no peace with a Hohenzollern," and that therefore a possibility of his later return to Germany might delay a peace settlement. There was, also, the fact that his acceptance of the status of a private citizen would ease the difficulties of those who gave him temporary shelter. How far he should compromise the rights of his successors was another problem.

Parleyings were continued to the end of the month before the form of the official act of abdication was definitely fixed.

The 28th of November¹ arrived, and, preliminaries over, several black-coated men were led silently up the staircase and through the gallery—where from the walls dead makers of history clad in robes grandiose and picturesque looked down on these living history-makers garbed so unheroically—to the Kaiser's apartments.

In one of these pictures Count Godard Bentinck is represented in the robes of a Knight-Commander of the Teutonic Order. The uniform is very effective, having a tunic of white cloth with black V-shaped collar and cuffs, high military boots somewhat similar to those worn by the Life Guards,

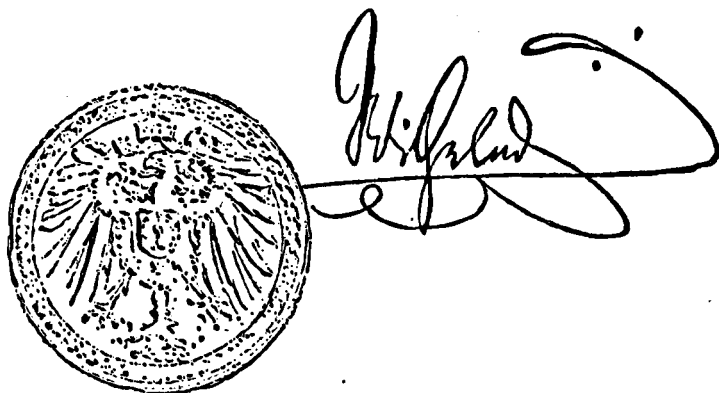
¹ 1918.

Ich verzichte hierdurch für alle Zukunft auf die Rechte an der Krone Preussen und die damit verbundenen Rechte an der deutschen Kaiserkrone.

Zugleich entbinde ich alle Beamten des Deutschen Reichs und Preussens sowie alle Offiziere, Unteroffiziere und Mannschaften der Marine, des Preussisches Heeres und der Truppen der Bundeskontingente des Treueides, das sie Mir als Ihren Kaiser, König und Obersten Befehlshaber geleistet haben. Ich erwarte von ihnen, dass sie bis zur Neuordnung des Deutschen Reichs den Inhabern der tatsächlichen Gewalt in Deutschland helfen, das Deutsche Volk gegen die drohenden Gefahren der Anarchie, der Hungersnot und der Fremdherrschaft zu schützen.

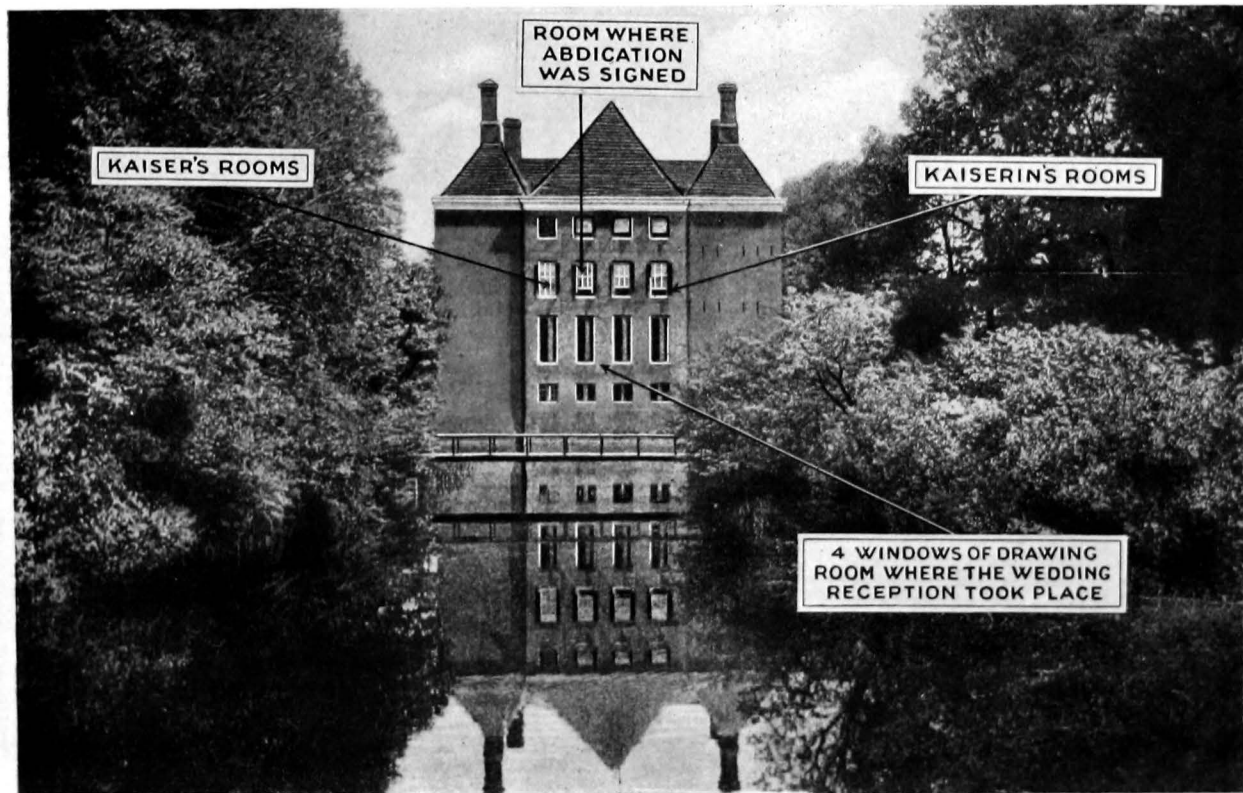
Urkundlich unter Unserer Hochsteigenhändigen Unterschrift und beigedruckten Kaiserlichen Insiegel.

Gegeben Amerongen, den 28. November 1918.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ABDICATION SIGNED BY
THE EX-KAISER AT AMERONGEN

(By the courtesy of the Proprietors of The Daily Mail.)



ROOM WHERE
ABDICATION
WAS SIGNED

KAISER'S ROOMS

KAISERIN'S ROOMS

4 WINDOWS OF DRAWING
ROOM WHERE THE WEDDING
RECEPTION TOOK PLACE

(By the courtesy of the Proprietors of The Daily Mail.)

with golden spurs, the true sign of knighthood. Black cloth knee-breeches are worn, and from the shoulders hangs a graceful white cloak. The whole is surmounted by a black hat with a white plume, and round the neck is worn a massive chain of silver.

I mentioned in the last chapter that four rooms had been reserved for the Royal couple. These led off the central gallery. As you enter the room in which the abdication was signed two windows face you. In the recess of one stands a fine Buhl writing-table, also faintly reminiscent of Louis Quatorze, the victorious occupant of Amerongen, for the type of furniture derives its name from Charles André Boule, a cabinet-maker in the service of the Grand Monarque. Any one seated here looks out across the moats to pleasant fields, and then, farther away, to ships on the Rhine. Here it was, within view of the river that runs through all German history, that the Kaiser definitely became ex-Kaiser by signing the simple typewritten sheet of which I give a reproduction on the next page, and of which the following is a translation :

“I hereby for all the future renounce my rights to the Crown of Prussia and my consequential rights to the German Imperial Crown.

“At the same time I release all officials of the German Empire and Prussia, as well as all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Navy, of the Prussian Army, and of the federal contingents, from the oath of fealty, which they have made to me as their Emperor, King and Supreme Commander. I expect of them that until

the reorganisation of the German Empire they will help those in possession of actual power in Germany to protect the German people against the threatening dangers of anarchy, famine, and foreign domination.

“Given under our hand and our Imperial seal,

“WILHELM.

“AMERONGEN, *November 28, 1918.*”

The signature, which he had copied from his grandfather, so beloved of the German people, was as bold, the flourishes as flowery, as ever. Apropos his signature I may say how very unwilling he is to give it away; the most people may usually expect is a piece of wood sawn by his hand, on which he inscribes a bold “W.” The ceremony, if it could so be called, was brief. The fateful document was handed to the emissaries, who with a total absence of the externals of place and dignity left as quickly as they had arrived, bearing with them to the New Germany the precious corner-stone for the edifice they hoped to erect on the ruins of Kaiserdom.

After they had left, the ex-Kaiser came to his host and said, “Nothing should happen in your house of which you are ignorant, and I wish to tell you that at this moment I have signed my abdication.”

That was all, and naturally no comments on the poignant situation were made. From the ex-Kaiser’s point of view this must have been a terrible day, the culmination of all the previous tragic happenings which had led up to it. He bore it, I was told, with fortitude and resignation.

One may wonder whether this abdication may prove worthless—"a scrap of paper." For he might argue that he signed it against his will, and, another point, that it was only for himself that he resigned. In view of the Berlin report, reproduced in the *Times* of 18th January 1921, that evidence has been obtained that the Hohenzollerns have joined in preparations for a new revolutionary coup, and that a number of former German officers living in Amsterdam are implicated, one's attention is focused on the wording of the document.

That day, according to the *Times*, brought another important event for the exile—the ex-Kaiserin¹ arrived from Germany. For both the meeting was emotional. She looked worn and ill. They had last been together some time before the final crash, and that "catastrophe"—for so it appeared to her, a thing terrible and inexplicable—had been infinitely more shattering to her than to him.

She was taken at once to her rooms, and was attended by the Countess Keller, a very great friend, who came to her on her marriage and has been with her ever since. Here she remained for several days, and for some considerable time after her arrival she did not appear for meals.

She was, as every one knows, more interested in the hidden domestic life than in the public political one. She believed the rôle of her husband was divinely ordained, and when the foundations

¹ Since this was written the death of the ex-Kaiserin occurred at Doorn on 11th April 1921. The coffin was taken to Potsdam. The Royal train came to the station of Maarn to convey the mortal remains to Germany.

of this her world were scattered she could only think it was because malign forces had triumphed. Thus *her* plight at least seemed pathetic to the onlookers at the meeting, and for a woman, distressed in mind and destitute of state, there was only human sympathy.

She was in great fear for the safety of her husband. Then, and for long afterwards, she started in alarm at any unusual noise in the night. "They are coming for him," she would cry, and burst into tears. She had the fixed idea that Britain was to blame for the War, and that conviction is still unshakable.

I would speak with all respect of this Royal and noble lady, whose whole life, overshadowed publicly as it was by her brilliant husband, has been devoted privately to being a good wife and a good mother. In pre-war days few could equal and none excel her regal and gracious appearance.

The suite of the ex-Kaiser began to dwindle rapidly. Formal abdication had taken away any excuse for keeping so many soldiers and officials around him, and, in any case, he would not have been allowed to retain them. He became more definitely "the exile." Finally, his establishment was reduced, apart from servants, to Lieutenant-General von Gontard (a man in the sixties), whose position was now analogous to that of a Chamberlain, and Captain von Ilseman, his aide-de-camp. When in July 1918 the German plan was to capture the whole of the Marne, and the railway connecting Paris and the Eastern Front was to be severed preparatory to cutting off the Eastern armies

from those in the centre and the west, General von Gontard, with General Lindequist, was commanding groups of divisions.

At the wedding of Count Godard Bentinck's daughter to Captain von Ilsemann I had several opportunities for closely observing this man. His personal appearance is not striking, and his somewhat weak face, with its receding chin, would not, I imagine, inspire much confidence. His physiognomy is rather of the parrot type, and does not compare favourably with the fine, strong cast of countenance so often noticed in the German commanders. He is assiduous in his attentions to his master, and is very tenacious of the old régime, which consisted largely in flattery and hiding any unpleasant truths from the Emperor.

Captain von Ilsemann, on the other hand, is the exact opposite, and represents an entirely different school.

He has a good, strong, determined face, out of which two dark blue eyes look very straightly. He always says what he means and what he thinks, and this manner, although at first disconcerting to one used to perpetual adulation, has come to be much appreciated by the ex-Kaiser.

I will explain how he came to hold his present position, for he was unknown in Court circles before 1914, and his father was ennobled by this Emperor.

Had Germany won there is no doubt he would have been given some very high position, and the *ordre pour le mérite* would have been his. But the fates decreed otherwise, and instead of

this distinguished order and a place in the Court of Berlin he won for himself a charming wife, whom he would never have met had it not been for the Revolution !

He distinguished himself in action against the Russians in East Prussia at the beginning of the War, and was in consequence appointed to the staff of Hindenburg. The veteran thought highly of his work, and in course of time made him the bearer of one of his dispatches to the Crown Prince. Here again the young soldier made a good impression. The Crown Prince thought he would make a useful counterpoise, in the retinue of his father, to the elderly soldiers, diplomatists, and politicians by whom he was surrounded, and sent him to Main Headquarters with a recommendation.

In this way he became an aide-de-camp to the Kaiser. He is clever and energetic and of a gay disposition, and the Kaiser, finding his youthful cheerfulness a tonic, kept him in close attendance. He accompanied the Imperial couple to Constantinople ; and of this trip, by the way, he tells of his amusement at seeing the Kaiserin trying to stab with a hatpin unpleasant insects that were crawling on the walls of a palace in which they were lodged.

When the list of his remaining " suite " was presented to the Kaiser to choose two gentlemen to remain with him the pencil was not put through the name of Sigurd von Ilsemann. It had been thought that perhaps he, young and energetic as he was, might wish to go back to Germany and there carve out a fresh career for himself. But

the friendship which bound him to his dethroned master was too strong for this. So when it was suggested that the Emperor wished him to stay, he fell in with the plan.

Since the abdication he has, in his capacity of private secretary, become more and more closely attached to his master. His greatest value perhaps is that the ex-Kaiser, who before his *débâcle* never knew whom to believe, now has the plain facts, whether pleasant or unpleasant, from this exceedingly frank and most agreeable young man.

Christmas came before the ex-Kaiser had settled down to the freer share in the life of the household and the closer association with his host that in time became inevitable, and from which followed the conversations and incidents I shall describe.

As is usual in Holland and in Germany, great preparations were made for the observance of the festival. One significant incident occurred at Amerongen. There, as here, carol singing is one of the features of the celebration. The village choir gave a little entertainment, at which one of the chief items was the well-known German hymn, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." Hearing this, the ex-Kaiser spoke of his wish that the choir would sing to him at midnight on Christmas Eve; but the authorities, whose great care was to avoid any step that might show a disposition to regard him as a guest rather than as a prisoner, prevented this arrangement being made.

Within the Castle there were little encounters that caused amusement to all concerned. The maids were interested in the guest, and little

attentions to his comfort brought them to his notice. Thus at Christmas and New Year he would greet them in the most unceremonious way while they were at their work, to wish them good luck and happiness, and to shake them by the hand. Being taken unawares on those occasions, they would quickly run their hands down their aprons to clean them before the handshake was given. And so the greetings took place with laughter.

The feeling existing between the Castle and the village is quite feudal in its friendliness, and this atmosphere was much appreciated by the Emperor. The servants remain for years and years, and are related to the domestics of all the other Bentincks scattered over Holland. Thus they seem to form one large family and live together on the happiest of terms.

During these first months when his world was all so upside down the exile remained indoors a good deal except when he was sawing wood, and one of his chief pleasures at this time was to watch the members of the family and the villagers skating on the moat round the house. He would often spend a whole afternoon at the windows of his sitting-room looking on. One of the frequenters was a most graceful skater, and he was particularly keen not to miss her appearance, and sometimes sent a message asking her to come to skate.

Mention of this reminds me of a bright, cold day in February 1919, when the sun shone on the skaters. The ex-Kaiser's doctor—a short, stout, good-tempered-looking man, with a dark moustache

and beard—came often to the Castle in the mornings in the early days, chiefly to see the ex-Kaiserin; and on this occasion he remarked laughingly to me, “Real Hohenzollern weather!” “That’s what we always say when it’s a fine day,” he added.

CHAPTER III

"But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in by saucy doubts and fears."—*Macbeth*.

To a man whose life had been extraordinarily varied and occupied even for one of his position; who had delighted in the rapid succession in audience of notable men in all spheres in all countries and in the pomp and circumstance of Courts and the glitter and excitement of naval and military displays; who in his constant travels had never missed an opportunity for a picturesque or dramatic pose—to him the daily round at Amerongen must have seemed extremely dull; though, no doubt, to millions bereaved and impoverished by the war his lot would appear enviable compared with theirs.

Wherever he went he left some striking memory of his meteoric career. In visiting Damascus in February 1914 I was personally struck by this idiosyncrasy, which on this occasion took the form of extolling Christianity.

We were visiting Saladin's tomb, on which reposed a huge bronze wreath of laurels which the Emperor had placed there. When he gave it there was a large cross in the wreath, but this had since been torn out by the Turks. A cross on Saladin's tomb certainly did seem incongruous, yet one could understand the feeling which lay

behind the action, impetuous and perhaps mistaken as it was.

One is very sensitive to adverse opinions on one's religious beliefs in the East, and I underwent this unpleasant experience when entering the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.¹ In the porch of this church—which belongs equally to all sects and denominations of Christians—there is a wide stone seat which is the perquisite of certain Turkish families.

Here, year in year out, sat or rather lounged young Turkish men who regarded the fervent stream of devout Christians excitedly approaching this extraordinary church with a sort of slightly veiled sarcastic commiseration, mingled with a haughty toleration. To the pilgrim on the threshold of Calvary this was not a pleasant sensation.

But even so—to the uninitiated and unversed onlooker—the presence of the Turk in Jerusalem seemed to be the only possible solution to an exceedingly difficult question. Remembering all these varied journeys of William II., his *Vita Nuova* behind a moat must have seemed indeed monotonous. Nevertheless, he did not follow any regular routine. He was, and is, too impulsive to have a settled plan for any day. As he had no affairs of State to deal with, and had, in fact, little else to do in the afternoons and evenings than to pass the time in the way most agreeable to him, he suited the occupation to the whim of the moment—so far as his confined conditions permitted. I say that to qualify my account, which follows, of an ordinary day at Amerongen.

¹ March 1914.

One habit has been invariable since he became an exile; he rises extremely early, a habit, I am told, which many sovereigns keep. But he does not, I think, go to bed as early as the late Emperor of Austria, who was in Salzburg once when we were there.

Our hotel was near the *Schloss* where he stayed, and one night on coming back in our *droschke* across the noisy cobblestones from a theatre our driver suddenly stopped and told us that he could take us no farther. "Der Kaiser schläft," he said, with a whimsical smile. This feeling for Franz-Joseph was common to the peasants of Austria, and some of the tributes of love they paid him were fantastic.

For instance pork, the most popular of meats in the Dual Empire, was always spoken of as Kaiser-Fleisch, and daily at midday when he was stopping at the Castle in Vienna crowds of people would turn into the courtyard on to which some of his private apartments looked, and would enthusiastically cheer the old man as he walked feebly to the windows and waved his hand to them in the most naïve and fatherly fashion.

But to return to William II. The ex-Kaiser's first attendant in the morning, his valet, is a tall, good-looking man of about forty, who has been with him for many years. He is the only one around the exile to-day who wears his moustache in the old turned-up way, which, no doubt, will go down in historical portraiture as an outstanding characteristic of the pre-war Emperor. He has large, melancholy brown eyes, and his smile, when he politely returns a greeting, is a little wistful

and sad. It was one of Montaigne's characters, I believe, who remarked that "no man is a hero to his valet," but I think that this valet must be the exception which proves the rule! Like the other personal attendants he is very solicitous for his master's comforts.

By eight o'clock the Emperor is generally out and takes a good walk. When he first arrived he used to go outside the Castle demesne, but this practice was soon discontinued, and so there only remained the walk between the moats and the garden, beyond which lies along the outside wall a distance of about 300 yards. He wore a blue serge suit and a Homburg hat, which sometimes had a black cock's-tail feather stuck in it. On cold days he wore a large cape made of "Loden," a dark green, closely woven stuff, very warm and waterproof, which is worn by all from Emperor to peasant throughout middle Europe.

For some time after his arrival his supply of civilian suits was, for all practical purposes, non-existent. This was understandable, for uniform days were over, and it was only these, naturally, that had come with him from Spa.

The people in the village have never borne him any ill-will or feeling of malice, and were quite glad to have him among them. He would often stop and talk to the men in the grounds and nod them a friendly "Good day."

Prayers for the household were at 8.45, and he was always back in time for them. They took place in the picture gallery, with the host's daughter, who is very artistic, at the organ. He often chose the hymns. Sometimes, afterwards,

he would laughingly reprove his host for the tattered state of the books. The little service was in Dutch, a language which he was soon able to speak fluently.

After breakfast, which was taken to his rooms, his correspondence had to be tackled. It was very heavy, and came from all parts of the world; some was abusive, but much also was sympathetic, for it must be remembered that he had a large party still attached to him in Germany. In these early days he had four gentlemen still with him, and their aid prevented him from being completely snowed under in the mornings. One of the four, who has since returned to Germany, was a very good musician, and whiled away many hours at the piano, lingering lovingly over Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt. He was composing an opera, and said that music was the real interest of his life and soldiering only a necessity.

The rest of the morning would be spent in cutting and sawing wood. We have often heard that this was his favourite pastime at Amerongen, but I did not realise with what zest he applied himself to it or the great amount of work he got through till I saw his handiwork myself. In the whole of his stay he cut down several thousands of trees, covering a closely set half-acre of ground. It is true that they were chiefly small Scotch firs, with trunks about six inches in diameter; but these were not only cut down but carefully sawn up in small pieces and as carefully stacked by himself.

When, during the last years of the War, coal was almost unobtainable in Holland, Count Godard

Bentinck, to be ready for emergencies, installed at the Castle china stoves specially made for burning wood. All the wood now used in these stoves is that sawn up by the exile. The supply for a year ahead is kept at the back of the stables, and last October ¹ I saw, ready for this winter, a solid mass of his blocks, occupying a space roughly about twelve feet in length and breadth and eight feet in height. The apertures of the stoves are narrow, and the wood has, in consequence, to be cut up in small, uniform pieces; so it will be seen that the exile had to be workmanlike.

In the grounds the Bentinck children had built a summer-house—one which did them infinite credit, for it was a most elaborate and comfortable little place. Here were books, tables, comfortable chairs, and a tiny cooking-stove, with all the requisites for a light meal. To this the wood-cutter would retire when he was tired, and port, cigarettes, and cigars would be brought to him. Maps would then be spread on the table, and here he would go over his battles again. With finger on map he would discuss with animation the scenes of victory or disaster of the last four years, and his many rapid journeys from front to front. On the opposite side of the path a lean-to had been erected for his convenience, with all the rest of the paraphernalia necessary to wood-cutting.

Here, in his serge suit, collarless, with his shirt slightly open at the neck, would the fallen monarch spend most of his time when not in the house—sawing, sawing, sawing!

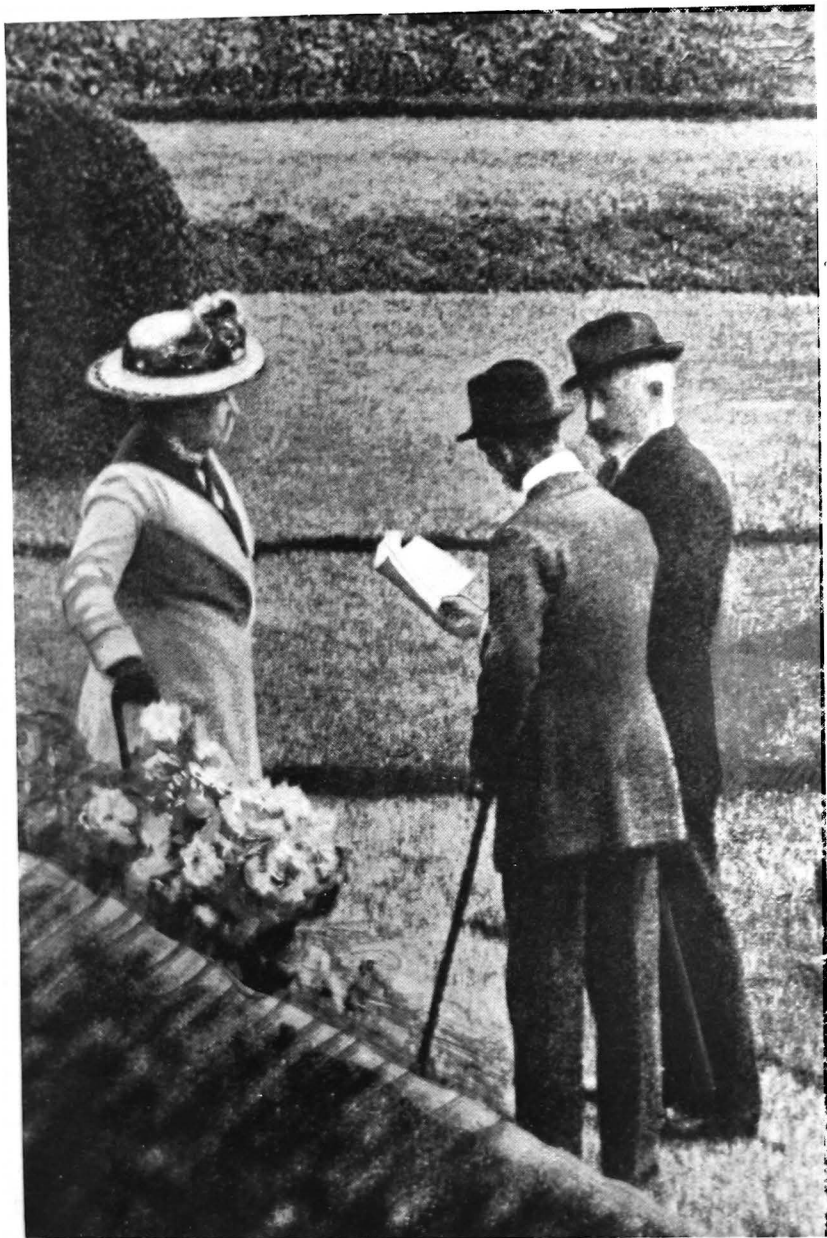
¹ 1920.

Sometimes one of his "suite" or a member of the family would be with him, but it was not unusual for him to spend many hours alone when thus occupied.

What a change for the War-Lord of a year ago!

It is here that he cuts the wood into narrow strips which he uses to give as mementoes to attendants and, indeed, to friends as well. When he arrived from Belgium he had—as is usual with Royal persons—a goodly store of jewellery for use as gifts. What I saw consisted chiefly of aquamarine pendants on platinum chains, and others with the Imperial cipher in tiny diamonds prettily set on pale blue enamel. But these, of course, had to be kept for special occasions; so the signed strips of wood were very useful when unimportant little gifts were needed. And these will—in the future—be interesting in their small way as typifying in concrete form the favourite employment of the fallen monarch.

At one o'clock came luncheon, sometimes in his own room, sometimes with the family. It was of an ordinary kind—an entrée consisting of eggs, risotto, etc., followed by game. Sometimes a salmon from the Rhine would be sent by friends of Count Godard Bentinck, and this was much appreciated, for sentimental as well as for culinary reasons. Dutch cooking is extremely good (though, on account of the quantity of cream and butter used, it is decidedly bad for the figure!), and, like all of us, the ex-Kaiser enjoys the efforts of a good *chef*. There are always two at Amerongen—a German and a Dutchman. Of wine he



(Photo. Central News.)

THE EX-KAISER IN EXILE

The ex-Kaiserin hands the Kaiser a cablegram in the grounds of Amerongen. General Dommes, the Adjutant to the Kaiser, is the other figure.

drank sparingly, chiefly white; but a good deal of champagne had come with him when he crossed the frontier.

Afternoons, when fine, were spent out of doors; but when it was wet or dull outside he would, with one of his attendants, walk round and round the gallery, for over an hour, solely with the idea of taking exercise.

On fine days he would go for long drives through the Amerongen woods, which are large and wild, and in which one can roam for hours without meeting another human being. From them, on particularly clear days, one can see nearly into Germany. Occasionally, but not very frequently, he would motor along the roads in the neighbourhood. His radius was a very restricted one. Seven miles in the direction of Doorn (his present home) was the outside limit of these excursions, and he was thus never near a large town, Utrecht being fourteen miles beyond Doorn, and Arnhem about fifteen miles from Amerongen in the other direction.

He has several big cars, all Mercédès, and he invariably travels at a high rate of speed—he is gone almost before one realises that he is there. A favourite car has a light-coloured wooden body, and looks as though it had been built for use on shooting expeditions. When I was there I noticed that his car moves off with great dash and gains speed very quickly. His chauffeur is now old in his service, and—like all his servants—is as respectfully ceremonious as in the old days when Jove's whisper made millions incline. The footman always hands him his military overcoat—

the only military thing he uses now—with a bow, and carefully buttons it for him from high under the chin downwards.

I saw him depart once from Amerongen after a visit, and was much struck by the scene. The car was in the background; servants were obsequiously bowing and keeping at a proper distance; Count Godard and several other gentlemen, among them one of his sons who was at the time staying at Doorn, were all hovering about him. Before he put on his coat he looked a mixture of King Edward VII. and Prince Henry of Prussia, but with the coat on he and the scene were transformed, and I could visualise him, as I had often seen him in pictures, surrounded by officers of the higher command, feet planted well apart, stern, eager face looking up, finger pointing forward.

One of the places to which he motored most frequently was Zuylestein, the home of Count Charles Bentinck, elder and only surviving brother of Count Godard, and situated near Leersum, a mile from Amerongen, in the direction of Doorn. The house, which dates from the twelfth century, is smaller than Amerongen, but very charming. A tower, surmounted by a curiously shaped, slate-covered ball, rears itself above the main building and leans quite noticeably to the west. It belonged in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to the family of the Nassau-Zuylestein. They married with the de Reede Ginkells, their neighbours at Amerongen, and they again entered into matrimonial bonds with the Bentincks, thus bringing the two properties (through women) to their present owner, Count Godard. At one time

the novelist Maarten Maartens, well known a decade ago to English readers, rented Zuylestein, and, I believe, portrayed some members of the Bentinck family in one of his books.

The ex-Kaiser doesn't shoot now, not because he may not, but because it is considered wiser that he should not indulge in this sport which was once such a favourite recreation of his. Neither does he ride, and so his pastimes are very limited.

The ex-Kaiserin was always fond of riding, but has been too ill ever since her arrival in Holland to do so, and she gave her favourite hack, which was sent to Amerongen from Germany, to Countess Elizabeth Bentinck last spring.¹

It is a chestnut about 16 hands up to 12 stone, with a mane and a long tail, and must be familiar to visitors to Berlin before the War.

Tea was a meal the Emperor thoroughly enjoyed, and scones and buns were always specially made for him by the Scottish housekeeper, who has been at Amerongen for about thirty years. Whenever he returns there now he likes to see her, and has always been most friendly to her—a fact she much appreciates, and she cannot say too much in his praise.

During the summer months the hours between tea and dinner would be filled by watching tennis, walking and chatting about the garden, or maybe again betaking himself to the sawing. In winter, reading, writing, or being read to, or talking with any guests who might be at Amerongen, if he thought they would be interesting, and, of course, sympathetic to him.

¹ 1920.

He doesn't play any games, nor does he care at all for cards. Apparently he never plays bridge, which would help to while away the too-long hours. Talking seems to be his most congenial pastime, and of this he never wearies. There was, however, one thing in which he was deeply interested, and this was the building of a Cottage Hospital.

When the house which he had bought at Doorn was ready for him to live in, and the time had definitely come for him to leave the sheltering roof of Amerongen, he felt he would like to leave a lasting memorial to the place in gratitude for the refuge it had given him at the bitterest moment of his downfall. Its building and equipment interested him very much, so that all during the spring and summer of 1920 he had this to occupy his free hours.

It is a very nice little place, standing in its own grounds (given by Count Godard Bentinck). The whole was of German make, and the erection was superintended by a German foreman. It was designed to accommodate twelve patients. There were a small isolation ward to hold four cases, two rooms each containing four beds, a sitting-room looking on to a verandah, a most modernly equipped operating theatre, a large sterilising drum, two bathrooms, a cleverly arranged kitchen, and a pantry fitted with every possible necessity.

Nothing was forgotten. The ex-Kaiser watched its rise stage by stage. He carefully inspected the equipment, even to the linen and to the china dinner and tea services, of which pieces were adorned with the letter "W." A German woman

belonging to a sisterhood of nurses was placed in charge. She, by the way, I was interested to learn in a short conversation I had with her, had nursed British soldiers during the War. She wore a black costume rather like a nun's, with a black bonnet from which peeped a demure little white frill.

The curious thing about this elaborate monument of the ex-Kaiser's gratitude is that the village people seem loth to use it! They are frightened of it! They think to go there means certain death; nobody would surely go to a hospital unless they were doomed! Everything is there: a competent staff, equipment to deal with every sort of ailment, and they are decidedly pleased and proud to possess it and most grateful to the Royal donor—but go to it as patients! No! One's case must be really desperate, they think, to surrender oneself into the hands of nurses and doctors!

Sometimes during the long summer evenings the village choir, which was superintended though not trained by Countess Elizabeth, would sing out of doors, and the sound of their voices would float pleasantly over the moats. In anything of this sort the exile took much pleasure and interest. And so the days would somehow be consumed.

Dinner was a meal he never missed, being very different in this respect from the ex-Kaiserin, whose state of health, which caused continual anxiety, detained her in her rooms. Very often there would be guests for dinner, chiefly relatives or near neighbours of the host, and sometimes the burgomasters (mayors) of Amerongen and Leersum

were asked. On these occasions there was never any excess of formality. People would rise as he entered the room, and he was always treated as "the Emperor"—a practice followed, of course, in the immediate entourage of dethroned monarchs.

He was most genial at the evening meal, when people he liked were present, and readily seized any excuse for a laugh. Puns on names were one of his little indulgences, and he soon became versed in all the household jokes (and the Dutch Bentincks are renowned for them, and keep them up from one generation to the next!). War and politics were not usually touched upon at these times, but he liked to hear any harmless social gossip about well-known people, and relished it all the more if these happened to be friends or acquaintances of his.

People who are shy, and whose shyness causes them to be *gauche*, irritate him, and sometimes, if the women either side of him at dinner are not very forthcoming, and leave it to him to start a conversation, thinking that this is what he would like, he might ignore them, and shoot a sudden question across the table to some one whose overheard conversation interests him.

But his *bonhomie* can be and often is very marked. Hermann, the butler at Amerongen, is quite a character, and possesses a humorous but most impassive countenance. If a question arises at dinner about a place or date or a person's name that none can answer, the ex-Kaiser will turn to him for a solution, "Well, Hermann, and what do *you* say?" Hermann's verdict, delivered with a perfectly stolid face, is always accepted as

final. (He happens to be an extremely well-read butler.)

In connection with the Emperor's likes and dislikes as to people's behaviour, his uncertain manner makes him a most difficult person to be sure of pleasing. I was told of a man in a well-known German regiment who, at receptions, always studiously kept out of the way, and never joined in the circle of admirers who gyrated round the Imperial magnet. This annoyed the Emperor, and he once remarked, "Why does Z—— always hide behind the curtains? He can't expect me to go and pull him out!" On the other hand, people who are too forward are apt to incur his displeasure also.

As I have said before, the ex-Emperor is never so happy as when he is talking. After dinner, when the rest had gone to bed (the ex-Empress, when she came down for this meal, always retired very early), Count Godard and his guest would sit till late into the night. It was then that the really animated discussions took place.

These were something new in his life. As Kaiser he had been fond of talking to leaders in the arts and sciences, in politics and the services, and in industries. But these conversations in the days when he was continually interrupted by affairs had been chiefly in snatches, and could hardly be described as sustained and intimate. Now he was alone with his host, free to talk for hours without having to weigh his words—as in the days when his utterances were important, and were, moreover, at the mercy of newspaper reporters, who could twist them to mean what they liked. And here

he was able to be simpler ; there was no necessity of maintaining an Olympian pose. One can imagine the two men sitting together thus, when the house was quiet with sleep. The most-discussed figure in contemporary history—a prisoner ! The eagle who never ceased to beat through the world with untiring wings—a prisoner ! To a man who never rested, this life, to say the least, must have been a fantastic *bouleversement*.

His memory appears to be prodigious, and my uncle told me, when I saw him in March 1919, that during those first four months the Emperor had never repeated himself in conversation, and always had something interesting and knowledgeable to say on whatever subject was mentioned. He seemed to know something about everything, and the young Bentincks were much impressed by his versatility, especially when he discussed their collections with them, and gave them helpful advice, the subjects being coins and stamps.

He was, and is, always ready to stay up to any hour of the night once the talk is well launched. He smokes endlessly on these occasions, but he doesn't seem to mind what he smokes, and will take anything he is offered or finds lying about. He takes up a cigar or cigarette, lights it, takes a few puffs, throws it away, and immediately takes up another. He will go on like this quite unconsciously ; and if he gets on to a favourite topic he will discuss it for hours and hours. He hardly ever sits when talking, but moves about restlessly, gesticulating freely.

The relief of being able to speak quite openly must have been great, and perhaps, for the first

time since his accession, he was able to show what sort of a man he really was, and he could cease having to act up to what he wished the world to think he was. Many subjects were, of course, touched upon, and in the next chapters I will try to give a slight indication of his views on well-known men and things.

CHAPTER IV

"But War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

The Task, COWPER.

I ASKED Count Godard Bentinck whether the Emperor really thought that the British Army was "a contemptible little army," adding that it was surely flying in the face of Providence to make such an assertion when one remembered its past glorious achievements!

His answer was that the Emperor meant, compared to continental armies it was small, and that as to the word "contemptible," people do not always mean what they say nor weigh their words when speaking in moments of intense pressure and excitement.

This much-repeated phrase of the ex-Kaiser's has become a maddening kind of boomerang which keeps whizzing round in the air and continually returning to strike its thrower. During the War, however, he learnt that it was by no means contemptible.

Indeed, he very definitely admires the British Tommies. He has said so again and again. "Their bull-doggedness, the marvellous way they kept coming up," are given as perhaps their most outstanding characteristic.

"The English soldiers were magnificent," said

Captain von Ilsemann, his aide-de-camp, repeating to me the substance of the ex-Kaiser's continual references to our soldiers. "How we admired them; and how—let me say so in all truthfulness—how we *liked* them!"

Admiration from a professional point of view is one thing, but "liking" is another, and, as I suppose I looked a little incredulous, he went on to explain. Some of the reasons for the liking are curious. "Your soldiers looked so fit and smart and well-turned-out compared to other armies," he said, "and the men were so well shaved! How we looked forward to getting into British trenches—we knew they would be clean, and that we should at least find plenty of soap and shaving apparatus! We appreciated these, for towards the end we had no more ourselves."

Any number of rosaries, too, were found. "That was too funny!" he thought, and he could not account for it. I suggested that these would only be found in any number in trenches which had been occupied by Irish troops. But I have been told that English soldiers, no matter their creed, bought quantities of rosaries, which they wore round their necks by way of adornment, so this fact might account for the ones found in the trenches in such great numbers as to cause comment.

I asked once whether any particular regiments had made a special impression on their minds, and, although the whole Army was praised as being the most gallant foe any soldier could wish for, the achievements of the Guards were commented upon as showing what finely disciplined and extra highly trained troops were capable of.

It was thought that had the whole Army been trained to the pitch of these troops the War would have been over in half the time, but this, of course, it was agreed would have been impossible. It is difficult enough to make ten men act identically and simultaneously! What a *tour de force* to make a thousand men do so!

The Kaiser (as he then was) made a practice during the War of sending for men who had had a share in notable deeds but had been captured. After the affair at Zeebrugge, he visited the place and informed one of the British prisoners who had taken a leading part in the attack that it was "a brilliant exploit, one of the most brilliant of the War! What made you do it?" he asked. "Just for a joke!" responded the other. "How English!" was the amused rejoinder.

A thing that struck me in all these talks (and I would like to say here that Captain von Ilsemann spoke to me only of the most discussed topics of the day, and naturally from the German point of view) was the reiteration of the opinion that the British soldier was "always a gentleman."

This is pleasant to be told, and shows that as a nation we have improved in the last hundred years, that is, if any credence can be placed in the following account, which is an extract taken from a letter written by Countess Bentinck, *née* Countess Aldenburg, to her grandchild, Sophie Bentinck, who married Admiral Sir James Hawkins-Whitshed:

"November 25, 1794.

"You are making the noblest and most praiseworthy efforts in God's great cause" (here again



WILLIAM II
Before the Great War.



WILLIAM II
During the Great War, 1914-1918.



(Photo. "Daily Mail.")
WILLIAM II
After the Abdication.

we see the tendency shared by Philip II. of Spain and William II. of Germany to draw the name of the Deity into the squabbles of men) "and that of the Sovereigns, the laws, order, and public security, but all these virtuous efforts are useless and even harmful by reasons of the false measures adopted.

"You pay too little attention in choosing the *instruments* you employ, and also there is a frightful want of discipline in your armies.

"Instead of conquering your enemies and protecting your allies, your soldiers give themselves up to such atrocious violence and such murderous behaviour that your troops, who should guard the possessions of your allies, are, on the contrary, the worst of destroyers and assassins. They have rendered you objects of horror. . . . The English troops completely pillaged the Château of Battenburg, belonging to Count de Bentheim Steinfort; they did not leave one wooden skittle, and what they couldn't carry away they smashed to pieces and threw out of the windows. They committed the same horrors at the town of Bhüren, belonging to the Prince Stadholder. . . . Everywhere it seems they have been guilty of the same excesses, so that all the provinces refused to receive them. . . . But at Nymegen they surpassed in violence everything that history can relate of the most inhuman hordes of barbarians that have ever disgraced mankind.

"Before they gave up that unhappy city it was they themselves, with fire and sword, who mercilessly pillaged it, massacring all who opposed them, and not content with fighting the Dutch" (their allies!), "who came to help their countrymen, they took them prisoners and drowned them, destroying the bridge by which they themselves should have retired. The Scotch Regiment and that of Bentinck were the innocent victims! . . .

Shall I tell you without choosing my words what public opinion thinks of a wise and prudent nation which Europe once looked upon as her liberator? They say that a fatal custom has unhappily taken firm hold in England and ruined all your actions: that all your measures and counsels are arrived at by brains overheated by porter and wine, that this fatal habit prevails in your councils, in your armies, that it has become the fashion to drink; that members of the Government vie with each other as to who can drown and disorganise his intelligence the most—his intelligence, that grandest privilege of man, which alone differentiates him from the animals!

“One groans to see the sublimest nation in Europe grovel through this detestable habit, and enslave its glory, its power, its great talents under barrels and bottles! . . .

“*Adieu, ma chère enfant.* I am ill and unhappy about you all, and I love you as much as I detest Port and Burgundy and all those instruments of hell destined to corrupt and deteriorate the most estimable and honest mortals in the world.”¹

The verdict of our twentieth-century enemies that “the English fought like gentlemen” and

¹ Extract from the *Memoirs of Charlotte Sophie, Countess Bentinck*, by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond.

Charlotte Sophie, reigning Countess of Aldenburg—which Grand-Duchy lies between Hanover and Bremen on the coast of the North Sea—was one of the best-known women of her day (1715–1800). She was on terms of friendship with Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Catherine the Great, and the Queen of Sweden, with whom she kept up a constant correspondence, and she was related to a large number of the Royal houses of Middle Europe.

Her two Bentinck granddaughters married Englishmen, respectively Sir Robert Shore Milnes, Bart., and Sir James Hawkins-Whitshed, Bart. It was to the eldest of her two grand-daughters that the letters I quote were written.

“their *morale* was wonderful” is satisfactory, and proves that the efforts of our nation builders since those wassailing days have not been wasted.

Talk of the War in all its aspects was never-ending during the ex-Kaiser’s stay at Amerongen, and so it is now at Doorn, and in his visits to his old host. And when, as often happens, the sudden and dramatic end of the War is discussed, it is always to the British propaganda, with its deadly effect on the spirit of resistance of the German people, that he attributes his downfall.

“Ach, diese propaganda von Northcliffe! *Es war ko-loss-al!*” (“Oh, that propaganda of Northcliffe! It was colossal!”) And after repeating these words to me, his aide-de-camp, tapping his brow with his finger-points and screwing up his eyes, ejaculated, “Wass für ein Mensch!” (“What a man!”) “If we had had a Northcliffe we could have won the War,” he added.

I heard this said often. And I learned, while I was at Amerongen, that this, so far as the ex-Kaiser was concerned, was not a willing tribute, but one wrung from him. He regards Lord Northcliffe with intense bitterness, looks on him as his worst and most deadly enemy; he cannot speak of the propaganda without this personal animosity clearly showing itself.

Captain von Ilseman told me that the power wielded by Lord Northcliffe was a constant source of wonderment to the exile. “It is incredible! What Lord Northcliffe thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow,” he says. And he is puzzled to know why.

The Secrets of Crewe House was sent for when

I was there, so maybe he is now conversant with its contents. Practically every important English book on the War finds its way to Amerongen, and although the ex-Emperor seldom reads them himself, he soon hears from his friends what the gist of them is, and he is always kept cognisant of the English point of view. The *Times* is taken daily at Amerongen, and sometimes leading articles and criticisms of important people and books are shown to him. Extracts from others of our newspapers and periodicals also occasionally find their way to him.

Possibly the editors and writers would sometimes be surprised at the interpretation put on their articles at Doorn; for certain schools of continental thought have always believed that British policy is subtly Machiavellian. That Albion is *perfidie* (France's pithy epigram on the British political character) is firmly held to be true in the minds of the Emperor and his minions. A book in which he was much interested was *The Letters of Major Henry Bentinck*, third son of Count Godard's eldest brother, and my brother-in-law.

These letters contain more a soldier's philosophical and religious views than an account of his doings, but they also say some hard things of the Germans. He looked through the book and admired its arrangement, but did not read it.

Three much-discussed books were Mr. J. M. Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, which was thought to give an extremely fair view of the situation; Mr. Harold Begbie's *Lord Haldane*, which was read with great interest; and von Bethmann Hollweg's exposition of his policy



MAJOR HENRY BENTINCK

Coldstream Guards. Born 1881—Died of Wounds in France 1916. (My husband's brother). 3rd son of Lieut.-Colonel Count Bentinck (6th Count). His letters have been published under the title of "Letters of Major Henry Bentinck."

before and after the "scrap of paper" and "hacking through" Belgium avowals. They were surprised that the latter had not been published in English, in view of the notoriety of the author in our country; but a translation has since appeared (October 1920).

One thing the ex-Kaiser cannot understand is the falling of Lord Haldane into disfavour with the British. He considers Lord Haldane the greatest War Minister we have had.

His point of view, as his aide-de-camp explained to me, was that Britain must have a strong navy, just as Germany must have a strong army. In addition, in Germany von Tirpitz wanted a strong navy, and the German people supported him, although they groaned under the taxation; Lord Haldane was a supporter of national military service, but the British would not countenance any scheme involving conscription. So, according to the ex-Kaiser, the only thing Lord Haldane could do was to have relays of highly trained short-service troops, who could be called up at any moment after disbandment, and to get raw material through the Territorials, and train them so that they could quickly be turned into soldiers. That was a brilliant plan.

"Furchtbar klug!" ("Frightfully clever!"), commented the adjutant. "You say Britain was not prepared for war. She had never been so prepared. She was as prepared as the people would allow themselves to be."

Incidentally I told him I had been present in the House of Lords on the occasion of Lord

Roberts' great speech there in favour of national military service, and he was interested to learn how uncordially it had been received.

I mentioned just now that one of the chief things which struck me in our conversation was the genuine admiration felt for the British soldier; I was also struck by another point—their equally genuine dislike of British politicians.

“We don't dislike the English, but we hate your politicians.” It seemed to me that in the exile's entourage they do not consider those responsible for guiding British policy so stupid as the British themselves are inclined to think!

And this view seems to be held also by the French, judging by a statement made in the Paris Senate on 21st March 1921 by M. Lucien Hubert, reporter of the Senate's Foreign Affairs Committee.

“Great Britain,” he said, “showed her skill in winning friends everywhere, having allies in every political party and group abroad, making use of everything British, without exception of party or doctrine, supporting her friends till their final triumph, rescuing them when in danger, and protecting them in time of stress. That,” he said, “was the basis of British propaganda, and she had eyes and ears and hands everywhere.”

President Wilson, the ex-Kaiser thinks, gave the final tip-over to his tottering throne—a view not without its piquancy when we remember that the President (to quote Mr. Keynes) “was made in Paris to appear to be taking the part of the Germans, and laid himself open to the suggestion

—to which he was very sensitive—of being ‘pro-German.’”

How the President’s influence told is set forth in this fashion. The President had announced that he would never make peace with a Hohenzollern; and thus it would have been excessively difficult for the Kaiser to make a stand for his dynasty in Germany itself without bringing added disasters to the country, with the Allied armies already nearing its frontiers.

The people were starving, the *morale* of the army had gone, and Germany was well-nigh mad with hunger and unrest caused by Bolshevik *agent provocateur*, German Socialists, and Northcliffe propaganda. All they wanted was food, and nothing but peace could bring them that.

In the ordinary course of events the Emperor need not necessarily have abdicated because he had lost the War, but he was forced to this action by Wilson’s ultimatum.

What puzzled the ex-Kaiser for long was that the German people, who had been so obedient to his will, so dazzled by his might and so fulsome in adulation for thirty years, should have so lightly let him go in November 1918; and, moreover, that they should have abandoned him, “the All Highest,” for persons whose position was not such as to gain them much public esteem in official-worshipping Germany—persons destitute alike of social prestige and experience in the complicated art of governing.

That, indeed, puzzles him still; but he has some explanations ready, now that he has

had leisure to reflect on the events of that November. The ease with which the change was made was, in his opinion, due to a misrepresentation of the motives which caused him to flee to Holland.

The German people, he thinks, were led to believe that by his flight he had deserted them in their hour of greatest need, and, as a result, anger against him became as bitter as trust before had been complete. Perhaps they would not have accepted this view, and certainly would not have submitted to their new leaders, had they not been badly shaken by our propoganda and by privations at home and bewildered by the disasters in the field; and, above all, if the Allied resolve to make "no peace with a Hohenzollern" had not been dinned into their ears.

A contributory factor is believed to have been the work of the German Socialists. They had for more than two years sought to break the fighting spirit of the army and of the youths whose turn was coming to fill the ranks. Mothers and wives (this is the official version) had been paid a weekly sum as bribe to write distressed and distressing letters to relatives at the Front, with a view to weakening their *morale* as much as possible.

The imputation that his flight was due to concern for his own bodily safety without regard to the people's interest still rankles in the ex-Kaiser's mind. What else was there for him to do but withdraw? he asks; and then he goes over again the story of the first days of the Revolution.

He proposed to go to Berlin. "Give me some troops," he said to Hindenburg. "There are no troops that will follow Your Majesty there," replied the veteran. "What! None?" "None, Your Majesty!" He then thought he would reach Berlin somehow, anyhow, to be at the heart of the trouble. Inquiries were made to the capital. He was told by telegraph that he must not come; that the streets were running with blood. His entourage urged him not to go, as that would only add to the country's plight without any advantage to him. Then Prince Max of Baden's hasty announcement of an abdication proved decisive.

It has been pointed out that Hindenburg on his return to Berlin got a magnificent reception; but that was after he had taken the armies back, and—Hindenburg was not the Kaiser; his presence did not affect the political situation. Suicide as an alternative to flight was freely spoken of in England, people perhaps remembering how often the Kaiser's ancestor, Frederick the Great, had contemplated this escape from the evils that followed his too frequent wars. But there were plenty of precedents for the flight of monarchs and their temporary or permanent residence outside their country during revolutions; and the ease with which Holland could be reached must have been tempting.

I heard the theory discussed that it would have been to the advantage of the dynasty, or, at any rate, of the monarchical idea, not to sign the Armistice conditions offered. It is considered that had Baron von Lersner, representing the old

school, and not Herr Erzberger, representing the transitional, been in charge on the German side during the negotiations the history of the next few months would have been written differently.

A refusal to sign and a continued retreat before the Allied armies would not necessarily, according to this view, have involved much additional slaughter; the German Army, we were told, had not then sufficient fit divisions to do much fighting. On the other hand, the late Lord Fisher in his *Memoirs* relates that General Plumer had told him that he was personally convinced of the efficiency of the German Army at the moment of the Armistice. We also read in the same book a statement of Mr. Lloyd George's in the Guildhall, 9th November 1918, that one of our foremost Ministers had said on the previous Sunday that "the Allied Powers were on their last legs."

All this evidence is very conflicting, and perhaps we are still too near to the subject to get the true perspective. Had the Armistice not been signed when it was, Allied troops would have presumably marched to Berlin notwithstanding the above statements, for Mr. H. C. O'Neil in his *History of the War* tells us the French had many fresh divisions ready to move if the Armistice terms were not accepted.

Again we read in *Could We Have Avoided or Won the War?* by Colonel Bauer (Ludendorff's political adviser), that "the second Battle of the Marne was the first great disaster and the real turning-point of the War." Even in July he said that the army was worn out, yet Von

Kühlman, whose opinion is to be trusted, was displaced by the military clique for saying that "the War was not to be ended by purely military decisions."¹

The Monarchist idea seemed to be, that had the Allies gone to Berlin much bloodshed would have been avoided, and their occupation would have led to the establishment of order by the bringing of food and relief. The feeling in those circles seems to be that undue pressure was brought to bear upon Herr Erzberger, who, in their opinion, should not have signed the Armistice so hastily.

The dominating idea was that the old hereditary ruling faction knew what would eventually be for the good of the people better than the men who, by a sudden extraordinary turn of fortune, found themselves masters of an immense power which they were not trained to handle.

I noticed that Monarchists, while brooding over such ideas, were more angry with their fellow-Germans for abandoning the Kaiser than with the Allies for seeking his overthrow; the latter was an understandable course in enemies, the former an unforgivable crime! And the more the ex-Kaiser reflects on the circumstances of his fall, the more does it appear to him that "the unkindest cut of all" came from his former subjects rather than from his enemies. For his opinion is that he strove to do, and in fact did, great things for his country in all departments of world-trade and politics; that his country's benefit was always placed first. Even for the War, inglorious though

¹ H. C. O'Neil, *History of the War*.

its ending was for him, he thinks he can make a case before Germans.

And, after all, for whom and what was he displaced? As he walks about the grounds in Doorn, the question leaves him "marvelling greatly."

CHAPTER V

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"An armed peace keeps the peace."—BISMARCK.

THE rapid strides taken by Socialists and Social Democrats in governing Europe is a continual source of comment by the ex-Kaiser. As a rule he is reserved in his remarks on British public men, but one thing about them which strikes him is that they are still so largely drawn from the old ruling classes. Lord Curzon, the Cecils, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Churchill, are, he thinks, of a type almost unique in the Governments of post-war Europe. The circumstance is commented on when, as often enough happens, the relative advantages of absolute and limited monarchies are considered. Mr. Lloyd George is considered more of the type that comes to the front in France.

Mr. Churchill is admired for the part he played in the Gallipoli adventure, and also because he is believed to be largely responsible for the introduction of the Tanks—the Tanks which were so typical of England! Heavy and slow, but how relentless when once set in motion!

Gallipoli, in fact, is more talked of than any other war exploit on the British side. The conception was "marvellous." If it had succeeded

how brilliant would have been the results! "Do you know how nearly you were through?" Captain von Ilseemann asked me. "You were through once, in fact, if you had had enough reserves to push on."

But the most wonderful thing in the eyes of the ex-Kaiser was the landing and holding-on by our soldiers. To be able to get men to do a thing like that was astonishing. He thought it would be a most difficult thing to get troops anywhere in the world to attempt what they achieved.

But when one saw the superb specimens of manhood which Australia sent over, one could well believe that there was nothing such troops would tremble at, and the names of these splendid bush-raised boys will be for ever remembered in wonder and gratitude by England.

During the War, Australia's naval expenditure amounted to more than £37,000,000. It is almost incredible that a nation consisting of 5,000,000 of people should have borne manfully such a crushing burden, and this wonderful feat will ever stand out gloriously in their annals. In his speech on Anzac Day, April 1921, Mr. Churchill referred to the Australian troops thus:

"That event (the coming of the Australians and New Zealanders) was unprecedented in all history. Never before had an army of that kind been drawn across such tremendous distances by the compulsion purely of ideas and sentiments. Even as a purely military operation the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula would always rank as an achievement of the first order."

I have travelled in all our Colonies, and the

thing which struck me and touched me the most was that whenever they used the word "Home" they always meant England—even those who had been born in the Dominions.

Mr. Churchill came in for a great deal of attention on account of his speech in the House of Commons last July, and his subsequent article in the London *Evening News* (28th July 1920) on the menace of the Bolshevist armies and the part Germany might play in meeting it. "A Poland broken," he wrote, "would mean a Germany confronted with an awful, a wonderful choice. . . . It would be open to the German people either to sink their own social structure in the Bolshevist welter, or by a supreme effort of firmness, self-restraint, and courage to build a dyke of lawful, patient strength against the flood of Red Barbarism flowing from the East."

There was general agreement with that view. "But," pointed out Captain von Ilseman, "one moment you want us to be a bulwark—a dyke of lawful, patient strength—and the next we are only allowed 200,000 men, not even enough to police our frontiers, far less to control the arming of Bolshevists or Spartakists in Germany."

Perhaps it is not strange that talk should seldom turn on the war on the sea; the ex-Kaiser's natural place was in the field, not on the wave. What repercussions on Doorn recent discussions here of the Battle of Jutland have had I do not know, though I am sure the controversy is being closely followed; but I heard no allusions to naval matters while I was at Amerongen excepting the following:

A German naval officer told me about the struggle at Kiel just before the end. No amount of organisation, he said, could have kept the warship crews in hand. They were practically never out of port, and discipline gradually broke down; it was a wonder to him that the men "stuck it" as long as they did. As it was the work of our Navy that kept the men shut up in port, and as it was by the Kiel mutiny (and the British propaganda) that the Revolution was set going, this testimony may help as a juster idea of the share of the Navy in the closing stages of the War.

He told me that in order to escape from Kiel with his life he had to discard his uniform, but before doing this "it was necessary I had some others to put on, you see," and he had a prolonged search to find a disreputable enough suit of clothes to render him immune from sudden attacks of an exceedingly unpleasant nature.

On the other hand, I was told that the sailors met in the train after leaving Kiel were the gentlest of men, and willingly handed their food to an English lady (my informant) who happened to be travelling with a great many of them on the night of the Revolution.

Air fighting is another neglected theme. I never heard of any talk about the raids on London, excepting when the ex-Kaiser's aide-de-camp asked me about my experiences. I told him of an hotel dinner at Claridge's during the week in September 1917, when there were four raids on the town, and of how uncaring and fatalistic every one seemed to be; of the exceeding gaiety of the guests; and of the fact that whenever the shelling became hideously loud the band played louder still.

“But how could you?” he asked.

I told him that from what I had seen—that was in the West End—people didn't really seem to mind much, and became quite accustomed to the raids; and that we had stood at the hotel door to watch the shrapnel running down the street as though blown by a giant wind.

“But how could you?” he repeated. “It must have been terrible, terrible!” And altogether he was much struck to hear how little, on the whole, people had been affected.

This had been a form of warfare which he had not experienced, and he was interested to hear of the coming of the Zeppelins over my old home Exton, in Rutland; of how the first intimation of their proximity was a muffled, rhythmical booming which was heard down the chimneys, followed by the fluttering and crowing of the pheasants. I told him of one occasion when many bombs were dropped within a few miles of the place into a field in which turnips had been stacked in conical heaps. There had been a heavy fall of snow the day before, and these were thickly covered and perhaps looked like the tops of tents. Anyhow, no other reason could be imagined for the dropping of a considerable number of bombs in this very isolated spot. On this occasion the house rocked, and several panes of glass were broken. The noise was both terrifying and terrific.

I spoke of the *Daily Mail* map, showing the places hit in the raids on London; these included the Royal Mint, St. Pancras Station, Victoria Embankment, Ministry of Munitions, North-

Western Railway, War Office, Scotland Yard, and the Admiralty, but he had not seen it.

During his exile the ex-Kaiser has meditated much on the relative advantages of autocracy and constitutional monarchy. His conclusion is, I gathered, that a limited monarchy is the form of government best suited in our days—a fairly obvious one for him after his experiences.

In his book, Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister in Berlin, says: "In his youth the Emperor William did not always adhere strictly to the laws of Constitution; he subsequently cured himself of this failing, and never acted independently of his councillors. At the time when I had official dealings with him he might have served as a model for Constitutional conduct."

It seems there has always been a difference of opinion between the Prussian kings and their people as to the best mode of governing, and Frederick William IV. (1795–1861) greatly disliked the Prussian Bureaucratic Government and wanted to turn it into a Constitutional Monarchy.

During the Revolution in 1848 he appeared as a Nationalist. He was succeeded by his brother, William I., first German Emperor and most beloved of Prussian rulers. William II. has said that he, too, thinks a Constitutional Monarchy to be the best, though the public might find this hard to believe remembering his summary dismissal of Prince Bismarck.

"What made you send him away?" Count Godard Bentinck once asked the ex-Emperor, when the Iron Chancellor's name cropped up in

conversation during one of their long evening talks at Amerongen.

“Let nobody think I did not admire Bismarck,” he replied. “I think he was one of the most remarkable men of the age. But I was very young, and I saw that Bismarck would be the uncrowned Emperor. *I could not tolerate that.* He or I had to go.”

As the years went on he learned to accept much that was “intolerable” to him earlier.

He holds that it was largely the bureaucrats of Europe who brought on the War, and I shall refer to this later in regard to a little incident relating to Sukhomlinoff.¹

Naturally the then autocrat of the United States figured largely in the discussions with his host, to which the sittings of the Peace Conference gave rise. “Oh, Wilson!”² he exclaimed to Count Godard. “He is a greater autocrat than I or the Czar of Russia ever was. He has got more power than either of us had. I call him Kaiser Wilson.”

But his views on the limitations of that personal power were much the same as those current among diplomatists at that time. “You can see he does not understand the Old Europe. It will break him.”

Similarly he shared the common doubts of the possibility of establishing a real League of Nations. Only if men were ideal beings could the scheme succeed; as mankind is constituted at present, it was an impracticable proposal. But although he laughs at Wilson for his ambitious autocratic

¹ Russian War Minister, 1914.

² President of the United States during the Great War.

ideas, it was always rather repugnant to him to suffer any infringement of his absolute control in State affairs; and I doubt if the idea is any less repugnant to him now, clearly though he sees an even greater limitation was necessary. To get a true mental picture of the man's environment—and environment is nearly everything—one must remember that the idea of the "Divine Right of Kings" (the origins for which belief are so ably put forth by Sir George Frazer in his remarkable book *The History of the Divinity of Kingship*) was no empty phrase to him, but a deep reality confirmed by the traditions of his House, his dazzling position in the eyes of the world, and his firm conviction that he was in some sort of mysterious way the "vice-regent" of Christ on earth.

His belief was a natural outcome of the "Holy Roman Empire" idea of Pope and Emperor ruling Europe between them, one representing the Deity in spiritual things and the other in material affairs. No doubt he was attracted by the notion of reviving the "Empire" in some modernised form. It will not be forgotten that he visited Leo XIII. in Rome, and that this event was followed by a distinct *rapprochement* between the Vatican and Germany, Protestant Power though the latter was.

It may or may not be significant in this connection to remember that on his retirement in 1909 Bülow (a Prince of Prussia since 1905), and "My Bernard," as his Royal master affectionately called him, went to live in Rome with his Italian wife, Princess Marie Camporeale, since when only the grave has excelled him in silence. It will be remembered that he rejected Mr. Chamberlain's

overtures for an Anglo-German-American Alliance, and that he never took much trouble to relax the Anglo-German tension, for so long a bogey in Europe.

Now, when the ex-Kaiser considers the rôle of a ruler in the light of his experiences, it is the disadvantages of autocracy that are most apparent to him. "The world says I am mad," he said some time after his abdication, "but if it knew what tremendous difficulties I have had to contend with it would perhaps be surprised that I am at all sane."

With sixty millions of Germans putting photographs of "Unser Kaiser" in their front parlours, and with flatterers fawning at his feet—"he, I think," says Count Czernin, "was the only monarch in Europe whose hand it was customary to kiss; not even the Hapsburgs suffered their entourage to do this"; and to what really nauseating flattery he was subjected may be learned from Dr. Bodam Kriegan's *Der Kaiser im Felde*—with such stimulants to the belief that he was a demi-god it is not surprising that he found "tremendous difficulties" when confronted with the hard facts of the outer world that are so different from courtiers' fanciful pictures.

Another monarch who firmly believed in the "Divine Right" was Philip II. of Spain, whose conception of his place in the Universe is illustrated by the fact that he required all important documents submitted to him to begin "God and Your Majesty." His laboriousness, his unconquerable patience, and his great mental calmness, all seem to have been an imitation of Providence, of whom he considered himself the junior partner.

Indeed, some of William II.'s utterances during the War might easily have been based on Philip II.'s speeches to his troops in the Netherlands.

Early in 1919, when the exile's character and doings were being widely discussed, I asked Count Godard Bentinck whether it was really the fact that the ex-Kaiser had the opinion of himself that his reported constant allusions to the Deity and himself seemed to show. I said I could not believe this, and that it must be the newspapers' way of making him ridiculous in the eyes of the world. But I was told, "No; he has always been brought up like that, you see, and it is not to be wondered at that he has these feelings very deeply planted in him."

The following letter, written to Bethmann-Hollweg on 31st October 1916, and purporting to be from the Emperor, gives an idea of his mind:

"MY DEAR BETHMANN,—I have long been turning our conversation over in my mind. It is clear that the peoples of the enemy countries, kept in a morbid war atmosphere and labouring under lies and frauds, deluded also by fighting and hatred, possess no men who are able, or who have the moral courage to speak the word which will bring relief—to propose peace.

"What is wanted is a moral deed, to free the world, including neutrals, from the pressure which weighs upon all. For such a deed it is necessary to find a ruler who has a conscience, who feels that he is responsible to God, who has a heart for his own people and for those of his enemies, who, indifferent as to any possible wilful interpretation of his actions, possesses the will to free the world from its sufferings.

"I have the courage. Trusting in God I shall dare to take this step. Please draft notes on these lines, and submit them to me and make all the necessary arrangements without delay.

"(Signed) WILLIAM I.R."

This letter, although written in October, was not published in Germany till 14th January 1917, because the German Socialists were at that time claiming to have been the prime movers in producing the Peace Note.

At Amerongen all talk sooner or later turned to the War. And the ex-Kaiser steadily maintains that he did all he could to prevent it. "God knows I am innocent of what my enemies charge me with, and that to me is the only thing that matters," he says. "My conscience is clear before God, and what other people think can't be helped."

It is true that there was much that was contradictory in the arguments I heard repeated, some of them on the familiar lines that the mere march of events would inevitably have brought the rivalry of Britain and Germany to a head in an armed clash later, if not in 1914.

Often he spoke of what an impossible position his was just before the War broke out and again just before the Armistice.

"I never knew whom to believe," he said. "People would tell me so-and-so was the case, and yet I could never be sure that I was being told the truth."

No wonder he contrasts with some envy the strong foundations and established functions of limited monarchy with the deceptive illusions and uncertainties of autocracy!

An experience of my own, however, throws some light on the ex-Kaiser's claim. I was on my way back from Bayreuth to England on 1st August 1914. As our long, overladen train dragged itself slowly through the peaceful country, where the ripe corn was lazily waving in the late afternoon sunshine, I stood for a long time at the window of the corridor, long enough to see the light go. Then from the shadows outside I heard low, muffled words. They seemed to me to be thrown at the slow-moving train in a curious Sphinx-like, fatalistic way. "Mobil ist's . . . Mobil ist's . . . Mobil ist's . . ." Then I saw it was from the *Landsturm* posted at intervals along the line that the catastrophic words came. The British mind at once jumped to the conclusion, "So this is then 'Der Tag.'" (At Amerongen, by the way, they would have none of "Der Tag" idea. They said it was a tiny and very unimportant matter which the English Press had magnified.)

For the remainder of that journey through Germany I talked with many Germans. They left me under the impression that they looked upon the Emperor as being against war. I remember distinctly one constantly repeated saying, "The Kaiser is the Peace-Kaiser. He doesn't want war. But the Crown Prince wants war." And I remember, too, that in the German newspapers which we read feverishly that day it was pointed out that in Berlin the Kaiser was coolly received, but that the Crown Prince, on the other hand, was vociferously cheered because it was believed he sympathised with the war party, which undoubtedly existed in Germany.

People in England have often been puzzled as to why Germany went to war. She was winning the commerce of the world and the power which that carries—then how extraordinarily stupid of her to plunge into the risks of war! I pointed out this view to Captain von Ilsemann, the ex-Kaiser's aide-de-camp, with the added comment that the British certainly did not seek a fight.

"But would Britain have sat down quietly for another ten years and watched us absorbing the commerce of the world?" he replied. "Surely not, as it would mean ruin for her. It was natural she should wish to stop our development. War was the only way to do it. So——!"

"I congratulate you," he continued. "Britain has achieved most fully and gloriously what she went out to achieve. She has put Germany back for twenty years. . . . It remains for her to keep what she has wrested from us."

I saw some similarity in this to the views of a German general at a dinner-party in Dresden in November 1911, and I related my conversation with him to Captain von Ilsemann. The general, elderly, fat, and with long, overhanging eyebrows, was sitting next to me, and immediately after we had finished soup he turned to me and asked in perfect English, "And do *you* believe we are going to war with England?" Feeling that it did not in the least matter what I thought, I nevertheless responded, "Yes, I do think so."—"Why? Do you believe this fellow Blatchford? Do you believe the *Daily Mail*? No important people in England believe it, do they?" I answered that the *Daily Mail*, I thought, had a

great deal of power.—“But do you believe we want to go to war?” he insisted. “We love your beautiful England.”—“Yes,” I answered, “you love her because you would like to possess her—that’s the way you love her!” This seemed to amuse him very much.

“But why should we want war?” he continued. “We are both very happy and contented.” To this I answered that I could understand it, for, were I a German, I might be annoyed at seeing England take first place in the world. I should want my own country to be first. I shouldn’t like to be only No. 2 in the world.

There was a slight pause, and then, bending towards me and resting his hand on my arm, he said slowly, “Ah, there speaks a proud Englishwoman” (“eine stolze kleine Engländerin” were the words he used). “And you are quite right, my dear! We do want to go to war, but not until England is weak enough and Germany is strong enough. But to go to war with England we must have more seaboard. So Belgium and Holland—wht——” and he made a significant gesture with his hands. Then, shaking his forefinger at me, he said, “England is now at three o’clock, when the sun shines the brightest.”

I was astonished to hear this phrase again, as, curiously enough, precisely the same words had been said to me one year before at a ball in Vienna given by the German Ambassador Herr von Tschirschky.

Captain von Ilsemann’s comment on the story was that there this view did obtain in certain

military circles, and there was always a more or less aggressive party in all countries.

There was never any hesitation at Amerongen in fixing the blame for the actual outbreak of war in 1914 on Russia. Indeed, it was an article of faith in the entourage that St. Petersburg had set the great machine in motion.

The Russian side of the beginning of hostilities is difficult to fathom. We read: "On the 30th July the French Ambassador, M. Cambon,¹ told Sir Edward Grey² that he felt Germany would most likely call upon France to cease preparation or to engage to remain neutral in case of a conflict between Germany and Russia."³

Bismarck, it will be remembered, once remarked that a breach with Russia could very easily be cauterised, so perhaps Germany didn't fear her very much as a foe.

"It was a war made by bureaucrats," was a phrase I heard more than once. Sukhomlinoff, the Russian Minister of War, was the villain of the piece. I was told of the exile's view of "Sukhomlinoff's treachery": "How he had forced the Czar in a really terrible interview to sign against his will the order for general mobilisation; how the Czar later regretted his action, sent for the Minister, and instructed him to cancel the order; how the Minister replied that the order was

¹ French Ambassador to the Court of St. James in 1914.

² English Foreign Minister in 1914. (His great-grandaunt, Elizabeth Grey, daughter of Sir George Grey, first Baronet, married my great-grandfather, Charles Noel, first Earl of Gainsborough, second creation. She died at eighteen, and her only child was my grandfather.

³ H. C. O'Neil, *History of the War*.

already being carried out, and could not be countermanded without hopeless confusion; and how, in saying so, he was lying, the unissued order being in his pocket at that moment."

The Czar, it is understood, signed the order on the afternoon of Wednesday, 29th July. As to when it was issued there is a conflict of evidence, regarding which an experience of my own has, I think, an important bearing. Bethmann Hollweg, in his book published last year,¹ said: "Then on the morning of 31st July, General Sukhomlinoff finally convinced the Czar himself of the necessity of mobilisation." With this, Mr. H. C. O'Neil, in his *History of the War*, agrees: "It was at this point, 31st July, that Russia decided to announce general mobilisation."

My point is that the news of the Russian mobilisation was known in Germany on Thursday, 30th July, and the presumption therefore is that Sukhomlinoff issued the order when it was signed—*i.e.* on 29th July.

From 20th July to 1st August 1914 I was at Bayreuth, in Bavaria, for the Wagner Festival. On 30th July I motored with friends to Rothenburg, a show mediæval town in Germany, and that night dined with Count Z——, who had two sons in smart German regiments. I shall always remember his fury against the Russians. I can see him now strutting up and down the room like a bantam cock—he was a small man, and had covered himself for that occasion with medals which he had gained at the Battle of Sadowa!

"Es ist unverschämt (it is positively shameless)

¹ 1920.

of the Russians to mobilise against us," he said angrily. "How dare they send — (mentioning the number) army corps to fight us? They must be mad! What are they doing it for?" His intense fury with the Russians was quite unintelligible to me at that time, and, moreover, I was far too much taken up with the music I had been hearing in the last few days and the unique charm of Rothenburg to be interested in politics.

But he, at any rate, knew on 30th July of the Russian mobilisation. And the scene came back vividly to me when, in Holland in 1919, I heard the talk about Sukhomlinoff and how he "tricked" the Czar about the issue of the order.

As I have mentioned Bayreuth I might tell of how we ourselves noticed mobilisation in progress under our very eyes in the opera-house there.

During the performance of *Götterdämmerung*, which we witnessed on Wednesday, 29th, the places occupied by Austrian officers during one act were empty in the next, and the orchestra and chorus were being gradually depleted as, of course, these were composed of nationalities other than German.

We were immensely struck by the contrast on Friday, 31st July, when we were present at the performance of *The Flying Dutchman*. The town was in gala, gaily bedecked with flags and garlands of leaves in honour of the Crown Prince of Bavaria (so much in the public eye later), who was attending the Festival; but as we drove out of the town away through the pinewoods to our hotel, the scene changed: the insouciance of normal times

suddenly slipped away and we were confronted with a "state of war," for marching towards us in the sweet-smelling still summer night were troops, and then we realised that the phantom we had all talked of—perhaps a little lightly—for years past had indeed become a terrible reality. All the maids in our hotel were weeping, and one of them threw her arms round my neck, sobbing and saying, "Ach warum hat der Kaiser krieg gemacht? Wir waren alle so glücklich. Warum hat er es gethan." ("Oh, why did the Emperor make war? We were all so happy. Why did he do it?") Always in Germany I was struck by the way the people (I mean the *Volk* [peasant]) spoke so personally of the Emperor. It seemed he was much more spoken of as having power in public things which affected them than is our King here.

In England it is generally the Government which is inveighed against, or, more vaguely still, "they."

This reminds me of the story of the youthful maid of honour who is reported as having said in the hearing of Queen Victoria: "Oh, I believe they've made five new Peers."

The Queen's answer came swiftly and very quietly: "*They*, my dear?"

At first the Kaiser was very anxious to know what English people thought and said of him, and particularly what former English friends believed about him. He spoke to Count Godard with much affection of these old friends, and, indeed, appeared to look back to old days in England with a sort of wistfulness. Often he spoke of how much he had enjoyed his visits there.

One was forced to remember, on learning of his still repeatedly expressed liking for English ways, that he was the son of an English Princess, who had—like all English Princesses—clung with patriotic love to all that was English. What he admired particularly, although I don't believe he likes unconventionality in his own surroundings, was the social freedom and unconventionality, judged by continental standards, of English people.

He envied their individualistic spirit generally. Germans had been winning considerable distinction in athletics in late pre-war years, but it was chiefly in trained and regimental fashion—as, for example, you would get a score of Germans to dive to an instant as one man—to which their whole existence in subjugation to one leader or another rendered them apt. It will be recalled that he tried to vary this “at the word of command” spirit by efforts to introduce games in which individual initiative has some scope, as, for instance, in golf. These efforts were not successful; but they may perhaps be taken as indication of the suppressed English side of his nature trying to assert itself.

It seems that he always liked talking to English people when he had the chance. I recall a certain occasion (not so very long before the War) when at a party which consisted chiefly of German and Dutch people he chose quite markedly to converse with an Englishwoman, saying, “Well, and what about England?” adding, with a humorous look, “Still got that d——d Liberal Government?”

CHAPTER VI

"But, oh, the truth, the truth, the many eyes that look on it, the diverse things they see."—GEORGE MEREDITH.

AND so the days passed until June 1920, when the ex-Kaiser at last left the kindly roof of Amerongen, which in his woe and confusion had given him "sanctuary," and betook himself to his new abode, Doorn.

Before he acquired this property the ex-Kaiser had had a long search for a home. It began soon after he came to Amerongen. There are very few big houses, as English people understand them, in Holland; so that the search undertaken by his friends was difficult. Belmonte, belonging to Baroness Justine Constant and her sister, Countess Pückler, a house about as far from Amerongen on the one side as Doorn is on the other, was at one time considered, but the project fell through. Then one of the most beautifully wooded properties in the country (from the windows of the house one can see into Germany) came into the market, but owing to some delay on the financial side of the transaction the place fell into other hands.

The traveller who motors along the straight, stone-paved high road from Utrecht to Arnhem can, near the village of Doorn, get a passing glimpse of a white, unpretentious house in the

middle of a wood. It is there that the former head of the German Empire now lives.

If he stops at the village "restaurant" for luncheon the traveller is perhaps told nonchalantly by a waiter that "the Emperor" lives there, but unless he inquires he will hear no more; for the people of the village have become used to the exile's proximity, and regard it with characteristic Dutch phlegm, not to say indifference.

If he be curious to find more, he can go along the avenue, about half a mile in length, from the high road to the entrance, and, standing at the iron gates—and there is no rule forbidding people to go so far—he can look into the grounds and view portions of the house not screened by trees. Very often the ex-Kaiser can be seen in his shirt-sleeves at his favourite occupation of cutting up trees near the road leading to the house.

This sequestered residence (it is about four miles from the nearest railway station, Driebergen) looks more like the retreat of a successful merchant than the country house we are accustomed to in England. It has no architectural beauties, and the grounds in which it is set are very small; a newly grown wood and a few fields form the confines. There is no moat such as surrounds most country houses in canal-intersected Holland, and the gates and lodge are insignificant in appearance.

Since he bought it the ex-Kaiser has spent a great deal of money in improving the property. Many rooms have been added to the fabric, and bath, electric light, central heating, and scientific cooking arrangements have been installed by or

under the superintendence of German workmen. A large entrance hall has been built, and in it has been placed a magnificent marble staircase brought from the Royal castle in Berlin.

Cottages were built for the servants, to house their wives and children; and near Doorn—a prosperous-looking village of from 1500 to 2000 inhabitants, whose houses stand in their own well-kept little plots of ground, and are solidly built and painted in gay colours—a house has been rented for his gentlemen attendants, who only go to him for the day, and do not sleep under his roof. This is a pleasant little villa, situated away from the highway down a little wooded road—a quiet spot where it is possible for them to enjoy a certain amount of privacy. Among the occupants is the doctor, a German, who is constant in his attendance on the exiled couple.

The ex-Kaiser's house and grounds are watched by Dutch soldiers. This is not because he is considered a prisoner, but merely because the authorities have undertaken to see that he is not unduly molested. The guard is strict. No one may present himself without a special written permission on which the name and many particulars about the visitor are inscribed. A well-known Englishwoman who endeavoured to gain an entrance was stopped not so long ago.¹ Many trippers in the summer months try to get a glimpse of the ex-Kaiser in the grounds, and hang about the roads when it is rumoured that he is outside.

During all the spring of 1920 the roads between the German frontier and Doorn groaned under

¹ Summer 1920.

the weight of enormous wagons laden with precious and beautiful things belonging to the Royal pair, and until then—wonderful to state—carefully guarded in their palaces for them.

Pictures and statuary, tapestries, gold and silver plate, mirrors, porcelain and glass, were now to fill the hitherto unknown and unsung house in the wood.

Some of their belongings in the way of clothing were missing after the Revolution. Certainly the ex-Kaiser's plight at first was in some degrees comparable to that of the late ex-Empress of the French when she fled to England by means of the late Sir John Burgoyne's yacht. It is said that she possessed nothing but what she wore and a little handbag. The ex-Kaiser had more, for he arrived in a special train; but his wardrobe, with the exception of what he brought with him, was completely looted during the Revolution, so that nothing was available to forward on to him in Holland. Even his pocket-handkerchiefs had been taken.

Notwithstanding all these losses he is, however, still an exceedingly rich man. His wealth a few months before the War was estimated by the compiler of the *Almanack of German Millionaires* to be £19,700,000. This included the value of land and forest properties which were forfeited to the State during the Revolution, when a large portion of his personal belongings shared a like fate. Nevertheless, he still possesses a great fortune, and there is a very considerable margin left over from his income, I imagine, after the wheels of his present household are comfortably oiled.

It is noticeable that the money fortunes of modern fallen monarchs do not seem to share very fully the fate of the political fortunes. Even the ex-Empress Eugénie left at her death the other day¹ a fortune estimated at about £200,000.

Days and nights at Doorn are singularly lacking in glamour; that is when there are no visitors. The exile's routine is much as it was at Amerongen—early rising, walking, wood-cutting, and motoring.

He does not like to be long parted from his aide-de-camp, Captain von Ilseman, upon whose buoyant personality he has grown more and more to rely; so when the latter became engaged to Count Godard Bentinck's daughter, Countess Elizabeth, an arrangement was made by which he slept one night at Amerongen and the next at his own quarters at Doorn; which meant that he stayed with the ex-Kaiser all the evening and went to him early in the morning. On the mornings on which he breakfasted at Amerongen he set off on his bicycle in time to arrive at Doorn soon after nine.

The first occupation after breakfast is to read eight German daily newspapers, for the exile naturally takes a deep interest in the doings of the country from which he has been cut off. Some he reads himself, others are read aloud to him by the faithful Ilseman—who, when the official, intimate life of the ex-Kaiser is written, will surely go down to posterity as another Bourrienne or Boswell (minus the volumes).

Of the papers the Conservative *Kreutz-Zeitung* is a favourite. In the old days Professor

¹ Winter 1920.

Schiemann (lately deceased) was responsible for the spirit in which foreign affairs were treated in its columns, and the Kaiser, who put great trust in his judgment, always kept in touch with this paper.

The others range in political outlook from Junker to Socialist. He makes an effort to swallow the unpalatable doses the latter offer; but there are certain periodicals which he "cannot abide." One of these is *Zukunft*, run by the brilliant matador journalist, Harden, a vitriolic writer supposed not to entertain much feeling of affection for the Hohenzollerns. When I mentioned *Zukunft* I was greeted with such epithets as "Ei!" "Pfui!" "Nein!" in undisguised tones of disgust. It will be remembered that Harden was one of Prince Bismarck's closest friends after that statesman's fall, and probably knows more of the veteran's private views, and thus of the inner history of the late Empire, than any one in Germany to-day—a circumstance which might be discomfiting to the exile.

Masses of letters have, of course, to be tackled. Those in which the writers expressed their detestation of him in unrestrained terms and called down vengeance on his head are now infrequent; not that the writers necessarily have changed their opinions, but probably because they have had their say. These letters, very numerous at first, used greatly to agitate the exile. "How can they believe it?" he would exclaim, when he was strongly upbraided for having permitted atrocities. I think that the restless "walking up and pacing down" in the picture gallery at Amerongen during

the direful winter 1918-19 must have been partly undertaken to soothe his tormented mind. But I propose to deal more fully later with his attitude on this subject.

Now among the family and business letters come some signed each with hundreds of names, and setting forth the loyalty of ardent monarchists in Germany.

A particular and most faithful adherent is the old Field-Marshal Hindenburg. An idiosyncrasy of the veteran is to use large-sized foolscap sheets as notepaper. I have never seen such handwriting! His nibs must be at least an inch thick, and each letter is about two inches in height! Oceans of ink must be used. Being interested in the meanings of caligraphy, I particularly noticed that as the writing sprawled gigantically over the paper, the lines most markedly slanted upward. Apparently hope springs eternal in Hindenburg's fiery and monarchical breast!

The day of the year on which, naturally, the mass of letters is overwhelming, is that of his birthday anniversary (27th January), of which he has just celebrated the 62nd, as I write.¹ Then the ardent souls of the Fatherland pour out their torrent of good wishes. I notice that on this anniversary he received 336 letters and telegrams from Germany, and was presented with sixty-four baskets of flowers, the donors of which included the ex-Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg. A notable fact in this connection is that a man with whom the Kaiser was on terms of personal friendship, and in whose home he

¹ February 1921.

often stayed in "le temps passé," has not written to him on any anniversary since the *débâcle* of 1918. The exile shows that this silence hurts him.

This is the third of his birthday anniversaries which he has spent as an exile, but the first since abdication in which he has been the host, and so able to choose his guests with greater freedom than he could when himself the guest of another. It was the fashion in the old days to celebrate it with great pomp, and I see there was a faint suggestion of old times in his donning uniform on this occasion. Birthday celebrations are features of the social life of the circles in which he now moves, and the ex-Kaiser is a zestful participant in the dinner-parties at Doorn, Amerongen, and Zuy-vestein, which mark these occasions. A table is put aside for the display of gifts, and baskets of flowers usually make a great heap of colour on the floor. One of the Bentinck birthdays took place during my visit, and though I was not present when the ex-Kaiser came, I saw the presents he brought—a large single aquamarine set in platinum and a basket of azaleas tied with an enormous yellow satin bow.

The newspapers and letters leave little time for book-reading. He is much interested in German books on the War and dealing with the science of the various branches of armies. (I remember a German artillery officer, whom I met at the wedding at Amerongen, telling me that the ex-Kaiser apparently knew as much of the latest developments of artillery as a specialist in that arm.) But there is one kind of book into which he plunges with absorption: that dealing with Freemasonry. His

brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, sends him everything that appears on the subject, and there is frequently a newly arrived pile to attack of a morning. When I stayed at Zuytlestein in March 1919 (while the ex-Kaiser was still at Amerongen), his ex-Majesty sent me some new German books and pamphlets dealing with this subject. He is convinced of its sinister power in world politics, and he attributes as much evil-doing to its secret machinations as did our eighteenth-century ancestors to the doings of the "Illuminati."

In 1794, when all Europe was aflame, the calamities of those days were also imputed to the inner workings of secret societies. From the correspondence of the day we gather that the most dangerous of these was one called "Les Illuminés," a society which claimed to receive direct from God, independently of the Church, a special light or revelation.

Various bodies from earliest times have believed themselves to be, in a transport of fervour, the recipients of special manifestations; but the "Illuminés" of the eighteenth century were opposed to all religion and believed only in the light of reason. Later, some of them amalgamated with the Freemasons. I will now quote, if I may, once more from the *Memoirs of Countess Bentinck*.¹

On 30th September 1794 she writes :

"These hot-headed people (the 'Illuminés'), attracted by the riches of the Jesuits while all the time pretending to be good Freemasons, managed

¹ *Charlotte Sophie, Countess Bentinck: Her Life and Times, 1715-1800*, by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond.

to get hold of the Duke of Orleans, whose contemptible character was just what they wanted coupled with his rank of Prince of the Blood, and made him a Freemason, together with certain other nobles of the same sort. Through them were brought about all the horrors we have witnessed and the French Revolution. But even this was not enough to satisfy them, for they aimed at overturning not only France but the whole of Europe! . . . Then they had to rouse to enthusiasm the colder blood of the Northern nations for the idea of *equality* and *liberty*; embitter them, tickle their desire for novelty; make them discontented.

“They saw that most nations only occupied themselves with matters of domestic and pecuniary interest, and seldom read or noticed what went on elsewhere. These had to be enlightened. . . .”

And so it goes on, and we could believe we were reading a letter of 1921 instead of one written in 1794!

Yet, on the other hand, we read what Lord Moira (Francis Rawdon Hastings, first Marquis of Hastings and second Earl of Moira, 1754–1826) said on the same subject at the same time.

The following words of his were written in 1800 :

“Certain modern publications have been holding forth to the world the society of Masons as a league against constitutional authorities—an imputation the more secure because the known constitutions of our fellowship make it certain that no answer can be published. It is not to be disputed that in countries where impolitic prohibitions restrict the communication of sentiment,

the activity of the human mind may, among other means of baffling the control, have resorted to the artifice of borrowing the denomination of Freemasons, to cover meetings for seditious purposes, just as any other description might be assumed for the same object. But, in the first place, it is the invaluable distinction of this free country that such a just intercourse of opinions exists without restraint as cannot leave to any number of men the desire of forming or frequenting those disguised societies where dangerous dispositions may be imbibed. And, secondly, the profligate doctrines which may have been nurtured in any such self-established assemblies could never have been tolerated for a moment in any lodge meeting under regular authority. We aver, therefore, that not only such laxity of opinion has no sort of connection with the tenets of Masonry, but is diametrically opposite to the injunction which we regard as the foundation-stone of the lodge, namely, Fear God and honour the King."

I was interested in the view on the subject of this well-known English soldier for a personal reason also; as a very fine full-length portrait of him in uniform hangs in the hall of my old home at Exton.

So here we have two exactly opposed views written almost simultaneously by two well-known people of the world. One must bear in mind, however, that English and Continental Freemasonry are very differently constituted.

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."
("The more things change, the more they remain the same.")

When the Emperor went to Amerongen one of the first things he asked Count Godard was

whether he was a Freemason, and was pleased when the answer was in the negative. He told Count Godard that when he went to England as quite a young man, Queen Victoria had advised him not to join that Society, meaning, of course, the continental variety—the political institution which is definitely anti-clerical and anti-religious, and plays a very great part in many European countries, particularly Italy and France. Unlike the English kind, it has determinately banished the Deity from its teaching. His repeatedly expressed belief is that there are only two organisations, apart from Governments, which have any real power in the world to-day—those of Roman Catholicism and Freemasonry. So great are they and so deeply do they work into the minds and lives of their adherents that no one can foretell the end or what they will achieve. One of them must, he thinks, fall through the power of the other.

It is only fair to say, in passing, that he was broadminded in his dealings with the different religious bodies of his country. Germany was a Protestant Power, but it will be remembered that the fact that he was a Roman Catholic did not prevent Count Hertling, “*der alte Fuchs*” (“the old Fox”), as the Bavarians called him, from becoming Imperial Chancellor. Of course there is an extremely large, rich, and powerful Roman Catholic section in Germany which includes many royalties, a large portion of the aristocracy, and an enormous number of the middle and lower classes and peasants.

It will also be remembered that Winthorst, the great leader of the “Centre,” was a Catholic

and Bismarck's most formidable opponent in his "*Cultur Kampf*" against clericalism.

How near the mark, one wonders, was Shelley in his poetical epitome of War !

" War is the statesman's game,
The priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest."

Fairly though different religions were treated under the Empire, the famous decree "*Ne Temere*" regarding marriage laws was never promulgated in Germany, and, far as she went in many cases to meet Rome, this papal decree apparently was the limit over which she wouldn't step.

Bismarck had once said, "Nach Canossa gehen wir nicht" ("To Canossa we will not go"), referring to the time when Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) literally placed his foot upon the neck of the then "Romische Kaiser," Henry IV., which episode is portrayed in mosaic in the porch of St. Mark's in Venice. For three days the great Emperor was made to walk barefooted through the streets of Canossa. By this phrase the Iron Chancellor left no doubt as to his meaning ! This humiliating episode occurred in 1077.

Nearly nine hundred years later, in 1903, William II. paid a visit to Leo XIII., no longer an autocrat like Gregory, but a prisoner, albeit a powerful one. The magnificence of this visit contrasted strikingly with the quiet unobtrusiveness of King Edward's¹ a little earlier.

Berlin was now to be on the most friendly

¹ Edward VII.

terms with the Vatican. Many views as to the ultimate object of this *rapprochement* were held by different cliques and sections of thought. Some saw in it a slight to United Italy, others a bid for the Protectorate of the Eastern Christians in anticipation of the defection of France.

Another series of conjectures ascribed the *éclat* given to the visit to the Pope to the desire to gain the support of the German Catholic party in domestic politics. But Count von Bülow had met with a refusal from Cardinal Rampolla when he proposed that the Eastern Christian Protectorate should be given to Germany, and this was very pleasing to the Russians, whose paper, the *Novoe Vremya*, described it as "a very severe blow to German influence in Syria, where numerous communities of Catholic Germans are already formed."

However, the German Government missions in China have been gradually transferred from French to German protection since the action in 1899 of Mgr Amzer in requesting and obtaining permission to found a mission which should not be under French Protectorate. An arresting point in contemporary history is the increasing deference shown to the Papacy by Protestant Powers in contrast to the neglect or even hostility of nominally Catholic nations.

The key to this friendly attitude may perhaps be found in the mental reservation contained in Bismarck's historic phrase.

M. Jean Corrère, a journalist with a reputation for being in touch with the Vatican, detected in the Emperor's visit an attempt to influence the

future conclave favourably for German interests, and it was said that the Emperor worked on behalf of Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of Propaganda, as a candidate for the Papacy, hoping thus to secure a political Pope chiefly solicitous for the diplomatic power of the Holy See, and anxious to substitute for the lost temporal power a temporal influence which he would place at the disposal of Germany.

As the Hapsburgs had been known to place their nominee in Peter's chair, perhaps the fertile and scheming brain of William II. imagined that a Hohenzollern might be able to do likewise. That there was German influence present in the Vatican in the person of Mgr Gerlach is certain, and on very high authority it is said that this priest had the Pope "in his hand."

In this connection it is interesting to read in the *Letters of William I. to Bismarck* that in 1876 Bismarck, in a letter to the Crown Prince Frederick, mentions a President von Gerlach as a Protestant belonging to the Evangelical Church who, however, associates himself with the "Centre" (Catholic) party and the Jesuits, therefore Bismarck seems to think he and his friends are not to be trusted.

It was on the occasion of this historic visit, if my memory does not mislead me, that as the Emperor drove through the streets of Rome in splendour, escorted by blond giants of cuirassiers, specially chosen for length of limb and breadth of shoulder (he shares the liking of his predecessor, Frederick the Great's father, for very tall men), he was now and again greeted with the flattering cry of "Charlemagne!" It was with the acclama-

tions of hundreds of German pilgrims and the whole of the red-gowned students of the German Ecclesiastical College ringing in his ears that the Protestant monarch passed into the silent, cool courts of the Vatican, and for twenty-five minutes remained in conversation with the man who, to the minds of hundreds of millions of human beings, represents God on earth in all matters pertaining to faith and morals. How strange and mixed and tragic must the memories of the exile be !

In view of the much-discussed subject of papal neutrality during the War, I asked at Amerongen what the German impression was about the delicate subject. Captain von Ilseman told me that in Germany Benedict XIV. was looked upon as being pro-English. I hold no brief for the Papacy, but I thought this was a tribute to its neutrality. It is not for me to say that he was neutral or otherwise, but, humanly speaking, it should not have been surprising did he tend more towards the Central Powers, consisting as they did of Catholic Austria and Germany, who, notwithstanding her Lutheranism, had done more politically to conciliate the Papacy than any other modern Protestant nation. One of her most important acts in this connection is the presence of an Embassy to the Vatican as well as to the Quirinal.

Zionism is another question which greatly perturbs the ex-Kaiser, and one of the books which every one had been reading when I was in Holland last summer ¹ was the anti-Semite *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. The machinations which the curious pamphlet purports to disclose were firmly

¹ 1920.

believed to have been among the causes which led to the World War and later to the rise of Bolshevism in Russia. The ex-Kaiser shared some of the prejudice in military and diplomatic circles against Jews, but he did not allow it to interfere with his recognition of the part played in raising the country to the pinnacle of commercial success before 1914 by such of them as Ballin, the great shipowner; Rathenau, the electrician and financier; and Dernburg, managing director of the Deutsche Bank before becoming Colonial Secretary. There also are not lacking in Germany brilliant Jews in other fields of activity who have added to the arts and learning of their adopted country, such as Hauptmann, the poet-playwright; Liebermann, the painter; Ehrlich, the heroic fighter of disease; and Rheinhardt, the stage wizard.

It is, however, hurtful to some of the most esteemed Jews that the ex-Kaiser should hold this view regarding members of their faith and nation, and a little book has come to my notice called the *Jewish Bogey and the Forged Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, by Lucien Wolf, which utterly repudiates all the political misdoings imputed to the Jews in the aforesaid pamphlet. It is well worth reading, if only for the reason that one should be acquainted with both sides before making a judgment.

A man who is constantly referred to as being a Jew is Hugo Stinnes, one of the most important men in Germany to-day. But in the *Reichstag Handbook* his religion is described as Evangelical. His wealth is colossal, and I imagine that he is far more powerful than the ex-Kaiser ever was.

He controls the greater part of Germany's coal, iron, and steel supply, and is suspected of having wrecked the Spa negotiations in order to secure the occupation of the Ruhr Valley and thus realise a Franco-German coal combine.

Over and above this he owns over sixty newspapers, and, unlike Lord Northcliffe, whose paper supply comes from forests in Newfoundland, Hugo Stinnes owns miles of woods in Germany for that purpose. His influence on German public opinion is growing apace, and he is the leader of the German People's Party, which is anti-socialistic, reactionary, and royalist, and so it would seem that Monarchists would have a very strong backer in this prince of industry.

Incidentally, one may perhaps say that the brains of the Fatherland to-day are more successful in commerce than in politics. I well remember the admission a German of wide experience in the world made to me when I met him in visiting, in the autumn of 1913, the home of the late Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who had died that summer, and considered by far and away Germany's greatest diplomat. "We cannot produce really great diplomats," he said. "Perhaps we are too rough in our ways. We cannot 'finesse' as other Europeans can."

Of all the tales circulated about the ex-Kaiser's versatility—as painter and composer, for instance—that crediting him with an aptitude for preaching has the greatest semblance of truth. It was natural that he should be keenly interested in religious questions, both on account of his need as ruler to reconcile the conflicting political aims

of the churches in Germany and on account of the conviction which his upbringing and earlier environment firmly established in his mind that he was in a special sense a representative of God on earth. It is not surprising now that in the wreckage of his glory he clings to the consolations of religion.

At Doorn, as at Amerongen, morning prayers are part of the daily round, but here they are conducted by the exile. On Sundays a special service takes place, at which he very often preaches himself. I am told he has quite a gift for this form of self-expression—a gift that may be dangerous to the soul, as tending to make a man vain if he is not surpassingly humble—and that what he says is interesting and thoughtful and is delivered in an impressive and gripping manner. There is no straying from the orthodox path; a matter of some consequence, since many of the servants who attend these services are Dutch, and a wave of unconventional religious thought is at present passing over Holland, based chiefly on the assumption that our Saviour Jesus Christ was not the Son of God.

His orthodoxy is, indeed, vouched for by a Utrecht minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, whose doctrines in the main are similar to those of the Lutheran Church to which the exile is attached. This minister is a small and rather bent old man, with patriarchal white locks and long, snowy beard. In his capacity of "old friend" of the Bentinck family he is sometimes rather critical of the doings and sayings and apparel of the younger generation, but notwith-

standing this—not very unusual—characteristic he is always welcome and constantly a visitor at Amerongen and Doorn.

I noticed that he spoke long and often to the exile on the day of the wedding reception I attended at Amerongen; indeed, some of the guests were obviously a little surprised at the attention which the latter paid to him. He is apparently never so happy as when discussing theology of the Calvinistic type with the recluse.

One can imagine what texts for reflection and discourse they found in the mutability of human fortunes, the vanity of earthly power, and the lessons of adversity.

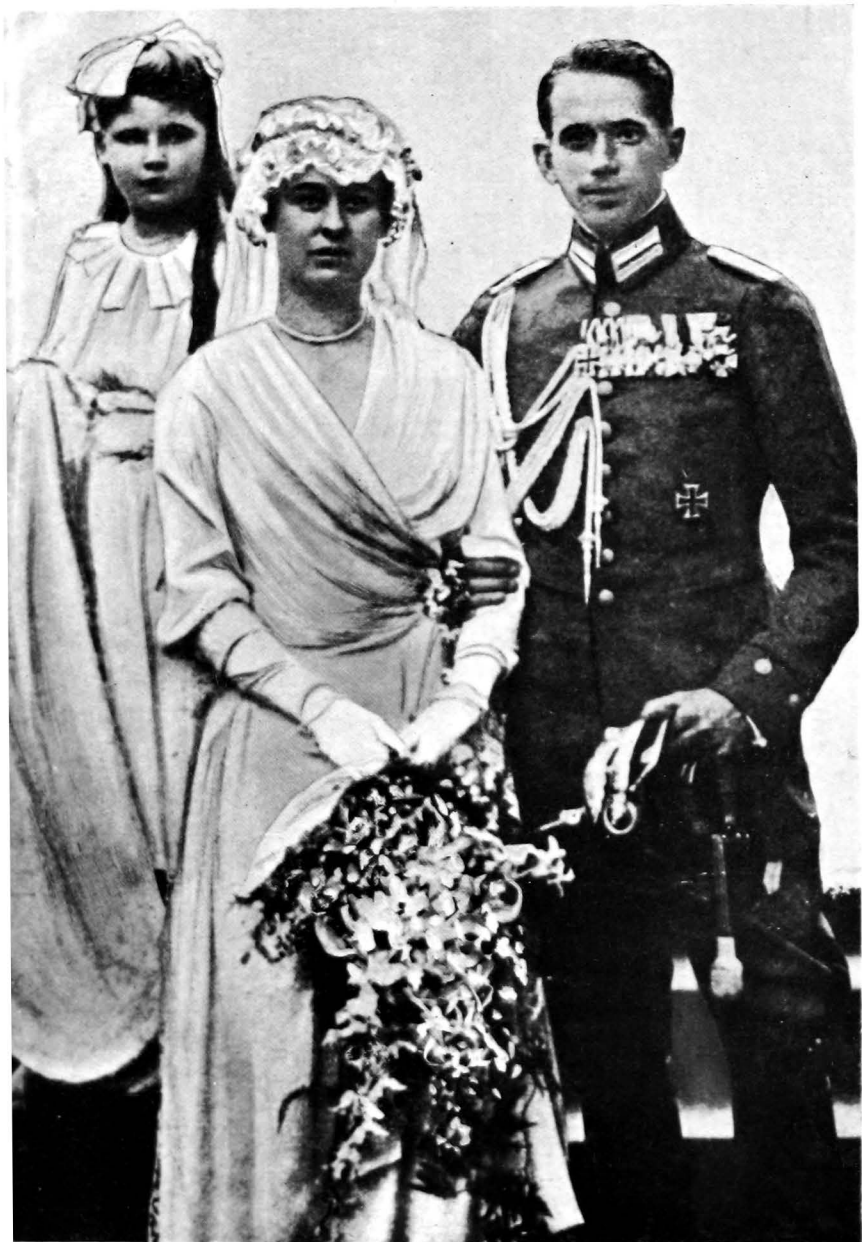
CHAPTER VII

"Yet looks he like a king."—*King Richard II.*

DURING the winter of 1919–20 Countess Elizabeth Bentinck had become engaged to Captain Sigurd von Ilsemann, and their wedding was fixed to take place on 7th October 1920. The day dawned one of brilliant hot sunshine—the right background for a marriage day.

The bride, who is extremely popular in the village, had been asked not to enter it for a week previous to the great day, and so she was happily astonished to see into what a fairyland of greenery the people had transformed the place. Three miles of green festoons had been made to decorate the streets, and here and there on the way to the church had been erected with boughs charming little imitation castellated houses. The villagers had spared themselves no trouble to make this indeed the bride's own particular day.

The ex-Kaiser was greatly looking forward to the outing also, and it was the first gaiety of this sort that he had had since the revolution. As no one ever knows exactly when he will arrive, the wedding guests had been waiting for about half an hour in the long rectangular drawing-room at Amerongen. It was about eleven o'clock. Conversation went on easily though in subdued tones, but nobody moved about, and the array—



(By the courtesy of the Proprietors of The Daily Mail.)

FRAU VON ILSEMANN
(geb: Grävin Bentinck).

HAUPTMANN VON ILSEMANN
Adjutant to the ex-Kaiser.

ON THEIR WEDDING DAY. OCTOBER 7th, 1920.

women to the left, men to the right, in a wide half-circle facing the door on the inner wall—was ceremonious.

Suddenly, without any preliminary warning, two tall attendants, in long blue coats and tricorne hats and with silver-topped staves, flung open the big double door and announced :

“ Der Kaiser ! ”

The hum of conversation ceased abruptly. A slight, stiffly erect figure in the uniform of a German field-marshal took two short, quick steps into the room, halted near the door with a smart click of the heels, gave a rapid succession of slight, jerky bows to right and left, and then, in the silent pause of a few minutes that ensued, looked restlessly and uncertainly round the company. He held a helmet tucked against his right side by his right arm, and his left hand pushed forward slightly the hilt of a sword that had clattered as he entered.

I have described the ex-Kaiser's entry in this way, because, by chance, it was made in a dramatic fashion, and the effect was heightened rather than lessened by his nervousness.

There was a slight pause, and for a few seconds before Count Godard came forward to greet him he stood (as he had so often before, but on how much wider a stage) a solitary figure, to which all eyes were turned.

This was the first opportunity I had for close observation of him. I had many more that day. And I may begin by saying that the reports that represent him as a mental or physical wreck are entirely misleading; they probably have been

based on the fact that his appearance now is markedly different from that of pre-war days.

He did not look his best at the moment I am describing. He was obviously in an extreme state of tension, being conscious that there were people there, both Dutch and English, who would not have cared to meet him had it not been for their relationship to the bride.

It was a grey man we gazed upon—grey of dress, of face, of hair, and steely of eye; though, perhaps, putty-colour would more accurately describe the hue of his complexion. The short, soft beard had no streaks of black in it; the moustache, long and drooping at the ends, was a shade whiter; the eyebrows (rather an unusual effect) were grey; the hair, thick and wavy, but with no trace of dark strands, was brushed back from his brow, not exactly *en brosse* in continental fashion or flat in the English, but with an unruly tuft standing up near the front.

There was no sign of the old "Kaiser Fire" in his eyes or of the verve and "aplomb"—the "ME's here"¹—of pre-war days. Everything symbolised by the moustache, so gaily and proudly pointing upward, had gone, and this changes the face so much as to make him look almost a different man. The life, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy of the pre-war Emperor is no longer there, and in its place one sees a quiet, bearded old gentleman. Not bent nor weak nor decrepit, as some of the reports would have us believe. No. He stands perfectly erect, and is a most noticeable figure. Curiously enough, he had a hard look, but

¹ See *Autobiography*, Margot Asquith.

that was because he has scarcely any eyelashes, and, though his eyes are not prominent, there is not a sufficiently deep depression from the high cheek bones to give a soft contour. His hair was neither clipped short in military fashion nor noticeably long; one saw that he had small ears. He did not strike me as what one calls "a fine-looking man"; he was rather short for that.

This was the first occasion on which he had appeared in uniform since his abdication. On his breast were about a dozen orders.

After Count Godard had welcomed the visitor (the ex-Kaiser is always addressed as "Majestät"—"Your Majesty"—and he prefers the word "Emperor" to "Kaiser"), a tour was made of the half-circle, and the guests were presented one by one. Each made a bow, low in some cases, slight in others, and his friends received a warm handshake accompanied by a click of the heels.

With those whom he had already met the ex-Kaiser exchanged a few amiable sentences, and with a few ladies, relations of the bride, he had quite long conversations. I noticed that his eyes did not rest on the one to whom he was speaking. His glance was always darting here and there.

The formalities of introduction over, the half-circle broke up into little shifting groups for conversation. The guests wore ordinary light garden-party dress, for the day was mild, even summery; the younger men were in morning dress, many of the older in frock-coats. There was no constraint, but the tones were a little subdued, in deference to the ex-Kaiser's well-known dislike of loud-voiced talk. The ex-Kaiser himself

stood quietly chatting with his host and men of the family with whom he was acquainted, and who came up from time to time. He gesticulated a little, but the impression was of a quiet, elderly man, friendly and genial in manner, and without any pose; for by now the ice was broken, and he was quite at ease.

As I said before, he was looking forward with an almost juvenile zest to this "outing," and the scene, bright with flags and flowers, and lively with the villagers *en fête*, was an animating experience that he had not enjoyed for long. And what gave him particular pleasure was the fact that the daughter of the Count, the young hostess of many months of whom he had grown very fond, was being married to his trusted adjutant and inseparable follower, Captain von Ilseman.

The bride is very Dutch in all her sympathies, proud of the country in which her ancestors have struck such deep root for centuries past. She had lived a very quiet, retired life, and the change for her when the Kaiser first arrived was immense. She was the only lady in the Castle, and her shy grace and sweetness had given her great charm as a hostess to an exile deeply wounded in spirit when first he came. His affection for her had grown to be almost paternal.

We had all been talking for about a quarter of an hour when the bride and Captain von Ilseman entered. The ex-Kaiser advanced impulsively to meet her, as she made a deep curtsy, and shook her hand long and warmly, smiling and talking eagerly. His handshaking, I may say, is of the most cordial kind when it is a friend he greets. He brings his

hand forward with a wide, swift, sweeping gesture as if his heart were in it. There are occasions, it is true, when he tenders two cold fingers; but that is another story.

From the time of the bride's entry until the preparations for the civil marriage ceremony, which were meantime going on in another room, were completed, he remained chatting to the bride, apparently happy and as simple in manner as any elderly, long-standing friend of the family might be. Then the signal was given that all was ready, and nearly the whole of the company left the room, the ex-Kaiser among them, for he was to sign the register as a witness. I was one of the few who remained behind, and so cannot say anything about the ceremony, excepting that it seemed long, about half an hour altogether, I think.

The bride and bridegroom were the first to return to the drawing-room. Then, a few minutes later, came the ex-Kaiser, his host, and a niece; and what appeared to me a pretty incident took place. The bride, perhaps thinking of the change in her position her marriage to the exile's adjutant had made, began to make a real royal curtsy. At once the ex-Kaiser hastened forward, and with extended arm stopped her. "Nein, nein, nein!" he exclaimed, smiling to her in friendly reproof.

Everything was informal at this stage, congratulations to the newly wed couple being postponed until after the ceremony in church. People moved about chatting until Count Godard Bentinck approached the ex-Kaiser and said something to him, and together they went to another room.

It was time to go to the village church—Dutch Reformed—where a minister from Utrecht, the friend of the Bentinck family to whom I just referred, officiated.

I pass over the ceremony at the church, as the ex-Kaiser was not present. The weather being fine, the guests being conveyed in open horsed carriages, and the villagers loudly cheering a bride who had passed her life among them, the drive to and from the Castle was extremely pleasant and picturesque. Outside the church, on our way back, the whole party was cinematographed.

On the top of the steps of the bridge over the inner moat—the Castle is enclosed by two—the ex-Kaiser stood awaiting the return of the bride. She and her husband were in the first carriage; I was in, I think, the fourth, and so I did not see the greeting. I was told it was most paternal, and I could readily picture it from what I had seen of the long conversation in the drawing-room and the spontaneous movement by which he had checked her attempt to curtsy.

When I reached the drawing-room he was standing alone in a far corner, while the bride and bridegroom at the head of the room were beginning to receive the formal—and very hearty—congratulations of the guests. This was the bride's hour, and he kept unobtrusively out of the way, only following everything with his eyes, until the procession of guests had ended. It is only fair to say, indeed, that his attitude the whole of the day, apart from the moment of his abrupt entry, was as unobtrusive and far from posing as possible.

It was perhaps twenty minutes before luncheon

was announced. By that time the ex-Kaiser, still in his corner, was chatting with some of the men, one of the small groups away from the big one surrounding the bride. He led the way from the drawing-room with a niece of the host and mother of one of the little bridesmaids—there was no “best man” at the marriage ceremony, and only child bridesmaids.

Luncheon was served in the large picture-gallery encircling the main staircase, notable for its collection of paintings of the Dutch school and its many *objets d'art*. At the head of the main table sat the ex-Kaiser next to the bride; there were about six tables disposed round the gallery.

It was a quiet function. The meal was slight but of extreme excellence—everything being cold except the *consommé*, four courses being served in an hour, with a servant to each two guests. The ex-Kaiser, who ate sparingly and sipped hock, had long lost any trace of his initial nervousness, and seemed in excellent spirits as he turned from one to the other of his companions.

On the wall to his left was a life-size marble bust of himself which he had presented to his host. One's eyes strayed from it to him; and one thought of then and now. It was, I believe, sculptured at the beginning of the War. Here was the War Lord, dominating, self-confident, moody, changeable, tragic; helmeted, with the folds of a military cloak falling loosely round his shoulders, the outstretched right hand grasping a sceptre. Who, looking from the marble to the man, would not reflect on his strange destiny? But, apart from such reflections, one was afforded a most

instructive comparison in personal appearance. One saw that it was his grey beard and the long, drooping moustache that had the biggest part in the change from truculence in its prime to an elderly benignity.

Among the toasts proposed was one to the leading guest. It was briefly put by the host and quietly responded to. Standing up, he said quietly in German (he could not be heard a little distance away), "I thank you very much. I am glad to be here on the happy day of your dear child's wedding."

Luncheon over, most of us went out of doors, the ex-Kaiser leading the way. While half of us lingered on the bridge over the inner moat, he went down into the courtyard and stood most of the time a little way to the left of the steps and half hidden by a large pillar, chatting with various members of the family.

From his long stay at the Castle he was well versed in all the concerns and the little idiosyncrasies of the household and its retainers; and, naturally, on that day family gossip took first place. Thus there was some merriment; but there was no throwing back the head and hearty laughing as I have been told there was in the old days.

To persons trained in and for Courts a good memory and a sharp eye for small things as well as large are, if not indispensable, at least highly desirable qualifications. Royalty, for instance, is supposed never to forget a face or a name; or, at least, if it does so, never to betray the fact. Such gifts and accomplishments are the ex-Kaiser's in abundance.

Little escapes him at any assembly. His pale, vigilant, side-glancing eyes take in every detail of looks, dress, manner, and equipment. And that is particularly the case if he has the fortune—which does not happen very often nowadays!—to see pretty, well-dressed people.

Everything is noticed then—the colour and make of a gown; whether it is too long or too short, and how it is worn; whether or not ankles are neat and feet are well shod; what jewels are worn, and how they match the owner's garments and the colour of her eyes. And, after a party is over, he will speak critically or admiringly of the looks or the clothing of the guests.

I had ample leisure at the wedding reception at Amerongen, of which I have already spoken, to observe this trait in the exile's character. The dresses there were less decorative and more old-fashioned than they would have been at a similar gathering in England.

Until lately it was the custom of French people to twit the English with having clumsy feet or ankles; they held all the gold medals, so to speak. Recently we have improved in this respect; one sees plenty of pretty, slender feet and ankles neatly and narrowly shod and smartly stockinged in silk. But the Germans and Dutch are in the position we were accused of occupying. The men themselves complain of the comparative rarity of the slim and elegant English or American type among their womenfolk. Two or three of the guests, however, by the shortness of their skirts (in comparison with those of others—for they would have been deemed on the long side in

England) showed trim ankles, and the ex-Kaiser commented on the fact. There were others who he thought would have been better advised not to comply with the exigencies of a fashion requiring a shortening of the skirts! The wearing of silk stockings is not so general as in England, and the old pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, who was at the reception, was loud in his condemnation of such "useless frivolities"!

I write in no critical spirit; I merely compare this gathering to one of the same kind in England. But even "comparisons," says Shakespeare, "are odorous!"

Courtly manners are still *de rigueur* there, and when met are much appreciated if only for the fact that they are becoming noticeably rare in England—except, of course, in a certain circle where no one would be tolerated whose behaviour did not conform to certain standards. The charm created by such manners is an elusive thing, but though the *parfum* it exhales is delicate and difficult to describe it always makes its presence felt.

The ex-Kaiser likes his own womenfolk to be simply and quietly attired—the unnoticeable in blue or grey or dark stuff, with little ornamentation. Nowadays he sees little else than the simple and old-fashioned. He is not much in the open beyond his own grounds, and if he were, there would be few diversities of attire to catch his eye.

The vogue for wearing slightly *outré* clothes has not yet widely spread in Holland, nor, I imagine, in Germany, and there one sees no smart, peculiarly striped tweed skirts, no gay silk jumpers,

no tight-fitting caps drawn closely round the face and allowing the escape of tantalising curls, no "saucy" woollen stockings nor well-made Scotch brogues or shooting shoes. Oh no! But should a person appear thus garbed, it would cause much amused comment on, though withal a lurking disapproval of, "your extraordinary English fashions."

But he, as any other man who frowns on the adventurous in the dress of his own people may be, is susceptible to the appeal of the exotic in others. Perhaps, too, a vivid or elegant gown recalls Court days, when, however stiff and formal the general tone might be, there were always some beautiful women to give freshness and life to the assemblies. The ex-Crown Princess, quick-witted and charming, was, it will be remembered, doing much to remove the reproach of dowdiness that clung to the dress reputation of German women.

Generally, however, it was, and is, only at a distance that the ex-Kaiser finds unconventionality amusing, however often he may express a liking for it in the abstract. Rigid conformity to historical procedure was practised at his Court, and would be again, I am sure, if he were back in Berlin.

As I visited this town only as a tourist I was not present at any Court ceremonies, but these, though no doubt stiffer and less elegant, could not outdo those of Vienna in scrupulous observance of traditional custom. Here were given two kinds of State Balls: one was called a "Hof Bal," at which, I believe, there was a large crowd, and for which it wasn't very difficult to obtain an invitation; the

other was called the "Bal-bei-Hof," and this was, I imagine, the most exclusive assemblage of its kind in Europe. I was invited to this Ball when I was staying with a friend in Vienna in February 1910, and was much struck by its remarkable adherence to tradition, which almost amounted to ritual, so exactly did the ceremony follow a prescribed rule. From the days of Maria Theresa, incidentally the last of the Hapsburgs, no deviation of any sort in the way of form had taken place—the same "menu," from the identical recipes, being used on the night I dined off a three hundred years old oak table and drank the finest iced Pilsener out of heavy, chalice-shaped glasses as had been the case during the reign of that great Empress. Champagne was never brought in at these feasts; it was much too modern an innovation!

It will be noticed from the invitation card, of which I give a reproduction, that an amusing mistake was made in the writing of my name!

On entering the ballroom, the walls of which were mirrored, the Lord Chamberlain, Prince Montenuovo, approached me, and I was asked to come and be presented to the Archduchess, who was doing hostess that night for the old Emperor Franz-Joseph.

All the other guests—perhaps two hundred—were standing along one side of the large room, and I, to my horror, found myself following this exceedingly tall and magnificent-looking personage across the centre of the room—alone. A few minutes later a door opposite opened, and from another glittering room of gold and mirrors and scintillating chandeliers the Royal procession advanced towards me.

The late Archduke Franz Ferdinand was there with his wife, Countess Hohenberg. She took no part whatever in the official part of the proceedings, all the presentations being made to an Archduchess who was, I believe, a Princess of Parma. I was immensely struck on this occasion by her unpleasantly ambiguous position, and it is always said that it was through the influence of the German Emperor at the Court of Vienna that she was given any consideration at all in public social functions. I mention this little episode and give the menu and the invitation which bade me to the Ball as an interesting memory of days which are no more.

As in dress, so in general outlook, the ex-Kaiser prefers the "old-fashioned" type of woman, the German "frau," to whom "Mein Mann" is the cherished embodiment of wisdom and authority. He likes the self-effacing woman, the one as observant of the changes in the mind as is the fisherman of the water's surface when the winds blow lightly across it, who hangs on his words admiringly, whose desire is submissively to comfort a man who is to-day indeed a wounded exile but is still potentially a towering figure.

He likes the kind whose voice is hushed and sympathetic in his presence, and to whom "the Emperor likes this" or "he doesn't like that" is sufficient to influence deportment. Their eagerness for his welfare, indignation at the world's treatment of him, and, above all, a listening attitude and a rapt reception of his monologues are the passports to his favour.

Not that women play much part in the life

at Doorn—and less than ever since the late Empress's death. It is men who gather round him and in whose company he is most at home.

Even among them, as among women, his vanity makes him sensitive to any suggestion of absence of regard, even so slight as is implied by lack of eagerness to court his gaze. A man whom he saw sometimes in Berlin never obtruded himself on his notice, and when at "Kaiserliche" receptions remained outside the circle that buzzed round the Imperial magnet. It annoyed the Kaiser that this person did not seek to be near him; but if the man had pushed himself forward he would more than likely have incurred the Royal displeasure. He is generally inclined, however, to be friendly and genial with people whose social position is in no way comparable with his.

No one needs to be reminded of the difference in the attitude of the English or Americans and the Germans to women, but I may perhaps note two little illustrations which came under my eyes. One was at Dresden, when driving to some military manœuvres in which the Emperor rode in front of his glittering "Garde du Corps." A carriage passed us, and in it sat two smartly dressed officers and a lady. The officers sat facing the horse, the lady with her back to the animal. The other was in Thuringia, where we had been to visit the house where Luther is supposed to have thrown the ink-pot at the Devil. Here I saw a man driving a woman and an ox yoked to a plough.

The ex-Kaiser particularly resents that people should impute to him discourteous behaviour. In

the early days of the War he stayed for a time in a *château* belonging to a lady who had fled at a moment's notice, leaving all her personal belongings lying about—buckled shoes under the dressing-table, stockings hanging out of open drawers, and the clothing she had just exchanged for her travelling garb carelessly thrown on to the bed.

When the Royal suite arrived the first thing the ex-Emperor did was to have long lists of all the lady's possessions made, and then he had them all put away into certain apartments which he ordered to be locked. The key and the lists of her belongings he then had sent to her in Brussels, whither she had fled. She persisted, however, in spreading a report that his people had looted her *château*. Much later the house was destroyed by the guns of all nations; and so I suppose she never saw her exceedingly marvellous garments again.

A characteristic act of the Kaiser's, of which I was amused to hear, took place at Constantinople, whither he and the Empress went with a large "suite."

With Captain von Ilseman and other attendants he visited some of the harems and was much struck by the beauty and youth of some of the inmates. I do not know whether it was a result of these visits or not, but the Kaiser announced his wish that during his sojourn all the Turkish women should go unveiled! This request, or order—for at that time the Kaiser was a person of tremendous importance to the Turks—was obeyed. It struck me as one of the most autocratic acts I had ever heard attributed to William II.

The late ex-Kaiserin was of a very different temperament to her husband, and maybe she shared the view of the late Mrs. Roosevelt that "a woman's name should only be mentioned twice in public—on the day of her marriage and the day of her death." But, retiring and devoted to the home and charities as she was, she did not lack perspicacity in public affairs. I was told she was one of the first to recognise the revolutionary danger.

During the summer of 1918 certain great ladies were giving big parties, with buffets loaded with every kind of rich food and rare delicacy. This behaviour annoyed the Kaiserin very much, and she made it known that she strongly disapproved of it at a time when it was common knowledge that people were starving. Very different from the "Why don't they eat cake, then?" of Marie Antoinette, when told the people of Paris had no bread.

The two other ladies most closely bound to the ex-Kaiser are, of course, the ex-Crown Princess and his daughter, the Duchess of Brunswick. The Duchess was known before her marriage to be the only person who could wheedle "papa" to do her will against his own. She, the only daughter in a family of seven, is now the mother of four boys. It is curious how the male sex predominates in the Hohenzollern family. In looks she is typically German.

Her sister-in-law might readily be taken for a Frenchwoman. She is always beautifully dressed, and the lead she gave was resulting in a great change in women's fashions in Germany when the

War came and stopped that particular development. Her prestige in Germany is still quite remarkable.

To servants the ex-Kaiser has a pleasant manner. His personal attendants seem strongly attached to him, and the general servants, most of whom are Dutch, show every sign of content with their occupation. I have already noted that he makes friendly inquiries about, and gives presents to, servants at Amerongen. The nurse who went with me to Holland, after seeing him and hearing what the others had to say, asked me, wonderingly, if he could really be so wicked as people had said.

CHAPTER VIII

"Ghosts only come to those who look for them."—HOLTEI.

THE subject of missing property during the War, or "lost," was, as I said in the last chapter, a sore one with the exile, and he was highly indignant that there should have been any suggestion that he was not careful of other people's possessions. A good deal of interest was taken by some of the English illustrated papers early in the War in the famous "pastels" of St. Quentin—some eighty of the drawings of eighteenth-century beauties by Quentin la Tour, which, "the most delicate flowers of a refined art," were among the greatest treasures of the town.

He had them all packed by experts and sent to Berlin, where he had a book compiled containing the history and a reproduction of each picture. The book I saw lately,¹ and I can testify to its beauty. When all the copies were made, the originals, it is claimed, were carefully returned to their rightful owners.

The late ex-Kaiserin very much resented what was said about the ex-Kaiser in the Press, and this, amongst other things, led her to entertain strong anti-British feelings. It is curious to reflect that this mild and kindly woman, easily moved to help those in distress near her, and keeping aloof

¹ September 1920.

from politics, was the one at Doorn who was distinguished by a bitter dislike for the English—she would on no account ever see any one of the race, if such a meeting were desired by the other side. This may be explained by the fact that she was typically German in her home life. One knows how the husband bulks in the households of the Fatherland—a massive figure! Violent hands were to be laid on her husband. That was indelibly impressed on her mind as the central fact; and to her the other facts were of little account.

Since she went to Doorn she was so ill that she seldom saw any one but her most intimate friends, and Countess Keller and Countess von Brockdorff-Rantzau were the ladies who were most constantly with her.

She spent much of her time in making and knitting garments for the children in the most impoverished parts of Germany, and seldom left her rooms, but the homely side of the life around her always awakened her interest. Nykerk, a place on the Zuyder Zee well known to tourists and about twenty miles from Doorn, is one of the few places where peasants still wear the traditional dress of the country, a peculiarity of which is that little girls of from four to fourteen are dressed like old women and don numberless parti-coloured petticoats, twenty-seven having been the highest number so far attained! Sometimes these children come to Doorn, and the ex-Kaiserin was always amused to see them.

One of the ex-Kaiser's pleasures now is to give or to go to luncheon and dinner parties, at which are present people whose acquaintance he

has made since his arrival. But not all the neighbours enter into relations with him. There is, indeed, a strong party in Holland, and not only in democratic circles, which views the presence of the exile with great disfavour. It is often said that Holland is pro-German, but before anything Holland is sturdily and steadfastly pro-Dutch! Apropos these parties, there was a difficulty last September in obtaining meat owing to the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease in the district. Count Godard thereupon sent as much game as he could to Doorn, though at that time partridges were the only available birds. As the exile has no shooting of his own these were very acceptable.

To Amerongen he goes frequently, sometimes on very short notice. One may judge how little he is inclined to dally over his own luncheon by the fact that, though that meal is fixed at Doorn for one o'clock, he often telephones that he will arrive at Amerongen about two. On these occasions he usually remains for the whole afternoon and sometimes until as late as seven o'clock. The duration of his stay largely depends on whether the turn of the conversation leads him on to favourite subjects.

His talk, then, has "an infinite variety," touching upon works of philosophy, music, religion, history, travel, Assyriology, and Egyptology. I mention the last because he is very much interested in the history of ancient civilisation. It will be remembered that in his travels in the East he showed a practical interest in the excavations on the sites of buried cities. He has not lost that

interest, and when the subject is broached the conversation tends to become chiefly a monologue.

Religion in all its aspects is also a favourite topic with him, and this leaning he may perhaps inherit from his ancestor, Frederick William II., maker of the alliance between England, Prussia, and Holland about one hundred and thirty years ago, who was much inclined to look upon the mystic side of life, and constantly had recourse to mediums for advice in political affairs. Bismarck, in the third volume of his *Thoughts and Reminiscences* which have lately appeared, refers to this peculiarity in Frederick William, for it was a trait of which his sturdy character did not approve; and it will be remembered that the first difference between him and the young Prince arose when the latter supported a Court chaplain's plan for fighting the rising Socialist movement by means of Christian teaching.

I heard that William II. was interested in the researches into supernormal phenomena which a well-known Bavarian was making on the lines followed by Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge; but it was a subject which was not congenial; and how little his entourage, who usually reflect his views, were inclined to give credence to such legends as that of the "Angels of Mons" will appear from the following account of a conversation in which I took part.

One night, after dinner at Amerongen, our talk turned—as it so often does in life, and more especially at the present time—on ghosts and supernatural phenomena, and as a natural consequence the subject of the "Angels of Mons" was broached.

Captain von Ilseman, the ex-Kaiser's aide-de-camp, asked me whether I believed in the story. I told him that I had never met any one who had seen the vision with his own eyes, but that, on the other hand, I did not find it at all difficult to believe.

"British people always believe in such things," he replied laughingly, "and there they differ very much from the German races. Besides, it is nearly always women who give credence to such tales; men are seldom affected by them."

"I must say, though," he went on, "that although there is nothing analogous to the 'Angels of Mons' story in the German Army, we often thought we saw masses of men behind your first line troops, and were surprised that you did not follow up your advance on these occasions, feeling so sure that you had plenty of reserves. Oh, it was, taken all round, a mysterious war, full of happenings that no one can account for or explain."

I said that perhaps Prussians (he is a Prussian) are not so open to supernatural influences as are some other peoples.

Then we reverted to his remark that it is usually only women who pay attention to tales of the supernatural. "Let me tell you of one man, at any rate, who had cause to take a 'ghost' seriously," I said, and related the experience of a colonel in the British Army, as recounted by himself, and not, I believe, yet published.

The colonel was awakened one night by a strange feeling which he could not explain. By his bed he saw a nun standing. Naturally aston-

ished and annoyed at her presence, he demanded how she had managed to get there.

She, however, gave him an evasive answer to this question, and then proceeded calmly to tell him that the world deserved the War on account of its wickedness and godlessness, and that millions would have to suffer much pain and loss and horror, but that in the end, which was further away than people imagined, England and France would win. Then in some mysterious way she vanished.

Very much perturbed at this extraordinary incident, the colonel determined to visit a convent which he knew was not very far away. In the morning he made his way there, and asked to see the Reverend Mother. He told her what had happened, and said that unless she could guarantee that none of her nuns would be guilty in future of such an offence, he would have to take strict measures, which he would be loth to do, to make such visits impossible.

The Superior of the convent said that she could not believe such a thing had taken place, but that she would send for all her Sisters, and as they filed through the room would he kindly point out the culprit? He acquiesced, and she led the way into the adjoining room.

As he entered he gave an exclamation of surprise. The Mother-Superior turned and saw him standing in the middle of the room, his eyes glued to a picture of a young and meek-faced nun which hung upon a wall. "That's her," he exclaimed excitedly; "that's the one who came to my tent last night." The Mother-Superior

turned to him, smiling strangely, and said, "Ah, she has been dead for twenty years, M. le Général." It was the picture of a French girl, who died at twenty-two, in 1895, and who had entered the convent at her particular desire when she was only sixteen years of age. To the Catholic world to-day she is known as the "Little Flower," and the power of working miracles is believed to be hers.

The life of this wonderful girl¹ is worth an hour's study even to the most incredulous and busy among us. In these days when positive scepticism of all supernormal phenomena is so curiously mixed with a willingness to believe almost anything without its being vouched for by serious and responsible people, the doings of this French child *cannot* help but arrest our attention.

Many soldiers of all nations know her power and revere her in the following terms: "Little Sister of the Trenches," "War Godmother," "Warrior's Chosen One," "Soldier's Saint," "Soldier's Shield," "Angel of Battles."

These lovely names remind us of the soldiers of Jeanne d'Arc whom they called by the fascinating cognomen of "Victory's Sweetheart."

In the light of what has happened since 1914 it is interesting to remember her words as the flames were greedily licking round her slim young form. "Oh, Rouen, Rouen," she called, "some day you will suffer for what you are doing."

And so, as ever, the axiom of the wise old

¹ See the book *Shower of Roses*, to be obtained from the Carmelite Convent, Lisieux, France.

Greek remains true—"The mills of the gods grind late, but they grind exceeding fine."

The aide-de-camp could not believe this story. "No, no," he said; "such things do not happen. War is a stern and awful reality."

In connection with the above story I suggested that when men were tired out, hungry, overworked, and overstrung in every way—mind and body and soul—they might think they saw, or might even really see, sights which would be hidden from them in normal moments. In moments when the body is nearly worn out and the brain, on the contrary, intensely alert, I thought one might be very near the border-line, or, indeed, for some moments beyond it, without tasting of physical death.

But he could not see that at all. Although he had constantly been in a state of physical exhaustion such as I had described, he had never, for one fleeting second, he said, had such imaginings. Anything he saw was a solid reality.

We spoke of the ghosts of Glamis and Cortachy, and the many Banshee tales with which Ireland abounds. But he only laughed, and said there were no such stories current in Germany. I got the impression that he looked upon it as a sort of rather laughable weakness on our part that we should think about such things at all—a weakness due to the infusion of Celtic blood.

But although the party at the Castle that night were very sceptical about the whole subject, a fact which I related to them as being the true experience of a clair-audient friend of mine did arrest their attention, since it had to do with a German "Fritz" killed in the early stage of the War.

My friend told me she became conscious that there was a German spirit presence in the room she occupied in an hotel in the North of England, where she was staying for a few months. The proprietress at first indignantly denied that any German had ever been in the house. Later, on being pressed, she said that before the War a German man of business had often had that room. My friend, herself a medium, got into direct communication with this spirit, who, among other strange things, informed her that he "hated being dead." He was young, apparently, and had been cut off much too soon from the joys of life. And now he came to her as being the only one whom he could get into communication with, and told her that he wanted to have news of his wife and of the child which had been born to her just after his death. He gave his name and the name of the town where his wife lived. My friend had never heard of the town, but on looking in a gazetteer she found it was a suburb of Berlin.

Captain von Ilsemann said he thought it a remarkable story, and asked if any steps had been taken to find the woman out. He thought he had scored when he found that none had been. We agreed that it was the death of youth which had brought the subject so much to the fore lately.

Perhaps, as I have been dealing with "visions," I may be permitted to recall an omen. In February 1914 I was at Port Said on my way to Jerusalem, and while I was in the boat an Indian soothsayer came up to me begging to tell my fortune. As this is a temptation I never can refuse, I acquiesced, and was immediately "rooked" of £2!

The soothsayer squatted down and began to make cabalistic signs on the deck. Suddenly looking up, he said, in awestruck tones, "August ! August ! Something terrible in August." Horrified I asked whether something very dreadful was going to happen to me then.

But he continued, in tones of scorn, "Not to you ! To the world. Blood, blood, in August !"

And nothing else could be got out of him.

In connection with these subjects a curious little paragraph may be read in the preface which Wilkie Collins wrote to his extraordinary book, *The Moonstone*, in 1866. In relating of the evil attributes possessed by some precious stones, he mentioned that it was a deeply rooted belief that the large stone which was set in the sceptre belonging to the Czar of Russia was a carrier of bad luck, and that sooner or later the power of the possessor of this stone would fall and crumble.

These words were written more than fifty years ago !

During the War much mystery at times covered the Kaiser's movements. I have read in the German newspapers lyrical descriptions of his ubiquity, how one morning you would hear of him here, the next hundreds of miles away—mysterious, all-pervading, untiringly vigilant, ever the mainspring of grand plans on all fronts.

I asked his aide-de-camp whether there was any truth in the story, widely circulated at one time, that other men had been dressed up like the Kaiser and been rushed about Europe as "decoys" to keep the actual whereabouts of the War-Lord a secret.

“What things people will believe!” laughed the aide-de-camp, as he denied that there had ever been any decoys.

Talk once turned to the ingenuity and daring of Captain Müller of the *Emden*. I remarked that so famous had the voyage of Müller become that “*Emden*” was almost a household word at one time, and that some one had been called “the *Emden*” because “she was so fast and had never been caught yet”! This was repeated at Doorn for the amusement of the exile.

That the ex-Kaiser is a very “temperamental” person is well known. Nobody needs to be reminded of his long series of “indiscretions,” from (to take only those directly affecting this country) the Kruger telegram of 1895 to the famous interview on Anglo-German naval rivalry in 1908. But how much of these manifestations was due to mere “temperament” and how much to calculated policy has been a matter of doubt to those who have had no opportunities of close observation. A well-known saying of his was that it was natural to him to trust people rather than to mistrust them. My own impression is that “temperament” played a larger part than is generally supposed. A glance at the uncertainties of his manner in the reception of visitors during his exile may give us a clue.

He may be going to meet some people with whom he has made up his mind he will not agree. Should their appearance and their demeanour, contrary to his expectation, please him when he speaks to them, he will readily grant some request

he had fully intended to refuse. A moment after he may regret that he had committed himself to a promise, and again change his mind a few hours later.

Prince Bülow, for long the Imperial Chancellor, used, as a result of studying his master's idiosyncrasies, to sandwich his political requests between as many jokes as he could collect, and by thus diverting the Kaiser's attention, get the kind of answer he wanted. Whether the Chancellor often succeeded in hoodwinking his master, I cannot say, but it is certain that the ex-Kaiser is extremely sensitive to personal impressions and thus very variable in manner.

He may, for instance, have intended to be affable to visitors, but be put out of humour by some little incident unconnected with the visitors, or by some nuance of their manner displeasing to him, and his whole behaviour will be cold and abrupt. Sometimes, when he is not pleased, or is nervous or upset, he only gives two fingers when he shakes hands, though his usual handshake is cordial.

He is, in short, an impetuous, highly strung, emotional man, suffering from restrictions for which nothing in his previous life prepared him. His powers were kept at full working pitch, and his intellect was stimulated, when he could rush from one corner of Europe to the other—from Norwegian fjord to Grecian isle—in company with the chosen ones of the earth. No one, perhaps, enjoyed the pleasures the world holds for the mighty as much and as fully as he did. Now he feels the lack of them proportionately keenly,

and it is understandable that the variableness of temperament which, under the stimulus of select intelligences, is said to have given a certain vivid charm to his personality in the old days, should appear a less attractive characteristic in the absence of the dazzling accompaniments of a Court.

Visitors, generally speaking, are welcomed at Doorn for the break they afford in an otherwise rather monotonous existence. They must be authorised visitors, of course; he would never lack for callers if he were an easily accessible person. And, in spite of the barriers placed in the way of the merely curious, he receives a fairly constant stream of guests.

The most important of these are, naturally, his sons. The ex-Crown Prince comes over from Wieringen only at stated times. There is no privacy about these visits, which are always mentioned in the Dutch Press. The opinions one hears about him are many and diverse. I was told that he was very popular in the army, and that the soldiers would do anything for him.

In his book, Count Czernin mentions a conversation which he had with him in 1917 about a possible Peace, and he says that the Crown Prince promised to go to Vienna to discuss it with the Emperor Karl. He never went, however, and later, when Count Czernin met Ludendorff in Berlin, the latter said to him, "What have you been doing to our Crown Prince? He had got quite slack, but we have stiffened him up again."

On the other hand, it is said that he was always extremely warlike. As far as I could gather, however, there seems to be a great differ-

ence in the feelings entertained by the German people for the fugitives. Whereas the ex-Kaiser is always talked about and discussed, whether on friendly or unfriendly lines, the name of the Crown Prince is never mentioned. I gather that his character is not admired by serious people in Germany.

Relations with his father are now more cordial than they were. The heir to a throne is sometimes troublesomely independent, as the ex-Kaiser, if he takes a backward glance to his own youth, may remember; but acute discords have ceased with the removal of the occasion of them. Their views on many general questions still differ, but they can discuss them amicably. The once ebullient Crown Prince is now considerably subdued, and his visits are very quiet affairs, spent almost wholly within the grounds of Doorn.

But it would seem that it has taken two years of what is practically imprisonment in a doleful Dutch island to make him thoughtful, as becomes his years and position. An incident, which showed how careless and haphazard were his ways, occurred when he came to Holland.

On the evening on which he arrived, at the end of his flight, he drove up to the house allotted him for residence in a fly hired from the nearest posting-house. It was apparently a "dark and stormy night," and he and his companions may have been bewildered and tired. At any rate, he was so forgetful of what was in his charge—moral obligation, from what we hear, at no time caused the volatile prince serious inconvenience—that he left in the cab some archives of the Royal House!

One can imagine his consternation when his belongings came to be sorted out. Ultimately the important documents were found, and I dare say were given into the care of more competent hands.

The other sons come pretty frequently, for, unlike their elder brother, they are free to move about as they wish ; and his daughter, the Duchess of Brunswick, and her husband and children are the most constant, and also, I may say, the most affectionate of visitors. They may be seen not infrequently in the villages of Doorn and Amerongen, and going to and fro to the Bentinck residences, without any fuss or display, but at their ease. The little son, aged about three years, of Prince Joachim (whose tragic death took place last August in Berlin) spends a good deal of time with his grandparents, and, like all children, he brings an atmosphere of gaiety and insouciance to a house where the outlook is often sombre. The ex-Kaiser delights in the child's prattle.

Children whose visits are looked forward to are the three lively boys whom the ex-Crown Princess brings. Their mother, who is still highly esteemed and popular in Germany, has very sensible ideas about their upbringing and the importance of a good education. She is training them to be self-reliant and simple in their tastes, so that they may be able to " fend for themselves " whatever the future may hold for them of a high destiny or an obscure. One has to bear in mind in this connection that the ex-Kaiser renounced all rights to the throne only for himself !

During their stays at Doorn the children spend a good deal of time at Amerongen, where they

may ride, motor, and row about on the moats. The last is a particularly favoured pastime, for it is easy to fall in the water if the boats are not carefully handled! Many little mementoes are given to the servants on the conclusion of these visits, such as, for example, a tobacco-pouch to the chauffeur at Amerongen from the ex-Crown Princess. This, by the way, was the chauffeur who brought the exile from the unpleasant situation at Maarn Station to the hospitable atmosphere of Amerongen. To his pride, the ex-Kaiser told him he was the best driver he had ever sat behind—the giving of this encomium being one of the little ways in which he showed his relief at the ending of his historic flight.

That reminds me that the rooms at Amerongen are full of *objets d'art*, which the exiles, in gratitude for the hospitality shown them, have bestowed on their former host. Among the many presents to Count Godard Bentinck are two paintings of the ex-Kaiserin and the ex-Kaiser, done just before the War, and a life-sized white marble bust, done at the beginning of the War, which I mentioned as being very conspicuous at the wedding luncheon-party. Before she left Amerongen the late ex-Kaiserin gave Count Godard a finely chased gold box studded thickly with diamonds. Photographs of the ex-Kaiser's sons and daughter are everywhere to be seen, all with inscriptions below, such as "In eternal gratitude for all you have done for my parents," and "We can never thank you enough for all you have done."

Prince Henry of Prussia, the ex-Kaiser's

brother, is perhaps the one whose visits are most eagerly awaited. He comes often, though his stay is usually brief. With him, more than with any other, the ex-Kaiser enjoys long and intimate conversations; there is no one closely associated with him who can keep him so well informed of the "temperature" of Germany. Prince Henry brings or sends all the "very latest" literature—books, pamphlets, and what-not—touching on the most important and most minute developments in the subjects which he knows most deeply interest the ex-Kaiser—of which the two chief are, as I have said before, Freemasonry and the Jewish question. The writings of Mr. E. D. Morel, who gained some notoriety during the War as a pacifist journalist and lecturer, were also sent; and the exile is much interested in anything in English that states a case for Germany and criticises English action during and after the War. Amongst others who visit him, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg is notable for his unswerving attachment to the ex-Emperor. Some highly placed men of the old Empire are "conspicuous by their absence"—a matter of bitterness to the ex-Kaiser—but to Hindenburg, so far as personal relations are concerned, the revolution is as if it had not been. He remains gravely deferential to "My King, my Emperor, and my master" on his visits, and the ex-Kaiser naturally enjoys this treatment, apart from the respect with which he, in accordance with all who know him, regards the sturdy old veteran. He was not present at the wedding I attended, but had sent his regrets that he could not give his good wishes

in person to the aide-de-camp, who had once been on his staff. Many visitors, whose stay is brief and of whom very little is heard, come and go unobtrusively. If they are high military and naval personages they are not, at any rate, betrayed by uniforms. Since he removed to his wooded retreat at Doorn, the exile no doubt finds it easier than at Amerongen to receive certain guests. He naturally observes all the discretion required of him in his position, and there is nothing to show that he has any part in directing the activities of his adherents in Germany; but it would be expecting too much of him to refuse to see occasionally people who were prominent in his service in the old days.

As the nearest point of the German frontier is only about seventy miles away, former subjects can come to Doorn for a few hours, on the chance of catching a glimpse of the exile, and return on the same day.

But it is not only from the Fatherland that guests arrive. Many Dutch people also are pleased to be entertained by him. Eating is, indeed, apart from a necessity, a very useful invention! Was it not Talleyrand (accredited with most sayings of the sort) who, apropos food, said, "Tell me another pleasure which comes twice a day and lasts an hour each time?" Not that it is the food so much as the company which is the attraction of these parties to the exile.

An honoured visitor who came to see the exile soon after the abdication was the abbot of a leading Benedictine monastery in Germany. I understood, but am not certain, that he was

the abbot of Maria Laach, the renowned old Bavarian monastery (which dates from the tenth century), where the well-known von Stotzingen was abbot, and where, before the War, the ex-Kaiser was a constant guest.

It was to this renowned house that members of princely families would repair to seek peace from worldly distractions if they had a vocation for the priesthood and an inclination towards monastic life.

The Emperor (as he then was) designed a reredos in stone for the altar in the church at Maria Laach. This, although a fine thing in itself, did not really blend with the rest of the structure of the old building, and so the monks had another—a movable one—made to their own design. This was used all the year round, except when the Emperor informed them of an intended visit, and on these occasions it was removed, leaving exposed the Emperor's work of art for him to see in making a round of the monastery! By this wily trick did the monks please both themselves and their Royal visitor!

The exile has always been greatly impressed by the power of the Roman Catholic Church, and, when a ruler, was always particularly careful of the susceptibilities of the very numerous and very important section of his subjects who belonged to that Church. But he is, of course, a Lutheran, and more versed in Protestant doctrines. Thus a frequent guest at Doorn is the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, of whom mention has been previously made, who lives at Utrecht, and through his friendship with the Bentinck family has come to know the exile very well.



(From a picture by Mierevelt at Amsterdam.)

WILLIAM THE SILENT

Prince of Orange. Born 1533. Murdered 1584 by Balthazar Gerard.
From whom by his 3rd wife, Catherine de Bourbon, are descended the
ex-Kaiser and his late host Count Godard Bentinck.

I asked at Amerongen whether there was any truth in the reports that the ex-Kaiser had composed an opera, painted a picture, written a book, and so on, but these were laughed at as *canards*. He is fond of music and sufficiently acquainted with technique to be appreciative, but he is in no way a performer.

That an allegorical painting which pointed to the necessity of the white races uniting in face of the "Yellow Peril" should be attributed to him is not surprising. He is still perturbed by the fear of a future overwhelming of Western civilisation by hordes from the East, and often touches on the "neglected danger" in conversation.

Another topic in which he is much interested is that of genealogy. In this he is not unique! His cult of his ancestors has almost a Far Eastern fervour, as all may judge from the famous "Sieges Allee" in Berlin, in which, with obvious pride if not with a fine discrimination or a fastidious sense of beauty, he has placed statues of his ancestors representing them as "heroes."

One of the ancestors of which he is the proudest is William the Silent, first Stadtholder of the Netherlands. He was interested to hear that his former host at Amerongen could boast a fourfold descent in the female line from that renowned leader also, by his third wife, Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of Louis, Duc de Montpensier, of the Royal House of France.

He (Louis) was descended in the direct male line from Louis IX. (St. Louis) through the latter's younger son, Robert de Clermont.

Charlotte was therefore a great-niece of Charles

de Bourbon, Constable of France, who was killed at the famous Sack of Rome in 1527, and belonged naturally to the same family as Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henri III. of Navarre and IV. of France; of Charles Cardinal de Bourbon and of the celebrated Louis I., Prince de Condé, killed at Jarnac in 1567—the famous and notorious uncles of Henri IV.

It was through the marriage of the aforesaid Robert de Clermont with Agnes, Princess of Bourbon, that the Bourbon designation first came into the Capet family. So all this man's descendants were de Bourbon (of the Bourbon family—showing what weight the mother's family carried in those days), and thus Henri IV. and Louis de Montpensier (Charlotte's father) were descendants directly of the Bourbon marriage.

Charlotte, as a baby, had been sent to be brought up by her aunt, who was abbess of the rich abbey of Jouarre. There, it is said, for political reasons, she was forced to become a nun at the age of twelve. At the age of eighteen, however, she drew up a document, attested by witnesses, repudiating the vows which she had made against her will. She then left the abbey and went to live at Heidelberg with her relation, the Elector Palatine, and his wife. This Court was the centre of Huguenot sympathy; all her near relations, on the other hand, were on fire for the Catholic cause.

William the Silent seems to have first seen her a few days after her escape from the convent. Three years later he resolved to marry her! He was forty-two and had been twice married, his second wife having been repudiated by him on

the score of madness seven years previously. Charlotte was twenty-five, and had been a nun until her eighteenth year.

Round their marriage raged one of the most furious family and religious feuds known in domestic history.¹ In the face of the profound disgust and criticism of nearly every faction in Europe, William nevertheless carried out his desire and, in 1575, married her.

They were, indeed, a strangely assorted pair! She, a Catholic, a French princess, and a renegade nun; he, born a Lutheran and a German count, brought up a Catholic in the Court of Spain, became by inheritance a Flemish magnate and a sovereign prince, ultimately died a Calvinist at the hand of a fanatical Catholic.

But as the years went by hostility died down. As a wife she was an immense success and very happy. Her Protestant relations warmly supported her, and she was eventually reconciled to her father and the Catholic princes of Europe.

Plainly the form was not legal, but they were still too near the Reformation for any proper procedure for the legal dissolution of marriages to have been drawn up. Moreover, his second wife, Anne of Saxony, was unnatural to what was virtually insanity; she had dishonoured her husband numberless times, and was notorious all through Europe for her infamous character.

In the year following the marriage of William and Charlotte, a daughter was born to them, whom they named Louise Juliana. She is the direct

¹ For facts I referred to *William the Silent*, by Mr. Frederick Harrison.

ancestress of the House of Hanover and of nearly all the Royal Houses of Europe.

Queen Victoria was the nearest to her in descent, and may I be permitted to say that my children are eleventh in descent from this most unconventional and unfanatical of men by his Bourbon wife.

In whatever light one criticises him it cannot be said that the "game was not worth the candle." His aims and his ideals were not misplaced, and four hundred years later the substantial proof of his wisdom can be seen in the Holland of to-day splendidly ruled by a woman whose father was the last male descendant of the House of Orange-Nassau.

The pedigrees I give on the opposite page show the manner in which William II., ex-German Emperor, and his host, Count Godard Bentinck, are descended from the great Stadtholder.

The Emperor entered into the whole life of the Castle very fully, as the following little incident shows. Every winter the Rhine rises considerably, but last year¹ the floods were worse than "the oldest inhabitant" could remember, and the whole country for miles was under water; even the highest dikes were threatened with complete immersion. A burgomaster in a neighbouring village was drowned through falling off a flooded road in the dark into the deep water at the sides.

The danger was serious,—how serious only those who live in a low-lying country like Holland can realise,—so every available person in and outside the house at Amerongen had to work at the pumps and help to build up the outside dike

¹ 1919-20.



(Photo. by Compton Collier.)

LADY NORAH BENTINCK

With her children Brydgytte Blanche aged $3\frac{1}{2}$, and Henry Noel
aged 10 months (1920).

(round the outer moat) with faggots. In this work the ex-Kaiser joined with zest. Sometimes, no doubt from habit, he gave orders which—incidentally—were not always obeyed. For weeks no one could go anywhere except in a boat, and I believe that, notwithstanding every one's strenuous efforts, some water did penetrate the lower part of the Castle.

The framework of the rooms in which the ex-Kaiser lived at Amerongen are, curiously enough, of German wood. When, in 1672, Louis XIV. stayed at Amerongen, the owner, Baron Godard de Reede Ginkel, was Dutch Ambassador to the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg (father of the first King of Prussia), and was in Germany intriguing against the French king living in his house! This enraged Louis so much that, when leaving the place, he ordered French troops quartered at Utrecht to set fire to the building. This they did most thoroughly, filling the house with faggots.

When the Elector heard of his friend's loss he sent him eight hundred enormous oaks from his forests round Berlin to help in rebuilding the house.

The ex-Kaiser's eyes shone when he was told this. "So, anyhow, my trees and my river didn't desert me," he remarked—the latter part an allusion to the fact that the moats are filled from the Rhine.

CHAPTER IX

" Full of misery is the mind anxious about the future."

SENECA.

AT Doorn beats the heart that *was* Germany ; for in the old days no one could think of Germany without the Emperor or of the Emperor without Germany. Will the ex-Kaiser again be the heart of Germany ? If he does not return, will some other Hohenzollern become head of the old Empire or at least of the Prussian State ? From Doorn he is watching events.

He would not be human if he did not dream of a future restoration, if not for himself at least for his House. But he would not be politic if he showed himself to be striving to make any such dream a reality, or even to be " thinking ahead " in preparation for a " coup " at a propitious moment. Therefore, whether he be merely dreaming and drifting, or is actively planning, he naturally does not disclose. And his entourage, while ready to discuss the War, its origin and many of its consequences, from a point of view exactly opposite to the British, are dumb regarding the future of the Hohenzollerns ; the subject is taboo outside the walls of Doorn. But still there are many little indications given of the point of view taken there.

First of all, there is the phrase which I heard several times when I was at Amerongen that

“ England has won the War but has lost the Peace.” That sounds portentous, and is at any rate consolatory to the defeated ; but I could not find out that more was meant than that the “ economic consequences ” of the War would be disappointing to the victors and that the political rearrangement of Europe was quite unstable.

The ex-Kaiser thinks that the men who drew up the Versailles Peace Treaty were not sufficiently experienced to pretend to deal with the stupendous problems that came before them. It was, in his view, more than could be expected of human beings that they should be able in a few months to rearrange, with any prospect of their scheme being permanent, a Europe whose centralised and highly efficient organisations in 1914 were the outcome not only of the work of a succession of nineteenth-century nation-builders but of centuries of evolution. Germany, with its many millions of capable people welded into a nation, was bound to remain a great European Power drawing lesser States into its orbit, and the attempts he thought were made to put artificial barriers in her way could only fail sooner or later. From all I heard, I feel sure he would agree with the neat epigram of the cynic that “ The War to end war has been followed by a Peace to end peace.”

One wonders what scheme he and his advisers would have offered at the Conference table had it been the fate of the Central Powers rather than that of the Allies to sit there !

It is so much easier to criticise than to act ; to pull down than to build up.

The League of Nations, in his opinion, so far as

it is not a disguised anti-German alliance in the old style, is merely attempting to put into practice a very old and very unsuccessful European idea—and Leagues are discussed, from that projected by Henri Quatre down to the Holy Alliance of a hundred years ago, to show the futility of the project. As an ideal it is attractive; as a working proposition it is impracticable.

It is another name for the Balance of Power which Henri iv. and Sully had in their heads when they proposed having a *République très Chrétienne* in Europe.

This idea underlay the arrangements of the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648 to check the power of the Hapsburgs. Nearly a century later it led to the European coalition against the aggressions of Louis xiv. at the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

A hundred years after this it peeped out again at the Vienna Conference in trying to set legislation in motion which would make another Napoleon impossible. It led to the coalition of Britain, France, Sardinia, and Turkey against Russia, which resulted in the Crimean War in 1854.

The Balance of Power idea was again operative in the Berlin Congress in 1878, which tried to regulate the affairs of the Balkans.

Later it was the basis for the alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy as opposed to that of France and Turkey. Since its existence as a kingdom in 1830 the neutrality of Belgium has been a principle of European public law. On its violation the "Great European War" broke out. Since then the League of Nations idea was given birth to by an American citizen born in

England. Those who live will see whether it succeeds in its noble aims. But it seems that neither men's minds nor their bodies can keep still for very long. Roughly speaking, Wars and Heresies come every hundred years or so.

It is to be expected that sooner or later there will be restored a Germany seeking for power on the old lines, and the ex-Kaiser holds that the country will then need Prussia and, above all, a Hohenzollern to guide her in her efforts to regain the position which she held in 1914.

One of Goethe's characters remarked that, "It is so sweet to reign" ("Es ist so süß zu herschen"). One wonders whether William II. would agree with this!

From all one hears to-day, it is not the Monarchical idea that the bulk of the German people object to, but the excessive Military one.

The Austrian friend with whom I stayed in Vienna happened to be related to the German Royal family. She often remarked to me, with an amused little "moue," in answer to my comments on the charm of the Viennese, "Yes, they are delightful, but it is my Hohenzollern blood that gives me all my energy and go!" That is the view of the exile's entourage also—Prussia is the "Push and Go" of Germany.

It would be tactless to suggest at Doorn that the War, with its catastrophic end for Germany, was the result of Hohenzollern guidance, accompanied by a strong "Push" from Prussia!

It is worth while, after tracing thus far the lines of thought at Doorn, to note the prospects the new Constitution offers to a Hohenzollern. A first

significant fact is that it is possible for the President of the Republic to be of Royal birth ; Berlin has not to look far abroad or far back to know that a republic in such circumstances may be induced by a bold President to become a monarchy. Then, to quote from the *Quarterly Review's* analysis :¹

“The sovereign power is divided between the President and the Reichstag, each being elected by the whole body of the German people voters. The President is thus placed in a very autocratic position. . . . In the range of his executive authority he outdoes the Kaiser, for he exercises, in addition to supreme Imperial control, a very large authority which, under the Imperial system, was vested in the State Governments of Germany. He is elected for seven years, is eligible at the end of that term for re-election, and is responsible only to the German people. . . . Furthermore, the President of the Republic is Commander-in-Chief of the Army. It is clear that a short step would in conceivable circumstances convert his office into a monarchy.”

One can see the bearing on this situation of the results of the Prussian Diet elections of 20th February,² and the consolations and hopes these offer to the exile of Doorn. The purely monarchical party increased its total of votes from 102,000 in January 1919 to 169,000, and the non-Socialist parties, who include very many half-avowed and very many undisguised monarchists, had a combined poll of 442,000 in February, as compared with 359,000 last year, while the

¹ January 1921.

² 1921.

Socialist vote fell in the same time from 619,000 to 519,000. The monarchist party's cry was "A strong party under the Hohenzollerns"; and it is difficult to see any essential difference from that in the views of two of the leading orators of the German People's Party (group of Hugo Stinnes, the multi-millionaire), such as Dr. Borlitz, a high school professor who fervently preaches that "the Empire can only be founded on the Kaiser idea, which still slumbers in the hearts of the best of the German people," and Professor Brandi, who swears that "all the greatness of Prussia comes from the dynasty." I have mentioned that the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung* is much appreciated at Doorn. It is easy to judge of the tonic effect on the exile of the reinstatement in that newspaper of its old motto, "Forward, with God for King and Fatherland!" which device it used at those elections for the first time since the Revolution.

A distinction possibly may have to be made between the ex-Kaiser's hopes for himself and those for his House. When I was in Holland, and especially on my first visit in February 1919, his own professed desire was to sink into privacy. He hoped a thick curtain would fall behind him when he passed the friendly portals of Amerongen. The observed of all observers, as he had contrived to be for most of his life, was to become the Recluse, the Silent One of Europe.

He may shrink from public gaze now, but in February 1919 he positively courted obscurity. Some people may think that he cannot possibly overcome the delight in publicity that was so obvious before the War, and that he still finds

satisfaction in constant allusions to his doings in the Press. That would be a mistaken idea. The less he sees his name mentioned the better he is pleased ; the references to him have been usually too wounding for his peace of mind.

At my first visit¹ the question whether or not he should be tried before an international tribunal was then uppermost in the public mind. At that moment the world was overcome with grief for the millions of homes ruined and lives broken. The British general election had just concluded, amid resounding cries of "Hang the Kaiser!" The Paris Conference was solemnly debating the method by which he might be brought before a tribunal, and the place at which he might be tried.

Only the quiet voice of Lord Robert Cecil was not heard in the uproar, who said in an interview with the London correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* (16th November 1918) that the extradition of the Kaiser could not legally be demanded, but it might be requested as a favour.

I am often asked whether the ex-Kaiser expected that he would be tried. As far as I could gather, he thought it highly improbable, but nevertheless a possibility.

But however confident he may have been that his life, at any rate, was not in danger from a trial, understanding, as he did, what the laws of extradition are, it was impossible that he should not feel nervous at times. The suspense was long. Until March 1920 the result of the Allies' demand to Holland for his extradition was an open question. During all that time the British and French

¹ February 1919.

newspapers were insistent in the demand that he should be punished, the Dutch were full of the pros and cons of the dispute, and the Germans were closely attentive. There was no day on which he could escape the question.

If for nothing else but for its effect on the ex-Kaiserin he would have suffered. To the strain she then underwent is attributed her breakdown. But apart from that, as he is a highly impressionable man, he underwent acute mental distress from the consciousness that periodic waves of detestation of him were passing over the world.

He professed not to be able to fathom the reason for the English persistence in demanding his punishment—the English whose friendship he had so much enjoyed.

“Why do they hate me so? Why do the English hate me so?” he would often ask Count Godard Bentinck.

Count Godard repeated the words to me. I answered, “But people in England hold him to be responsible not only for starting the War but for instigating the worst atrocities. They say they have proof that all the horrors of Belgium were arranged before the War. They will never forget the terrible conditions under which British prisoners suffered in Germany. Neither can they get over the sinking of the *Lusitania* nor the shooting of Miss Cavell. *They demand that he who was at the head of the Army and was ready enough to take his soldiers' and sailors' glory should equally take their shame.*”

Count Godard repeated my words to the ex-Kaiser. The exile looked horrified, and said he

had no idea that that was what was thought. "How can people's minds invent such horrors, or think I would instigate or connive at them?" he asked.

Apparently his standpoint is that he did not invent war, that it always is and must be accompanied by blunders and cruelties, and that these were more numerous than previously because the War was on such a gigantic scale and involved civilians to an extent unprecedented for centuries. Also the conscience of civilisation, after a long spell of peace, was more acutely conscious of the hideous side of war. One does not expect to find sensitiveness over-developed in a man who told recruits, as the ex-Kaiser did, that if he ordered it they might have to fire on their fathers. I think, however, that in spite of protestations that atrocity charges were inventions, he would himself, though unlikely to admit it, be conscious of the justice of the remark made to me by an officer who was with the German Army in Belgium during the first few weeks of the War, and therefore at almost the worst "atrocity" period. This man told me that, while he had himself seen the German troops provoked by the civilian population to a very high degree, and he considered there was exaggeration in the charges brought against the soldiery, he nevertheless thought that the German was more brutal and coarse-fibred when excited by war and all its horrible accompaniments than was the average Englishman.

Another question that I am asked is whether or not the exile is writing his memoirs, as report

occasionally has it. There was no sign that he was composing an *apologia*, though probably data was being collected and arranged. He is not an old man, and no one can tell what the future holds for him.

If the German people wished it, and had he enough power behind him, one does not see what there would be to stop his return to Germany. For the present, however, "dignified silence" is to be preserved.

Had Professor Schiemann been alive, he would doubtless have been the person to prepare the official "Life," so much was he trusted by the Kaiser. One wonders how much that professor's report on his visit to Ireland a few weeks before war broke out had to do with the impression in German official circles that England was too much entangled with Irish affairs to intervene on the Continent.¹

The situation in Ireland is very freely discussed at Doorn, and England's management of the sister isle is much criticised, not to say jeered at. "England wants to tell the whole of Europe how to govern itself," they say. "She is an idealist abroad on the subject of autonomy for the smaller States, ignoring, when she is not concerned, the fact that self-government for little countries—especially on the Continent, where frontiers are seldom a geographical safeguard—may seriously affect the military, commercial, and

¹ Since these words were written a book emanating from Doorn and dated September 1920 has appeared in England, the publishers being Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is dedicated to twelve German generals by the ex-Kaiser, and it is accompanied by a booklet written by the late Professor Schlemann.

political situation of the large, and therefore cannot lightly be granted."

An interesting fact in the above connection is that the de Reede Ginkel who became Earl of Athlone, who was prominent at the Battle of the Boyne and was largely responsible for subjugating Ireland with Dutch William III., was the owner of Amerongen and Middachten.

Round the hall in the latter house (now in the possession of Count Bentinck)¹ are pictures representing warlike scenes in the conquest of Ireland. In the village at Middachten there is an inn which bears the name of "Arms of Athlone" in Dutch ("Wappen van Athlone").

The name of Orange, however, will always be fraught with sinister memories for Irishmen, with the exception, naturally, of the dwellers in the north.

England (which at Doorn is called "*Engeland*," narrow land—the word ENG in German meaning narrow) is closely watched.

I was questioned with pointed interest about coal and railway strikes of 1919—an interest which I felt was akin to that illustrated in the saying that not even one's best friends are wholly displeased at one's ill-fortune! They look to the strikes in England as sure forerunners of revolution, and never cease to wonder why Bolshevism has never yet broken out badly in England. Perhaps the reason may be found in the dirge-like account given to an Englishman by one of the Bolshevik leaders in Moscow, who said that England could never be stirred up to real Bolshevism because

¹ Eldest son of my father-in-law's second brother.

the people were all too polite to each other and that there one never saw scowling faces.

When I told them at Amerongen that well-known men had driven expresses and worked as guards and porters, and that their wives and daughters had undertaken to distribute the milk in London, they were extremely surprised. A man who had been in the German Army said to me, "German people in the same class would never have done that." A democratic aristocracy seems to be unintelligible to them.

Count Hermann Keyserling, author of the *Diary of a Philosopher* and a great admirer of many things English, refers to the difference which exists in English and German aristocracy. He notes the self-reliance of the English as being much in their favour, and it is said that he has started a school in Darmstadt where he inculcates his ideas on upbringing into boys of good family.¹

¹ Mr. Dent in *The Athenæum*.

CHAPTER X

“Mad world, mad kings.”—*King Richard II.*

PEOPLE constantly ask, “Is the Kaiser mad?” They add, “If not mad, then he must be very bad.” Many insist that he is both. Put that way, it is a difficult question to answer. If I were asked, “Is he obsessed?” I could unhesitatingly answer “Yes.”

But is he mad in the sense that the ruin of his empire and his dethronement have overthrown what mental balance he had? I would answer, No.

Is he mad in the sense that, as some people suppose, he is haunted, to the exclusion of all else, by the thought of his own personal responsibility for the devastation and woe brought to the world by the War? Not at all.

Has he fallen a victim to what is called “religious melancholia”? Has he lost grip on financial affairs? Is he a prey to baseless alarms about his health? So far as I can learn the answer is No.

In short, though he is a much more subdued and much more bewildered mortal, he is about as much or as little “mad,” in the ordinary sense, as he was before the War.

Horace said that “he held all men to be mad.” Lesser mortals may be excused for thinking that

he was unduly pessimistic! But it will be agreed that to have complete sanity is to have perfect poise in every department of the brain, to have perfect balance and perfect control. Who would suggest that the ex-Kaiser approached that ideal?

His environment from birth until November 1918 must have made it well-nigh impossible for him even to have as much balance as an ordinary man. History has shown us examples of rulers without a vestige of vanity in them, men who felt it was their duty to serve the State not to use it for their personal advantage, men whom even the adulation accorded to William II. from his cradle upwards could not have affected. But the ex-Kaiser had not their strong heads. He was naturally, I think, a vain man—one who preferred the glass coach to all other modes of conveyance.

His vanity, it might be supposed, could not become greater in after years than it was in the beginning of his reign. But it did not visibly grow less. It was fed to distension by the delusion that "*L'état, c'est moi!*" He was, first of all, in his own opinion, the most gifted and the most important person in Germany. If Germany could become the most important country, so would he be the most important person in the world. The advancement of Germany became indistinguishable from his own glorification. And this vanity was counted a virtue, instead of a weakness. There were never flatterers wanting to declare that it was to his discerning guidance, to his dynamic impulsion, that the growth of the country's power was due.

Those who did not flatter had small chance of being heard.

When he visited Kiel the prelude to the speeches made by Prince Henry of Prussia were: "Exalted Emperor, Puissant King and Master, Illustrious Brother, our sublime, mighty, and beloved Kaiser, King and Emperor, for all time, for ever and ever—Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" And he was allowed to say such things as: "There is only one law, my law, the law which I myself lay down," and "If I order you to shoot down your parents, your brothers and sisters, you are to do so."

Naturally in times of great public upheavals or of revolution such desperate measures might have to be used, but one imagines that the Kaiser—the father of his people—would not care to refer lightly to this awful power.

Accustomed to such modes of address, and having these ideas, then, how does it come that he has not become mad in the ordinary sense, when, instead of appearing to be himself the State, or, at least, the personification of it, he finds himself an outcast, seeking safety in obscurity, and an object of execration for most of the world? If he really believed himself to be mighty in himself, how could his mind support the brutal disillusionment?

The answer would be that he can still imagine he was the fly that made the wheel go round. He is off the wheel; and *is* it going round? He can point to post-Revolution Germany and triumphantly ask that question. Everything is in a worse condition than in old autocratic, monarchical days.

If he were reminded that the fly was on the wheel when it was spun into the War that brought it to an abrupt stop, he would answer that for the moment the wheel had got past his control; for, as I have already shown, he refuses to admit that he sought the War, much less was the cause of it. And he is convinced a fly will get back to the wheel, if not the same one, at least a similar if less brilliantly coloured one, and then the wheel—Germany—will go merrily round again.

Besides, he does not consider himself to be an obscure outcast. In his view, he was hurled from power in a cataclysm which was as little to be withstood as any giant outbreak of elemental forces is by mortals. The expression "cosmic catastrophe" expresses the wonderment felt by many people as to how the War came about. Numbers in England and on the Continent saw in it an exact fulfilment of the prophecies of Scripture; and, from that standpoint, those who are said to have brought it about might be described as merely the instruments of fate. That the wheels of all Governments were rolling towards war was forcibly brought to my notice in a conversation I had with an English Ambassador in the winter of 1909-10. "Men's brains," he said, "have fired the world; have set her rolling at such a pace that she is no longer controllable. Into what she will eventually hurl herself it is now impossible to foretell. But that it will be some great disaster is a foregone conclusion."

After a catastrophe there is a gradual return to normal. No doubt, in the ex-Kaiser's eyes, a return to normal means a return to the Hohen-

zollerns. So, though temporarily overwhelmed, he has not lost that sense of his own importance which is so necessary to him.

I have laid stress on the ex-Kaiser's vanity because I think it is chiefly that very obvious characteristic of his that has led the world to say, "He's mad!"

Many obsessions cause a sort of madness. Immense wealth is one of them, genius another, and Aristotle plainly tells us that "no great genius was without an admixture of madness." Religious mania is dangerous. Some of the greatest mystics in the Middle Ages are to-day called crazy by people who have had neither time nor inclination to study their mentality. Revenge can cause madness, as in Hamlet (if he *was* mad); and we know the common phrase, "Madly in love."

All these causes can incite and spur to madness, but I honestly believe that of all obsessions that may turn that way the insanity of vanity takes first place, I cannot see that this obsession is more pronounced in the ex-Kaiser now than it was in the old days; rather it seems to me less so.

To ridicule (though it had to be heavily "veiled") he was continually being exposed by his overweening vanity—due, I suppose, to his lack of a sense of humour, or of proportion, or, one might add, of seemliness. I have been told he once gave some Bibles to a garrison church, in each of which he wrote out the texts: "I will walk among you and be your God, and ye shall be my people"; "Walk ye in all the ways which I have commanded you"; "Without me ye can

do nothing." After each he signed "Wilhelm Emperor Rex."

Had William II. had a real sense of humour who knows but that he would still be ruling in Germany?

When I contrast the ex-Emperor as he appeared to his friends at Amerongen with the Emperor as he appeared to the world before the War, especially on such extraordinary occasions as his visits to Jerusalem and to the Vatican, I am inclined to think that he is a very different man indeed. He is no longer under the necessity of posturing as he was before he fled to Holland.

He has had many chastening experiences. Mere ordinary social intercourse has had an effect. Instead of talking from a height, with everybody listening as to a godhead, he can now talk like any ordinary being, and, though he is listened to with a certain amount of deference, he can hear, in reply, ordinary people's views—current opinions not specially doctored for his benefit.

In judging William II. we must not forget that since his childhood he has not been robust, and in these days of health research and eugenics we have learned how greatly the mind is controlled by our physical state. When we ask, "Why is the mind in this state?" we must in the answer take heredity and environment and physical causes into account.

One seeing the ex-Kaiser in a casual way, and not knowing who he was, would describe him as "not a physically strong but an exceedingly virile man." Environment we have dealt with. As to heredity, it cannot be ignored that there was a

strain of insanity in his antecedents, but this terrible misfortune must never be accounted a fault.

“If not mad, then he must be very wicked.” But you would find the ex-Kaiser unconscious of wickedness. He would ask, “What sort of wickedness?”

He did not, as an individual, systematically break the Ten Commandments. He is very religious, as I have shown in preceding articles.

His private life has not been marked by scandals, and he was so continuously in the lime-light, not always under friendly eyes, that violations of the moral code would not have passed without outspoken comment.

So the charge would be confined to political and war wickedness, the causes of which would be inordinate ambition, an insatiable desire for more power, and, again, vanity. (We are told that the only person who does not want “more” is an impecunious parson with nine unmarried daughters!) He protests that his political aim was the good of Germany without the hurt of others; that he tried to avoid the War; and that such atrocities as occurred (and he denies that there were many) were the inevitable accompaniments of war which he was powerless to prevent and certainly did not incite.

In reading post-war German literature it appears that many of their wise and thoughtful men were strongly against war, and were, moreover, very doubtful that the end would mean victory for Germany.

Walther Rathenau (son of the famous Emil,

head of the General Electric Company) has just written a book ¹ in which the following prophetic words—said by him in 1914—occur :

“The moment will never come in which the Kaiser and his followers, as conquerors of the world, will ride through the Brandenburg Gate on white horses. On that day history would have gone mad.”

Again in 1915, Ströbel, a member of the “Landtag,” said :

“I recognise quite frankly that a complete victory for the Empire would not be in the interests of Social Democracy.”

Not only in Germany were views of this sort held, but in “Entente” countries also, as witness a remark made by one of their leading statesmen :

“It is perfectly plain to us that there are influential circles in Germany to whom nothing could be worse than a military victory for Ludendorff.”

And so it seems that internal conditions—Socialistic and Democratic—had weakened the Germans enormously even before our propaganda was let loose amongst them ; and thus it was to a largely self-corrupted Germany that we, during the months July to November 1918, gave the last staggering blow which they were morally and militarily too weak to withstand, all their divisions being far below their full strength.

Colonel Bauer says of the second Battle of the Marne that “it was the first great disaster, and the real turning-point of the War,” though in this connection I was told on good authority that

¹ February 1921.

many German officers of the higher command were convinced of the inability of the German Army to win the War as early as 1915.

A writer in the *Militärwochenblatt* (military paper) summed up the causes of their *débâcle* thus: "Our defeat has been so complete because the forces of the Central Powers have been over-taxed and completely exhausted by the pursuit of unattainable military and political aims."

I remember a discussion at Amerongen about the horrors which had followed the outbreak of war and the things which had happened since—mention being made incidentally of the presence, so detested by the Germans, of black troops upon the Rhine.

Our talk followed these lines: "Well, after all, you brought on the War. The world was happy and you stirred it all up. Why did you do these terrible things?"

Captain von Ilseman's answer came quickly and hotly, with a smashing-down of his fist on the table. "No," he flashed, "it was *you*, it was England, who brought on the War."

It is an article of faith at Doorn that England made war for commercial profit, and after the Armistice was signed continued blockading Germany for months, thus ruining the health of thousands of women and children.

This conversation led me to believe that it was the blockade which England carried on after she had signed which made the feeling against our country become more bitter than it was before; their argument being that "blockade" is an extremely potent and formidable act of warfare,

and that "armistice," on the other hand, means a "temporary cessation of hostilities."

Curiously enough it was America who, in the world's history, has carried out the most extensive blockade ever known before the Great War. This was done by the Federals during the Civil War in the United States. It extended from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, along the Atlantic coast, and over the Gulf of Mexico—a distance of 3000 miles. It lasted for four years.

And now we will take leave of the Imperial exile, so out of tune with the world.

Many princes have suffered imprisonment, and worse, at the hands of an outraged world. Few, we think, have undergone it in such pleasant circumstances, surrounded by people whose sympathy cannot be doubted. Pity, therefore, need not be accorded to him.

From Doorn his eyes are fixed on Berlin. From there, his arresting, vivid, and partly pathetic figure feverishly looks to London, to Paris, and then back to Germany. Can they do without him? Which is it best (or worst)—to have him or not to have him?

The words of Aristophanes come to the mind—"They love, they hate, but cannot do without him."

We wonder! "*Quī vivra verra!*"

APPENDIX

I.—OUTSTANDING DATES OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

4TH AUGUST 1914—9TH NOVEMBER 1918

1914

June	28	.	.	Archduke Franz Ferdinand shot at Sarajevo.
July	5	.	.	Kaiser's War Council at Potsdam.
"	28	.	.	Austria declared War on Servia.
"	30 or 31	.	.	Russia declared War on Germany.
Aug.	1	.	.	Germany declared War on Russia.
"	2	.	.	Germany's Ultimatum to Belgium.
"	3	.	.	Germany declared War on France.
"	4	.	.	Great Britain declared War on Germany.
"	16	.	.	British troops landed in France.
Sept.	16	.	.	First Battle of the Marne begun.
Dec.	24	.	.	First Air Raid on England (Sheringham).

1915

Feb.	18	.	.	"U" Boat blockade of England.
April	25	.	.	Allied landing in Gallipoli.
May	7	.	.	<i>Lusitania</i> sunk.
"	23	.	.	Italy declared War on Austria.
"	25	.	.	Coalition Cabinet formed.
Aug.	6	.	.	New landing at Suvla Bay.
Sept.	25	.	.	Battle of Loos.
Oct.	14	.	.	Bulgaria at War with Servia.
"	19	.	.	Lord Derby on the 49 Groups.
"	28	.	.	M. Briand, French Premier.
Dec.	15	.	.	Sir Douglas (now Earl) Haig, C.-in-C. in France.
"	19	.	.	Withdrawal from Gallipoli.
"	25	.	.	Turkish defeat at Kut.

1916

Feb.	21	.	.	Battle of Verdun begun.
April	29	.	.	Fall of Kut-el-Amara.
May	31	.	.	Battle of Jutland.
June	5	.	.	Lord Kitchener, Colonel Fitzgerald, and Mr. O'Byrne lost at sea on their way to Russia.
July	1	.	.	Battle of Somme begun.
Aug.	27	.	.	Rumania entered War.

1916 (continued)

Nov.	29	.	.	Grand Fleet under Sir David (now Earl) Beatty.
Dec.	5	.	.	Resignation of Mr. Asquith.
"	7	.	.	Mr. Lloyd George becomes Prime Minister.
"	12	.	.	German "Peace proposals."
"	20	.	.	President Wilson's Peace Note.

1917

Feb.	1	.	.	Unrestricted "U" Boat warfare begun.
"	3	.	.	America breaks with Germany.
"	24	.	.	British take Kut-el-Amara.
March	11	.	.	British entered Baghdad.
"	12	.	.	Revolution in Russia.
"	15	.	.	Abdication of Czar.
April	6	.	.	America declared War on Germany.
"	9	.	.	Battle of Vimy Ridge begun.
June	12	.	.	Abdication of King of Greece.
July	14	.	.	Bethmann Hollweg (German Chancellor) dismissed.
"	17	.	.	British Royal House dropped their family name of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and adopted that of "Windsor."
Aug.	29	.	.	President Wilson's Note to the Pope (Benedict XIV.).
Oct.	24	.	.	Italian defeat at Caporetto.
Nov.	6	.	.	British stormed Passchendale Ridge.
"	7	.	.	British capture Gaza.
"	8	.	.	Bolshevist <i>Coup d'état</i> in Russia (a year before the German Revolution, which started at Kiel, Nov. 6, 1918).
"	18	.	.	General Maude (Coldstream Guards) died in Mesopotamia.
Dec.	9	.	.	British capture Jerusalem.
"	26	.	.	Sir Rosslyn Wemyss (now Lord Wester Wemyss), First Sea Lord.

1918

Feb.	9	.	.	First Brest Litvosk Treaty signed.
"	16	.	.	General Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of Staff.
"	21	.	.	British capture Jericho.
March	21	.	.	German offensive in the West.
April	14	.	.	General Foch becomes Allied Generalissimo.
"	22	.	.	Naval raid on Zeebrugge and Ostend.
May	27	.	.	Second German offensive.
"	31	.	.	Germans reach the Marne.
July	2	.	.	1,000,000 Americans shipped to France.
"	15	.	.	Third German offensive. Second Battle of Marne begun. (Beginning of the end for Germany.)
"	18	.	.	General Foch's counter-attack. ("If we can no longer defend, then we must attack." His words.)
Sept.	12	.	.	American attack on St. Mihiel.
"	15	.	.	Austrian Peace Note.
"	29	.	.	Hindenburg Line broken.
"	30	.	.	Fall of Damascus.

1918 (*continued*)

- Oct. 25 . . . General Ludendorff resigned.
 " 28 . . . Italians cross Piave.
 Nov. 1 . . . Versailles Conference opened.
 " 4 . . . Versailles Armistice agreed.
 " 5 . . . Full powers to deal with situation given to Marshal Foch. Mr. Wilson's last Note to Germany.
 " 6 . . . Revolution at Kiel.
 " 9 . . . Foch received German envoys.
 " 9 . . . Prince Max of Baden proclaims abdication of Kaiser.
 " 10 a.m. Kaiser arrives early morning at Eysden, Belgian Dutch frontier.
 " 10 p.m. Count Godard Bentinck asked to give him hospitality for three days.
 " 11 5 a.m. Armistice terms accepted.
 " 11 p.m. Kaiser arrives at Amerongen.
 " 16 . . . The *Echo de Paris* published an interview with Lord Robert Cecil, who said that "the extradition of the Kaiser could not be legally demanded, but it might be requested as a favour."
 " 21 . . . The Hague (from *Times* special correspondent): "The Prime Minister to-day declared in reference to the ex-Kaiser's stay, that the ex-Kaiser is a private person, and that it is at the Government's request that Count Godard Bentinck is giving him hospitality. This was nothing else than the customary national tradition rooted in the Dutch people's sense of freedom and toleration."
 " 28 . . . Kaiser abdicates at Amerongen. He remained here for eighteen months. In the summer of 1920 he went to live at Doorn, near Utrecht.

1919

June 28, at 3.12 p.m. Peace was signed in the Galerie des Glaces, Versailles, where, in 1871, the ex-Kaiser's grandfather had been declared German Emperor after the Franco-Prussian War which had been declared by Napoleon III. on July 18, 1870. On the same day Pius IX. confirmed the decree of Papal Infallibility. Italian troops took possession of Rome on September 20. The Pope prorogued the Vatican Council on October 20, and it has never reassembled.

A large number of delegates signed the Peace, the first signature being that of Hermann Müller, German Foreign Minister, then came Dr. Bell, then the five American delegates, and after them the English signed, of whom were Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner, and Mr. Barnes, followed by the Dominion signatories. Then came the French, of whom was M. Clemenceau, the only man of all that company who had been present at the German Peace of 1870. Other allied delegates followed, ending with Czecho-Slovakia.

LIST OF KINGS WHO HAVE ABDICATED WITHIN THE LAST THOUSAND YEARS

ONLY THOSE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CHARACTER AND THE
GREATEST POLITICAL IMPORTANCE ARE GIVEN

1086	.	.	.	Henry IV. of Germany (Emperor).
1114	.	.	.	Stephen II. of Hungary.
1142	.	.	.	Albert of Saxony.
1200	.	.	.	Lestus V. of Poland.
1206	.	.	.	Vladislas III. of Poland.
1306	.	.	.	Baliol of Scotland.
1309	.	.	.	Otho of Hungary.
1439	.	.	.	Eric IX. of Denmark.
1441	.	.	.	Eric XIII. of Sweden.
1556	.	.	.	Charles V. (Emperor).
1654	.	.	.	Christina of Sweden.
1669	.	.	.	John Cosimer of Poland.
1688	.	.	.	James II. of England.
1704	.	.	.	Frederic Augustus II. of Poland.
1724	.	.	.	Philip V. of Spain.
1730	.	.	.	Victor of Sardinia.
1759	.	.	.	Charles of Naples.
1795	.	.	.	Stanislas of Poland.
1802	.	.	.	Victor of Sardinia.
1804	.	.	.	Francis II. of Germany (Emperor). End of "Holy Roman Empire." He becomes Emperor of Austria only.
1808	.	.	.	Charles IV. of Spain, in favour of his son.
1808	.	.	.	" " again abdicates in favour of Buonapartes.
1808	.	.	.	Joseph Buonaparte to take the crown of Spain.
1808	.	.	.	" " on flying before the British from Madrid.
1810	.	.	.	Louis of Holland (Buonaparte).
1813	.	.	.	Jerome of Westphalia (Buonaparte).
1814	.	.	.	Napoleon the Great.
1821	.	.	.	Emmanuel of Sardinia.
1826	.	.	.	Pedro of Portugal.
1830	.	.	.	Charles X. of France.
1831	.	.	.	Pedro of Brazil.
1834	.	.	.	Dom Miguel of Portugal (by leaving the country).
1840	.	.	.	William I. of Holland.
1840	.	.	.	Christina of Spain—Queen Dowager and Queen Regent.
1848	.	.	.	Louis-Philippe of France.
1848	.	.	.	Louis Charles of Bavaria.
1848	.	.	.	Ferdinand of Austria.
1849	.	.	.	Charles Albert of Sardinia.
1859	.	.	.	Leopold II. of Tuscany.
1866	.	.	.	Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen.

APPENDIX

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1870, June	25	.	Isabella II. of Spain.
1873, Feb.	11	.	Amadeus of Spain.
1886, Sept.	7	.	Alexander of Bulgaria.
1889, March	9	.	Milan of Serbia.
1907, July	19	.	Emperor of Korea.
1909, April	27	.	Abdul Hamid II. (Turkey).
1909, July	16	.	Muhammed Ali Shah.
1910, Oct.	5	.	Manoel ¹ (Portugal).
1917, March	15	.	Nicholas II. (Russia).
1917, June 12, re- instated 1920		.	Constantine (Greece).
1918, Oct.	4	.	Ferdinand (Bulgaria).
1918, Nov. ²	9	.	WILLIAM II. (Germany).
1918, "	12	.	Charles (Austria).
1918, "	29	.	Nicholas (Montenegro). ³

¹ Deprived of throne by Revolutionary *coup d'état*.

² IN REALITY, NOV. 28, AT AMERONGEN, HOLLAND.

³ Was deposed by the Congress Podgoritsa.

II—CASUALTIES OF THE GREAT WAR

* What millions died that

Countries.	Names of Reigning House (Pre-War), Showing how German families preponderated.	Dead, including died from Wounds and Sickness.	Missing.
America . .	President Wilson.	107,284	4,912
Austria . .	Loraine (Hapsburg female line only).	687,534	855,283
Belgium . .	Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.	267,000	10,000
Britain . .	Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.	851,117	142,057
Bulgaria . .	Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.	101,224	10,825
France . .	President Poincaré.	1,039,600	245,900
Germany . .	Hohenzollern.	1,600,000	721,000
Greece . .	Slesvig-Holstein, Sonderburg-Glucksburg.	15,000	45,000
Italy . . .	Savoy.	462,391	569,216
Japan . . .		300	3
Portugal . .	Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Braganza female line only).	8,367	...
Rumania . .	Hohenzollern.	32,000	116,000
Russia . .	Holstein-Gottorp (Romanov female line only).	1,700,000	2,500,000
Servia ² . .	Kara Georgovitch.	707,343	100,000
Turkey . .	Memalik-y-Osmaniye.	436,974	103,731
		8,016,134	5,424,027

¹ Exclusive of Greeks living in Turkey and Asia Minor.² Servia's post-war population, larger than her

AND SOME OTHER FIGURES

Cæsar might be great."—THOMAS CAMPBELL

Wounded.	Totals.	Population.	Notes.
191,000	303,196	150,253,300	Republic.
2,500,000	4,042,817	41,221,342	Austrian Empire since 1804, previously part of the "Empire."
140,000	417,000	7,423,784	Kingdom since 1831.
2,067,442	2,960,616	45,516,250	Style of King of England, first used by Egbert, A. D. 828.
1,152,399	1,264,448	4,337,513	Kingdom since 1887.
2,560,000	3,845,500	39,192,133	Republic (on and off) since 1793.
4,064,000	6,385,000	62,826,162	Empire since 1870.
40,000	100,000	2,631,952 ¹	Constitutional Monarch established 1830.
953,886	4,385,487	36,456,437	United in 1861.
907	1,210	79,058,090	Has had a reigning dynasty for more than 2571 years.
...	...	5,500,000	Republic since 1910.
200,000	648,000	7,509,009	Kingdom since 1881.
4,950,000	9,150,000	122,000,000 ²	Tsar: first definitely adopted for title of Russian rulers by Ivan the Terrible in 1547.
350,000	1,157,343	1,733,865	Kingdom since 1882.
407,772	948,477	18,053,404	Empire in Europe since 14th century.
19,577,406	35,609,094		

¹ In Europe without Poland.
pre-war one, is estimated at 4,690,733.

THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING FIGURES ARE TAKEN FROM THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT ON THE ARMY ISSUED SINCE THE WAR. THE DATE IS APRIL 1921.

The total number of men recruited in the three kingdoms from 4th August 1914 to 11th November 1918 was 4,970,902.

The contributions of the various countries and the percentage of enlistments to population were as follows :

	Numbers Recruited.	Percentage of	
		Total Population.	Male Population.
England . . .	4,006,158	11'57	24'02
Wales . . .	272,924	10'96	21'52
Scotland . . .	557,618	11'50	23'71
Ireland . . .	134,202	3'07	6'14

Out of the whole Army, 335 culprits were sentenced to death, 7338 sentenced to penal servitude—140 for life.

On 1st October 1918, including Territorial Force and excluding Dominion and Indian troops, the numbers were 3,838,265, of whom 147,738 were officers.

The maximum strength was attained at the beginning of 1918, when the total stood at 3,887,649—154,777 being officers, and 3,732,872 other ranks.

The casualties among officers were :

Killed	33,337
Wounded	74,082
Missing	9,362

“ We thank and bless Thee, Lord,
 For those the brave and true
 Who, eager at their country's call,
 Strong, undismayed, surrendered all.
 Grant them eternal rest.”