MEMORIES OF QUEEN AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL

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BY

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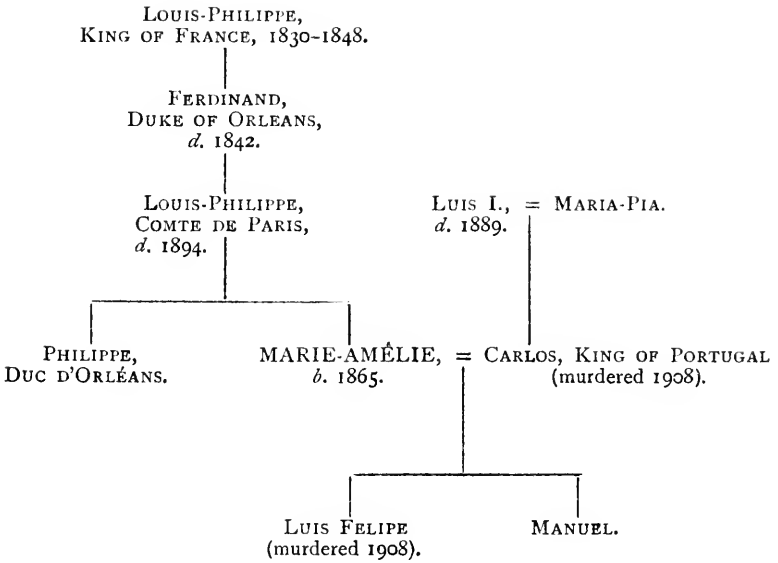
By M. HARRIET M. CAPES

À MONSIEUR

LE DUC DE LUYNES


LOUIS-PHILIPPE,
KING OF FRANCE, 1830–1848.
FERDINAND,
DUKE OF ORLEANS,
d. 1842.
LOUIS-PHILIPPE,
COMTE DE PARIS,
d. 1894.
LUIS I., = MARIA-PIA.
d. 1889.
PHILIPPE,
DUC D'ORLÉANS.
MARIE-AMÉLIE, = CARLOS, KING OF PORTUGAL
b. 1865. (murdered 1908).
LUIS FELIPE
(murdered 1908).
MANUEL.

PREFACE

WHEN Cleopatra was hurled from her throne, and glory, love, and all that had made her life worth living torn from her, one insupportable thought made the cup of bitterness held to her lips by Cæsar brim over. She thought how "scald rhymers" would sing her sorrow and "quick comedians" "extemporally stage" her story, and she should see "Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness, I' the posture of a whore." And then she called for "the pretty worm of Nilus, That kills and pains not."

To the griefs of the great ones of the earth is added the misery of knowing that forgetfulness will put no seal upon their tombs; that literature will work its base will upon them; that legend will lay hold upon their lineaments, their actions, their sufferings, to distort and to dwarf them to the dimensions of the passions, the tamer emotions of ordinary people.

Malevolence and falsehood will mould their shape, and the impossibility of sounding the depths of their troubles condemns them to that degradation which the Queen of Egypt could not tolerate.

In reference to this undeniable truth, let us therefore lay but a reverent and discreet finger on these illustrious misfortunes.

Should I have even dreamed of recalling the Royal Tragedy of Lisbon with all its horrors, only comparable with those of the greatest human dramas, if hate and ignorance had not travestied those concerned ; if party-spirit had not striven to belittle a Princess of the Blood of France, while documents absolutely trustworthy unceasingly demonstrate to us the nobility of her character and her exceptional greatness ?

Desiring only to redress the wrong done to our race by so many calumnies, and anxious to display the halo of characteristically French charm and nobility that encircles that pathetic figure, I have refrained from mixing politics with the story of her life. Discussion or proof is not the object of what I write ; I have even forborne

to express any opinion of that kind, remembering the words of Bossuet—

"From the frivolous arguments by which speculators decide the duty of the Powers that rule the world, their own majesty protects them."

In these pages will be found solely the story of one of the noblest sisters of France.

I imagine that more than any other it is worth telling, because the malignity of Fortune has drawn from our Princess some of those notes that through the centuries make, as it were, the song of our people.

In the days of her youth, Princess Amélie, a gentle, merry girl, by her youthful grace, her charming air, her touching trustfulness, had won the devotion of all around her.

I was told in confidence by an Admiral who represented our country at Lisbon that there was not one of his officers that on seeing the Queen of Portugal had not literally worshipped her, while all his crew held her in veneration.

Still there is not one of the familiar friends of the Princess that does not hold her ennobled,

and as it were exalted above herself by the wounds life has dealt her. The marks of suffering have given a new charm to her moral aspect, for she has known how to face adversity with a courage equal to the magnitude of her misfortunes. The desperate blows of Fate have welded her soul to a rare substance, and drawn from it some of those inimitable sounds that give proof of the most precious metal.

To her, exactly as to the Princess Henriette of France, the words of Bossuet are applicable—

"So long as she was happy, she made her power felt by infinite kindness; when Fortune forsook her, she grew richer than ever in virtues, so much so that it was for her own good that she lost that Royal Power she had used for the good of others."

MEMORIES OF QUEEN AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL

I

THE Princess Amélie was born in exile. In England, that land which gives a welcome to the banished, on the banks of the Thames, an hour's journey from London, there lies a ring of shadow and silence, which, by some mysterious virtue, successively attracted all the French princes, driven from their kingdom. Princes of the Houses of Bourbon or Orleans, even Napoleons, have found rest after storm, and then the invincible nostalgia for the sky of France, under the great elms of Twickenham.

It seems as if some dark magician, for his pleasure, and with a turn of his wand, had imprisoned the brothers of Louis XVI., Louis-Philippe, and his descendants, down to his great-grand-nephews, and Prince Napoleon him-

self, in that magic enclosure whence, in the mists of the waters, arise the dreams and the sighs of the exiles.

The Comte de Paris, after leading the wandering life of the proscribed from the banks of the Rhine to far Eastern lands, after a campaign in the United States during the War of Secession, had of his own accord come to seek a haven in this same stretch of the Thames. He had taken up his abode at York House, a modest mansion with a ground-floor of freestone and two storeys of red brick. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens sloping gently to the river.

James II. had lived in this house when he was Duke of York. The Princess Amélie was born in the room which saw the birth of Queen Anne.

York House is quite close to Orleans House, where the Duc d'Aumale had lived since 1852, and to Mount Lebanon, a heavy brick building, thickly covered with ivy and in the shadow of great cedar trees, where the Prince de Joinville was to install himself after the death of his mother.

Marie-Amélie lived with the Duc de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville, at the mansion

called Claremont, which a vote of Parliament, at the request of Queen Victoria, had granted to her for life. The aged Queen was, in the words of the Duc de Nemours, "a sort of deity who presided over the family."

In the neighbouring chapel at Kingston, the Duc de Chartres, settled in the village of Ham on the other bank of the Thames, had married his cousin, the daughter of the Prince de Joinville; in 1864 the Comte de Paris was there married to another of his cousins, the Princess Isabelle, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, and the following year their first child, the Princess Amélie, was there baptized.

Queen Marie-Amélie, who was to have been godmother, falling ill, the little Princess was held at the baptismal font by the Marquise de Beauvoir.

The fervent prayers that rose to the autumnal heavens that day did not avail to avert the fate that doomed the child of exile to a future most glorious and most terrible.

At York House, the descendant of thirty kings, the inheritor of so much glory, was lead-

ing the most simple of lives, shorn of all pomp; but a life most dignified and studious. He left his room at six o'clock in the morning, winter as well as summer, worked till eight, breakfasted with his family, and his day was devoted to his guests or to study.

At that time the Comtesse de Paris was a slim, fragile girl; she was fifteen and a half at the time of her marriage. She was graceful, lively in her gestures, and full of animation.

The nearness of London allowed the Princes to make frequent visits to it. With Queen Victoria they kept up the most cordial, but the most discreet, relations.

But grief upon grief were to afflict the family of Louis-Philippe. The first was the death of Queen Marie-Amélie, which took place at Claremont on the 24th of March 1866. They buried her in the gown in which she had left France, which she had had kept for that purpose.

Two months later, the young Prince de Condé, of whom the Duc d'Aumale had conceived such hopes, died at Sydney during a voyage round the world; and, finally, on the 6th of September

1869, the Duchesse d'Aumale expired at Twickenham.

It was in the family life, drawn yet closer by these common trials, in their filial piety, in their affectionate intercourse, in the long talks about France, in the firm hope of one day returning to live there, that the exiles had found consolation.

On his escutcheon the Duc d'Aumale had put his drawn sword with the device "J'attendrai"; and truly the life of all these princes was one long waiting.

Gladness and life came with the visitors from France. About the Comte de Paris there were no officers-in-waiting nor anything resembling a Court; but each April brought the faithful to Twickenham. They brought with them the atmosphere of Paris; the news that is not trusted to paper; the troublous secrets of politics, wherein are found reasons for hope or for sorrow.

Eagerly were they questioned, encouraged by an affectionate welcome to speak without reserve.

No subject was forbidden, and each one could freely discuss anything he pleased.

These prolonged conversations were carried on with both dignity and easy good-nature.

"There is a simplicity and frankness in the manner of the Comte de Paris," writes the Marquis de Dampierre, "which invite confidence and permit contradiction."

The guests of York House were taken in turn to Ham and Mount Lebanon; but it was especially at Orleans House that the receptions took place. There the Duc d'Aumale kept great state and received all the most remarkable men of England and Europe.

But so soon as a Frenchman entered the circle, to him were given all the consideration and attentions which make an everlasting bond.

"All those who had the honour of being received by the exiles of Twickenham," writes Mme de Clinchamps, "retain a precious and ineffaceable remembrance of it."

But the longest visits could not beguile their anguish; what the passionate cry of their hearts clamoured for was the abrogation of the laws of proscription.

"It is no favour we demand," they stated

in a petition addressed to the *Corps Legislatif* when the Empire turned Liberal; "it is our right, the right which belongs to all Frenchmen, and of which we alone are deprived. It is our country we ask for, our country that we love, that our family has always served loyally; our country from which no tradition divides us, and whose very name always makes our hearts beat; truly for the exile nothing can take the place of the lost fatherland. . . ."

"As for me," wrote the Comte de Paris, "I am a Pretender—to the name and rights of a French citizen; and for the rest a devoted and obedient servant of my country. . . ." And some months later: "So long as I am not in incontestable possession of my rights as a citizen, so long as I am excluded from my country by obstacles independent of my will, I shall strive earnestly to break down these barriers, and I shall work for this end with all my strength and by every honourable means. . . ."

A son having been born to him, who was named Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, the desire of the Comte de Paris to escape the proscription and

to bring up the young Prince among French children was redoubled.

"We have duties," he said to the Duc de Broglie, "towards ourselves and towards our children, whom we do not wish to grow up in exile."

And his longing to live in France was such that he wrote to the Comte d'Haussonville, "that, compared with this supreme desire, every other consideration was of secondary importance in his eyes."

"Once on French soil, I repeat again," he said, "how could one be eager to play a political part? As for me, once there, my idea would be to become really acquainted with that country that I have learnt to love only from afar; to travel all over it; above all, to try to judge of men and things with my own eyes, not through those of others; and at last to taste the joy of breathing my native air."

Those hands for ever stretched out to the shores of France, this never-ending longing of all hearts, gave a fine intensity to life. Twickenham was wrapped round with the heroic atmo-

sphere born of a lasting passion, a profound and generous desire, fed by all the accidents of existence which can find no rest while its object is still unattained.

From her birth the Princess Amélie breathed this nobly exalted air, for her first steps were taken in the garden of Orleans House; her beautiful baby-eyes were attracted and delighted by the gold-embroidered uniforms, the full dress of a French general, the tunics of the Duc d'Aumale, that every month during the summer the Prince had laid out in the sun on the lawns; strange flowers the wind of misfortune had cast from France upon the greensward and amongst the thickets of this English park.

When the war of 1870 broke out, the Princess was five years old, and already her mind was troubled by the anxieties and disasters that were talked of before her.

She saw the departure of her uncles, Joinville, Aumale, Chartres; she witnessed her father's distress.

"You may imagine my feelings in seeing our country invaded and finding myself condemned

to be but a distant spectator of this national disaster," the Comte de Paris, according to Frœschwiller, wrote to M. d'Haussonville.

But the Prince tried to hope that the defeat would be atoned for by striking successes. For a long time he thought of going over to France.

"How I wish," he exclaimed, "I could be with those who are to defend the capital! The refusal to admit my uncles, which for the time closes all doors for me, just as their admission would have opened them, is grievous to me."

York House listened to the striking of those terrible hours, known to the French families banished by the invasion, of which the children of that generation still keep an ineffaceable memory—a lifelong imprint, as it were. The Princess Amélie's eyes, already troubled and grave, looked searchingly at the anxious countenances of her parents. Her childish fingers were used in knitting woollen comforters to be sent to the soldiers; so her first bits of work, pathetically unskilful, went anonymously to the plains of the East, or to the army of the Loire to carry

some comfort to the unhappy combatants desperately trying to save the honour of their country.

When Paris had capitulated and postal communications were re-established, the Prince wrote to his confidant : " I am thinking of you, and of all those who, after the fine defence of Paris, have the grief of seeing that heroic fight end in the surrender of our capital. . . . You will understand what we are suffering and have been suffering for the last four months. The supreme consolation of finding a place in the ranks of the vanquished has been denied us. We made every possible attempt, from letters and indirect overtures, to the crossing of my Uncle Joinville, of whose arrest at Mans you know. . . ."

Long-drawn lament, lingering like a funeral song over the misfortunes of the fatherland, sad dirge of sorrow filling the ears of the child like the sound of the storm.

At last hope dawned for the proscribed ; the laws of exile were abrogated. The Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville were already in France ; the Duc de Chartres, the Duc

de Nemours, the Duc d'Alençon, and the Duc de Penthièvre joined them there.

The Comte de Paris, kept at Twickenham by the imminent birth of the Princess Hélène, was no less filled with joy. He wrote to M. d'Haussonville: "First of all, I must heartily rejoice with you, without thought of the past or care for the future, over this great measure which decrees that I am a Frenchman like the rest, that I may breathe the same air as my fellow-citizens, live the same life, work with them to bind up the wounds inflicted on our country. I confess that just now I find it impossible to think of anything else, as I said yesterday to that excellent M. Gavard upon whom I called as *Chargé d'affaires* in France."

In fact, as soon as he had ceased to be an outlaw, the Prince was determined to go officially to the French Embassy.

"He got out of a hansom," says M. Gavard, "in pouring rain. I rushed out to receive him; the doorkeeper was about to refuse entrance to so unassuming a visitor. I had the good idea of asking the Prince to take up the pen him-

self, and he wrote the following despatch at my table :—

"'On Saturday the Comte de Paris called at Albert Gate House. He told me that the Embassy being national territory, he had hastened to cross its threshold. Moreover, the special object of his visit was to express to the official representative of his country the deep delight he felt at the decision by which the National Assembly has opened to him the doors of a country he has never ceased to love above all things. He asked me most earnestly to convey these sentiments to the Chief of the Executive Power and to give him assurance of his respect.'"

This despatch is dated the 12th of June ; on the 13th the Princess Hélène was born ; at the end of the month the Comte de Paris was in France.

II

THE waves of the sea breaking at the feet of the highest cliffs of France, the forest with its ancient beech trees, make a magnificent setting for the Château d'Eu ; over its lawns the wind brings the sea-spray and the strong savour of the seaweed. At spring-tides the sound of the waves seems to send long-drawn sighs over the bent heads of the fir trees. The dark, mysterious forest comes up to the terraces of Le Nôtre.

In the great brick building what mattered the commonplace restorations of Viollet-le-Duc, or the bad taste of the rooms decorated in the style of 1875 ? The soul of a child is struck only by the majesty of the solitude amongst the woods and on the sea ; over it her imagination floats and rocks like a frail skiff.

A little Princess of six years old already peoples the immense forest with the creatures of her dreams ; there, in the shape of light-

footed does, the fairies of the old tales conceal themselves from her eyes; there she seeks patiently for the sons of kings with their shepherdesses, the Cinderellas and the little queens of the ballads, wearing their sprigs of sweet marjoram and treading the moss with their wooden shoes.

The long-drawn breathing of the sea, that sound heard long before catching sight of the immense waste of waters, then the unexpected sight, fill her heart each day with an ever-renewed emotion; and the melancholy, interminable stories of sailors lost in storms confuse themselves in this awakening mind with legends of sylvan fairies, enchanters, and all the characters in imaginary kingdoms.

The education which, in the fresh morning air, the child imbibed from the water, the earth, and the soft breezes of the open country, somewhat counteracted the severe discipline by which it was then the fashion to restrain the will from the earliest years.

In our days of extreme tender-heartedness, when, with such love and pity we bend over the

little souls we long to fill with joys, thinking of the days of suffering to come, we can scarcely enter into the spirit of the Jansenistic education the most affectionate parents formerly imposed upon their children.

For them it was a rule of conduct to coerce these young creatures, to thwart all their tastes, all their wishes; to constrain them to actions furthest from their liking. So they thought to arm them against the malevolence of life and to prepare them for the annoyances of adverse fortune. No desire for independence was tolerated; a harsh word stopped all demonstration—the outbursts of love natural to the child. An ironical smile hindered any ardour. And the age was wholly of the opinion that a prince ought to be more strictly brought up than any other child.

The Comte de Paris held the high conviction that a royal spirit cannot be forged, the heart of a child raised above the common standard, but by submitting it to the severest trials, the most rigid restraints.

The punishments and all the small penalties invented to repress our turbulence or our wil-

fulness, were oddly increased when applied to the young princes ; as if it was thought right to make them feel that their faults were of more importance than ours. For instance, instead of making them stand up, they were tied like prisoners to the foot of their bed or fastened to some piece of furniture.

Doesn't it make one think of the iron corselets the little infantas and noble ladies of the Middle Ages were encased in, veritable armour which kept them erect and rigid under every circumstance ?

It was thus that the Princess Amélie was, from her earliest years, gripped in the vice of the most stern education.

The ardent nature inherited from so many passionate ancestors, and all the spontaneous impulsiveness to which familiarity with the spirits of the forest, the ocean, had given birth in her mind, were severely repressed, driven back into herself. The child learned to turn her thoughts inward, to retire into herself, to shut up in her deepest heart her feelings, her griefs, and her joys. This inward life, which dawns in little girls much earlier than is sup-

posed by serious people, acquired a peculiar strength from the restraints imposed on so rich and naturally expansive a nature.

Without departing from a methodical severity and a deliberate plan in dealing with his children, the Comte de Paris liked to watch over these young minds, to awake their curiosity, and to give them the precise and exact ideas on things, so proper for forming a healthy judgment. He was pleased to discover in his eldest daughter a mind quick to understand everything, and he lavished on her lessons drawn from his own encyclopædic knowledge.

In that marine air and in the midst of sea-girt country where she spent the greater part of the year, the Princess grew very rapidly. When she made her first communion, in her white dress, she might have been taken for a young bride; she was taller than any of her companions, the little girls of the town of Eu who followed her to the Holy Table in the Collegiate Church. And even now, by her bearing, her walk, by the supreme grace of her look, she was a queen, for whom this childish and impassioned circle of

little French loyalists would have wished to die.

But the little queen to whom that day the greatness of the Sacrament she received gave so serious and collected a look, was in daily life the child whom the Princess Clémentine, though a friend of progress, reproached as having "fire in her veins."

III

THE testimony of all the familiar friends of the Comte de Paris shows him as happy in having regained the title and rights of a French citizen, and solely anxious to serve the interests of his country ; and his family shared in his joy. M. de Sugny, in telling of his presentation to the Comtesse de Paris a little while after her return to France, says that "she seemed especially happy to be able to enjoy the new pleasure of being at last in Paris."

When the Duc de Nemours came back to France, he found, writes M. René Bazin, his nephew waiting for him at the Hôtel de Londres, in the Rue Castiglione. The Comte de Paris would not leave his uncle time to take possession of his rooms ; he carried him and the Duc d'Alençon off and led them on to the Bridge of la Concorde, whence the view, on this summer evening, wore the grandeur, the charm of which

the exiles had for ever dreamt; and he wept.

The Prince was intoxicated with the air, the sights of the capital, and the beauties of the French country. But his steps constantly led him to some of the ruins heaped up by the war, and his joy gloomed into sadness.

The Princess Amélie still remembers walks she took in the streets of Paris with her father. He would show her the breaches in the houses made by the German shells and the grape-shot still embedded in the walls.

At Neuilly, the Prince was bewildered, and could not find anything he remembered. Saint-Cloud, on the contrary, the smoke of its brutal burning still hanging about it, still seemed familiar to him.

In the Bois de Boulogne trees were cut down; others bore traces where their bark had been gnawed and torn off by the horses of the Prussians. The little Princess prayed over the graves of soldiers which were to be seen on every side.

A decree had restored his domains to the Comte de Paris, and he had chosen Eu as his

principal residence. There he lived like a private individual, surrounded by his children, presiding over their education, and working on the plan he had laid down for himself—"to form an exact and personal opinion on the men and things of France."

Nothing less like the life of a Pretender was the existence he led.

It is known that as early as the summer of 1873, leaving the Comtesse de Paris and her family at Trouville, the Prince had gone to see the Comte de Chambord in order to make public recognition of the principle of which the grandson of Charles X. was the representative, and to "give him the assurance that he would find no rival among the members of his family."

"M. le Comte de Paris," writes M. d'Haussonville, "lived in absolute retirement from politics during the ten years which divided this visit to Frohsdorff from the death of the Comte de Chambord. He considered that the question of the flag raised a temporary, but insurmountable, obstacle to the establishment of the Monarchy. . . . No doubt," adds M. d'Hausson-

ville, " he suffered like all of us in seeing his best years slip away in inaction and uselessness. But nevertheless this period was perhaps the happiest of his life; for he was at the same time enjoying the sight of his family growing up around him, and of his country, the love for which grew daily greater in his heart."

A great part of the winter was spent by the Comte de Paris and his household at Cannes; it was the favourite place of the Princess Amélie. The sky of the Riviera, the beautiful gardens and flowers delighted her, and it seemed as if the relaxing effect of the air of that seductive climate was felt even by the strict discipline that burdened those young years.

After the death of one of her children, the Comtesse de Paris arrived to stay at Cannes with the Duc de Chartres. Here she found some mitigation of her sorrow, and was so well pleased with the place that the Comte de Paris bought the Villa Saint-Jean.

It was a modest dwelling, differing in no way

from the other houses in Cannes, standing in a pretty green enclosure, wherein grew some fine palm trees and mimosas, and roses flowered in great abundance.

There the Princes lived a family life, seeing much of the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, the Comte and Comtesse de Caserto; receiving the foreign Princes who passed through or stayed on those shores, constantly seeing the Duc de Vallombrosa, who was called "the King of Cannes," the Duchesse de Vallombrosa, their daughter, the Duchesse de Luynes, and her children. Princess Amélie, the Duke of Orleans, and Princess Hélène were especially fond of the Villa Luynes.

It stands on a height in the part of Cannes that is called the Fréjus road, and is entirely white, with a roof after the Italian fashion, surrounded by balustrades; its walls are hidden by climbing plants, and from the first days of spring are covered with the mauve sprays of the wistaria. From the terrace, over the red roofs of the villas, far off, the blue sea beloved of poets can be seen.

On to this terrace opened light and cheerful rooms, hung with large-flowered cretonne.

"It was," says Princess Amélie, "a delicious place; its picture remains so vividly printed in my remembrance that I can still see the dining-room as it looked on that Easter Sunday when, with cries of delight, we discovered the Easter eggs that had been hidden under the furniture."

The Duchesse de Luynes had organised some dancing lessons to which the Comtesse de Paris sent her children; and there they met those of the Duc de Chartres, the Comtesse de Caserto's two sons, the two daughters of the Comtesse de Bannelos, Mlle Jane de Polignac, and some other young people.

Tennis parties followed the dancing lessons, and picnics were arranged for the mornings, excursions for the afternoons. The Comte de Paris liked taking this set of young folks and children about the mountains; accompanied by Prince Ferdinand, the present King of Bulgaria, who had a passion for botany, they went to the Esterel to collect plants.

In the evening they met at the Villa Luynes

or at the Duc de Vallombrosa's, and acted plays or charades.

The Princess Amélie, deprived of these gaieties during the rest of the year, delighted in them and joined in them with all her heart, displaying her natural bent for laughter and frolic. She called herself crack-brained, but her impulsiveness, her loving outbursts, won sympathy from all.

"Even then," writes Mlle Jane de Polignac, "we were struck by the indescribable charm she had, which shone from her black eyes and, for her friends, gave them so flattering an expression. She said things that sank into one's heart and were never forgotten. In the midst of our childish games one might have thought that she was conscious of her duty as a Princess—to see that everybody was happy and to try to please us all."

But she was growing older; often now her bright laughter would end in a gentle sadness when the evening, as it falls upon the Riviera, seems to draw into itself our entire being to send it forth in love or friendship; when the white

pier standing out between the darkening waves looks to the eyes of sixteen the port whence to set sail for happiness !

What pride of royalty could fill the void of which every young girl is conscious when she has not found love or an aim for the new powers awakened in her ?

There came a time when the Princess Amélie preferred her talks with the Duchesse de Luynes to the games and the noisy and lively parties ; in them she found a hitherto unknown sweetness, and into the ear of this smiling big sister she fell into the habit of pouring out her troubles and the confidences of a girl of seventeen.

On the memory of those who were near her, the Duchesse de Luynes has left an unforgettable mark. " She possessed," writes the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, " a very great and characteristic charm arising from the combination of a familiar and playful frankness of disposition, with a serious and deliberate sense of the duties imposed on her by the high rank she liked to keep up. She was as perfectly natural in her strong taste for gaiety and games and for organis-

ing them, as in the kind of clear sereneness she showed concerning the serious affairs of her life—her political zeal and her religion, to which she displayed the greatest interest. The willingness for self-sacrifice came easily to her because of her profound convictions; heroism both of blood and of education could be divined in her as always at hand. Her courage amongst the mountains, when driving round the bends of roads, or on the lakes, was alive with a sort of evident but elusive poetry, easy to account for when one thinks of what undying dreams an ancient dwelling, with its trees, its waters, and the sound of the horn from the depths of the forest, must hand down to each succeeding age.

"When the Duchesse de Luynes was painting my portrait as a little girl of eight, I was perfectly happy listening to her glowing descriptions of her travels or of her great fondness for the Orleans family, stories often interrupted by a delightful laugh, a really long and joyous laugh, sent forth from a naturally gay spirit, although indeed, for her, so much in life was serious. The Duc de Luynes had fallen in the battle of Soigny

on the 2nd of December 1870, and for that tragic loss the Duchesse mourned as long as she lived."

The Princess Amélie felt the same charm of which the poet of " The Living and the Dead " keeps so faithful a memory. She gave over to the Duchesse de Luynes the golden key of her secret feelings and her lingering dreams ; she lavished on her all the hidden treasures of a delicate and reticent mind.

Thenceforward there were serious confidences for which she apologised with a grace and dignity that must have won the hardest of hearts.

IV

At Eu life became even stricter as the children grew up. While she was at Cannes, or travelling, the Princess owned that she "took advantage of her short spell of liberty to lay in a stock of entertainment in preparation for the Château d'Eu."

Of those monotonous days in Normandy those who served the House of Orleans have kept the remembrance of many small matters, a score of anecdotes trifling in themselves, but yet of great import because they show to what extent our Princess lived as one of our own little girls, a life exactly like that of our sisters or cousins in short frocks, their hair done up in two long double plaits hanging down their backs.

There was not much variety in the diversions of the Château d'Eu.

"I draw, I fag at my German, history,

literature ; in short, I am not bored," writes the girl to her beloved confidante ; " but I am looked upon as a bear, which doesn't matter to me."

She was fond of serious reading ; her taste was for historical works, especially those relating to France ; and also she devoured books treating of the origins of civilisation in India or Egypt. In these she found fine food for her imagination, and she speculated over them with interest.

The history of prehistoric times, with its flavour of poetry, attracted her greatly. At Eu she was near Abbeville, which since the days of Boucher de Perthes and M. d'Ault Dumesnil is a centre of archæology. She was passionately interested in the stories of the travellers of antiquity, especially Herodotus ; and she took equal pleasure in the translations of the Greek tragedies. She learned by heart the scenes she liked best of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. "I devour the little I am given of Hugo, Musset, and Vigny."

Through Eugène Melchior de Vogué she knew the Russian poets and novelists ; but she read

in their own tongues Tirso de Molina and Lope de Vega, as well as Walter Scott, whom she loved, and the German authors allowed, and Dante.

It was the education of a very well-brought-up French girl.

The Princess had taken it into her head to learn Latin, but was greatly puzzled by the declensions. Drawing remained her chief recreation. "I am working hard at embossing," she writes on another occasion, "generally with poor results."

Chaplin had come to stay at Eu to paint the portraits of the Princess Louise and the Princess Isabelle ; and she got leave to draw in his company and to take his advice. She even took up painting in oils ; but she did not wish her attempts to be taken seriously, and ironically declared that what pleased her best in this fine art was the cleaning of her brushes. "To possess a palette, a maul-stick, paints that smell nasty and make stains, gives one an air of importance," she would profess smilingly.

Hunting and shooting were the chief

pleasures of the Comtesse de Paris ; so greatly did she love them that one day in September 1884 she set off with the Comte de Paris at nine o'clock in the morning, and, after beating hills and valleys, did not get back till four, and the same day at half-past six Prince Ferdinand was born.

" Mamma goes hunting three days out of four ; and as for me, I go on working hard at my drawing," said the Princess.

But she did not always keep to her drawing. She, too, loved violent exercise, to ride through the wildest passes and follow the hounds to the end.

" Yesterday we hunted a wild boar for over thirty miles," she wrote to one of her cousins, and as the Duc de Montpensier's favourite exercise was walking, she often went six or seven miles on foot with her grandfather the next morning.

Rather serious walks for which the girl made up the following day by some piece of fun.

" The other day, when we were out walking with grandmamma, Hélène and I found nothing better to do," she recounts to a friend, " than

to get hold of the white donkey at the farm and ride it about the park without saddle or bridle. I managed to fall off behind, and, not wishing to let go of him, I was dragged along by his halter and trampled on. I declared to grandmamma that I wasn't at all hurt, which doesn't prevent my still suffering from the effects, and when I wrote to you I wasn't at all comfortable."

Then there were quiet afternoons of fishing with the Comte de Paris and M. Aubry-Vitel.

On fine days in May, when the shining trout were leaping at the flies over the silvery waters of the Bresle, Princess Amélie found a gentle tranquillity in sitting on the river-bank, reading or talking; but she was seldom thinking of the trout.

One day when she had gone before her father into a meadow, fragrant with the scent of hay, she was accosted by two honest landowners of Mayenne who were seeking the Comte de Paris.

"Ah," they said to her, "you see we want very much to see Monseigneur, because our

father loved *le Père Philippe* ; he, at least, was the King of the People. . . ."

However unromantic we may be, however unwilling to believe that Princes of the blood-royal live a life very different from that of ordinary people, one cannot but be struck by the simplicity, the absence of State in this family existence. It helped to relieve and soften the severity of the training of the young Princes. That training was princely only in its strictness; it was French by the sense of equality, the contempt for etiquette it developed in them.

The holidays brought to Eu the Duke of Orleans, being educated at the Collège Stanislas, and the children of the Duc de Chartres. Then the old house grew gay and resounded with youthful laughter ; they went fishing from the rocks at Mesnival, or bathing at Tréport. There the Princes met Eugène Schneider and his sister, now the Marquise de Chaponay.

One day it happened to be the Fête, and the Princes had the pleasure, new to them, of looking at the shops and playing at roulette, at

which they won, says Princess Amélie, "a number of beautiful things."

In the evenings the Duc de Montpensier's bezique was deserted for dances which lasted till ten o'clock !

Acting charades was the chief amusement ; the whole household was busy sewing gauze and pasting gilt paper. Some of them wrote the parts or endeavoured to put a little order into the rehearsals. One year they acted a play, *The Passionate Girl*, but the performance is unrecorded.

Mme Franceschi gave the Princesses lessons in elocution, which they greatly enjoyed.

In October the Prince de Joinville brought his horses to the Forest of Eu, and hunting began.

But of the matter most dear to the young Princess not a trace is to be found in her correspondence, for she spoke of it to no one ; it was her practical charity.

She did not even look upon it as any merit of her own ; her impulsive heart went forth, bringing help, taking its part in all the woes of the sorrowful about her. The comforting of grief was her greatest pleasure. Kindness, the giving of herself

to the most disinherited of the earth, came so easily and naturally to her that it did not seem to her the exercise of any virtue.

All the poor creatures, the forsaken ones in quest of a Providence, found it in her ; for some secret gift, some mysterious heritage, enabled her to discover the word, the action, the gift most suited to encourage and help each one amongst them.

It was part of the plan formed by the Comte de Paris for the education of his children that they should be trained to see and to love the curiosities and the beauties of our country. Ten years in France had not appeased his hunger to make the children born in exile see with his eyes, touch with their fingers, these relics of their fatherland.

" At certain seasons of the year," writes the Princess Amélie, " we were never still ; we spent our life on the railway, leaving early and not getting back till very late."

Seated near the window of the carriage, the Princess watched the flying country : the tufted green heads of the forest trees, the fields of waving wheat in the plains of Beauce, the windings of the rivers like silver serpents at the

foot of the slopes, the vines on the sides of the hills, the meadows bright with autumnal meadow-saffron, the church steeples standing above the villages, and the pleasant country, which is like the face of France, delighted her eyes and filled her heart unawares with pleasure.

One day the Royal Family might be met at Chartres, visiting the cathedral and admiring Léonard Limousin's enamels; the next, the Prince and his children were at Reims, deep in the oldest memorials of the monarchy, being shown the remains of the Holy Phial, the chasubles, the vessels used at the coronation of Charles X.; meditating under the Romanic arches of Saint-Rémi. The following day the Princes came up against the closed doors of the Musée de Saint-Germain, and consoled themselves for their mishap by a walk of several hours in the forest; and the day after, a Sunday, they were to be seen in the midst of the crowd of strollers at Compiègne and Pierrefonds. For Monday an excursion to Laon was arranged.

Feverish activity, haste as if some presentiment urged the heaping up these young minds

with pictures of a past doubly their own! Chartres, Reims, Laon, mystic blossoms of a France lifting its head to Heaven! The terrace at Saint-Germain where Louis XIV. had dreamt!

With what emotion must these places, which agitate the least imaginative of passers-by, have filled the minds of these visitors, the annals of whose family are but a commentary on the greatness of France!

In the evening, when the hour aids the imagination, the Princess Amélie loved to spread over all the visions born of these glorious spots the arch of fancy stretching from the baptism of Clovis to the tales of the African epic as related to her by the Duc d'Aumale. She lost herself in dreams of a great past, and gave herself up to that confusion of dates that goes so well with physical weariness, and the tired body sinks exhausted on the couch of the boudoir.

The young Princes were able to shake off the burden of these over-heavy thoughts enough to be amused by the towns they travelled through in the midst of interested and curious inhabitants. They enjoyed the melancholy breakfasts in low-

pitched and smoke-filled rooms, sometimes still adorned with a portrait of Louis-Philippe, in the Hôtel des Voyageurs or the Lion d'Or. A bouquet of phlox or dahlias decorated the table ; the wheels of the omnibus rang on the pavement ; and suddenly a bugle-call burst out, as the clock struck ; and all this filled their heads with lowly and touching chromolithographs like those that people the imagination of all French children.

V

THE death of the Comte de Chambord brought a great change into the life of the Comte de Paris. It became, says M. d'Haussonville, "a daily sacrifice to France."

The desire of the Comte de Paris was to rally round him all the conservative forces and to direct them as best he could to the great national interests. To this work he devoted his time and his care, "renouncing the habits and works dear to him" so as to follow with unflagging interest the course of events.

Moreover, the Prince was admirably served by the organisations he created, and notably by his political bureau, which consisted of M. Edouard Bocher, M. Lambert de Sainte-Croix, and M. Dufennille. The Marquis de Beauvoir, head of the Cabinet, made an incomparable intermediary between the Comte de Paris and the different committees.

M. d'Haussonville relates how the Prince, after his return from Frohsdorff, summoned him to Eu, and asked him to become one of a small group of persons on whose devotion he could rely, and who would succeed each other with him. It was a service of honour, and counted among its members, MM. Emmanuel Bocher, Aubry-Vitet, Saint-Marc-Girardin, the Duc de Trémoille, the Marquis de Lasteyrie, Amedée Dufaure, the Marquis d'Harcourt, the Baron de Fonscolombe, the Marquis de Ganay, the Marquis d'Audiffret-Pasquier, the Comte de Saporta, and some other devoted adherents of the Monarchy, who lived turn by turn in great intimacy with the Royal Family.

Their testimony concerning the Princess Amélie is unanimous. In all she naturally and unaffectedly inspired the love of devotion and self-sacrifice.

She led the life of a lively and playful girl; the Duc de Luynes, who is about her own age, has not forgotten the games of hide-and-seek, the mad races in the garden, and the staircases made out of ladders she and the Duke of Orleans and her sisters contrived, so as to scale the walls of the

Galliera Park and get over into the garden of the Duchesse de Luynes!

But there was not one of the grave men who attended the Comte de Paris that could resist the attraction and inspiration she was to all. Who among them, like that Scotch gentleman, whose loyalty Walter Scott describes, would not have cast his cloak at her feet rather than let them touch the mud of the street?

But the greatest devotion, the most faithful affection the Princess found the secret of awaking amongst those around her was that of the Marquise d'Harcourt. This love has never lessened, neither in days of happiness nor in hours of anguish. Even at Lisbon, Mme d'Harcourt was many a time the confidante of the Queen; and the exile is still the object of her care. And, on one day of sadness, the Duchess of Braganza wrote from Belem to Mme de Luynes that, "The thought of seeing Marguerite d'Harcourt again consoled her for all her troubles."

The rôle in politics the Prince had taken up obliged him to make longer stays in Paris. Up to now he had lived in the Duc d'Aumale's

house in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré; but about this time the Duchesse de Galliera put her mansion in the Rue Varenne at the disposal of the Princes, and they installed themselves there. The young Princesses attended courses of advanced lectures; the Comtesse de Paris took them to the Opera. The Princess Amélie, who at Eu had worked at music unwillingly, was enthusiastic over the Conservatoire Concerts. A circle of devoted friends surrounded her; besides the Marquise d'Harcourt and the Duchesse de Luynes and her children, she constantly saw Mlle Jane de Polignac, who became Comtesse d'Oilliamson, the two daughters of the Comte d'Haussonville, who are now the Comtesse François de Maillé and the Comtesse le Marois, the sisters of the Marquis d'Harcourt, the Comtesse de Puymaigre and Mlle Aline d'Harcourt, and their cousins, Decazes and his sister, now Comtesse Deville de Sardelys.

It was a great pain to her to leave these intimate friends; but her chief happiness was the visits to Chantilly.

The Castle itself, rebuilt by Daumet, has no character; but the forest laid out by Le Nôtre

for the delight of the soul, the beautiful Condé structures on the lawn, and the Enghien pavilion are amongst the finest sights of France.

The park, with its ponds, its waterfalls, its fountains, "their song never ceasing by day or night," the park, with its terraces, its alleys of ancient plane trees, its bowers, its emerald carpet, where "the solemn, indolent peacocks raise heads like those of crested serpents," must touch even the imagination least attuned to it with a sense of such poetry as Racine's.

The girl, who had written that "nothing in the world would make her wish to live in a place where there were not a dozen yards in a straight line," especially loved the Manse Canal which leads the eyes into infinity, the long rides that intersect the whole forest, and that ordered air which gives so peculiar a look to that region, a sort of spiritual grace.

The Duc d'Aumale had already collected for his gallery, among a great number of uninteresting canvases, some incomparable pictures, about which the Princess spoke to her friends with an enthusiasm almost equal to her uncle's. In

short, she loved the intellectual atmosphere the Duc d'Aumale had created around him. Although, as she owns, she was extremely nervous, she liked to sit at table with Caro, Sardou, Garnier, and Gounod, the Prince's familiar companions.

At Chantilly, or at Saint-Firmin with the Duc de Chartres, she led a "perfectly happy and peaceful life." No rigid educational system held sway there; everyone paid great attention to the charming Princess, and endeavoured to please her.

She was never tired of riding in the forest, and took peculiar pleasure in the coursing got up for her and her cousins in the Sylvie Park. The start was made very early in the morning, the Princes following on foot; and the girl, who had not lost the "fire in her veins," was intoxicated with the chase, and was elated by this violent exercise.

She revelled in travel; the Comte de Paris and his family made frequent moves to Spain. There they lived in the Château de Villamanrique, which then belonged to the Duc de Montpensier.

"Villamanrique is enchanting," said the Princess Amélie; "the house is as comfortable as possible, and we get the most beautiful walks round about it."

Villamanrique is in fact one of the pleasantest dwelling-places in Andalusia. The white house is built round a Moorish *patio*, in the midst of a wonderful garden, whose groves lose themselves in a forest of fir trees wherein lies hid a pavilion built by Charles v. The Guadalquivir rolls by at a short distance from it.

The domain is very extensive, and covered with brushwood that makes it a magnificent hunting-ground, where numbers of stags, wild boars, and lynxes are found, and then come immense marshes—*las marismas*—like those of the Camargue. Here are bred the bulls for all the "Plazas" of Spain, and there are swarms of water-birds; great flights of wild geese, cranes, and rose-hued flamingos rise up in front of the flocks.

In this rather savage corner of Andalusia, the Princes lived much on horseback, amusing themselves with the most daring sports, such as pursuing the bulls with a lasso or hunting the bustard,

which can be approached only with the greatest precaution, going forward with bent body behind the horses driven on in front.

Among the pleasantest memories the Princess Amélie retained, was a visit she made to Madrid at the beginning of the year 1884. Her gracious manners won the commendation of the whole Court. She spent a fortnight at San-Lucar, in a house on the coast belonging to the Duc de Montpensier, taking long walks in the surrounding woods. She returned to Seville on board a gun-boat the King had put at the service of her grandfather. She was enthusiastic about Seville and her evening spent with Queen Isabella at the Alcazar Palace.

"The beauty of Seville," she said, "is a happiness in itself." The Duc de Montpensier owned a fine palace there, too—Sant Elmo standing on the promenade.

The following year the Princess made a long journey in Northern Italy and Austria. The Duc de Montpensier and the Princess Clémentine thought of marrying her in Vienna or Munich; but their plan came to naught.

But in the midst of the festivities of Vienna, the charms of the young woman were revealed to herself and to all others, like a secret kept for years and now flashing forth.

It was then believed part of a good education to keep children in leading-strings indefinitely; to forbid in young girls even those innocent coquetries which make them aware of their own charms and power. Severe critics made it a duty to instil into the mind of the most attractive girl that she had no beauty, and was incapable of pleasing.

Compliments were carefully withheld from young ears; childish garments systematically chosen so as to prolong the awkward age beyond all bounds.

At twenty the Princess Amélie was looked upon as a child by her family. At Vienna, the Comte de Paris confided her to the care of her aunt, the Princess of Saxe-Cobourg, and left for Boulogne. At the Cobourg Palace the Princess knew a liberty she had enjoyed neither at Chantilly nor at Cannes, nor on any of her former journeys.

Bound by the exacting and complicated ceremonial of the Austrian Court, she had to appear there no longer as a child, but as a princess. Was it not at a dinner given by the Archduke Louis Victor that she wore her first Court dress? It was all white, because of the Court mourning the Princesses had to wear for a week.

The girl was much troubled about herself and her train, and, "instead of entering the drawing-rooms whose doors were opened for her, she would have liked to sink into the earth."

It was thus that amid pathetic attacks of shyness she astonished the Emperor and the high society of Vienna.

The Grand Master of the Teutonic Order the Archduke William, "very agreeable, but a horrible tease, had the power of making her turn scarlet"; but it was the Emperor who chiefly caused her, as she says, "terrible fits of shyness."

Above all, she dreaded the presentation to him, which came about in an unexpected fashion and which threw her into a state of the greatest confusion.

One night she suddenly found h erself without

warning face to face with the Sovereign whom she did not yet know.

The second daughter of Francis Joseph, the Archduchess Valérie, had been brought up even more strictly than herself, and visited no one, not even her cousins.

Etiquette had, however, made an exception in favour of the Princess Amélie ; the Archduchess had been to see her at the Cobourg Palace, and the two Princesses finding each other very sympathetic, the Archduchess had strongly urged the Princess Amélie to come to her box at the theatre that night.

She came, and found herself face to face with the Emperor.

" He was as agreeable and charming as possible," she says ; " but you can fancy what a state I was in, alone with His Majesty and Valérie ; all the more since not even the Archduchess entered that box."

Her appearance there created a kind of sensation in the theatre, and the attention it drew upon her put the finishing touch to her trouble.

Another evening, when dining with the Arch-

duke Louis Victor, having noticed the Emperor looking at her, "she couldn't swallow another mouthful all through the dinner."

Yet her stay in Vienna was exceedingly pleasant to her. Although the city disappeared under the snow, she thought it very fine.

The day after she arrived, it snowed for twenty-four hours without ceasing. In the streets there were heaps of snow taller than a man. Getting about was very difficult; nevertheless the Princess roamed about from the Belvedere to the Imperial Palace, visited private galleries, walked in the Prater, got as far as Schönbrunn, delighted with all the novelties, astonished at the homage paid her, a little uneasy at being happy, reproaching herself for feeling merry far away from her friends. She apologised to them with delightful modesty. She sent them flowers gathered in the greenhouses at Schönbrunn, and asked them to pray that this unwonted gladness might not be an omen of some very great misfortune.

"I was greatly struck," she wrote, "by seeing, I don't know where, this sentence: 'The Lord will provide.'"

She was at a great review in the Emperor's presence; her carriage followed that of the Archduchess Stéphanie, and so she saw the troops she admired file past. But this sentiment did not prevent her quarrelling with an old soldier in charge of the arsenal who was boasting of the fine military qualities of the Austrians while he was showing her flags formerly taken from the French.

As for the marriage already announced in the French newspapers, there was no more talk of it; and the Princess was so happy in Vienna that she gained permission from her aunt to prolong her stay there, so shortening beforehand the time she was to spend in Munich.

Still it was in that town that she was to catch sight of a Bavarian prince to whom a few months later it was wished to betroth her.

The painful memories of the war must surely raise up an insurmountable obstacle between a German Prince and a French Princess. The immense love for France the Comte de Paris had developed in his daughter's heart prevented her from accepting such a marriage.

On her return to France, she found herself once more in the midst of the strict family customs. The stay in Normandy in the following autumn was, however, enlivened by the festivities the Comte de Paris held in honour of the marriage of the Princess Marie d'Orléans with the Prince of Denmark.

During these festivities the Princess Amélie could think of nothing but the charms of the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Cumberland.

"I had always heard the beauty of the Princess of Wales extolled," she writes, with open-hearted admiration, "but I found her even more ideal than had been reported; she is so delicate, so gracious!"

But what most struck the guests of the Comte de Paris was the inimitable grace, the smiling majesty, of the Princess Amélie.

From seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, for three days, she was on her feet, looking after the pleasure and comfort of everyone; entertaining her guests with a noble simplicity, a solicitude, a charm that weariness could not lessen.

She was well served by her quickness of mind. An instantaneous communication seemed to establish itself between her and the things she discovered, between her and the people she spoke to. This talent enabled her to understand her interlocutor, and, so to speak, having gone down to the depths of his soul, to say precisely what would move and take hold of him.

When one of the old Vendeans, whom duty alone brought to see the Comte de Paris, came to Eu, M. de Beauvoir or M. d'Haussonville took care to place him at table next the Princess Amélie. Her tact, her infallible intuition, worked miracles, and the guest left the Castle, his heart won over.

VI

ONCE more, in the Royal domain of Eu, she showed herself a queen and born to reign. To the semi-official receptions, the longing for self-sacrifice she inspired in all, gave a kind of poetic generosity and surrounded her like a halo.

It was about this time that the Comtesse Fernand de la Ferronnays thought of the Crown Prince of Portugal for her. She talked over this idea with the Marquis de Beauvoir, who was in the confidence of the Comte de Paris, as well as with M. d'Azevedo da Silva, attaché to the Portuguese Embassy.

M. de Beauvoir was born to be the cavalier of a queen. His mother had held the Princess Amélie at the baptismal font, and he had watched her grow up. He believed he knew that no other European Prince could better suit the Princess, and he broached the subject to the Comte de Paris, who received it pretty coldly.

But Mme de la Ferronnays returned to the charge, encouraged by those around the Princess. Moreover, there were not so many Catholic princesses in Europe that the King of Portugal should not feel interested in such a proposal.

It was arranged that at the beginning of the year the Duke of Braganza should travel through Europe, and see, before making his choice, the Archduchess X. at Vienna, the Princess X. in Saxony, and the Princess Amélie in Paris.

The Duc d'Aumale invited the Crown Prince to Chantilly, where he would meet the Comte de Paris and his daughter.

These plans arranged, the Duke of Braganza was eager to carry them out. He hurried on his departure for France.

So little had the Comte de Paris decided what to do in the matter that, the very morning of the day when the Duke of Braganza was to arrive, he sent for one of his trusted servants. He ordered him to go at once to the Hôtel Bristol, where the Prince was to stay, to bid him welcome from him, and to say—according to the impression the Prince made on him—what he thought best ;

either that the Comte de Paris would be glad to meet him the next day at Chantilly, or that he extremely regretted that he could not meet him, all his arrangements being made for leaving for Cannes that evening.

It was said that the Duke of Braganza was very short ; the Princess Amélie was very tall.

If there should be a ridiculous disproportion between them, the messenger was to take upon himself the decision for the journey to Cannes and break off any kind of negotiation.

It would have been difficult to give to anyone a higher proof of confidence.

The delegate of the Comte de Paris was worthy of it.

But, in truth, what decides our fate ? On what slender thread does our happiness or our worst misfortunes hang ? What is our careful preparation for the future worth ?

It needed so little to make the tragedy over which all Europe should shudder either unroll itself or perish at its birth !

The devoted friend entrusted with this delicate and important mission reached the Hôtel

Bristol ; the Prince had gone out and was two hours later than the time he had appointed.

He came in very genially. The Envoy of the Comte de Paris greeted him, gave him from the Duc d'Aumale a ticket for his box at the Français for the same night, and added that the Comte de Paris would be very glad to go hunting with His Royal Highness at Chantilly.

There was no talk of the journey to Cannes. The next day all Princess Amélie's family took up their abode at Chantilly, in that part of the Castle styled *le Logis de M. le Comte de Paris*, which, over the great gardens, the Philosophers' Walk, and the canal, looks out upon the arena and the grass-plots spreading between the fir trees of Vineuil.

The Duke of Braganza arrived, enthusiastic over the short time spent in Paris and enchanted with the beauty of Chantilly. He saw the Princess and thought her more delightful than anything he had yet seen in France. Placed next her at table, he told her so ; his manner was gentle and delicate ; she felt that she made him shy, and thought him very attractive.

As for him, he took no notice of the great hunting-parties of the House of Guise represented on the magnificent tapestries that hung on the walls of the dining-room ; the musicians in their gallery at the entrance of the room did but keep time with the beating of his heart. He secretly reviled the Duc d'Aumale for tearing him from the Princess to take him into the library, where he told him vainglorious stories the Duke of Braganza did not hear.

Thinking of the young girl whose charm had so quickly taken hold of him, his hand fell upon a pencil lying on the table and he absently drew on the paper a beautiful yacht swept along by the sea. Vessel loaded with dreams and hopes, swelling sails bound for what port ?

The Princes having left the room, the Marquis de Beauvoir took the drawing and gave it to the Princess Amélie.

He saw it again, framed and hanging in the Queen's drawing-room, the day after the tragedy, when he went to Lisbon to give the assurance of his devoted loyalty and the help of his faithful heart.

The Princess was aware of the enthusiastic admiration of the Duke of Braganza; she was glad to have pleased him, and hoped that he might really love her. That night the song of the fountains lulled her to sweet dreams.

At break of day the Marquis de Beauvoir saw the Comte de Seisal, who had accompanied the Crown Prince from Portugal, come into his room. M. de Seisal had come to find out the time of the first train; the Duke of Braganza had awakened him to beg him to go to Paris, to ask for the cipher of the Embassy, as he wanted to telegraph at once to Lisbon that he should not continue his travels farther. Having discovered at Chantilly the most bewitching of Princesses, he intended to marry her, and wished the necessary overtures to be made as quickly as possible.

In the afternoon they went coursing. The Princess Amélie was an excellent horsewoman; the Duke of Braganza made no secret of the admiration her grace and daring excited in him.

As for the Princess, never had those familiar

woods, the sunshine upon the ponds, the leafless trees, looked more beautiful in her eyes; never had the greensward felt so soft to tread; never had the close of day been so full of poetry, as on that long ride home.

Who dreamt that evening that the twilight's crimson glory, as it fell upon the happy dwelling-place, might be a presage of violence and spilt blood?

Who gave a thought to that inconsolable Princess, Mlle de Clermont, whose portrait by Nattier has come back to dwell in the place where she wept for M. de Melun? Who called up a memory of that tragically ended betrothal, or of the long kisses of old reflected in the still pool of Sylvie?

Every hour was devoted to happiness. The melancholy air of the water, the shade, the stones, so striking nowadays in that vast death-frozen domain, was then hidden under the doings of this little Court, the coming and going of visitors, the blowing of horns, the guns of the sportsmen, the barking of the dogs.

The town of Chantilly recovered the liveliness

of old days ; the pavement of the Rue du Connétable echoed to the trot of post-horses.

This corner of Valois, very rich in fine houses, was still inhabited by the most faithful defenders of the Monarchy. Those of the neighbourhood had been invited to the hunting-parties. From the neighbouring parishes — Vineuil, Saint-Léonard, d'Aumont, Gonvieux, Saint-Maximin, Saint-Leu, —even from Senlis, crowds came to greet the Crown Prince of Portugal. A great stream of sympathy flowed around the Princess. The incipient idyll was already popular ; it gave a notable and moving character to these festivities ; it made even the joy of shooting seem less brutal.

The Duke of Braganza was the hero of all this ; he felt capable of all legendary feats of valour to win such a *fiancée*. Chantilly seemed to him a land of delights from which he could not tear himself.

He gave satisfaction ; the Princess thought he looked good and true ; she was delighted with his talk. When she tried to look deep into her own heart, she found there a mixture of "gladness, agitation, and perplexity."

The very evening of the return to Chantilly the Marquis de Beauvoir arrived, entrusted with an unofficial proposal, the Duke of Braganza not wishing to make the official one until everything was settled between himself and the Princess.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris were delighted with the turn events had taken. The Princess confided to her friends that "she was truly happy."

A few days later the Comte de Paris and his family left for Eu, where the Duke of Braganza was invited to join them, and the Princess Amélie wrote of her happiness to her confidante. "The Duke of Braganza is here, and to tell you the truth, I find him more and more after my own heart."

While she took her *fiancé* to see the beloved haunts where as a little girl she had loved to hide her dreams, she thanked the good fairies of the beech and the fountain who had provided this great love for her ; for she was "full of happiness at knowing herself loved."

Nevertheless the serious career, the great throne awaiting her, somewhat troubled and

alarmed her. Her education had had the advantage of preparing her for all the sacrifices royalty exacts from its victims.

"As I see a life full of great duties beginning for me," she wrote, "I pray God to inspire and bless me." And to the Duchesse de Luynes :

"I am very anxious about the duties awaiting me there ; but there and everywhere, with God's help, I will seek for the right road, remembering your example and advice."

But those first avowals, those assurances of love to which a queen must listen with no less agitation and delight than an ordinary woman, inspired her with the most complete trust. The visit of the Duke of Braganza to the Château d'Eu lasted for a week. When he left, the Princess wrote : "The more I know of him, the more certain I am that ours will be a happy life."

On the 22nd of February she went with her family to Cannes. The Crown Prince of Portugal stayed with them there till the 6th of May.

Indescribable spring-time ! Gardens of Cannes, where the loveliest flowers in all the world hold less fragrance than those words whose

everlasting repetition has not staled their magic power !

Still, as the days went by, the Princess's sadness over the coming separation grew greater.

"I grieve over the thought of leaving you," she said to her greatest friend, "and my own country and all I have known and loved up to now. I know that in one way or other this must be so, but now it has come to pass, a little sorrow may be allowed. . . . You will think of me and love me none the less because I leave you. I love you so dearly, myself, and I am so sad at going. . . ."

The Crown Prince left Cannes for Lisbon ; a special messenger carried the *fiancés'* letters to each other every week.

The Princess Amélie and her people went back to the Château d'Eu.

The thought of leaving it made her deem it "intimate and inspiring." Though there she had spent such sad hours, so many days of strictness, the Princess realised the fondness she had for its ancient stones, its fine trees, its singing waters. She found out how every detail of the

landscape held sway over great part of her life.

"I have grown to cling to this spot unconsciously, and I am terribly sorry to leave it; something in me is torn away."

The day of farewell came. The Princess would see all the people of the house—keepers, gardeners, every one. She was much moved in saying good-bye to each. Afterwards, the Park was opened wide to all the countryside; the humble friends she had made about her; those whom she had comforted by her kindness; the children she had looked after; the poor people she had fed.

More than ten thousand persons came, all wanting to greet the Princess, or to press her hand as they wished her good luck. Women came with armfuls of flowers; children handed her nosegays. There were men in smocks who shed tears; an artisan, to whom she spoke while she pressed his hand, has since declared that "that handshake will always prevent his being a real republican."

The band from Tréport played the Portuguese

national air, and it was moving to the Princess to hear for the first time the hymn of her new country played there in the shade of the familiar beech trees by that modest orchestra.

But what avail the most numerous and sincere prayers for our happiness ?

Sadly the Princess left the château with its rose-hued bricks, the little town running down steeply to the Bresle, the unpretending little station.

Paris was *en fête* to entertain her for the last time. The adherents of the House of Orleans came in overwhelming numbers to the salons of the Hôtel Galliera on the 15th of May ; there was such a stirring of the people over the romantic adventure of a Princess of the blood of France, whom love was bearing to one of the most ancient and glorious thrones of Europe, that it appeared to be a manifestation of the old French loyalty at which the Republic took umbrage.

Strange fate of this Princess ! The acclamations that greet her along the triumphal way leading to her kingdom, the cheers that sound so joyously for a moment in her ears, are about

to break the hearts, to destroy the dreams and the hopes of those most dear to her. Her triumph prepares the way for renewed exile for them.

Mlle Jane de Polignac had managed to be the last to leave her friend. The Princess took her into her room, but the two girls were too much overcome with emotion to speak. The Princess implored her companion not to upset her, for she felt ready to break down.

" You don't know, Jane," she said, " what it means to leave one's country and friends for ever ! "

VII

PORTUGAL, land of dreams and sunshine at the extremity of Europe, garden of the Hesperides, Elysian fields that bewitched the eyes of Ulysses, country of the conquerors of fable, cradle of Vasco da Gama and Magellan—what visions of beauty and splendour and luxury are evoked by these mountains, these rivers, these cities, these terraces on the shores where the scent of the lemon trees mingles for ever with the sea-wind's brave smell!

Capes outstretched like longing arms to the secrets of America, to the darkness of Africa!

Lisbon, so marvellously set upon her hills above the Tagus, that a Crusader, having begged the cleverest magician in Asia to make the most beautiful of the capitals of Europe—for which he was homesick—appear in the magic mirror, at once saw traced upon the glass the shores of the Tagus, Bélem, and, rising tier upon tier, the city,

glittering with lacquered tiles, fragrant with the scent of orange-flowers, and alive with the sound of fountains and waterfalls !

The throne of John the Great, who wrested Ceuta and Tangier from the Moors ; of Henry, surnamed the Navigator, who discovered Porto-Santo, Madeira, the Azores and Cape Bojador, and Cape Blanco, and Cape Verd, and Guinea rich in gold, ivory, and slaves !

How fine to reign over the sons of the tireless companions of Diego Cano, who opened up the road to the Congo ; of Bartholomew Diaz, who doubled the Horn ; of Camoëns, who on the shores of China and Japan sang the tale of Lusitania !

What dreams, what visions filled the Princess Amélie's mind while the train that was carrying her to her fate was lost in the gorges of the mountains between Portugal and Spain !

It was night. Great bonfires were lighted on the peaks ; the villages on the spurs of the mountain glowed in the light of immense pyres.

The mountain-folk had come down to the

station beside the line. Fierce loyalists, the people acclaimed the "Duchessa." Already, in the grip of etiquette, and shut into the sleeping-car of her train, she could scarce catch a glance between her curtains of this fantastic country lighted up by flames the wind tore apart and seemed to drop from height to height. Needles of rock stood out against the fiery sky, while into mysterious depths the shadowy passes plunged.

The noise of the train running at its highest speed could not overcome that of the cheers; shrill hurrahs reached her ears and made her heart beat quicker. At one station where the train stopped, the people crowding round the line demanded to see the Duchess; men had laid themselves down on the rails in front of the engine.

The instructions given to the various chamberlains could not be put aside; but a score of times the Princess was on the point of sacrificing etiquette in deference to the wishes of these enthusiasts.

About nine o'clock in the morning the train

stopped at Pampilhosa, where the Duke of Braganza was awaiting his *fiancée* and the ministers and representatives of Portugal were admitted to greet their future sovereign. It was only about five hours from Lisbon.

Before entering the city the train halted at a level-crossing. The barriers could hardly keep back the people of the suburbs, who pushed forwards towards the Royal carriage, cheering the Duke of Braganza and his *fiancée*.

This time the Princess rose, went out upon the balcony round the compartment, and, leaning over all these extended hands, took a little child from the arms of a poor woman, lifted it up, and kissed it. Then there arose such frenzied cries of delight that, says the Marquis de Beauvoir, "I was surprised not to see the swallows circling above the crowd fall to the ground."

It was a heavenly day; the incomparable azure of the Portuguese sky seemed itself to be holding a revel in space.

To the roaring of cannon and the music of military bands, the Princess Amélie made her

entry into Lisbon; a well-nigh Oriental pomp received her. Queen Maria-Pia has the reputation of being the most majestic Princess in Europe; her taste for splendour and display was in accord with all the traditions and preferences of her people.

A magnificent pageant made its way through Lisbon—white mules with silver trappings, Syrian horses with plumed heads, gilt and lacquered coaches more sumptuous than any others in the world, such as are not to be seen at Versailles, and the bells ringing madly, and the cannon thundering from the forts and from the vessels in the roadstead, and the troops in glittering uniforms in the streets!

Before the Princess the carpeted streets are wide and empty; on either side a double line of troopers keeps back the respectful crowd. As her carriage moves onwards, shouts and prolonged cheers, a uniform and pleasant clamour, greet her ear.

It was a fresh ecstasy to feel herself the beloved sovereign of so many loyal vassals, and their acclamations and love overwhelmed her

faint heart with an intoxication greater than any happiness.

At Court the ceremonies were of the most magnificent kind.

In San Domingo there were the Cardinal-Patriarch of Lisbon, six Bishops, mitre on head and crozier in hand, in the midst of plumes of ostrich-feathers and swinging censers; and Queen Maria-Pia, whose dress was a copy of that in the "Triumph of Marie de Medici," by Rubens, waiting to enter, while through an *œil-de-bœuf* a ray of sunshine fell upon her train of peacock-blue, making it sparkle as if strewn with jewels. A crowd of bedizened princes and dignitaries, women in low-cut Court dresses. And, the centre of all this splendour, in simple white, the girl of the First Communion at Château d'Eu with the same wondering spirit—the mother by adoption of the poor children in the valley of the Bresle; the girl at Vienna blushing in the presence of the Emperor; the *fiancée* of Chantilly afraid of her happiness.

Wonderful festivities; crystal, gold plate, such as the tellers of fairy-tales could not con-

ceive; magnificent performances in the two finest theatres of Lisbon, where the audience has eyes only for the Duchess of Braganza.

Who that witnessed it but has kept the memory of that scene that no Frenchman present has forgotten?

The Princes have left the Royal box; the Duke and Duchess of Braganza alone remain; and cheers arise.

Then the Princess Amélie turns round, and her eyes travel slowly over the whole theatre, giving to each of those upon whom they fall a look of such sweet gratitude that the whole company is touched and moved and breaks into acclamation.

And then, into the very midst of these festivities and delights falls the decree of proscription that strikes the Comte de Paris and his family, and drives them back to exile.

At Dampierre the faithful confidante receives the proof of the terrible wound to the Princess's heart.

"You tell me you are glad to know I am away

from all this sadness; but, dearest, you don't know what I suffer at feeling myself so far away, at thinking that while I was happy here my father was going into exile — that everyone, relations and friends, were with him and had at least the comfort of seeing how their enthusiasm and sympathy softened his grief.

"Do you forget that I was French and have still the right to love France passionately, and that I, too, know what exile means, all the pain and bitterness contained in that word? I think no one feels it more than I. Don't suppose that I have forgotten my early years, the profound impression the very name of my country made upon me when, as a child, I was told about it; and think what a grief it has been to me not to be with my parents in the midst of their sorrow. . . .

"You know me so well that you will understand how I must suffer and yet try to keep up appearances, and it does me so much good to write to you just as I should talk. Without my husband, who was almost as sad as I, I don't know

how I should have got through the last few days.

"I should be so happy if only these frightful politics had not come to throw us here into anxiety and mourning."

VIII

THE Duke of Braganza had chosen for his usual residence the Castle of Bélem — the famous suburb whence Vasco da Gama took flight for the East Indies.

The two Royal Palaces, the monastery of the Yéromites, the celebrated Gothic tower, adorn this bank of the Tagus with the most extraordinary architecture to be seen.

The ancient Gothic ideas, the fancies of the Moors, mingle with memories brought back from India, and the novel forms suggested to a marine people by the flora and fauna of the ocean ; and all this makes a strange mass of stone carved and embossed. A fairy-scene built up under the sweetest sky in all the world ! Here Princess Amélie knew some happy hours.

" You ask me if I am happy," she writes to the Duchesse de Luynes ; " yes, dearest, I am exceedingly happy, and I wish you, who love me,

could read the joy that fills my heart. I get on very well in my new life ; my husband's parents are most affectionate to me ; high and low continue showing me the same sympathy. In fact, but for the anxiety about France, I should be perfectly happy."

The Princess wished to banish the ostentatious state and etiquette of the Portuguese Court from Bélem ; she liked to live there as simply as possible. She liked breakfasting *tête-à-tête* with the Duke of Braganza, and riding with him in Picadeiro, the riding-school near the Palace where the coaches of Philip II. and Philip III. are kept. They both painted the same scenes, read the same books, went incognito to the opera in the evening ; and after they got back delighted in serving themselves at supper.

They kept a small boat in which they rowed about by themselves. The Princess used to say that no one was better at polishing a pair of shoes or tucking up a bed than she was.

But this simple life which enchanted her, this tender intimacy which made her write, " I have found the most absolute happiness one could

dream of," was already astonishing and shocking a little the Portuguese, lovers of ostentation and luxury.

The young Princess began the year 1887 at Alfeite, a Royal residence facing Lisbon on the opposite bank of the Tagus.

"It is a wild and delightful spot which reminds me of the environs of Cannes," writes the Duchess. "The place is so sunny that the pine-apples ripen in the open air. There are some very beautiful walks of which I should know more if I were not often rather tired."

Indeed, the Princess Amélie was expecting the birth of her first child. It was a son, born at the Palace of Bélem the 21st of March 1887. At once he became the pride and joy of his mother's heart. "He is adorably pretty, and very strong," she wrote to France. Her whole heart went out to him, and she thanked Heaven for having answered her prayers.

What hopes were set on that tender little head destined some day to wear so glorious a crown! Plans of education to train the child as a great Prince; memories of illustrious ancestors

wise and powerful monarchs ; anxious questionings of the future !

When a mother has gone through such troubles as the Princess Amélie had already known, how can she contemplate without fears, and eyes that fill with tears, the existence of so dear a creature ?

At the first hint of spring the child was taken to Cintra. The Castle of Pena was the favourite residence of the Duchess of Braganza.

Cintra is one of the most beautiful spots in the world—a magic mountain where the most gorgeous flowers grow in the midst of a confusion of fantastic rocks. Byron called it "a glorious Eden."

The rugged mass of primeval lands, rocks untrodden from the beginning of the world, the horror of precipices—these neighbour the sweetness of idyllic meadows. The exuberant flora of the tropics there mingles with the soft vegetation of Europe. Dense forests of evergreen oaks and pines clothe the slopes of the mountain. From the windows of the Castle of Pena, built in the Moorish style on a precipitous rock, the eye first

falls on an exquisite carpet of camellias, rhododendrons, and azaleas, then on the swaying tops of the elms, the cedars, the parasol pines, plane trees, and ilexes, and then over all Estramadura, from Cape Espichel to the Belengas, Lisbon, "the golden waters that brim the Tagus as it flows," to Mafia, Cascaës, and the sea, in that marvellously pure air.

In the forest there are strange clearings where grow gigantic ferns, bamboos, and papyrus; alleys bordered with arbor-vitæ lead to fountains constructed by the Moors. The sense of mystery and enchantment one feels as soon as one begins to climb the spur of the Serra in Cintra, and of which one is so intensely aware in the old Castle of John I., continues without abatement in the modern Palace of Pena.

The Princess Amélie used to say that Pena had instantly "made her think of the enchanted palaces of 'The Thousand and One Nights.'"

Nevertheless, she had not loved it at first; it had frightened her like the call of the sirens; there was too much perfume, too much colour; too much of the exotic about it, an almost savage

luxuriance, too reminiscent of Africa, in the gardens where five thousand camellias bloomed round ponds where water-lilies slept. It was all so different from the austere beauty of the Forest of Eu, the sober lines of the park at Chantilly!

But it had not taken her long to succumb to the charm of its contrasts more winning to the heart than the greatest softness. Under her rule the house of Ferdinand of Cobourg became more genial, less supercilious.

She had there, too, established for herself the life she liked best.

"We are at Cintra, which I used not to love," she writes, "but which I find delightful this year. Everything is exquisitely green. We go for long walks among the mountains, which are a little like the Esterel. I ride on horseback a great deal. On Sunday we gave a little dance, or rather a *cotillon*, which brought back many memories to my mind."

The Princes had many neighbours at Cintra; the most notable families of Portugal had villas there called *quintas*. These houses hidden among the trees were not left furnished during the bad

weather; in the spring their proprietors sent up their furniture in carts drawn by oxen. In the evening, from afar, the grating of the big, laden wheels of these Portuguese wagons may be heard. Their drivers never grease the axles, so that the noise they make may give warning of their approach in the narrow roads.

"Even that discordant sound moves me and makes me feel homesick, as soon as I go away," says the Duchess of Braganza.

Some years later she is to write to the Marquise d'Harcourt. "You asked me for one of my works—such a lofty title! At the first opportunity I will send you a water-colour, a corner of my dear Pena, the chapel and the tower seen from one side of the park. I have chosen this subject because, as you know, Pena is my favourite spot; it is like a beloved person to me."

The Princess naturally wanted to begin at Cintra the very simple life she had led in Normandy. She was fond of tennis, and as there was no room for a court in the very small portion of the garden the Princes had reserved for themselves, she played in a part of the park

that she did not wish to be forbidden to the public, where she was surrounded by inquisitive people who walked there.

Mme d'Oilliamson, who used to be one of these tennis-players, remembers the extreme friendliness of the Princess in the midst of her games and practice, when anyone might speak to her, and she had kind and pleasant words for all.

But this simplicity could not fail to disconcert those accustomed to the Court of the Queen Maria-Pia.

"Elegant, richly dressed, always distant," writes a Frenchwoman who often stayed at the Court of Lisbon, "Queen Maria-Pia, for this people of almost Oriental habits, was the incarnation of the Queen of the Fairy-tales, the Queen who is always represented as proud and haughty, seated on a golden throne, a sceptre in her hand."

The Duchess of Braganza was more concerned with charity than with elegance. She had founded a hospital for children and got up sales and raffles to pay the initial expenses. All her

friends in France, the Duchesse de Luynes, the Marquise d'Harcourt, Mlle Jane de Polignac, and many others, had worked to increase her funds. She was more moved than words can say at this sign of remembrance.

"I was deeply touched at seeing that I was remembered in France, and that such a kind way of proving it to me was taken"; and she adds, writing to the Duchesse de Luynes, "I am constantly finding myself in the Rue de Varennes when you came to say good-bye to me and we kissed each other on the stairs, and in dear Cannes where I should so much like to meet you again. . . ."

For, however sincerely and greatly she gave herself to her new country, the Princess could never break away from France and her childish friendships.

"In spite of my happiness," she says to Mme de Luynes, "it makes me very sad to think how far we are from each other! But the distance is only geographical."

And, in rather different words, these are the same sentiments she expresses to Mlle de Polignac,

and which impel her to associate her friends in Paris with the charitable works she is instituting in Lisbon.

So near a throne which will raise her into a region where so many people and things will no longer have the power to reach her, she remembers her childhood kept by harsh fate very far from Courts and put in contact with the sufferings of so many poor folks living in the domain of Eu. Her simple, home education in the midst of troubles has made her naturally accessible to all those who weep and suffer. Happy herself, she turns aside from her own happiness to stoop to the afflictions of the humble.

IX

GREATLY troubled as she had been by the proscription of her family, and immensely distressed by her inability to be of any use to her father, it was a consolation to her that the festivities in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee gave her an opportunity of being near the Comte de Paris. The Duke and Duchess of Braganza represented the King and Queen of Portugal.

Afterwards, she and her husband spent a month in Scotland at a hunting-lodge rented by the Comte de Paris.

The King and Queen of Portugal desiring to undertake a long journey across Europe, the Duke of Braganza had to perform the duties of Regent for nearly three months.

"We've known some very difficult days," said the Princess; "but everything went off wonderfully. . . ."

Nevertheless she felt freed from a heavy

anxiety when, after the King's return, she and Dom Carlos could leave Lisbon for Cascaës, though it was a spot she had little love for, a seaside place about thirty miles from the city. Apartments had been contrived out of ancient casemates. There were no amusements but the sea and the shooting of sea-birds. When these failed, the Duke of Braganza had plates thrown into the waves, and amused himself by breaking them with rifle shots.

The Prince's skill as a shot is well known.

"He easily put out a match held between two fingers," says Mme d'Oilliamson, who had seen him perform this *tour de force.*

The Royal yacht is at anchor in the little harbour, and the Duchess thinks that despite its fragility it might take her to Cannes, to her friends, to that Villa de Luynes, of which she keeps so ineffaceable a memory.

"How I should like, as in the fairy-tales, to rise suddenly out of the blue sea before you all!" she writes to Mlle de Polignac.

She goes for interminable rides, amusing

herself by jumping the walls made of rocks the peasants build up round their fields.

But maternal love takes up most of her time ; she caresses, fondles the little Louis, in whose growth she rejoices.

"I take sea-baths and feel very well after them. My little Louis is a love ; he is very big for his age and very intelligent. Just now his teeth are troubling him a little, which always worries me a little and makes me anxious."

Queenship does not avert these cares, small but painful, which affect all mothers.

The Duchess of Braganza is at Villa-Viçosa, a castle in the midst of woods best suited to remind her of her homes in France, and which has an especial charm for her. It is late ; Dom Carlos has been hunting all day. The Princess is tired, again expecting the birth of a child. A cry rings through the house. The Princess rushes to the room where her child is sleeping. As she enters, she sees the cot surrounded by flames ; she rushes forward and tears her son from the bed which is already beginning to burn. He is safe and sound ; but the Duchess has been

so upset by so frightful an emotion that she brings into the world a daughter that dies at birth.

The first mourning, the first stroke of relentless fate, under the sky of Portugal, so soft, so light, that it seems solely consecrated to happiness!

In this paradise of verdure and flowers, whither love seemed to have carried her to shield her henceforth from the cruelties of destiny, sorrow has found her out and made her bow to its inevitable sway.

Rending the gentle trust in life she had recovered, this melancholy accident, this perished hope, disposed the young wife to even greater solicitude for the orphans, the abandoned children she gathered together in her hospital. More maternal than ever, she bent above their weakness with the infinite kindness of the Mother of Sorrows.

After this she less often gave way to those secret bursts of gaiety and even of wild laughter that took hold of her over intangible and childish little things, and which made one of the charms of her deep-seated nature.

In the summer of 1889, Dom Luiz, though still young, became infirm. The doctors diagnosed a disease of the heart. Death appeared imminent; and on the 19th of October 1889 the King expired after a long and cruel agony.

There were sincere tears on the cheeks of his servants and real regret in Portuguese hearts.

"I was greatly grieved at the death of the poor King," writes the Princess Amélie. "He was always so kind and affectionate to me!"

X

Behold Dom Carlos—King of Portugal !

The Coronation took place on the 28th of December, and a month later occurred the birth of the second son of Queen Amélie. The Queen had been so unwell as to make all around her anxious. The Comtesse de Paris was with her at the Castle of Bélem. According to custom, the child received the title of Duke of Béja.

The Coronation festivities were interrupted by the death of the Empress of Brazil, who had been living in Lisbon since the Revolution which drove her out of Rio de Janeiro. What melancholy forebodings must this time of mourning have aroused in the young Queen's heart !

Raised to the throne, she ignored none of the burdens, none of the duties that must fall upon her. She knew them to be out of all proportion to human strength, but "she put her trust in the Divine Power and asked its help."

Never was the Royal function heavier than in our days. In the midst of the economic and financial difficulties in which Portugal was struggling, and the covetous desire of Europe for the Portuguese colonies, in face of the violence of the democratic demands at Lisbon, the task that had just fallen on King Carlos was a heavier one than that of any other monarch.

The Princess Amélie was aware of all these anxieties, as well as of the thousand small difficulties that must be her lot.

And here, too, the words Bossuet spoke in honour of Henriette de France apply to her :

" If she was glad to reign over a glorious nation, it was because it gave her the power to satisfy the immense desire to do good she never ceased to feel."

At Lisbon, as at Eu, Paris, or Vienna, her incomparable kindly graciousness, her inexpressible charm, had gained many hearts.

But in those latitudes, do not friendships, however devoted they may be, like all other passions, take on a more exclusive, a more jealous character ?

It was a constant source of grief and anxiety to the Queen to see her ladies-in-waiting, her friends, at times refusing to give each other the confidence and affection she granted to all of them.

To feel herself surrounded by intrigues and jealousies was unbearable to her.

Yet it is the lot of all sovereigns, and it seems as if this trouble increases in proportion with the virtues which make a Prince the better loved and his own affection the more valuable. Then, not only is his favour coveted, but a word from his lips, a look of his eyes, such a mark of kindness given on a day to a friend, lets loose hate and envy in the jealous hearts of his rivals.

The Queen of Portugal never gave her confidence without due consideration; but when she had once given her friendship, no Court intrigues, no political differences could alter her sentiments. Her fidelity, her clinging to her friends brought her much trouble. The sad story of Marie Antoinette is perpetually repeated.

Most certainly the Duchess of Braganza counted amongst her friends at Lisbon loyal and

faithful women, the devotion of whose hearts and memories failed neither in the days of supreme power nor in those of misfortune. Death alone availed to part from her her first Mistress of the Robes, that Duchesse de Palmella whose extreme delicacy of feeling was so exactly suited to that of the Queen.

The Countess de Figueiro, in attendance on the Princess very soon after her arrival in Portugal, attached herself to the Queen with a devotion all the greater for seeing her exposed to the most unjust enmity.

The Countess de Sabugosa, and the Countess de Seisal, who entered her service the very day of her marriage, still form part of her household. The Comte de Sabugosa, the Comte de Ribeira, the Comte de Figueiro, who were successively major-domo, have proved themselves under all circumstances the most loyal of knights to the Queen.

But side by side with these faithful servants there were many false ones, enemies playing the part of accomplished courtiers; and who can say what ingratitude and cruelty may lie

hidden under a smile, a curtsey, a kiss of the hand!

Already the Queen was being blamed for her kindly simplicity, the friendly address, which to us Frenchmen reveals a feeling of distinguished and gentle royalty.

Many of the Portuguese, thinking but little of that gift for shedding around her, sometimes by no more than a look, the charm that comforts, reassures, encourages, reproached her for her want of majesty; and her amiable and natural simplicity was unfavourably compared with the majestic behaviour of the Queen-mother.

Such a sentence as this which ends one of her letters to the Comtesse d'Oilliamson, "Adieu, my dear Jane; write to me often, and leave out a few of the 'Majesty's' and third persons that rumble so loftily in every line," which must touch and delight a Frenchman, was apt to shock a large number of her new subjects.

The Princess Amélie began to feel the burden of royalty as soon as crowned. She knew the sadness of that isolation in life inevitably created by so high a station. Everything that she was

able she did to escape from it, everything that was compatible with her real greatness and dignity.

Very early in the day she left her Palace of la Necessidades, which she had chosen for its beautiful gardens, and visited the hospitals, dispensaries, and benevolent institutions she had founded or organised, mixing with the inhabitants of the slums, stopping to give alms in the mean streets. Her charity was secret; she preferred being unknown to being overwhelmed with marks of gratitude.

Doña I. de Saldanha da Gama, who often accompanied her on these pious expeditions, tells how one day an old woman, to whom she was taking help, asked her if she knew Mme *Z.*

"Of course I do," replied the Queen; "but what do you want with her?"

"It is because she has to do with the Queen, my dear lady, and I've got a petition for Her Majesty. Could you take charge of it?"

"Give it to me, and you may feel quite sure that I will give it at once to Mme *Z.*"; and the old woman was delighted.

The Princess returned to the Castle as the ladies-in-waiting left their rooms, and, giving no sign of fatigue, took up her day-long rôle of Queen, which till midnight was a series of compulsory display, tiresome duties, and never-ending smiles. The Palace of the Necessidades was more easy of approach, more widely open than no matter which of our middle-class houses.

The Queen had a day when any lady who had been presented to her might go to see her, and on which she received the society of Lisbon, treating each member of it with touching courtesy.

"One felt in her the serene leniency of a stainless soul. She had none of the prudery of the impure," writes one of her familiar friends; "and that in fact is what, in certain circles, made her implacable enemies."

But in those early days hatred and calumny had not yet thrown off the mask. The Queen was popular; by special attentions she had completely won over the army, where she was worshipped by reason of many such actions as this: An officer is on guard at the Palace. The Queen knows that he fought bravely in

Africa, and has deserved the Order of the Tower and the Sword.

At luncheon he appears without the insignia of that Order.

"You don't wear your collar?" asks the Queen.

The officer makes his excuses, and the Princess understands that he is too poor to get this decoration for himself. At once the Queen has it bought, and in the evening presents it to the officer, begging him to come to dinner wearing the collar he has so well gained.

The inexhaustible charity, the care for the poor shown by the Queen, have won the hearts of the people of Lisbon.

Down even in the Momariar quarter and among the *gallegos* from Galicia who work in the harbour, everyone knows that when the terrible epidemic of smallpox broke out in the city, the Queen redoubled her visits to the hospital.

Whatever pains she took to keep it secret, this story, worthy of St. Elizabeth, who also was Queen of Portugal, is current in the town.

The Queen has just entered a hospital where

lie the sufferers from smallpox. She goes up to each bed, cheering the poor creatures. A dying man raises himself up from his pallet and gazes at her with the pathetic look of the dying. From under his coverings he stretches his plague-stricken hand, and holding it out to the Queen entreats her, " Take hold of my hand to help me to die."

For an hour the Queen holds that hand in her own, till Death undoes the clasp.

It is told of her, too, among the fishermen of the Ribeira-Nova, that one stormy day she jumped into the sea to rescue a drowning sailor, and brought him back to land.

As a matter of fact, it was not a stormy day. She was walking on the beach, enjoying the beating of the spray on her face. A little distance from the shore a fisherman, up to his chest in the water, was trying to beach his boat, the hawser of which he was holding. The skiff, tossed and driven back by the waves, seemed likely to go to pieces on the rocks. Suddenly the rope snapped, the man fell into the sea, and, no doubt hurt, did not rise again. The Queen

did not hesitate for an instant, rushed forward, and, dressed as she was, got out of her depth, swam, reached the drowning man, seized hold of him, and brought him to land.

Going home dripping with water, in answer to the exclamations of the King and those around him, she said simply, "I am very grateful to Heaven, all the same, which inspired me to go out."

But the fisherman told his tale; soon everybody heard of it. The German Emperor and the King of Sweden sent her the medals for life-saving of their countries.

On the Portuguese, who love courage, such actions have a great hold; when the Queen appeared on the *avenida*, either riding or driving, there were frantic cheers.

All the beautiful fish women, the *varinas*, who, with bare legs and thin flat baskets poised on their heads, go briskly about the town in the morning, calling their "*Carapan fresco! Sardinha a salta viva!*" wore her portrait set in the brooch that fastened their bright-coloured kerchiefs crossed over their breasts.

But in November 1890 the Queen owns that she is ill and very much worried by both the health of the King, who has just had typhoid fever, and the political crisis, which has been a serious one.

During Dom Carlos's dangerous illness she had never left him—an untiring sick-nurse at his bedside, with no fears for herself, but trembling for her sons.

Happily, the King recovered and the children escaped infection.

"My little Louis," she wrote to the Duchesse de Luynes, "is wonderfully well; I wish you could make his acquaintance. He is very intelligent, and extremely lively and mischievous."

We had seen the Princess Amélie grow up in exactly the same way as our sisters, and what wife, what mother amongst us does not recognise herself in this Queen, so valiantly contending with Death for her husband and finding her whole comfort in her children? They are constantly in her mind; in the midst of the political troubles which are about to rise around her on every side, to sustain and inspire her, she will

have the memory of her father and her love for her sons.

The young Princes are entrusted to Doña Izabel da Saldanha da Gama.

"I want them to be upright and true," the Queen said to her, begging her to keep all kind of flattery from the Crown Prince, then four years old; and she adds, "I wish my children to be loved later on for their personal worth and not because of their birth."

The governess of the Princes, who did herself honour by her absolute loyalty to the Royal Family, still remembers how, when he was seven or eight years old, the Infante Dom Manoël having one day been rude to one of the servants, the Queen obliged him to apologise and ask to be forgiven.

Among the nobility and citizens of Lisbon the Queen always strove to choose the play-fellows and companions in their lessons of her children, holding that they ought to be brought up with those who later on would be their supporters and collaborators.

But, like a watchful mother, she presides

over all their lessons and games; so it was that she was the first riding-master of the Crown Prince, and we find her writing from Pena (27th June 1893), "The little Prince went riding with me for the first time; he has a very quiet pony, and I held it with a leading rein."

A trifling detail, but which makes one realise this mother's practical affection, and becomes strangely touching when one thinks of the vanity of all her cares and the horrible end.

XI

THE first year of her reign was full of trouble and sadness for the Queen. First came the King's serious illness; then in the early days of February the Duc de Montpensier died.

This fresh loss brought back to her all the memories of her childhood in the most melancholy fashion; the domain of Eu fallen back into silence and desolateness since the exile of the Comte de Paris; Villamanrique, and her travels in Spain when she was a little girl; that journey on the Guadalquivir in the gunboat with her grandfather—all that could never live again.

When we come to a certain time of life, the dead take our youth with them to the grave for ever.

It was during that same month of February that the Duke of Orleans, "asking no advice but that of his patriotism and his heart," as his vindicator said at the time, came openly

to Paris to claim his right to serve his country.

Like many another young man and woman of about the same age as the Duke of Orleans, the Queen of Portugal was inclined to think that "this twenty-year-old action" of her brother's, looked upon as foolishness by serious people, "would be a lifelong honour to him."

With what emotion she read the Paris papers and followed the debates in our Chambers!

But her solicitude for the honour of her new country drew her away from personal considerations.

England set a horrible snare for Portugal.

In the deserts of East Africa, on the shores of Mozambique, Major Serpa Pinto, who had distinguished himself in memorable expeditions into the Dark Continent, is struggling with a pillaging tribe. The lands on either side of the Mozambique River have borne the colours of Portugal for over a century; but it is a slow and difficult task to penetrate into the interior, and the Portuguese have to organise constant expeditions. Major Serpa Pinto has just got his orders

to advance into the Bush. The English Consul at Mozambique, as soon as he has seen the preparations for this fresh departure, has asked the authorities for a safe-conduct, allowing him to go about in all the Portuguese possessions.

He starts before Serpa Pinto, and hastens to give to the natives English flags, so that, when the Major's troop begins its advance, it comes up against tribes under the protection of the British flag. Serpa Pinto parleys, claiming the anterior rights of his nation; the negotiations end in nothing; and the fine soldier, undeterred by this knavish trick, forces a passage at the point of the sword, and seizes the flags. The display of fury of the English will be remembered. However, negotiations are begun; the Foreign Office appears to be conducting them in the most conciliatory manner.

Moreover, by the Treaty of Berlin, signed hardly five years earlier, had not England undertaken to accept arbitration for deciding the Central-African questions?

But while English diplomacy was lulling the Portuguese Government to sleep, by the

assurance of an amicable solution, a British squadron was concentrated at Gibraltar, another set sail for the eastern coast of Africa, and a blunt ultimatum was addressed to Portugal.

Within forty-eight hours she must agree to all the English demands ; at the end of that time diplomatic relations will be broken off.

This would mean the bombardment of Lisbon ; Portugal could not begin a struggle with England ; the government of Dom Carlos must give way. It made an immense scandal in Europe, but Portugal was none the less despoiled.

It is one of the beautiful dreams cherished by the idealists that if the people were left to themselves and their own instincts, wars would disappear from the face of the earth.

History and experience, as well as what one can understand of the psychology of crowds, lead us to think quite differently.

It is not always the instinct of self-preservation that moves a populace ; the slightest excitement often carries a crowd to the worst excesses, when it takes up the most violent causes quite

unreasonably and without even understanding either its strength or its weakness.

Suppose the Portuguese people to have been masters of its fate in 1890, there would doubtless have been a war with England, in which that proud but enfeebled people must have gone under.

In modern days we see monarchs playing the part of moderator in such conflicts and taking counsel of wisdom as well as honour.

"I am thunderstruck by the demands of England," writes the Queen of Portugal; "at first it seemed to me that we ought to fall, arms in hand, rather than accept such an ultimatum; but I have come to see that kings have no right to stake the existence of their people. Portugal was not ready to enter the lists."

XII

THE history of Portugal is both admirable and tragic; the Portuguese are perhaps the most wonderful people in Europe. Confined between their mountains and the ocean, in a land whose area is but little over 740,000 square miles, they have spread themselves over the world in discoveries and conquests. The great maritime routes were opened up and laid down by them; they doubled the Capes believed by the old geographers the limits of the universe; they were the first to face the dangers of legend and the depths of the shadow-haunted sea.

From Guinea to the Cape of Good Hope they have peopled the coast of Africa with their settlements; the shores of Mozambique belong to them. They have possessed Porto Santo in the mists of the Atlantic, the Moluccas, and the mysterious Zimpango in the Eastern Ocean. They once owned India and Brazil.

The tabors and the flutes of Beira have sung the joyful triumph of the Lusitanian navigators even to the shores of China and Japan !

Not the pleasures of Estramadura, nor the rose-gardens of Cintra, nor the orange-fields of Coïmbra, nor the vines of Oporto, nor the sweet valley of the Lima the Roman legionaries refused to leave when once they were encamped there, could rock to sleep that energetic and adventurous race. Never was race more fertile in daring heroes ; during two centuries the world rang with the sound of their exploits.

The kings of the second dynasty had a conception of " Empire " to which no other sovereign in Europe has ever risen ; and it may be truly said that, from the middle of the fifteenth century down to the first half of the seventeenth, the history of Portugal is the history of civilisation itself.

But a small people numbering but five million men cannot be scattered over the earth with impunity ; and by these enterprises, which at first brought them glory and riches, the Portuguese wore themselves out and were ruined.

For nearly a century now, the Portuguese noble, an impoverished gentleman in days when money alone counts, struggles on amidst the most terrible financial difficulties.

And these financial difficulties are not the sole, nor perhaps the most serious, consequence of the heroic waste of Portuguese blood sung by Camoëns.

Doubtless on the spurs of Tras-os-Montes as on the shores of Estramadura, in the University of Coïmbra as in the Palaces of Lisbon and Oporto, there are true Portuguese, attached to their country and their ancient institutions, gifted with the loyalty, energy, patience, and high courage attributed to the companions of Vasco da Gama ; but the fact remains, and it is necessary to state it for the understanding of the nature of the dramas enacted in Lisbon during the last twenty years ; no other city in Europe has counted within its walls so great a number of mulattoes, such a crowd of half-breeds, strangers to the sentiments of honour and loyalty a Portuguese of the old stock regards as his patrimony.

Neither this high sense of honour, nor the attachment to duty, nor strength of character has forsaken the ancient soil of Lusitania. The precedent of that Major Serpa Pinto who was the first to cross the whole width of Africa attests the persistence of these noble ancestral qualities among the élite of the citizens; and after Serpa Pinto one could cite the example of other admirable pioneers in Africa, such as that Monshino d'Albuquerque the Queen called a "real epic hero"; or Admiral Capello; or Captain Ayrès d'Ornellas, who was Minister of Marine after a brilliant military career; or General Paiva da Andrada, who remains one of the great explorers of our day. And if one goes down into the Portuguese country one constantly meets with the industrious husbandman of Minho; the robust, intelligent, self-denying peasant of the two Beiras; the lively, alert Algarve, fine talker and a poet by nature, so greatly liked by all the foreigners who have met him.

But this peaceful and gentle people, already as fatalist as the Arab, is led, drawn, towards

a lot for which it has no desire, by the population of the towns, the great ports, which in every class of society is a population terribly crossed with black or Indian blood.

Knowledge of this ethnological phenomenon makes more intelligible the unpopularity which little by little was to be the fate in the kingdom of a Princess whose character seems to us so attractive.

The rare and delicate qualities, the simplicity, and all the mysterious charms of her character must affect a Portuguese as they affected a Frenchman, an Englishman, or an Austrian ; but how could a negro understand them ?

Inevitably, the *nuances* which delight us and incite us cheerfully to offer up our lives would be a dead letter to him.

Nevertheless, during the riots that followed the Mozambique affair, the Queen appeared beside the King, so calm, so regardless of danger, that she impressed the populace, and, by her beauty and her noble air, succeeded in changing the cries of hate to acclamations.

That was well-nigh the zenith of her happiness

and her popularity. The Comtesse d'Oilliamson, who was staying in Lisbon at that time, returned to France delighted with the fashion in which the Queen had overcome so many difficulties and warded off evil.

What seemed but a trifling incident, a quite ordinary sentence, such as the lips often speak without thought, but to which future events give the importance of a presentiment, had nevertheless left its mark in the attached friend's memory.

One day, when she had lunched at the Palace, she was left alone with the Queen on a terrace outside one of the rooms. A big dog lay at the Queen's feet, and from time to time leaned his head upon his mistress's knees, gazing at her with beseeching eyes. She stroked him, and then, after a silence, she said, "They, at least, are always faithful."

What alarmed the Princess Amélie more than the disturbances and rioting of the mob, which she could bravely face, was the feeling that she was surrounded by anonymous enemies.

Already she guessed them to be quite close

to her, in that shadowy zone that encircles Princes.

She knew that all means were good to them, especially the most cowardly, when there was question of striking and hurting her. With what commiserating looks did they not come to tell her of the adventures the King, singularly enough, felt bound to go in for, or to imagine!

She was too high-minded to be vexed by these pricks; she met these perfidies with nothing but dignity, disdain, and a severe haughtiness. Nothing in her greeting or her behaviour betrayed concern or deception.

For queens, as for other women, does not the day inevitably come when, as says the poet of the *Eblouissements*, "Dreams and hopes trail behind us, like the slack net in the wake of the boat; no silvery scale will shine again through those languid meshes"?

The Princess's taste took her to the most gloomy of her residences—Mafra, the enormous palace-convent in the style of the Escurial. There she made a long stay. "There is an immense and wild park there," she said, "which in my

eyes makes up for the melancholy of the place."

From there she increased the number of her letters, the marks of her affection for the friends of her youth.

"I am always touched," she wrote to the Duchesse de Luynes, "when I am told that I am still remembered in France. I have forgotten nothing of the country or of my friends."

These old friends from France are received with extreme cordiality at the Court of Lisbon.

The Duchesse de Luynes stayed with the Queen several times, and during these visits the most delicate and courteous attention was paid her.

She had scarcely left when she was written to, that "she was thought of with 'many sandades,'" a word which may mean melancholy regrets; and that "one wearies for somebody," a *nuance* untranslatable into our tongue.

The Marquis and Marquise d'Harcourt were always eagerly expected; each year the Queen urged them to come to her.

The Comte de Paris and his family made long

visits to Lisbon. The Prince passed through Portugal whenever he went to Villamanrique, and he often resided there since his health had made his doctors uneasy. They had recommended the climate of Andalusia. He had bought Villamanrique from the Duc de Montpensier.

In the January of 1892, in a letter to the Comtesse d'Oilliamson, written under the mournful feelings awakened by the death of the Duke of Clarence, the Queen says that she is expecting some of her family, and that their visits are her chief pleasure.

In this same letter she speaks of the changes in the Ministry and the matters that were disturbing Portugal.

"I won't tell you about the financial difficulties," she says, "the affairs of the railway companies, the arrest of the Marquis da Foz, etc. The King has sent for Diaz Ferreiro, who has formed an honest and, I believe, energetic Ministry."

The following month she writes to the same friend: "Everything is going on comparatively well here; the supplies are voted and are to be

in force next month. They hit almost everybody, and will be hard to bear. In principle they have been well received."

In the autumn she travelled with the King to Madrid and stopped some time at Villamanrique. There she met all her own people, with the joy to be felt only when one feels oneself vaguely menaced and the domestic hearth seems a refuge from which one can defy the world.

The dear tyranny of domestic habits fell over her like a very old and very sure shelter.

Her talks with her father brought her a serious serenity, and in her walks with her brother and sisters she recovered a little of her youthful gaiety.

XIII

DURING the summer of 1894, the state of health of the Comte de Paris, which had for some time given rise to grave fears among those around him, grew worse.

"I am very much worried about my father," says the Queen; "the news I receive is bad. My great wish is to go to him."

In fact she started at the end of August for Stowe House. She found the immense house occupied by the Royal Family, whose anxiety had gathered them round their Chief.

The Comte de Paris was bearing his illness with admirable courage and resolution; suffering had not cast him down. He received the Princes of his family who had come to assist at his death-bed as he would have done when in full health.

Every morning he could be seen leaving his room and, with no signs of pain, walking through the interminable suite of rooms that led to the

dining-room. He sat at the table, presiding over the family meal, a few mouthfuls of milk his sole refreshment; but faithful to the discipline, the habits of punctuality, he had made a rule for himself.

One morning, when with greater difficulty than usual he had got to the great hall, which was the centre of the house and where the Princes were grouped, Dr. Récamier, whom Professor Guyon had installed at Stowe, was seen to go up to him, to speak firmly to him and to make some request to him.

Then the sick man turned to his family and in the quietest of voices said:

"Dr. Récamier thinks I can strive no longer. Excuse me, I am going to lie down to die."

Queen Amélie had been a week at Stowe House; the agony lasted another week. Monseigneur d'Hulst, hastily summoned, ministered to the dying man.

Queen Amélie wrote to the Duchesse de Luynes:

"My father has just received extreme unction.

It is too dreadful, and I am half dead with grief. But one must bow to the will of God."

In the night between the 7th and 8th of September the dogs were heard howling beneath the Palace windows. The death-rattle had begun in the Comte de Paris's throat—frightful death-rattles which filled the house with their dismal sound. At break of day the Prince was dead.

In accordance with his oft-expressed wish, they laid on his bed the French flag once hoisted on the vessel that carried him to exile, as well as a cross carved out of the wood of the coffin in which the body of the Prince de Condé had been brought back from Sydney.

The Duke of Orleans opened the sealed letters his father had left addressed to him. In one of them, dated May 1889, he read: "The doctors have just left me, and tell me there is not the slightest hope for me."

So for over five years the Prince had known he was doomed, yet none of those around him had discovered his tragic secret. He had never shown the slightest weakness, never given way for a moment.

Not one of his duties had been neglected, no work of his broken off. The same equable temper had ruled his life. With rare energy he went on hunting, travelling, leading his party, discussing affairs. Of his bodily suffering he let nothing be seen. The Duc de Chartres alone had been told of the desperate condition in which the doctors had found his brother. The Comtesse de Paris herself, who was devotedly attached to her husband, had never been alarmed by so much as a word of complaint.

Yet the Comte d'Haussonville tells that in the private papers of the Comte de Paris he discovered this sentiment :

" It is a great mercy that the knowledge of the exact time of death is concealed from man, for his weakness would find it hard to bear the certainty of that moment."

The Comtesse de Paris was broken down with grief. The Princess Amélie, so strong in times of trouble, grew weak beside the corpse, and it was not till some days after the death that she felt able to write :

" God's will be done. You know what I have

lost, and how few things in all the world could cause me so deep, so inconsolable a grief. Life is so hard sometimes, and always so difficult, and my father was to me an incomparable support, and comfort, and guide."

Some time later M. Paul Bourget, to whom we owe so many just political principles, wrote to M. Maurras :

" You will never know what the Comte de Paris was like, nor what a King he would have made after the war. It was his own superiority that gained him so many enemies, and he was systematically maligned."

The loss of the Comte de Paris left a lasting wound in Queen Amélie's heart.

" I worshipped my father," she says to the Comtesse d'Oilliamson, and she " holds him in pious memory as a religion."

A year after this sorrow she writes :

" Here I am, having taken up my usual life again, going to the theatre, etc., but that only makes me feel my grief all the more. I am engaged in studying the treatment of diphtheria by Dr. Roux's serum. The Director of the Bacterio-

logical Institute is a most intelligent young man, and, thank God, numbers of children attacked by diphtheria have already been saved. The dispensary, too, shows excellent results."

Her deep grief moves her to fresh acts of benevolence. In the organisation of charity, the distributing of aid to the sick, she possessed that sort of genius shown in France by the women of the aristocracy, as if nowadays it were their principal function and privilege. It was not the same in Portugal, where in such matters everything had to be initiated.

Children had been Queen Amélie's first interest. She had founded that dispensary in Alcantara where every year 30,000 sick children were taken care of, doctored and fed according to their condition. She visited it every day, and as operations were sometimes performed there, she had been known more than once to hold a child upon her knee during the operation, so as to reassure and comfort it.

She kept up this work out of her own income.

There was no organised society for fighting the ever-increasing scourge of tuberculosis. The

Queen took the initiative, and established every branch of this society. A dispensary and an anti-tuberculosis institute were erected in the heart of Lisbon. The Queen set up a sanatorium for children threatened with tuberculosis in the Palace of the Fort de Antaô, at the mouth of the river Sado, in one of the most beautiful spots in Portugal. Soon after she had another built at Guarda Braganza, then a house of rest, and the Rego Hospital for Consumptives in the last stage.

Finally, she herself brought to Lisbon the first flasks of Dr. Roux's serum, and she never ceased till she had established a bacteriological institute in the capital on the model of the Pasteur Institute.

She liked to credit Dr. Antonio de Lencastre, Chief Physician to the King, with all the merit of these good works.

"It is thanks to him that we have been able to do any useful work," she writes. "His is one of the finest minds and noblest hearts I have ever known."

The Queen presided personally and with

unflagging zeal over the societies in aid of fishermen and sailors, and of the widows of officials dying in the Colonies, and of all the disinherited of the kingdom.

Truly to her might have been spoken the words of Christ to His persecutors which Châteaubriand puts into the mouth of Louis XVI. :

" Many good works I have showed you from My Father ; for which of these works do you stone Me ? "

XIV

OUGHT we to regret that, wholly given up to her charitable cares, and respecting the spirit of the Portuguese Constitution and laws, the Princess Amélie did not attempt to mix more actively in the politics of her kingdom and to give all the benefit of her foresight to the King's Councils?

She had so small a part in affairs, so little responsibility in their administration, that on the 4th of December 1894 we find her writing:

"Frankly, I think the Government has needlessly taken a wrong turning by closing the Chambers when only just opened, after a fifteen months' dictatorship, and in consequence of a little fuss that might perhaps have been avoided."

She was greatly distressed by the quarrel that arose between France and Portugal concerning the works in Lisbon Harbour, but she

had no power to prevent it. All she could do was to strain every nerve to restore harmony between the two Governments.

Against the republican propaganda of such as Souza Carneiro and Salmeron, whom the Minister Hintze-Robeiro felt it his duty to expel from Portugal, her only weapons were her goodness and her greatness of soul. In this struggle she was not always vanquished.

One day she came unexpectedly to visit a hospital where the chief surgeon was one of the heads of the republican party in Lisbon.

She went through each ward, pausing by each bed, as was her custom, and speaking to each of the sick.

Aware of a closed ward she is made to pass, she asks to go in. The doctor absolutely refuses; "there are typhus patients in it," he says.

Hearing this, the Queen goes straight to the door, opens it with a smile, and goes in amongst the dying.

Like that workman in the town of Eu who

told how a hand-shake of the Princess's would always prevent his being a real republican, the Lisbon doctor who saw the Queen, with a smile on her lips, go in amongst those sick of so terrible and infectious a disease and lean over their pillows, was inspired with feelings of devotion to her that attached him for ever to the monarchical cause.

But what avail these proofs of renunciation, this perpetual giving up of self, when there is a question of allaying amongst the commercial element of the capital the excitement caused by the augmentation of taxation?

Moreover, it is exceedingly grievous to discover the powerlessness of the best will, the powerlessness of the best deeds and actions against current ideas and sentiments.

The republican propaganda has been preached in Portugal in the most assiduous and constant fashion for years in books and by the Press.

Much more than even with us, literary romanticism is the most potent revolutionary leaven. All Portuguese literature, from the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning

of the twentieth, is inspired by either Victor Hugo or Zola,—by Victor Hugo the democrat and Zola the pamphleteer.

The historical and romantic melodramas, the conventionally poetic novels, which about 1890 were greeted with enthusiasm in Lisbon, were the expression of all the artificial sentiments dear to our *veilles barbes* of 1848.

The new school of Coïmbra sees in Zola "the most marvellous historian of the conscience of our day."

With all their talent, Anthero de Quental, Théophile Braga, do not rise to a more acute or complete conception. They invoke Auguste Comte and Positivism without fathoming the political ideas of Comte or of Renan.

A Gomez Leal thinks himself a Positivist when he describes "Man, set free by science, scaling the Acropolis of the supernatural to give wings to outworn dogmas."

These writers get no further than the narrow views of a Haeckel; and MM. Guerra Junqueiro, Teixeira Bostos, Teixeira de Queiroz, in different terms are guilty of the same confusion of ideas—

mixing justice with æsthetics and æsthetics with sociology.

Their reasons for being republicans or democrats still remain in the clouds, which in France have long ceased to darken the finer minds.

What matter! their liberal sensitiveness, wrapped up as it is in a seductive garment, is communicative. If they picture kings as tyrants, the evident good-nature, the striking mildness of Dom Carlos, will not prevail against the ideas their poems, their romances, their philosophical treatises, impress upon their readers.

Bismarck used to say that the predominance of ideas over facts was the blemish of the Latin races; but is it not rather one of the weaknesses of human nature?

Man is not guided by experience, and his sentimental impulses carry him away.

Erasmus saw deeper and further than Bismarck when he declared that the world is lost by folly.

In 1894, discipline had completely broken down in the corps of marine officers.

The King, in his speech from the throne,

having blamed the conduct, which he described as "little consistent with the laws of neutrality," of the commanders of Portuguese ships who had facilitated the crossing over of several Brazilian insurgents into the Argentine Republic; these officers drew up "A Protest to the Nation," and this extraordinary action aroused neither indignation nor fear among the people.

And so began the moaning of the waves that were to carry away the Throne of Braganza.

Dom Carlos's diplomacy, aided by the prestige of the Queen of Portugal in Europe, little by little got the kingdom back into a better condition.

The commercial treaty with Russia, the King's triumphal journey to Paris, Berlin, and London, ended the year 1895 profitably.

The dissatisfaction of the Italians over Dom Carlos finding it impossible to go to Rome, the Pope having refused to receive him if he visited the Quirinal, was the only check to a piece of personal policy which secured notable economic advantages to Portugal.

During the travels of Dom Carlos the Queen was Regent.

She was bitterly grieved that she could not accompany the King to Paris.

"It would have been so good, after nine years, to find myself once more in France," she writes to the Duc de Luynes; "but it was not possible, and I did not think of it. You gave the King a superb reception, for which I am very grateful to all my friends. The Regency is going on peaceably, and I have received nothing but marks of sympathy."

But the next year began with an attempt on the King's life. An anarchist assailed him with bombs. Dom Carlos escaped without serious injury. This attack was supposed to be the act of a madman; its perpetrator, after being medically examined, was sent to a lunatic asylum. But some time after, mysterious evil-doers attempted to blow up with dynamite the house of one of the doctors who had had the assailant of the King shut up.

The clear-sighted Queen saw at once that there was an organisation of anarchists to face.

But everything is so quickly forgotten, and the warnings of Fate leave so slight a trace in our memory, that seven years later the Queen herself reassured the Comtesse d'Oilliamson, whom the future alarmed, by declaring that "we have no anarchists in Portugal."

The police were unable to solve the mystery of these attempts, or to prevent the excesses of a great strike among the gasfitters of Lisbon, provoked by the question of wages. For two nights the city was plunged into darkness. The gas company engaged foreign workmen; there were riots which had to be repressed, and it is well known how the strongest popularity is exhausted and crumbles away in the midst of such quarrels.

However, in the autumn of 1897, the Queen was able to realise one of her dearest wishes, and make a stay of three weeks in France; she came from Vienna, where she had been present at the wedding of the Duke of Orleans.

In the month of February 1897 the Ministry resigned in consequence of the King's refusal to

create new peers, who would have given it a majority in the Upper Chamber.

M. Hintze-Robeiro was succeeded as President of the Council by M. Luciano de Castro.

But in Portugal more than anywhere else these changes of Ministry are of no importance to the march of events, and the dissolution of the Cortès, the election of a new Chamber, are of no more interest.

The loyalty of some, the venality of others, the general indifference, at each renewing of the Chambers, assure the Government of a crushing majority.

Moreover, the Queen was in no way mixed up with this political traffic, and its intrigues have no place in her life.

As a result, she had no influence, no authority over the Ministers; her wishes, however eloquently expressed, and however legitimate, as a rule remained negligible. Thus she never succeeded in obtaining from the Finance Minister a reduction in the tax on oil or on certain most necessary alimentary articles, for which her charitable inclinations made her wish.

During her visits to the homes of the poor, she had heard that the price oil had reached forced many working people to deprive themselves of the national dish called ossanda; and that, unable now to buy the commonest kinds of fish, the price of which had also gone up, numbers of families were reduced to live solely on coffee, green tea, and bread.

Year after year the Queen came back to the charge, but was never successful.

The Ministers of the Monarchy left to the revolution the credit of abolishing this tax so odious to the populace. And this was not an isolated instance. The Marquise de Rio-Maïor, associated with her Sovereign's good works, tells this significant story:

"One day a man, whose breast was covered with life-saving medals of all countries, presented himself to the Queen and handed her a petition. He was a shoemaker from Oporto. At the peril of his life he had already saved seventeen drowning people. He begged for a place as a custom-house officer. 'In that way,' he said, 'I shall be sure of my daily bread, and being

always on the coast, I shall perhaps have the opportunity of again saving someone. Every year for a long time I have made the same request, but I am always told that my name does not appear on the lists !

" The Queen was indignant, took the petition, and asked day by day that atonement should be made to this modest hero. The man died," says Mme de Rio-Maïor, " without the Queen obtaining for him the situation she wished for."

XV

THE Queen shared with all her enthusiastic soul in the transports the keeping of the four-hundredth anniversary of the memorable voyage which landed Vasco da Gama on the coast of Malabar aroused in Portugal.

The remembrance of so great an event had enough power over the imagination to work a real concentration of Portuguese interests, to exalt the national idea, to rally the whole country about its Princes; and the foreign sailors invited to the festivities in Lisbon were present at nothing but the most touching manifestations of loyalty.

The Portuguese felt a vivifying pride in thinking that four centuries earlier one of them had at last "lifted the veil that for thousands of years had hidden a part of the earth"; and Europe took pleasure in doing homage to the valiant race, which was, for

two hundred years, the standard-bearer of civilisation.

Men-of-war from all countries came to salute the model of Vasco da Gama's caravel in the Tagus.

France sent to Lisbon the *Pothuau*, commanded by Admiral Germinet, who had been attached to the person of the King during his visit to Paris. The Queen was greatly moved when she received the French sailors. She made no secret of it, and it is from Admiral Germinet that we have the avowal of the feelings of devotion she inspired in the whole of his crew.

She went on board the *Pothuau* several times, and there was no delicate attention she did not show to our officers and men.

For long, in the midst of precious and valuable objects, the Admiral kept in his cabin on board the *Pothuau* a little tricoloured flag such as children buy for a penny at bazaars or fairs.

On the last day of the Vasco da Gama fêtes there was a State banquet, at which the King and Queen and the foreign delegates were present.

Each of the *pièces montées* which, according to the fashion at that time, were placed on the table, was decorated with a little flag of the colours of the different nations represented at the banquet.

At the end of the luncheon the Queen had asked for a French flag, and, rolling it round its slender stick, had put it like a flower into her bodice.

As she left the table she took Admiral Germinet's arm, and holding out the flag to him, she said, with an inflection of voice and a smile that words cannot render, "Take it in memory of me!"

"The Queen Marie Antoinette, looking at me with a smile, gave me the same gracious bow as she had before given me the day I was presented. I shall never forget that look, so soon to be put out," wrote Châteaubriand.

"It will be long before I forget the smile on those lips that were to be wrung with so many moans of horror," says Admiral Germinet.

All the Frenchmen who were presented to the

Queen keep similar memories that for ever attached them to her.

What evidently touched our sailors greatly, was to find in the midst of so much that was foreign to them and on so brilliant a throne, a Princess so near akin, so like themselves in details where each recognised his own tastes, ideas, ways, and race.

"To us Frenchmen, as has been truly said, she represents our own preferences in an august form."

The fêtes in honour of Vasco da Gama, begun on the 12th of May, lasted till the 25th. Lisbon was smothered in flowers, and it seemed as if the Swan of Tagus had once again found his voice to sing the hero; for, upon the triumphal arches, on the flower-bedecked altars, instead of the commonplace inscriptions ordinarily to be seen, the Portuguese had graven the most beautiful lines of the "Lusiad."

The Tower of Bélem and the ancient monuments raised in the reign of Dom Manoël the Fortunate seemed to take part in this triumph. Everything in this strange decoration of carved

stone sings of the life of navigators; seaweed, coral, madrepore, sea-shells, and conchs, rolls of cable, anchors, and buoys, in them take the place of the acanthus or oak leaves, the fretwork or arabesques, of our architecture.

In the church of the Hieronymites, on the very spot where Vasco da Gama and his companions came to say a last prayer before embarking, sailors from all over the world, headed by the Patriarch of Lisbon, sang the *Te Deum* as an act of thanksgiving.

During these festival days the Duke of Orleans came to Lisbon in his yacht *The Maroussia*, glad to mix with the French sailors. The proscribed Prince sought anything that could beguile an exile with the illusion of a recovered country.

The Geographical Society held a meeting under the presidency of the King. An immense procession went through the city and surrounded Vasco da Gama's caravel, its sails set, and carrying the red cross of Malta surmounted by the celestial globe.

This procession resembled a triumph; not

even the trophies of arms taken from the Indians were wanting; and the vanquished people were represented by negroes from the Congo, who walked dressed in flowered cotton, and with feathered heads, to the sound of their long drums and shrill flutes.

There were regattas that lasted for two days, and bull-fights. But none of these magnificent spectacles could efface from the hearts of the Frenchmen the sweet welcome of the Queen, or what in the seventeenth century would have been called "the secret charm of her conversation."

XVI

EIGHTEEN months later, the assassination of the King of Italy threw consternation into all the Courts of Europe. It made an especial impression at Lisbon, King Humbert being the brother of Queen Maria-Pia.

The Queen of Portugal wrote from Pena:

"I am overwhelmed by the death of the King of Italy. What an appalling crime! There is no end to the troubles and anxieties, and the whole horizon is very gloomy."

It was in order to face a situation she felt so difficult that the Queen took such constant pains over the education of her sons.

In February 1899 she writes to the Duchesse de Luynes:

"No doubt you know that the Crown Prince is now in men's hands, and that Monshino d'Albukerque is his tutor. I have the greatest confidence in him. I have put into his hands

all that is most precious to me in the world, and all our fortune."

She realises how heavy the Prince's task will be, and what sort of spirit it is necessary to form in him. She advises on his reading; she chooses excellent masters; she implores Providence for him.

Every day now, every moment of her life, she feels her people falling away from her, without understanding the reason for the unpopularity, vaguely, imperceptibly, increasing, without startling sign, but which she perceives all the same, and which, as she says, "casts her into an abyss of melancholy."

Still she multiplies her good works. The plague is raging at Lisbon, and she abandons the plan of leaving the city to be present at the wedding of her sister, Princess Isabelle.

"Alas! I must give up that pleasure," she says. "The plague which, far from diminishing, has grown worse, and is beginning to spread, won't allow me to leave just now. It is a sacrifice, I own, but *I must* make it."

Brave as a soldier on the field of battle,

she visits the hospitals, stooping over the poor wretches. But people are so used to her dauntless care, that it attracts no attention; she is in the quarters she has chosen; the Portuguese no longer feel any gratitude to her for it. Her enemies accuse her of exaggeration; many of them owe her a grudge for setting an example they have no wish to follow.

What a tragedy it was! When her finest actions, her generosity, her kindness, turned against her; when she gave herself up, sacrificed herself so disinterestedly, and already it was all no longer wanted, and she was thought obtrusive!

In October 1901 she owns to the Comtesse d'Oilliamson that "the present is very ugly, very sickening, and the future looks dark on all sides. One must pursue one's way as well as one can by God's grace; but the way is sometimes difficult."

In the course of the year 1901 Mme d'Oilliamson paid a visit to the Court. Things were changed, she wrote; one was already conscious of an evil leaven in the household.

There was talk of the difficulty of turning the tide, of the weakness of the King absorbed in his study of oceanography. Among the higher classes, with whom, outside the faithful few, attachment to the Queen was very relative, she was blamed without specifying the grievances, and one divined a dissatisfaction with her immediate *entourage*.

A Frenchman who passed through Lisbon at this period was struck by the same signs, and felt the same uneasiness. He questioned the malcontents. They strongly censured certain women-friends of the Queen's. But the Queen herself? Then they evaded the question.

But a more cynical intimate of the Palace asserted that "she was not even capable of having a lover!"

That man was a half-caste.

A Senator, a Peer of the Realm, who was present at this conversation, thought his compatriot was going a little too far; he said:

"No! but it is a fact that it is not the right place for a queen—those hospital wards where she spends her time. And how can we look upon that

woman who has her carriage stopped to say a word to all the poor she meets as a sovereign ? "

Amongst the bourgeoisie the Queen was reproached with being a " clerical."

Mme d'Oilliamson, who heard this remark, took it up hotly.

" The Queen," she said, " possesses a faith that comforts her and gives her great courage. She has always punctually performed her religious duties ; but she has never been what may be called a *dévote.* She is not one of those women who linger over trifling and puerile observances, lost and absorbed in them ; and when she assists at the eleven-o'clock Mass from the height of the Palace tribune, while in the church below the faithful sitting on their heels hear the holy office, her respectful behaviour testifies to her profound faith, but a faith from which all bigotry is excluded."

" One day," Mme d'Oilliamson again recounts, " I was invited by Her Majesty to go with her to an ancient Carmelite Convent the Government had decided to close. Following the Sovereign, before whom all doors opened of themselves, I

went into the cloister. The nuns clung to the Queen, imploring her to let their convent go on, and the Queen, saddened by her powerlessness, replied that it did not rest with her to alter what the Chambers had decreed."

Never have our Kings of France, from St. Louis down to Louis-Philippe, tolerated the least pretence of the Church to usurp their temporal prerogatives.

Pious as the Queen was, she no more than her ancestors would have allowed the interference of the clergy in State affairs.

As a young girl, had she not written to the Duchesse de Luynes, "Weren't you frightened by the number of services, sermons, etc., my grandmother attends and obliges her lady-in-waiting to attend, too?"

Are those the words of extravagant piety, and can the highest aspirations of a great mind be confounded with the designs of a clerical policy?

And, absurdly enough, this Queen, charged with being "clerical," had no more bitter enemies than some of the Portuguese clergy. They were dissolute; the rules in certain monasteries were

strangely relaxed; the Government closed their doors; the monks blamed the Queen for having given them up for the benefit of foreign orders. The Portuguese clergy disapproved of her having an English priest as confessor; the King Dom Luiz had given him to her on her arrival in Lisbon. He was a holy man, and the Queen had cause to defend him, and would have held it cowardly to forsake him. The intrigues of the sacristy seemed to her even more odious than those of the Court.

But the prey of so much misunderstanding and malice, how came it that she did not throw it all up? A splendid pride in her race and her country sustained her. Then her very strict education had early given her the habit of restraining her feelings and imagination, "to hold by well-thought-out principles and to regulate her conduct by them."

Her letters showed sadness, but an equal courage.

On the 23rd of January 1902 she writes to the Comtesse d'Oilliamson: "The year begins here with troubles and preoccupations that greatly absorb and sadden me, but have in nowise

shaken the trust I put in Divine Providence. I ask for your prayers on the 3rd of February, when the Infante is to make his first communion. Think of me."

And on the 6th of September: "Yes, the Latin race is in a sad state; and in the countries where tranquillity appears to reign, what actually does reign is disorganisation, demoralisation, anarchy that makes no sound, but which is spreading like a gangrene."

A tragic avowal which history places alongside the laments of the martyrs who die with eyes wide open to an evil they have been powerless to check!

Paying greater attention than ever to the education of her sons, the Queen wished them to travel, to see those waters of the Mediterranean whence the Latin spirit had drawn its strength, won its mastery, and illumined the world.

She began this cruise with Algeria, sailing in the Royal yacht. She had asked the Comtesse d'Oilliamson, who lives there a part of the year, to meet her there; and her first words to her friend told of her joy in being on French soil.

That fact alone seemed to do away with all her cares. She told her sons stories of the Conquest she had heard from the Duc d'Aumale, recalling these recollections with extraordinary spirit and vivacity.

The Comtesse d'Oilliamson accompanied the Queen and the Princes on a visit to Caïd Ben Daoud, whose father had fought side by side with the Duc d'Aumale. He gave the Queen a "diffa with mechoui," served according to the genuine Arab rites, and afterwards treated her to an entertainment of Eastern dances.

The Queen was interested in it all, and charmed Ben Daoud, to whom, in acknowledgment of his hospitality, she gave a ring in the French colours.

Mme d'Oilliamson went with the Queen to Tlemcen, and left her at Oran, whence the Princes continued their route to Algiers. They visited Carthage, Egypt, Greece, Constantinople, and Palestine, and disembarked at Naples.

The same difficulties that had prevented Dom Carlos from staying in Rome hindered the Queen; but she stopped some time with her

sister, the Duchess of Aosta, at the Castle of Capodimonte.

One day when she was walking on the mountain, a gipsy woman spoke to her, to whom she gave alms. The woman was profuse in thanks and compliments, and then took her hand to read its lines; but suddenly, as if overcome with terror, the old gipsy uttered a cry of dismay and fled.

As she disappeared among the fir trees, the Queen smiled, as ready to face evil omens as real and visible danger.

From Italy she went to France, revisited Cannes, and there for a few days revived once again the memories of her childhood. She went to see the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin.

Then she went on to Paris, under the name of the Marquise de Villa Viciosa. In spite of being incognito, she received M. Loubet, the then President of the Republic, and M. Delcassé, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

This journey was a kind of recreation and rest to her. Unconsciously, and unwilling to own to the feeling, she felt relieved, lighter-

hearted, for having escaped from that malevolent atmosphere that had begun to weigh upon her in Lisbon.

Nevertheless she took up her burden again with so much good-humour and cheerfulness that no one could have suspected the anxieties she kept so entirely to herself. She encouraged and comforted her friends under misfortune.

"Courage, courage," she wrote to one of them she knew to be in trouble, "with God's help! Courage is always needed. Don't I know that? I know those days when it seems as if the spring were broken, poor thing, and the marionette were about to collapse. But that is just the time to lift up one's heart, like Ligier-Richier's man."

She fell ill, and was ordered to rest.

In August 1904 she writes:

"I have left Lisbon, tired out in mind and body, and have to rest stupidly on my rock, much out of doors, drawing, and just existing."

In the autumn she went to England with the King, staying first at Windsor and then at Norton with her own people. To the devoted

partisans and servants of her family who came to welcome her, she showed nothing of her anxieties and troubles. They found once more in her the old charm of her well-known kindness, to which was now added a considerate and sympathetic understanding of all troubles, and an immense compassion.

On the journey back from England she stopped in Paris, and was received at the Elysée, where she and the King lunched.

The winter which followed her return to Lisbon was a particularly hard one, and she was again seriously ill. She recovered from her fatigue at Cintra in the first fine days.

"Here I am at last at my dear Pena," she writes to Mme d'Oilliamson. "I rest as much as possible, enjoying this ideal spot, riding, walking, driving, and motoring. Do you remember our tennis parties? I have to give those up as well as driving four-in-hand; but as I feel well, I thank the good God. You will understand how worried I have been over events about which I am still far from being easy, and further from being pleased."

Her illness, in itself, did not alter the serenity of her behaviour ; but little as she showed of her sadness, her faithful adherents were struck by it ; for all the friends of her youth thought about her what Mme de la Fayette wrote to Mme de Sévigné : " Joy is your natural condition, and of all people in the world grief is least appropriate to you."

XVII

THE personal policy of the King triumphed over the complications born of the envy roused in Europe by the Portuguese Colonies. A ring of treaties now protected the kingdom, and assured the integrity of its dominions. The visit paid by Queen Alexandra of England in February 1905, that of the German Emperor in March, and then that of the President of the French Republic in the autumn, displayed to all eyes the fortunate result of Dom Carlos's diplomacy.

It was in the course of a too notorious journey, and on his way to Morocco, that William II. stopped at Lisbon. Warned of his plans which were to have so fatal an echo in France, the Queen used all her diplomacy to dissuade him from his enterprise. So warmly did she plead, such eloquent arguments did she find in her heart as a French Princess, that she succeeded in persuading the Emperor.

When he left Portugal, he telegraphed to M. von Bulow that he had decided not to go to Tangier.

It needed all the Chancellor and the Ministers could do to make him retract, in the name of German interests, the promise he had given to the Princess Amélie.

Is it possible to forget or ignore the voice which on that occasion lifted itself up to spare our policy a grievous check ?

On the 27th of October 1905 Lisbon was magnificently decorated to receive President Loubet ; and the satisfaction shown by the Queen in seeing at her Court the representative of France hid no mental reservation. In her eyes, as in those of the Comte de Paris, the name of Frenchman was above any political title ; and, in her welcome to him, she showed a vein of cordiality which struck and touched the President.

The ceremonies were imposing in their splendour. The President was driven to Bélem in the coach of John V. ; to take him on the Tagus he had a galley built in the seventeenth century, glittering with gold, and rowed by a

hundred pairs of oars with white blades painted with blue dolphins.

Magnificent fêtes were given in his honour. One evening the Bay of Cascaës and the whole town were aglow with thousands of dazzling lights, a fairy-like sight of which nothing but the imagination of a poet could give any idea.

M. Loubet might well say that he had lived at Lisbon "in a perpetual enchantment, like a dream of the Thousand and One Nights."

Once more the Portuguese had shown that prodigious talent for decoration, for the *mise en scène*, which they doubtless get from their long connection with the East, India, and the Moors.

But the day which left the most exquisite and durable memory in the minds of the Frenchmen in the President's suite was the one they spent at Cintra in familiar intercourse with the Queen.

Like the crew of the *Pothuau*, all were won by her kindness and gaiety.

She was forty, with all the brilliancy of a majesty that owed nothing to circumstances, but which came to her naturally from her own nobility

of character ; from the antiquity of her race ; from her figure, her carriage, her height. And she loved to veil this majesty, to give it a sort of intimate touch, by the sweetness of that unforgettable look which seemed to go straight from her soul to yours.

The turn of mind, the political preferences of the Frenchmen who accompanied M. Loubet to Lisbon, did not predispose them to any striking partiality in favour of Kings and Queens ; but the charm of Queen Amélie was the stronger. They were all captivated and became her vassals, her faithful servants.

Nevertheless the Portuguese try their hands at a cry of " Vive la République ! " It resounds, legitimately, as the President passes, but with astonishing noise and persistence.

Delighted at finding herself among Frenchmen, wrapped up in the memories of her youth her compatriots bring to her mind, the Queen does not hear these shouts nor realise the secret menace they hide ; she is praising her people with their gentle manners, and such attachment to the sense of honour. She speaks without bitter-

ness of the Latin races and their brotherly love. For the moment she reverts to her true character as an optimist ; she looks confidently to the future.

Yet the revolutionaries of Lisbon tried to make capital for their propaganda out of the visit of the President of the French Republic. They sent him an address and asked for an audience, which M. Loubet refused to grant.

The Queen was against the King's plan for visiting Paris the next year as he had promised the President. She dreaded the journey, and tried to dissuade Dom Carlos from it. She had a thousand reasons for opposing this change of place.

The question of the tobacco monopoly served as a pretext for an agitation carefully kept alive by the enemies of the throne.

The crews of the men-of-war anchored in the Tagus, carried away by the skilful propaganda of the secret societies, had mutinied, and in this might be seen a sort of first essay of the revolution which was to deprive the Braganzas of their crown.

Nevertheless, the Portuguese sovereigns went on an official visit to Madrid, and the King undertook the proposed visit to Paris.

"Thank God," as the Queen says, "the Regency, this time confided to the Duke of Braganza, went off peaceably."

"Never—to speak in biblical language—was plant so carefully cultivated, or so quickly crowned with flowers and fruit" as this unhappy Prince.

This youth of eighteen performed his duties as Regent in a marvellous fashion. He showed intelligence and application that delighted the Queen and gave the highest hopes to those men in the Government who were still loyally attached to the throne of Braganza.

There could be no greater comfort to the Queen than the generous sentiments, the noble character, the attention to State affairs, of her son.

For long her sole wish had been to give to the kingdom a Prince worthy of his ancestors, a Prince to be the support of his people, and whose "virtue," as she said, "should be strong

enough to compel the world's respect and, like a bright light, pierce the dark cloud that hangs over us."

That was the aim of all her cares and prayers ; and Providence seemed to have hearkened to her.

Soon after this, the Crown Prince, in company with the Minister of Marine, Ayrès d'Ornellas, undertook a journey through the Portuguese Colonies, where he was hailed, fêted, and overwhelmed with addresses full of devotion and loyalty.

XVIII

At Sandricourt, in the Department of l'Oise, the King is the guest of the Marquis d'Harcourt, who has just given His Majesty the pleasure of a really Royal hunt. Dom Carlos is surrounded by faithful friends. They speak to him of Portugal and the situation, which seems to be growing worse day by day.

"Yes," says the King, "it is an impossible one, and it would be difficult for you Frenchmen to understand it. The people demand reforms, and with reason. They are necessary, even urgent, but unrealisable! Unrealisable, because Parliament will have none of them, for they would strike at all the privileges it has arrogated to itself and which will accomplish the ruin of my unhappy country!"

And Dom Carlos himself explained how the Liberal Constitution King John had bestowed on Portugal in 1826 had served only to give the

kingdom over to corruption and to put the fruits of power into the hands of an oligarchy greedy and unscrupulous. Under the pretence of an honest legislation, all sorts of enterprises and political speculations are born and thrive in a scandalous fashion, exhausting the nation's revenues and bringing about inevitable bankruptcy.

Two parties, or rather two sets of men, succeed each other in power—Conservatives and Liberals. In reality, it is much less a matter of a method of government or of one political party replacing another than of the satisfying of greed.

It is a system, in fact, intended to enrich, turn and turn about, every parliamentary politician. It is not denied ; it has a name ; it is called the *rotatif* system.

For a long time there had been no business but politics in Portugal ; they were about the only means for succeeding in getting rich, and every one worked them for his own profit.

" Certain Members of Parliament," said the King, " have made such a position for themselves, so like that of some of the feudal lords of the Middle Ages, and exalted themselves so far

above the law, that no one dares make them pay the taxes for which all citizens are liable. There is talk of scandalous gratuities, of corruption; but that is not the open wound, and, besides, the question of corruption has yet to be proved. But, once arrived at power, the chief of a party thinks of nothing but exploiting the country for the good of his followers, and thus the State becomes the prey, the booty, the spoil of politicians. At this game, the resources of even the wealthiest of nations must soon be exhausted."

The Constitution leaves the King a powerless spectator of this huge scramble!

"I can change nothing," says Dom Carlos, "for no responsible Minister, no Chamber, is willing to lend a hand to the agitation that would put an end to so great a scandal. Ah! if it were possible for me to find the upright man, the patriot, capable of preferring the interest and glory of Portugal to his own fortune, and above all, to the fortune of his political co-religionists, how gratefully and joyfully would I back him up with all my strength and depute to him all the powers I could for undertaking the reforms I

desire, that I long for as much as the people of Portugal! But," adds Dom Carlos, "I have not yet come across that man!"

Nevertheless, he existed, and the King soon came to believe he had discovered him amongst his Ministers; it was João Franco.

João Franco, a little, puny, sickly man, appeared to have at heart noble ambitions and love of his country. He showed himself ready to give her his whole service and to sacrifice for her his peace and his life. Dom Carlos, having assured himself of the agreement between his own views and those of his Minister, conferred upon him exceptional powers which, without exceeding the Constitution, "went," writes a Portuguese journalist, "to the extreme limits of legality."

Behold Franco at his task! Reforms are begun; first they strike at the people in office, those in power at the time, accustomed to enrich themselves without hindrance. They protest; they appeal to the King. Dom Carlos supports his Minister and shows himself immovable. But what a host of malcontents! Hatred, spite,

rancour muttered about the throne; for the malcontents were Members of Parliament, high functionaries, corrupt magistrates, insubordinate officers.

A campaign of threats against the Minister and calumnies against the King and Queen was entered into with unprecedented violence and fury. What weapons for the revolutionaries! They did not fail to seize them.

A subtle poison oozed into the Queen's antechambers, a poison the revolutionary Press was spreading on every side.

There is in Lisbon a very powerful association of *Carbonari*, so firmly organised as to work on the minds of the masses. It receives its password from that international order of Freemasonry, which can no longer be looked on as legendary, since it has manifested its existence by so many startling actions. In it is planned the opposition to the doings of the Crown and actual conspiracies organised.

The skill of his adversaries lay in crediting the King with the hateful part of the political conduct he was trying to alter, and in denouncing

him as responsible for both the disorder and for the measures the Minister Franco was taking to remedy it.

Still, the people remained quietly indifferent. The Queen received threatening letters written in a vulgar fashion. She set them at defiance, going out more frequently into the suburbs and the poorer quarters. Never was insult offered her; no hostile action stayed her.

She became convinced that these anonymous threats came from those around her.

"Ah," she said, "how ugly life is! What baseness surrounds us! It is the people who fawn upon us and flatter us who go out from here to blacken and hurt us. But the people of Lisbon won't be taken in by their too gross calumnies!"

The police are more defective, more blind than ever. They ignore all the plots that are hatching, the secret societies that are being founded; they have no thought even of checking the revolutionary propaganda preached in the Universities.

The King, the Queen, Franco, and the Ministers

are so convinced of the gentle character of the Portuguese, that they have no fear that the discontent of some, the ambition of others, may be expressed in acts of violence.

In 1907, some months before the first act of the drama, Queen Amélie went to Wood-Norton to be present at the wedding of her sister, the Princess Louise of France.

She stayed at Windsor, there meeting the German Emperor and Empress, the King and Queen of Spain, the Queen of Norway, and a great number of Princes and Princesses. Each one, whether from the North or the South, the East or the West, talked to her of the fears for the Crown of Portugal felt in all the Chancellories. She still kept so much belief in the loyalty of her subjects, that she smiled at these fears, reassuring every one about her.

After the wedding festivities she stopped in Paris. She visited the Pasteur Institute and the Villepinte Home, anxious to find out some new secret wherewith to benefit her sick at Lisbon.

She saw some of her friends, and spent a day in the Castle of Dampierre, which she loved for

all it represented of quiet, grace, and truly French nobility, and especially for its memories of the Duchesse de Luynes.

She went down into the vault in the chapel of the Ducs de Luynes and Chevreuse, close to the village church of Dampierre, where her friend lay. She prayed by this tomb she had so often had in her thoughts, then asked to be allowed to walk a little in the beautiful alleys beside the Canal, where in old days she had walked with a heart running over with the sweet rapture of friendship.

The high woods of Dampierre, looking like a charcoal drawing against the low sky of December, the bare horn-beam hedge along the old walls, the sound of the waterfall, awoke too many memories, evoked too many well-known pictures, for her not to be greatly moved by them.

But the faithful friends the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes had gathered together to receive her in the great Hall of Minerva, which is the centre of the castle, were still more moved at seeing her depart.

Warned as they were, judging events in

Portugal with all the more certainty for being farther away, they trembled for her. Not one of these men but would willingly have laid down his life for her. They wanted to keep her ; they begged her not to go ; they had the horrible feeling that they had forsaken her. Oh, to be her guard of honour, the body that must be passed over to reach her !

But the gate at the end of the great court-yard is already closed behind the carriage.

A great, indescribable sadness fills every heart, and the Castle relapses again into silence.

On one of the following days the Comtesse d'Oilliamson, who accompanied the Queen to the *Odéon,* could not help telling her of the horrible apprehensions of all her friends.

" Should I be here," said the Queen, " if my thoughts were otherwhere ? " And she added, " Franco is in the right, but he has no tact."

When she was back in Lisbon she wrote to the Duc de Luynes :

" I was beset with many emotions during the

day I spent at Dampierre. I wanted to tell you so at the station the morning I left, but I was upset ; it is always hard to me to *re-quit* France and my friends, and I had to keep tight hold of myself for fear I should break down."

XIX

On January 1908 the Court made a stay at Villa Viçosa. This is the family house of the Braganzas, in which they lived before coming to the Throne of Portugal. It is a fine but simple place, full of memories. The Dukes of Braganza had lived there in great pomp ; the Kings of Portugal tried to lead in it the life of private people.

Some dark destiny brought Dom Carlos back to the cradle of his race before making him a mark for the bullets of his assassins.

But there is no thought of tragedy. The King hunts ; the Queen is glad to have left Lisbon. She enjoys the family life she leads at Villa Viçosa ; her children are with her. The young Duke of Braganza has been nicknamed " Prince Charming." His trip to the colonies seems to have matured him ; he is both eloquent and serious.

The Duke of Béja shows a delicate, acute, and

cultivated intelligence; he delights in music, but he loves the sea too, long voyages; he dreams of far-off adventures. He is entered for the Navy, and has taken his oath as midshipman. The subjects he has to study this year to enter the Naval School oblige him to shorten his stay at Villa Viçosa, and he leaves for Lisbon before the rest of the Royal Family.

The return to Lisbon had been arranged for the 1st of February. The month of February in Lisbon is a spring month, milder than our April; the streets are gay and sweet with the first flowers; when the weather is fine, the sky is of a light, ethereal, pearly blue; the pale golden light seems in some subtle fashion to caress the blue and white earthenware decorations of the houses, the esparto mats that cover the doors, the sun-blinds stretched over the windows.

As the day ends, between five and six o'clock, the streets, the quays, the public places are full of animation and gaiety. On the hilly roads the nimble mules step on the projections in the pavement, and, swinging their heads, fill the air with the sound of their little bells.

On the 1st of February 1908, about four o'clock, on the *Place du Commerce*, which is the centre of the Harbour of Lisbon, the place where one disembarks on arriving in the Tagus and the most majestic spot in the capital, the Duke of Béja, the Duke of Oporto, the Ministers, the high functionaries of the kingdom, the city, and the Palace here met together, awaiting the arrival of the King, the Queen, and the Crown Prince.

The crowd walked about under the arcades of the Ministry, whose façades surround the *Place du Commerce* ; groups stood round the equestrian statue of Joseph the First. The activity of the port ended with the day ; the tall yards of the vessels, with close-reefed sails, swung silently over the golden river.

All was smiling peace in the city wrapped in the delight of the close of a beautiful day. The evening was so sweet, so blue, that, in the words of a poet, " it seemed as if happiness must be poured out abroad."

Still, there was a kind of uneasiness and anxiety among the walkers and the curious whom the King's return had brought to the place.

That morning the Queen had seen in the papers that Franco, having severely repressed an attempt at a rising of the populace, and having imprisoned the heads of this revolutionary movement, had made the King sign a formidable decree. This decree put the life of his adversaries into the hands of the Dictator.

The Queen had been told that a politician had exclaimed, "By that, the King signs his own death-warrant!"

She had at once had the Minister told that if he feared any danger for Dom Carlos she would find it quite easy to invent some pretext for keeping him in the country.

Franco had answered that the decree did not bear the interpretation given to it, that all good citizens would approve of it, and that no trouble was to be feared in the city. So great was his confidence in everything connected with the King's safety that no police precautions had been taken, and there was not even an escort commanded.

The Royal train, which ought to have arrived on the opposite shore of the Tagus, was an hour and a

half late, and the waiting gave a sort of feverish feeling to everyone.

At last, as the half-hour after five was about to strike, the little steamer, on board which the Sovereigns crossed the river, approached the landing-place. In the bows of the boat the Queen stood smiling and making affectionate signs to Dom Manoël. As she stepped on to the quay of Lisbon, flowers were presented to her as she was greeted.

The King received the congratulations of the official personages and had a long talk with João Franco.

No sinister omen ; nothing to give warning that so tragic a moment is about to be born of this present one—so calm, so peaceful, so exactly like moments of the past ; the usual actions, after the usual formula, some cheering, some salutes.

The King, the Queen, and the two Princes get into the same open carriage. The Queen smells her flowers while she looks lovingly at her sons.

Suddenly there is a loud report behind the Royal carriage; the King raises his forearm,

drops it, and sinks back upon the cushions of the carriage.

He is dead! A bullet has pierced the nape of his neck, passed through the carotid artery, and struck the Crown Prince sitting opposite to him. The wounded Prince endeavours to get at his revolver, but, quicker than he can move, the assassin runs round the carriage, jumps upon the step, and, almost touching the Prince's face with the muzzle of his rifle, fires.

The Queen has seen him, and with a bound she rises to turn the blow aside, and with her bouquet she tries to blind and push away the hideous face of the murderer.

Too late! The Crown Prince, his head shattered, is writhing in the agonies of death. The assassin draws back; the Queen throws herself before her remaining son; it is she now the wretch aims at; close to her face she sees the black hole of the levelled weapon. The shot is coming; she seems to feel the bullet that is to kill her. Suddenly the rifle drops, the man reels; an officer has sent his sword through his body.

But shots are still coming from the arcades;

assassins in ambush there as if from behind forest trees are shooting at the Royal Family ; a bullet hits Dom Manoël in the arm.

Passing through this volley and giving proof of courage and devotion many of the men do not dream of showing, a woman, the Countess Figueiro, in attendance that day on the Queen, jumps into the carriage.

" Go away, go away ! " cries the Queen ; " they will kill you, too ! "

But at last the coachman succeeds in getting his four horses on, turns down the road to the Arsenal, and, the gates of that building being open, makes a rush inside them.

The Duke of Oporto, the aides-de-camp, and some people of the King's suite have rushed out, sword or revolver in hand. Two men who were hanging on to the Royal carriage are cut down. The crowd, panic-stricken, flees in all directions ; frantic people cower behind the statue of Joseph the First ; women faint ; long-drawn cries, harrowing lamentations are heard. A young girl, suddenly gone mad, howls like dogs before a death. Night falls. The Lancers of

the Guard clear the square and the adjoining streets.

Then succeeds an immense, a tragic, silence, and the stars shine out in their accustomed places in a sky of astonishing purity.

XX

THE gates of the Arsenal have been shut behind the blood-stained carriage. The acting of this most awful tragedy has taken but a few minutes —a few minutes during which, to the eyes of this wife, this mother, this Queen of many sorrows, the face of the whole world has changed.

Stretched dead at her feet he lies, the King she loved. There lie the eyes for ever closed to the light of day of the charming, lovable, youthful Prince she had so tenderly, so carefully, educated for the throne; her hopes for ever perished.

Her haggard, tearless eyes are fixed on the bodies lying on mattresses covered with blood.

The Duke of Béja throws himself upon his brother's body in a vain attempt to bring him to life, and then quits it but to kiss his father's bloody face; and again, unable to bring himself to believe that the brother he so loves is dead, he

comes back to him, calls him, clasps him in his arms. . . .

The Queen Maria-Pia has been told that the King is seriously wounded, and she hastens to him. On the way, she is told that he is dead.

Beside the corpse, she falls on her knees, then rises to embrace Queen Amélie, sobbing:

"My son, my poor child!"

And Queen Amélie answers by the same cry:

"My son, my poor child!"

Doña Maria-Pia swerves aside and looks at her: "*Your* son?" And the elder Queen perceives a second corpse—her grandson's! And then she faints and falls.

Three closed carriages are hastily procured. The two Queens and Dom Manoël get into the first; in the second they seat the King, the Earl-Marshal taking his place beside the corpse; in the third carriage they place the body of the Duke of Braganza, held up by his former tutor; and the mournful procession sets out for the Palace of the Necessidades.

The horror of such scenes as these finds no

parallel but in the most tragic plays of Shakespeare. But the Queen's character is far grander than that of the most famous of heroines.

When Cleopatra saw Antony dead before her, she exclaimed, "The crown o' the earth doth melt!" She thrusts away her crown and throws her sceptre at the injurious gods. No more a Queen, she moans:

> "But e'en a woman, and commanded
> By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
> And does the meanest chares!"

Queen Amélie does not forget her greatness, nor resign her post; covered with the blood of her husband and her son, she is still the Queen.

She calls a Cabinet Council, presides over it, gives her orders, guards against the perils that encompass the throne of her remaining child, thinks of the peace of the country, watches over its safety.

Her voice is strangled in her throat, but her thought is clear, exact, plain. The measures she takes are wise and well thought out. The heart in her breast is broken, but her will is firm and her mind clear.

Just a simple woman! So she had been during her days of happiness, but she is so no longer; the sacrament of sorrow exalts her above the weak condition of her fellows. Not only does she master her distracted heart; she rises above herself and overcomes her anguish.

King Lear dares not think upon his anguish:

"O, that way madness lies; let me shun that."

The Queen wishes to learn everything, down to the smallest details of the crime and the assassins. Who was the man? A small professor with pleasant manners. He had given lessons to the children of several of the ladies-in-waiting; he knew the King, had often been near him, and had received from him marks of esteem.

The rifle he used was recognised as one Dom Carlos had himself given him as a prize in a shooting-match, complimenting him on his skill! Is not this a detail more pathetic than any dramatist could conceive?

What moved him to the crime? The

murderer's lips were for ever shut; the cause that impelled him to regicide will never be known. His neighbours, his tradespeople held him in respect; he made no outward professions of revolutionary sentiments. Was he affiliated to that Society of Carbonari which had decreed the King's death? Every hypothesis is allowable; all is wrapped in mystery.

A Frenchman who was staying in Lisbon was on that day in a carriage in the higher quarters of the city. He heard the sound of firing, and on questioning his driver was astounded when the man answered, "It's the King they're assassinating."

This proves premeditation. A great number of the inhabitants of the town had been warned.

Then suddenly all was silent.

It has been said that so many were implicated in the crime that the Queen herself stopped the inquiry and the proceedings.

This is an inaccuracy which Queen Amélie herself has written down as false. On the 26th of October 1910, after a newspaper article which

had aroused her indignation, she wrote to the Duc de Luynes :

" They dare, as an eulogium of me, to accuse me of a cowardly, an infamous bargain ! To save the life of my son, that I should have consented, knowing who were the surviving murderers of my husband and my King, the murderers of my son—I should have consented to guarantee their impunity. I, one of whose reasons for living, the hope that sustained me day by day, was to see justice done ! How could I have shown so little regard for the blood of France when *everything* in my life proclaimed the reverse ? I wanted to warn you, so that in case of need you will be able to protest, as I am doing now to your affection and your boundless devotion."

The truth was that the police and the tribunals found it impossible to discover the instigation of the crime. Those to whom the Queen showed clemency were politicians incriminated by nothing but their opinions ; and such as these she would not confound with the murderers.

As to Franco, " a regicide through imprudence,"

as M. Maurras has so rightly termed him, the Queen deprived him of power the day after the crime ; and truly his was a fatal error.

Should not his first duty have been to take all the precautions demanded by the troublous situation which his position as Dictator was intended to meet ? Should not his first care have been to keep the King's life safe by means of an efficient police ? How came it that a Lisbon cab-driver knew of the preparations for a crime of which the Premier was ignorant ?

Franco relied on the legendary softness of the Portuguese character, the proverbial loyalty of his fellow-citizens. All his fears were for himself, none for his Princes. It was said that he changed his dwelling every night ; but he did not even dream of giving a mounted escort to the carriage which was to carry the King through the midst of a discontented populace his dictatorial measures had put into a ferment.

Depending on the loyalty and meekness of his compatriots, he had forgotten that the first effect of revolutions is to modify enormously the character of the people.

His Dictatorship was unsound because, instead of being based on power and strength, the régime he tried to impose on the Portuguese people was in reality based on a blind confidence and on out-of-date conventions.

If he believed force and constraint necessary for restoring order in everything, Franco, if he had been logical, ought to have made up his mind everywhere to apply this method, and therefore to have behaved at Lisbon as if the town were in a state of siege, and to have stationed troops in the streets ; for it is expedient to know what one wants and to face the consequences of one's actions.

" Stambouloff, who created Bulgaria," writes M. Maurras, " Cavour, who made united Italy, Bismarck, Canovas, and many other contemporary Dictators, like M. Franco, backed by thrones, have all made exemplary successes, because in an exemplary manner they obeyed the logic of facts, which M. Franco failed to do. Was it the fault of the Dictatorship ? By no means ; it was his own fault, or for the want of a more consistent Dictatorship, more in accordance with

the definition of the régime. Facts suffice to prove it."

The Queen had not been far from thinking the same, even before the assassination of the King, since we have heard her words of three months earlier : " Franco is in the right, but he has no tact."

Later on she said to Mme d'Harcourt :

" Franco was like a rough, awkward architect, who, seeing cracks in a house, sticks in his pickaxe to strengthen it, and brings it all down."

After the catastrophe for which history must always make him responsible, the Queen let him know that she had no more faith in him. João Franco, disgraced on all sides, left Portugal.

In the chamber of the King, in the Palace of the Necessidades, Dom Carlos and Dom Luiz sleep their eternal sleep. Over Lisbon hangs a mournful languor, a kind of stupidity—one would like to call it shame—while the tragic news flies from capital to capital.

What is going to happen ? People are waiting for they know not what. Is this crime the prelude of a revolution ? What are the unknown con-

spirators, whose secret plans are still unfathomed, going to do ?

At Court, apart from the faithful who gather round the Queen and the new King and surround them with the most absolute devotion, there is great reserve, even hesitation in putting on mourning.

The Queen understands that it is important to forestall all attempts. Dom Manoël is nineteen. Nothing in his education has prepared him for the tasks that have fallen on him, but for the courage that has been implanted in his heart. He gives proof of great energy ; but the Queen knows well that it is for her to provide for everything, to give confidence to everyone, to baffle intrigues, to improvise a Government.

She is first in the Council Chamber, standing beneath the ancestral portraits to receive the new Ministers. She reads the dispatches, questions the officials, listens to the reports, draws up the proclamations, speaks of the glory, the nobility, the generous sentiments of the Portuguese people.

Addresses of condolence come to her, and

this is the answer that rises naturally to her lips :

" It is not I you must pity, but this unhappy country which——"

Thus spoke the Chevalier Bayard !

XXI

In the dead of night, by the light of torches, the bodies of the King and the Crown Prince have been carried down to the chapel hung with gold-brocaded black. The two coffins are placed on low catafalques, draped with the Royal standard bearing the Castles of Braganza. Through the glass that covers them the two corpses can be seen. For shroud they wear their soldiers' uniform, and their useless swords lie amongst flowers at their feet. Innumerable candles shed a funereal light over the place. Priests in mourning vestments succeed each other every quarter of an hour, softly chant a prayer, sprinkle the two bodies with Holy water, and go.

The day before that fixed for the obsequies, the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de Noailles, and the Marquis de Beauvoir arrived in Lisbon. Already the town had recovered its spirits; amongst the

common people alone the sort of dejection that had followed the crime continued.

In certain aristocratic drawing-rooms it was talked about lightly enough, and the strangers and Envoys Extraordinary were not a little astonished. They arrived horrified by the crime which had struck dismay into the hearts of right-minded men of all lands, and they heard it stated in an indifferent tone that "it was inevitable; it was sure to happen," in acknowledgment of their condolences.

An Ambassador who was much attached to the Queen, expressing the pity and emotion he felt when he thought of her grief, a former Chamberlain of Dom Carlos said in answer:

"The Queen is not very popular with us." And the Diplomatist asking the cause of this unpopularity, the other confessed that "more than once he had felt ashamed at seeing the Queen less well dressed than his own wife!"

The politicians, the high officials who had feared for their posts, barely concealed a look of satisfaction; they seemed to breathe again.

With a woman, a child, at the Necessidades, was not power at their disposal ?

They welcomed the black-clad arrivals with a pleasant "Good morning" and familiar gestures, as if to say, "Very glad to see you," as on the eve of a festival.

Could anything more sinister be imagined than this sort of atmosphere round the two corpses—the tearful Queens, the boy-King weeping over the Crown "picked up out of blood" ?

On the morning of the obsequies, however, there is a heavier, graver air ; no one knows if some new emergency may not arise, if he may not be present at a fresh massacre.

The dread in the Chancellories is so great that the German Emperor, who has sent his son, Prince Eitel-Friedrich, to represent him at Lisbon, has insisted, against all precedent, on furnishing him with a guard. A company of Prussian soldiers is to escort him and surround his carriage during the whole ceremony.

From six o'clock full peals of bells are rung ; troops perambulate the city ; the crowd gathers along the roads the procession is to pass through.

It is an anxious, agitated crowd ; it goes to this funeral as it would go to a play, but a dangerous play in an unsafe spot where some vague peril seems to threaten.

Very early in the morning the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de Noailles, and the Marquis de Beauvoir go to the *Chapelle ardente* in the Necessidades Palace, where all is mourning, quiet, prayer.

As they enter, in a tribune which communicates with the Royal apartments, they perceive a kneeling woman, who trembles beneath her veils as she recognises them. It is the Queen, between the Duc de Guise and the Infante of Spain.

The ostentatious pomp of great ceremonies once more rolls through Lisbon. The state carriages, the bedizened crowd of Princes and Dignitaries, defile in front of the Palace and proceed toward San Vincente, as they did twenty-two years earlier at that magnificent wedding when the entire population of Lisbon acclaimed the Duke and Duchess of Braganza.

But to-day, instead of cheers, there is nothing to be heard but the muffled roll of the black-veiled drums ; in place of the pages, the equerries

around the nuptial carriage, around the funeral cars there are the Brothers of the Misericordia in their black gabardines, the terrifying hood hiding the face—the Brothers of the same confraternity who ministered of old to the victims of the Holy Inquisition.

And, from beneath the portal of the chapel, the Queen, so tall under her widow's veilings, erect, impassible, making no sign, with dry eyes, watches the slow procession pass away towards the crypt wherein, since John IV., rest all the Kings of Portugal and Algarva, the Infantes and Infantas, in coffins of translucid glass which allows the eye to follow the pitiless ravages of the centuries.

First comes the catafalque of Dom Carlos, followed by his charger; then that which bears the body of the Crown Prince, similarly attended; then a coach covered with crêpe in which sits the Earl Marshal carrying the crown and sceptre. This funereal carriage looks like a third hearse, and, as it passes, the crowd feels as if it were assisting at the burial of a dynasty, the obsequies of Royalty itself. There are tears in the eyes of the soldiers presenting arms.

In the church, the coffins, on an inclined bier, allow the corpses to be seen—a terrible sight, fit to strike the most indifferent dumb with horror.

Prayers go up with the incense to the implacable heavens.

In her oratory, Queen Amélie, King Manoël beside her, implores help from above. She has asked the Duc de Luynes to come to her in her apartments as soon as the ceremony is over. He hastens to her.

In the Queen's antechamber, in front of the door of the room she is in, sits the Duke of Oporto, watching with touching anxiety. Ever since the assassination of the King, day and night he has been there, leaving to no one else the guarding of the Queen with affecting obstinacy. He draws aside for the Duc de Luynes.

The Queen is standing in the middle of the room, her face hidden in her hands. There is a silence, a silence which tells of a broken heart; she wrings her hands.

At first the words stick in her throat, then she speaks, speaks as if mechanically. Her eyes are

fixed upon a watch. It is the hour at which, eight days earlier, she disembarked at Lisbon with her husband and her son. She lives over again those tragic moments; she describes them minutely; there is no question of stopping her, however painful must be such a story to her.

She acts it; she repeats it all—the flowers, the starting of the carriage, the firing of the rifle, the King shot, the Crown Prince sinking down!

"Ah, Madame!" exclaims her confidant, "how is it you did not go mad?"

"Yes," she says, with a far-away look, "for an instant it seemed to me that I was about to lose my reason; but I thought of my country, my race, my father! A Princess of France must never give way. It was that thought that took entire possession of me and enabled me after a few moments to offer my sacrifice to God; it is that thought which has sustained and kept me up ever since that awful moment."

And as at that moment a chamberlain asks to see the Queen, she takes from her desk a little book and gives it to the Duc de Luynes.

"Here, my friend, read these prayers; they

are those we said together after my father's death."

Quickly she is back again, and once more to the companion of her youth, the confidant of the little girl's first troubles, she goes over those sorrowful, unutterably sorrowful hours; and constantly, like a *leitmotif*, come back the words, "I will not be unworthy of that from which I come—race and country!"

When the time is past and they must join the train that is to take back the Ambassadors and Special Envoys, the three Frenchmen there, with no mission but to show fidelity and devotion in calamity, experience a frightful anguish. Even more strongly than when they saw her leave France three months earlier, they have a wretched feeling that they are forsaking their compatriot, delivering her over to hidden enemies who are watching her, waiting their time, crouching in some corner of this blood-stained Palace.

They long to conduct their Princess to some safe retreat, like the Paladins of the Middle Ages.

But the time for those romantic acts of devotion is past. Faithful to her duties, Queen Amélie

stays on, all the stronger and the more courageous because the peril is so great and so near at hand.

One day the advice to leave, to quit Portugal, will be given her, and she will answer for herself inexorably :

" You say my own fortune is ample for my own needs. Riches are nothing to me, but there is duty, and duty requires me to stay here."

Not one of the Frenchmen who had walked about the city and talked with many of the Portuguese but felt no doubt that at Lisbon, as formerly at Versailles, the monstrous cabal whose blind conspiracies had ended in the assassination of the King had its birth among the gilded herd of politicians.

The discontented courtiers who had raised the cry of unpopularity, of which the double murder was born, had not foreseen such a catastrophe, any more than the nobles bent on the undoing of Marie Antoinette, the inventors of the affair of the necklace, dreamed of the scaffold and the massacres of '93.

Nevertheless, it was certain Marquises who, in the antechambers of the Trianon, put into verse

the slanderous songs howled by the populace at the passing of the cart which carried the Queen to her death.

The Portuguese people, no more than the people of Paris, had invented the calumnies that pursued the Queen; they had been whispered into the ears of the revolutionists, and, against a Princess they themselves knew nothing of, they used fables made up in her own Court.

And alone with a King of nineteen she remained the prey of these intrigues!

"Why," said the Duc de Luynes during the dismal journey back, "why was that last piteous letter of Marie Antoinette to Mme Elisabeth always in my mind? 'I had friends; the idea of being for ever separated from them is one of the greatest regrets I take with me to death.'"

XXII

SOME months after the accession of Dom Manoël, the Queen writes to Mme d'Oilliamson :

" It was a nameless horror, my dearest. Since God willed it, I must be silent, and from the first moment, I submitted myself to His will, trusting all things to His justice and His mercy. He has helped me and given me strength and courage, and He will help still, help me to fulfil the difficult, but noble duty so tragically pointed out. Yes ! the blank in my heart grows worse and worse every day, I think. In addition to the frightful pain, the first days were very hard, full of uncertainty and gloom, most minds troubled and bewildered.

" The country, excited by a detestable crisis which had been long coming, was, as it were, stupefied by the infamous crime. Then it recovered its self-possession, and there was a burst of protestation of loyalty to the Monarchy, of

devotion and love for this boy-King. I can't tell you how touching and strengthening these demonstrations were. Still, one must not go to sleep, for the enemy still lives and works."

There was, in fact, a sort of recrudescence of loyalty among the people after the assassination of the King.

If nothing could disarm the enemies of the Queen, they " worked " in secret now. Even the republicans themselves loudly repudiated the murderers of Dom Carlos, and so well-informed a chronicler as M. Lavedan could write : " History looks as if it were repenting."

Enumerating in a Paris republican paper the acts of clemency of the new Government, a journalist ended his article with these words :

" If at this cost Dom Manuel II. did not win popularity, one would verily despair of a King ever appeasing political hatreds."

Queen Amélie and King Manoël offered to all the Portuguese a complete and sincere reconciliation. They asked them to put the safety of their country above their private interests and

their political prejudices, so that greater order and justice should govern the affairs of the land.

Desiring to revive the national credit, the King gave up half his civil list. Truly it was the *public peace* the sovereigns were endeavouring to bring about.

They devoted all their powers to the task they had undertaken.

"After the 1st of February," the Queen writes to the Marquise d'Harcourt, "you know what a life of struggle, distress, hope of seeing that boy firmly established on the throne, mine was. During those years I was the sentinel, wounded, yet always at his post, never laying down his arms; always faithful to his duty, I can truly say."

And seeing that this letter must be addressed to Chantilly, she adds: "I am sending this to you at Chantilly. What memories of childhood, youth, dreams, hopes, illusions that name alone brings to me! I can't believe that all that is true, all that is generous, fades away. We shall find something of our soul again to rest upon the

day when there comes the realisation of the most beautiful of all dreams, of all hopes."

There had come no interruption to the Queen's practical charity. Mme Adam, being in Lisbon a fortnight after the assassination of Dom Carlos, the Queen wished herself to show the progress made in the Dispensaries.

"When I visited them with her," writes the brave Frenchwoman, "while the Queen's countenance made me think of the words that incessantly haunted me when with her, 'unutterable woe,' suddenly, seeing the crowd of children rush into the hall to seat themselves at the table before the steaming platefuls of hot soup—suddenly, I say, the Queen looked at me with eyes full of tears and said:

"I can still smile at all these little ones!"

"Ah, Madame!" exclaimed Mme Adam, "let an affection inspired by the highest respect, a personal devotion knowing no limits, be publicly offered you by a republican whose dream of a Republic has suffered the same disenchantment, not in its principles, but through men, as the dream of Monarchy of Your Majesty! If I

had not burnt the political letters you have graciously written me, letters, Madame, showing in every line the greatest clearness of sight, in which you care for the true interests of the classes and your love for the people is superlatively proved, what a lesson in history the politicians of Portugal would receive ! "

The tragic events, the suffering, the great responsibilities, the numerous difficulties that overwhelm mediocre natures, make the finer rise to magnificent heights, revealing to them powers of which they were unconscious, and lifting them above their ordinary condition.

Thus, Queen Amélie, who for long had kept apart from public affairs, showed herself expert at them and able to bring the most difficult undertakings to a happy issue.

" Her consistency, her invincible gentleness, her discreet benevolence have done wonders," says a witness of the efforts she made to draw Portugal from the quicksand into which it seemed to be sinking.

The Princess Waldemar writes :

" Amélie is the man of the family. I have

just been paying her a visit at Lisbon with my eldest son, and I am filled with admiration for her. If the throne can be saved, it will be by her. Do you remember how, some years ago, she jumped into the water to save a drowning fisherman ? That was a symbol."

The Queen was an excellent diplomatist ; she rallied round her kingdom the sympathies of Europe. The *chargé d'affaires* of one of the Great Powers, a fine scholar, liked to apply to her Brantôme's description of the Queen of Navarre :

" Son discours était tel, que les Ambassadeurs qui parlaient en elle, en estaient grandement ravis, et en faisaient de grands rapports à ceux de leur nations." [1]

Queen Amélie was popular in the whole civilised world, and for a time once more so in her own kingdom. In our old countries of Europe there are so many long-established ideas connecting Royalty with men's feelings and their judgment of things, that in Portugal, just now so upset,

[1] Her discourse was such, that Ambassadors who talked with her were greatly delighted with it, and reported it in high terms to their nations.

so divided in itself, in the presence of the firm and courageous behaviour of the Sovereigns, the people experienced a sort of satisfaction and relief. It expressed its consent by the great manifestations of loyalty on the occasion of the " Acclamation " of the new King in the May of 1908, and especially during a tour the Queen and Dom Manoël made at the beginning of the winter of 1909.

On the 24th of October of that last year, the Queen was able to write to the Duc de Luynes :

" Here, thank God, matters are in a healthy state, and things going very well. Despite many difficulties the atmosphere is quite altered. On the 8th of November my son starts on an official journey through the northern provinces. I shall join him and install myself at Oporto. I hope much from this journey."

As a matter of fact, it was a triumph. Our illustrated papers pictured for us the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Oporto. One photograph showed an enormous crowd cheering the King and his mother as they stood on the balcony of the Palace.

It was from Oporto that the Queen wrote to the Duc de Luynes of her hopes and her confidence in the efficacy and force of hereditary Monarchy, whose very essence, she said, "is to reconcile the parties and the active forces of the State instead of setting them against each other, as is the wish of politicians, and to conduce, even for its own sake, to the good of the people."

The Queen of Portugal inherits from her father that faith in the monarchical principle which is one of the strongest motives of her energy and tenacity.

"The spirits of the dead," she loves to say, "give light to the decisions of the living."

In days of difficulty, the teachings, the counsels of the Comte de Paris crowd to her mind and take the place of experience.

Since the days of M. Thiers and his followers, the misconception of the political ideas of the Comte de Paris has come to an end; and adversary and partisan alike agree in recognising that his was a very great intellect.

"Born in the midst of revolutionary and parliamentary errors, this Prince," says M. Ch.

Maurras very truly, "recovered the spirit of the monarchical tradition such as the Comte de Chambord had formulated it. The heir of Henri V., Philippe VII., failing an actual reign, has left us such profound theories on national Monarchy that they are admired and considered by all competent minds."

In an intimacy that every year made closer, the Comte de Paris had been able to confide to Queen Amélie the result of his long meditations, and had transmitted to her the desire to serve the country where she reigned with her whole heart.

When she wrote that King Manoël ought "to make himself the initiator and leader of the vast reforms needed for the safety of Portugal," the Princess was unconsciously repeating one of the most cherished axioms of the Comte de Paris, the equivalent of that *Réformer pour Conserver* given by the Duke of Orleans in a famous "Inquiry Concerning Monarchy," as the exact résumé of his political programme.

Imbued with the same spirit, Manoël II. protested to a republican paper, *El Mundo*, on

the eve of the opening of a big manufactory at which he was to preside, that, "Our different political opinions need not prevent us from friendly speech. In a festivity over a national work, we are all nothing but patriots. I respect all opinions; I am but a patriot who wishes all possible good to his country."

Such purposes as these, understood by the people, won for the new King a reassuring popularity.

To strengthen the alliances inherited from his father and drawn still closer by Queen Amélie, he wished to undertake a tour through Europe.

Paris still remembers the kindly graciousness, the charm, the well-informed mind of the crowned youth it was pleased to acclaim, and no one in Europe has forgotten the imposing Naval Review which England provided for him in Plymouth Roads.

Never had sight more fit to give an idea of British power been given to the world, and it is easy to imagine the sense of security the alliance and friendship of England must give to the young Monarch.

Alone at Lisbon, and once more Regent of the kingdom, in sadness and dread, the Queen saw the ending of her second year of widowhood.

"Both of you," she writes to the Duc and the Duchesse de Luynes, "pray for those for whom I weep and for your affectionate Amélie; gloomy thoughts pursue me."

To M. Denys Cochin, who saw her at Lisbon about this time, she owns that "what is most terrible is the moral duty that must be done—to do what ought to be done to-day and every day that comes after."

For a moment, at Oporto, the cheering that had welcomed her son had softened her pain and given her hope; but back at the Necessidades she finds once more the intrigues, the cabals, the snares, the plots. She realises that not one of her enemies has disarmed; that the truce between parties forced upon its politicians by the Spanish people during the minority of their King, she cannot hope to see prolonged in her country. She sets her will to the work; neither will she lay down her arms, and she will know how to watch over her son's Crown.

Of her thoughts, her speculations, the alternations of hopes and fears she experiences, this passage from a letter to the Marquise d'Harcourt may give us a picture :

"Thank you for your letter," she writes. "Alas! yes, we understand but too well the anguish that tortures us both. I feel so exactly what you tell me of! One would fain know, one would fain see; at times one feels a presence, one feels there is a veil that prevents perfect comprehension, perfect apprehension. But, alas! it is only the *Bianca morte*, as the poet calls it, that will rend the veil for us! Patience! but it is difficult."

The King is back in Portugal; he comforts her with the story of his travels.

"Suffering," she writes to the Duc de Luynes, "has only dug all the deeper into my heart the resting-place of ancient and faithful affections, and they are a delight and a consolation to me. I liked to talk to my son about you. He has come back happy and much touched by Paris; and I, too, was touched, and grateful, and proud at all I felt about the welcome that was given him.

XXIII

"WHEN once," says Bossuet, "a means has been found to take hold on the multitude by the bait of liberty, it follows it blindly, even supposing it to understand nothing but the word itself."

And, in fact, it was by this word that ambitious politicians were able to gain over to them the young, ready to let themselves be led away by generous illusions, and a populace always ready to see in any social upheaval an alleviation of the hardships of its condition.

The Royal Government might work as it pleased to give sure and positive liberties to the Portuguese people. It was that abstract liberty, spoken of by the author of the *Histoire Universelle,* the agitators demanded. At Lisbon they created that superstition, that worship of Baal the Destroyer, upon whose altars so much noble blood has been spilt ever since men have killed each other for words they did not understand.

By a skilful propaganda in the Universities and the suburbs, the revolutionaries once more created that mysterious atmosphere, the element of exaltation without which no revolution is possible.

It must be owned besides that the tragic events of the 1st of February 1908 had very quickly become a dead letter for politicians. The heads of parties, followed by their unscrupulous clientèles, rapidly brought back all economic, social, and political questions to a matter of money. "Rotativism" once more returned to its old ways. In two years all the groups and subgroups have succeeded to power, the Chambers making it impossible for the King to form a government out of any political party whatsoever. The monarchical majority of the Cortès was never able to lay aside its quarrels to defend the Monarchy.

Nevertheless, the rising that dethroned Dom Manoël must not be taken for a great popular revolt, a national upheaval analogous to our own Revolution; it was a plot, a cleverly hatched conspiracy, got up with the complicity of men

in power. If Dom Carlos was ill-served by his Ministers and officials, Manoël II. was likewise betrayed.

During the weeks that followed his fall and his arrival in England there could have been no sadder sight than that of the King unfolding the illustrated papers sent from Lisbon.

One of the pictures depicted a young Portuguese stopping his motor-car to harangue the crowd and applaud the Republic, or a horseman in uniform ostentatiously saluting the republican colours, Dom Manoël exclaiming:

"But he was my intimate friend, one of my dearest confidants!"

One day the King was showing to a Frenchman, who was endeavouring to take some of the bitterness from the first days of exile, some important papers and correspondence. They came upon a very beautiful letter written by a Colonel in command in the North of Portugal.

In it the officer stated his anxiety concerning the revolt, which he felt to be of importance, and he prophesied frightful happenings, more terrible than those that had carried off Dom Carlos

and the Crown Prince. He ended with immense regrets at being far from his Sovereign during the rumbling of the coming storm; he was distressed when he thought that when the fatal day came he would not be able to shield the King's body with his own. Feeling that the dangerous posts, the posts of honour, were actually at the foot of the throne, he begged for the privilege of occupying one of those posts.

Reading this, the Frenchman exclaimed:

"Your Majesty anyhow had in the Army great hearts ready for all proofs of devotion."

"Certainly," answered Dom Manoël, "and evidently I had other proofs! But as for that man, I summoned him to come to me, and at once he became one of the principal abettors of the *coup d'état*!"

Do not such facts as these give a special character to the sedition that was being set on foot in Lisbon? And there are also the words of a Minister who, having had no hesitation in taking the oath of loyalty to the Crown, exclaimed when the riots broke out, "I shall have no

difficulty in becoming a republican, having been one all my life!"

The police refuse to take notice of the information they receive from the Ambassadors in London and Paris; the Secret Societies can hold their meetings undisturbed. Much worse, arms and ammunition are stored in Lisbon, and when the Marquis de Lavradio, the King's Secretary, denounces these illicit warnings to the Minister of Police, he is met with a smile and assured he is mistaken. He is obliged himself to lead the police officers to one of these dépôts of arms in the middle of the town to have at last a seizure made of them and an inquiry set on foot.

A horrible net of hypocrisy, dissimulation, and falsehood surrounds the Royal Family and all those who are notoriously attached to them.

The Queen feels she is being deceived. She demands the exact truth from the Ministers; they show her falsified reports. In her study at Pena, surrounded by the portraits of Dom Carlos, the Duke of Braganza, and the Comte de Paris, she vainly endeavours to unravel the web of this network of intrigues. From the scattered

pages her thoughts, her eyes, turn to the dear likenesses with their inspirations of courage and high resolves. She will not prove false to any of her obligations. The sacrifice of her life has long ago been made; but how much easier it would be to die than to live on thus in the intolerable uncertainty her position as Queen condemns her to. How can she make her way out of the darkness, how get at its meaning?

Her eyes, that were able to read life and living beings so clearly, scrutinise in vain the countenance of the high official who enters, bows, answers her questions with perfect courtesy, excessive deference. He is lying; she feels certain of it. But what is the truth? She will never know—unspeakable torture!

Between her and her people stands a wall, invisible, but thicker, more impenetrable than the rampart of a fortress.

Never will she know the sentiments of the crowd, and never will the man, who is, perchance, making ready to kill her, discover her ardent sympathy for the poor, that store of inexhaustible charity her heart holds.

In reality, the drama of a revolution is played out between actors very far apart.

While on her rock at Cintra the Queen is beset by a crowd of anxious thoughts, an Admiral in the cabin of his ship dreams his ambitious dreams; a young student, in his book-lined chamber, intoxicates himself with the ideas of the philosophers, and proposes to remake a world where things are so unjustly divided.

And already, in the terrible mystery of these parallel existences which can meet only amidst frightful cataclysm, the tragic event is begotten.

XXIV

THE Court was at Cintra, where the Marshal de Fonseca, President of the Brazilian Republic, had been received. On 3rd October the King was to arrive at the Palace of Bélem, which he had given to the Marshal as his residence during his stay in Portugal.

About six o'clock the King arrived at Lisbon in a motor-car; he got out at the Necessidades Palace, remained there but a few moments, and went on to Bélem. There he heard from his Ministers that a Republican Deputy, Dr. Bombarda, superintendent of an asylum for the insane, had been murdered by a madman.

The agitators of his party were endeavouring to make capital out of this murder by making it out to be a political crime.

The President of the Council smiled at so vain an attempt. What was there to fear?

He could answer for the fervent loyalty of the Army as affirmed by its chiefs.

At a recent banquet, where several hundreds of officers were present, had they not risen in a body to acclaim their Sovereign, to swear fidelity to him and assure him of their eternal attachment?

It was rumoured that certain officers of the Navy professed republican sentiments; but what could a few vessels riding at anchor do against a whole garrison?

Nevertheless, the King declared that, since a riot might be feared, he would not go back to Cintra that night, and that he would give up the journey to the North he had intended to begin the next day. Then, with perfect ease of mind, he devoted himself to his guests.

About midnight he drove back to the Necessidades Palace, past a lively crowd. At the Palace everything was quiet, almost dull.

The King refused to go to rest; before leaving Bélem he had told his Ministers that he would keep in communication with them during the night, and each had promised to come to give him an account of the situation.

An hour later no news had yet reached him; he telephoned to the President of the Council.

The trouble, he is told, is taking on a graver character; the Minister ventures to advise His Majesty to quit the city. The King is indignant at such an idea.

As a matter of fact, the revolutionaries, who, for the last two years, have been systematically introducing arms into Lisbon, are distributing them to the dregs of the population. Nearly two thousand men thus armed dispersed about the city are to assemble at the extreme north of the Avenue de la Liberté, in the quarters of the 1st Battery of Artillery. The disaffected soldiers of this battery imprison their officers, seize the arms, and four guns of large calibre, which they place in an excellent position.

About two o'clock in the morning the report of these guns is heard. It is the signal decided on by the insurgents for the mobilisation of their forces for the occupation of all the strategic points of the capital.

But they are still so uncertain of success, the minds of their chiefs are still so strained with

anxiety, that the Admiral Candido dos Reis, appointed commander of the revolutionary forces, not hearing the forts answer, as has been promised, to the call of his vessels, thinks the game up, and kills himself.

Troublous day of revolutions, when everything is still in doubt, when everyone hesitates, groping his way through mystery and insecurity ; when some bold decision, some really resolute will, might carry all before it.

Why did not the King take this strong and bold course which might have saved his throne ? Certain actual obstacles, as well as a psychological reason, were against it.

M. Maurras has exactly analysed this reason in a few words :

" The Constitutions subscribed to from reign to reign in Portugal," he writes, " have ended in modifying the state of mind of the ancient Braganzas. These noble Princes have come to look upon themselves in dual terms after the English fashion, retaining half of their sovereignty and sharing their throne with the unstable and dangerous element of popular will."

Dom Manoël's visit to England had still more strengthened his respect for the constitutional system. He will not dream of doing anything illegal; he allows his responsible Ministers to act; he relies on their oaths. Besides, were he to attempt personal action at this moment, it would be impossible. He tries to get news, to give orders. The telephone and telegraph wires have been cut; the English submarine cable is out of use. One telephone wire, that at the head-quarters, has escaped the vigilance of the revolutionaries. The King speaks through it; the answer is evasive.

The Military Governor of Lisbon reports himself as ill; he has put the command of the town into the hands of the Deputy-Governor, to whom he has delegated all his powers. This man is one of the heads of the conspiracy.

Up from the Tagus the reports of twenty-five guns shake the city.

A muffled roar fills the night, and the crackling of musketry resounds. From the Palace the noise of the cannon rolling along the uneven pavement can be heard.

On hearing of the revolt of the gunners of the 1st Battery, the men of the 16th Regiment of Infantry rose, killed their Colonel and two officers, and left their barracks, armed.

The Ministers proclaimed a state of siege, and called out the Municipal Guard, the 5th Regiment of Light Infantry, and some artillery to restore order. These different forces were to occupy the heights above Lisbon ; but all the decisive points were already in the hands of the insurgents. There were no more police ; their head had likewise been suddenly taken so ill that he was prevented from giving any orders or undertaking any responsibility. On the other hand, the revolutionary forces were directed and commanded by republican naval officers, come on shore at the first report of the guns.

An artillery captain has taken his battery to the Necessidades Palace to make sure of the King's safety ; his guns are pointed at the Marine Barracks, where the leaders of the revolt and the seditious sailors are assembled.

For the first time there is a telephone call in the Palace. " Is it true," asks the Deputy-

Governor, " that a battery of artillery has arrived at the Necessidades ? "

" Yes," replies the King.

" Will Your Majesty please to send it back to me ? I have absolute need of it."

The King answers that the battery is in a very good position, and alone ensures the defence of the Palace. The Deputy-Governor insists.

This battery must clear the streets and make way for the passing of a regiment that is being sent to the Necessidades. Urged in the name of the general interest, the King acquiesces ; the battery goes to the appointed spot. It falls into an ambuscade and is decimated.

The Palace is left unguarded.

Before the night had passed, but a handful of servants was left to the King : two aides-de-camp, the Earl Marshal the Comte de Sabugosa, the Marquis de Lavradio, a few faithful chamberlains, and the Spanish Minister, who, as soon as the firing began, had made his way past the insurgents and come to take a place of honour beside Dom Manoël—in all, eight or ten persons.

At daybreak the flag of the Republic was seen

to be floating above the Marine Barracks; the King had his standard hoisted on the Necessidades.

Then two vessels lying in the roads, which were in the possession of the revolutionaries, weighed anchor, worked their way to the front of the arsenal, and put themselves in position to bombard the Royal Palace.

Loyal and rebel troops keep on firing at each other from every corner of the town. As for the inhabitants of Lisbon, they have shut themselves up in their houses, many hiding in their cellars.

Outside the dregs of the people, armed by the conspirators, there is no really popular movement. The chiefs of the republican party themselves are awaiting the success of the military insurrection to act openly.

An envoy from the President of the Council presents himself before the King, the bearer of a message exhorting His Majesty to leave the Palace, on which shells are beginning to fall. Dom Manoël gives his Minister's letter to some of those round him to read, and adds:

"Go if you like—I shall stay. Since the only part the Constitution allows me to play is that

of letting myself be killed, I will try to play it decently."

The first projectiles had only damaged the chimneys. The King says with a smile that it is the custom of revolutions to give work to the *fumistes*.

Cornices are broken down, windows shattered ; a shell falls into the room next to that where the King stands ; its splinters break the telephone installation ; the King goes out into the gardens ; shells cut off the branches of the palm trees.

Dom Manoël calculates that, after the orders he has given the night before, the regiments from the North he has summoned to Lisbon will arrive during the day, and he proposes to put himself at their head. The insurgents will be as it were swamped in the mass of loyal soldiers, and there will be a hope of an end to the insurrection. The information on the situation he believes himself to possess, and his own calculations, allow him to hope. Unmoved by the firing, he reckons up the chances.

But the Queen ? From Cintra she hears the reports of the guns. At first the telephone has

brought her reassuring news. She had heard her son assure her of his calmness and composure. Then the wire has been cut ; but she has been kept in communication with the Ministers. They are not sparing of information, only it is false. There is fighting, but the troops loyal to the King are quelling the riot. The insurgents everywhere are being surrounded and taken ; they are laying down their arms. When day comes the sedition will be suppressed, and order once more reign in the town. . . .

But in spite of the reassuring details sent her, she is full of fears for her son. She remembers Dom Carlos dying, Dom Luiz writhing in his death-agony. She is on her knees, praying. What mother is there that could bear the thought of such a night of anguish, the silence of Cintra broken ever and anon by the sound of cannon or machine guns ?

At daybreak the firing increases. The Queen wishes to go to her son, but she is implored to refrain ; her presence would complicate matters too much. The hours are too long ; she quits Pena. On the way to Lisbon she meets one of

her most faithful adherents, the young Count de Figueiro, and learns from him that the King is at Mafra ; and she hastens to her son.

About one o'clock the King has received a fresh message from his Ministers, a categorical summons to leave his Palace immediately ; his presence at the Necessidades is alone the reason for the bombardment of that quarter ; and though the shells have not done much mischief in the Royal Domain, the houses all around are being shattered, and fires are breaking out. The King's obstinacy in remaining in Lisbon will be the cause of the greatest disasters. The President of the Council will place the responsibility for them on him, and will not undertake to conduct the resistance if the King does not leave the town. Can he not understand that his presence embarrasses his defenders ?

Truly Dom Manoël does not understand, thinking now of nothing but of getting his loyal troops together and overcoming or dying at their head ! Well, let him go to Mafra, where he will find the battalion of cadets, where the military forces of the kingdom will gather, and whence he

can act. So Dom Manoël decides to go to Mafra.

"The King had taken no food since the previous day," says the Marquis de Lavradio, who never left him. "We wanted to have something prepared for him; but it was no use—the Palace was empty. At the fall of the first shell, ushers, doorkeepers, scullions, and dignitaries had gone to join the republicans."

At Mafra the King did in fact find the cadets of the Military Colleges and their Commandant, who greeted him with cheers.

Queen Amélie arrives from Pena accompanied by the Count and Countess de Figueiro and Doña Maria de Menezes. She is with her son; his position is now invulnerable. Confidence is restored; there is to be an organised resistance; some devoted partisans arrive from Lisbon. M. Kerausch, King Manoël's tutor, and the Marquis de Lavradio do all they can to help him; they go to get news; it is bad.

Having got rid of the King, the authorities have at once decided to come to terms with the insurgents. Whether through misunderstanding

or treason, the loyal troops have received orders to cease fighting. The Republic is proclaimed; a provisional government set up.

Already the zeal of the Military Commandant at Mafra is abating; next day he respectfully informs His Majesty that his two hundred cadets could not defend him against an army. He suggests to him not to wait for the regiments from the North, but to go to Oporto by sea, the ways by land being cut off.

The Duke of Oporto has tried in vain to get together some still loyal batteries of artillery; then as soon as he knew the King was at Mafra, has brought round the Royal yacht from Cascaës to Ericeira, a port close to the Castle. The *Amelia* will swiftly take the King into the midst of the loyal provinces.

Dom Manoël, Queen Amélie, Queen Maria-Pia, who has just arrived from Cintra, the Duke of Oporto, and their adherents consult together.

"It was agreed," says the Marquis de Lavradio, who was present at this supremely important deliberation, "that an immediate landing in the northern provinces—which we

deluded ourselves into believing a Portuguese Vendée—should form the base of a serious, if tardy, resistance. Success was only a matter of hours; it must come before the Revolution. So it was decided that, without waiting for provisions or baggage, an immediate start should be made."

Queen Amélie applauded the wisdom of the decision; she held that a sovereign, legitimate inheritor of a throne such as that of Lisbon, owes it to his people to hold out at whatever cost, were he even to have recourse to "those mysterious powers that give and take away the lives of mortals."

She sees already the King at the head of loyal regiments subduing the revolt. She will not forsake him; she will follow him into all the risks he runs, happy in sacrificing all care for her own life for this beloved son.

Dom Manoël gathers the young men of the school around him and bids them farewell, telling them he relies on their attachment; he goes up to their Commandant, thanks him for his loyalty, and embraces him.

The carriages are scarcely out of sight when this man, who had appeared so much touched at the King's embrace, harangues his pupils, in an address alive with ardent republicanism, and has the revolutionary flag hoisted.

The pathways bordered with autumn roses, the flowery arbours of Ericeira, lighted up by the setting sun, seemed sadder to the hearts of these forsaken ones than King Lear's heath. The population showed great deference to the Royal Family, and implored the King not to go.

"Never fear," said Queen Amélie; "we shall come back."

Boats took off the King, the Queens, the Duke of Oporto, the Countess Figueiro, Doña Maria de Menezes, who refused to leave their Sovereign; the Count de Sabugosa, the Marquis de Fayal, Captain Villez Caldeira, Major Waddington, the Count da Ponte, Captain Jose de Mello, Don Vasco de Camara, and M. Kerausch, to the yacht. Dom Manoël said he wished to make for Oporto. The commander of the *Amelia* bowed, but explained to the King that that route

was closed by the rebel fleet; the only course left open to them was that of exile.

"And that is the only one we will not take," answered Queen Amélie. "The King cannot fly; he prefers death."

It is said that the commander replied gently that the King had no arms with which to fight; that if he went towards Oporto he would speedily be taken prisoner by the republican fleet, and that this ending would be neither glorious nor efficacious; and the yacht set sail for Gibraltar.

No one in Europe felt any doubt about the machinery of this revolution. Never did Prince seem more innocent of a crisis that convulsed his country than Manoël II. Never did a people take less part in a *coup d'état* which swept away a throne!

As was written in the *Action Française*, as well as in the most republican Paris papers, "The Portuguese Monarchy fell a victim to its Parliament."

Even the institution of the parliamentary system had been as unlucky for the kingdom as

for the dynasty of the Braganzas ; it had brought to nothing the goodwill and the diligence of its last representatives. Vitiating the monarchical power — as Dom Carlos had plainly seen — paralysing it in its functions, criticising its every action in unmeasured terms, it had so completely undermined it that it appeared to crumble away of itself ; and it is permissible to ask oneself now whether in the crumbling it did not take with it, as M. Maurras said at the time, " the last means of recovery left to the Lusitania of old days."

XXV

MANY a day after this mournful journey the Queen of Portugal was to write to Mme d'Harcourt :

" It is good of you to wish to come, especially as you have to cross the sea. I have developed a hatred for that element since the hours I spent on board that accursed yacht which took me reluctantly to Gibraltar. I used to love sailing, but now even to look at the sea enrages me. I have a horror of it ! "

Of all her blessings, her glory, her power, nothing now remains to Queen Amélie ; she stands on the deck of that vessel like one rescued from shipwreck whose all has been lost in the storm. But she is not thinking of her own losses ; she is in despair at leaving Portugal without fighting in her son's cause, the cause of the Monarchy she holds sacred.

" To abandon a throne, to abdicate, may

be as cowardly an action as to abandon the service of one's country when in danger," she says.

Her feelings are those of a knight overcome by the treachery of felons who have bound him and are dragging him away. She and her son are prisoners, struggling in vain in the bonds that hold them, and bruising themselves against the sense of impotence to attempt anything whatsoever.

The Rock of Gibraltar is already in sight; its summit shines above the mist.

How can life go on? The moving prison of the *Amelia* must be exchanged for the Governor's Palace, where, treated with the deepest respect, the most correct etiquette, the exiles must taste the bitterness of their situation to the full.

The telegraph is working again, and Europe knows now that the Princes of Portugal are waiting at the extreme end of the Continent, as much in need of a refuge from their distress as the poorest man on earth.

The Duc and Duchesse de Guise, who live in

Morocco, hastened to the exiles. The Duke of Orleans has entreated the King and Queen Amélie to come with the Duke of Oporto to Norton. The aged Queen, Maria-Pia, who came to Portugal when she was scarcely sixteen years old, will go back to her own country, Italy, leaving behind her in this ungrateful land the graves of her husband, her son, and her grandson—by which she will never more pray.

The King of England has spontaneously sent his yacht to Gibraltar ; and the moment has come to quit the Peninsula and sail for the land of exile, where Queen Amélie will find once more so many sad memories.

It is easy to imagine the sadness that fell upon her heart at the sound of the waves breaking along the pier, and the call of the sea.

She starts ; far-off shine the lights of Portugal, and the ocean bears her away.

One evening the Royal yacht glides silently into those Plymouth Roads where a few months earlier Dom Manoël had been saluted by the British Fleet. No salvos of cannon, no hurrahs from vessels announce his arrival to-day ; boats

stealthily approach the yacht's side. They carry the Duke of Orleans, Admiral Seymour, sent by the King of England to meet the Portuguese Sovereigns, the Duc de Luynes, the Marquis de Soveral, and Dr. Recamier.

They have to wait a long time in the wake of the vessel before the gangway to take them on board is fixed ; and when the wooden steps drop from the bulwarks it seems to them like a coffin falling upon them.

Choked with an emotion that takes away the power of speech, they climb the long ladder.

Dom Manoël stands at the head of the gangway, the dust of the roads of Mafra still on his clothes and hat.

Then, here is the Queen ! She has recovered complete self-control ; she smiles at her brother and Admiral Seymour.

A few minutes later she says to the Duc de Luynes, " I can repeat the famous words, ' All is lost save honour ! ' Life has been very cruel to me. My heart runs over with sorrow, indignation, and bitterness for all the dastardly ingratitude, the baseness, the treachery. But God's

will be done. I am conscious of having done my duty, however hard. Now, we can only pray and hope."

But such words repeated or written down lose their full meaning and impressiveness. To feel the full effect of the Queen's words, to be as profoundly moved by them as was the Duc de Luynes, one must have heard the expression, the inflexion her voice gave to them, seen the dignity of her bearing.

Tears were shed around her; but she did not give way for a moment. She consoled her dejected friends.

To describe her behaviour one must again call upon the eloquence of a Bossuet.

" Beyond all measure pursued by the malignity of fortune, betrayed by all around her, she never proved false to herself."

But she has still a great task to perform.

What is to become of this twenty-year-old King, whose rank henceforth forbids him the use of his own youth, intelligence, and energy ?

Must it not be hers to be his guide, his experience, his comfort ?

"It does not matter about me," she says—"my life is finished—but for him! . . ."

So she will live for him, to keep him in mind "of what he owes to himself, what he owes to his people."

And she quickly repels the accusation brought by her friends against the Portuguese people.

"They are good and generous," she says; "they still keep many of their ancient virtues. What is really execrable is the politicians who impose upon them—all those who flatter them now after bowing down to us so as to smite us all the more surely!"

As she speaks of these, her voice changes and hardens; she seems to feel no hatred for the avowed adversaries of the throne; but the greatest contempt for the cowards and traitors.

At Norton, with the Duchess of Orleans, the Comtesse de Paris awaits the Portuguese Sovereigns; as soon as she has heard of their starting for England she has hastened thither.

With what emotion must she see Queen Amélie and King Manoël cast into an exile all whose troubles she has known. It is a meeting

both sweet and bitter. A stifled sob, a half-uttered lament—ending in a smile.

Had not the Comtesse de Paris taught her daughter from her infancy the daily conquest of self, to conceal the tears a Princess must not shed in public ?

XXVI

Once again Queen Amélie is closed about by the magic circle where Fate decreed her birth. The meadows of Richmond spread their mists about her. She has taken for herself and the King a very modest dwelling—Abercorn House.

"My head and my nerves are so worn out," she writes to Mme d'Oilliamson the day after she is installed there, "that at present they won't allow of any thinking."

Nevertheless the Queen of Portugal never knew those hours of prostration that overpower natures less energetic than hers. She realised that since she had not been able to die as she would have wished, in defending the crown of the Braganzas, she must bravely take up a life devoted to the maintenance of their rights!

About Richmond she found again the paths where her first footsteps had been taken. Just as when she was a little girl, she sought refuge

for her thoughts in the solitude, amongst the trees and in the meadows. These shores of the Thames brought her so many melancholy recollections!

The tombs are here; here is the room in which the Comte de Paris died his noble death.

"There," she said, "all my thoughts grow purer; and I transfer my desires from earth to heaven."

Some few Portuguese had left their country to follow the King, and had settled in London, or even at Richmond. Around Abercorn House a little colony of exiles make a circle of devoted adherents; their loyalty helps the Queen to forget the defections that had deeply wounded her heart.

There are the Count and Countess de Figueiro with their children and grandchildren; the Count das Galveâs and his family; the Marquis de Soveral, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs at Lisbon, and Ambassador in London; the Councillor Luiz de Magalhès, who had also been Minister for Foreign Affairs; the Duke and Duchess of Palmella; the Viscount and Viscountess d'Asseco; the Marquis and Marchioness de

Lavradio ; Emilio d'Almeida Azevedo, and M. Kerausch.

The Countess de Sabugosa, the Countess de Seisal, Doña Izabel Saldanha da Gama, the Councillor Wenceslau de Lima, Don Vasco de Camara, Doña Izabel Lobo d'Almeida, Captain Ayrès d'Ornellas, and Captain Jean d'Azevedo-Contenho come for long visits every year.

It is a touching list ! Voluntary exiles whose fidelity to the Royal cause is one with their devotion to duty and honour !

Every evening at that mournful hour when night seems to veil the sepulchre wherein the exiles are entombed, the Queen sees herself surrounded by the noblest of her subjects.

Each night these chivalrous courtiers of misfortune give her the illusion of a Court.

But as misfortune has dispersed the indifferent and the crafty, all those who waited on her only for what profit they could make out of her, there now reigns in this circle a tranquillity and a sense of confidence she did not know at the Necessidades.

To all her " friends," as she loves to call them, the Queen shows the most touching gratitude.

She is always thinking about them; she finds out a thousand ways to please them, delicate attentions that show her constant preoccupation with their comfort and happiness.

And her thoughts go beyond those who live near her. She fears for the absent, follows them in their lives, takes a part in their joys, is distressed by their troubles.

Thus she writes to Mme d'Harcourt:

"I am very, very sorry for Charette's death. He was a great personality, a gallant knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*; and as I know how dearly you loved that uncle, and how justly proud you were of him, I know how grieved you must be, and I feel with you. . . ."

But however accessible, however approachable, however like all others she wishes to be, she still remains the Queen, and her sway is over all around her still, so little do her prestige and her majesty depend on her crown and sceptre or Court etiquette.

The touching dignity natural to her, the remembrance of her misfortunes, surround her with a mysterious golden cloud that endues her

whole personality with a brilliance capable of making the most churlish bow the head.

"Oh, mother! oh, wife! oh, admirable Queen, worthy of a better fortune, if earth's fortunes were anything! . . ."

Cut off from this earth's fortunes, Queen Amélie, whose kingdom seems scarce of this world, appears more majestic to-day than in the midst of the Oriental splendours of Bélem.

But this Sovereign, who will reign no more henceforth over any land, has given up none of her faith in the sacred duty, the providential mission of kings. On this point no doubt has touched her. She is convinced that the fate of the peoples and of civilisation are intimately bound up with that of Monarchy; that hereditary Royalty is the only form of government capable of assuring the social transformation Europe is waiting for.

"Philosophers," she says, "have discovered convincing proofs of this theory; as for me, I have no need of these arguments, for I am in a state of inward certainty, I might say of revelation, as to its truth, and I know what such a

feeling entails. The educators of the Democracy talk of nothing but the rights of the people ; I never talked to my children but of the duties of kings, and I am not likely to abandon that apostolate."

" Queen Amélie," said M. Denys Cochin to a journalist who was questioning him during the days of the revolution, " has got the sense of the Royal duty Providence has assigned to her pinned to her heart."

When quite a young girl she used to say, " I can't understand a soldier with no love for arms, no liking for war, or a monk who doesn't accept the discipline of his order."

Nowadays, she would no better understand a king who has no faith in the order he represents.

Is it not her true grandeur that nothing has been able to break her—not her terrible sorrow, nor the defeat of all her powers by ingratitude, nor by treachery ; to know neither weariness nor surrender ; to remain unalterably true to a principle ; faithful to political tasks ; a living citadel of the honour of her race ?

The Duc d'Aumale, an exile at Richmond, used to say, "I shall wait." The exiled Queen of Portugal says, "I shall stand my ground."

One only of her numberless misfortunes might well have beaten us down for ever. The agony and the abominations she has gone through have only braced her courage.

Like Ligier Richier's dead man, whose image haunted her memory, the heart her enemies tore from her breast she lifts with invincible arm, high above the weaknesses and miseries of humanity.

APPENDIX

THE GOOD WORKS OF THE QUEEN

It has been thought best not to impede the telling of this story by an enumeration of the charitable institutions founded by Queen Amélie.

But as charity and care for the poor and sick have been the chief work of her life, she could not be really known unless details of these organisations were given.

We have obtained a list of them from one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, who was her most frequent associate in them.

The Children's Hospital at Rego, 1888

Queen Amélie (then Duchess of Braganza), on the initiative of the Duchesse de Palmella, and the Comtesse Ficalho, presided at the opening of the Hospital, and got up a great charity bazaar

at the house of the Comte de Burnay, where a sum of nearly 100,100 francs was cleared and formed a permanent endowment.

It was an unpretending hospital, but a model one, thanks to the care and devotion of the governor, Dr. Mouton, and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

The Duchesse de Palmella was the life and soul of this good work, and it was the best hospital for children in Lisbon.

The Setting up of Fuel-Saving Stoves

Queen Amélie and Queen Maria-Pia set up fuel-saving stoves in an outhouse belonging to the Refuge for Vagrants to help labourers out of work, the victims of a financial crisis.

Absolutely free tickets, distributed by the civil governor, entitled each man to a meal. These meals fed thousands of unemployed workmen for several weeks, and the entire cost was undertaken by the two Queens.

The Institut d'Outre-Mer

The object of this Institution, founded by Queen Amélie and the Minister of Marine and the Colonies, Antonio Ermes, was to provide for the families of soldiers and sailors—officers and privates—and of deceased officials who had served in the overseas possessions. It was under the direct and active presidency of the Queen.

This Society guaranteed pensions to parents and widows, the education of children, and marriage portions to young girls. A number of rooms in a suppressed convent at Calvario were given to the families of former officers or officials.

The resources were limited enough, but were well administered; they were furnished by the State, by the gifts of members of the Association, by the Municipal Chambers of the Colonies, bequests, and the results of an annual performance at the Opera. Many families derived from it either their entire income or a great part of it.

Each pension was allotted after inquiry and discussion at the meetings of the Association.

The Institute for Helping the Shipwrecked

This was founded in 1892 by the Queen, assisted by the Minister of Marine, Feirreira da Amarati, and was under the personal presidency of the Queen.

The object of this Institution was to organise a service of help to all shipwrecked persons along the entire coast of Portugal and the islands; rescue-stations, boats, and life-saving apparatus; refitting of vessels; information offices, and the building and improving of lighthouses.

The Central Institute had a Board of Directors, local committees everywhere, and, as its resources, a subsidy from the State, the subscriptions of the associates, charity fêtes, bequests, etc.

The Queen often presided at the meetings of the Executive Committee at the Central Institute, and at the annual general meetings, when reports and accounts were discussed, and the medals and diplomas won by those who had saved life at the risk of their own were distributed.

This Institution rendered immense services, and the Queen was its untiring patroness.

The Great Royal Dispensary

This Dispensary was set up in a wing of the suppressed Convent of the Sacramento at Alcantara.

To defray the cost of the work, Queen Amélie got up a charity bazaar, and the buying of furniture and the first instruments was accomplished. The first director, Dr. Silva Carvalho, showed the most absolute devotion to this work. He was assisted by the Dominican Sisters and the doctors Teixera Dinez and Fernando de Lencastre.

The number of children cared for in the Dispensary went on increasing, and reached several hundreds a day.

The Dispensary was open to all, and the greatest attention and necessary remedies were at the service of all. Plaster of Paris dressings of the newest kind, electrical and gymnastic treatments, and all the small operations on the throat, the nose, and the ears were performed there.

Moreover, the children were cared for as to

cleanliness and hygiene, and left the Dispensary supplied with milk, bread, and soup.

They were also vaccinated there.

The Queen helped largely in teaching these poor people the rules of hygiene, and thus secured the lowering of infant mortality.

The premises became insufficient. Then the Director asked the Queen, who up to that time had borne the whole cost of the work, to share in setting up a building more in keeping with its development.

A new spacious and convenient establishment was built, the staff increased, the number of instruments doubled, and it was made possible to fix baths and douches, and to equip a model pharmacy, thanks partly to the generous bequest of Polycarpo dos Anjös.

This Dispensary was opened in 1908. Dr. Dom Antonio de Lencastre was the life and soul of the Executive Committee. It was he who suggested to the Queen the idea of establishing the Dispensary which was to be the first object of the "Society for the Relief of the Tuberculous," and who put it on a technical and practical footing.

To fight tuberculosis by shielding infancy and so regenerate the race, has always been a wish very near the Queen's heart. Therefore she became President of this good work, the Executive Committee of which was composed of :

The Countess de Sabugosa and Murça ;
The Countess de Seisal ;
The Countess de Figueiro ;
Doña Izabel Saldanha da Gama ;
Doña Maria de Patrocinio Barros ;
Lima d'Almeida ;
The Countess de Valenças ;
Doña Maria Brandao Pasha ; and
Dr. Silva Carvalho.

Each of these ladies took up turn and turn about the rôles of accountant, secretary, bursar, and even the superintendence of the linen, giving Her Majesty their valuable and devoted help.

A Royal estate—the Tapada d'Ajuda—supplied the milk as well as the vegetables.

The average number of children on the register varied between 800 and 1000 ; the age of admission was between one and fourteen years, but the limit of age was not absolutely

strictly adhered to; and from all parts of the countryside little ones came to benefit by the enamelled purity of all the apparatus.

In 1894 or 1895 the Queen, desiring to extend the benefits of this work to Oporto, had a dispensary modelled on that at Lisbon opened there.

Her active collaborators were first the Countess de Samodaës, then the members of the Board of Directors composed of the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Julio Cordoso, Dr. Fortès, and the woman-doctor, Paes Moreira. Franciscan sisters were attached to the Dispensary, which was housed in the Convent of Ave Maria.

The authorities, the Bishop and the Municipal Council, gave generous sums to this work, which enabled it to add a section, which was called "The Drop of Milk."

The Royal Bacteriological Institute

The Queen helped in its foundation, and was passionately interested in it. M. Diaz Ferreiro set up the Institute first in a small out-building of the Saõ José Hospital. He proposed to

treat rabies, cholera, plague, tetanus, tuberculosis, typhus, and sleeping-sickness after Pasteur's method.

It was thus that the anti-diphtheritic vaccination with Dr. Roux's serum was introduced into Portugal. The King gave the horses necessary for the experiment.

Dr. Camera Pertany was the soul of this organisation; he showed the most absolute devotion to it, and died a victim to the bubonic plague while attending on the sufferers from this terrible malady.

His collaborators were the Drs. Annibal Bettencourt and França.

The rudimentary beginnings developed little by little. A new institute was built which conformed to all the most recent demands of science. The superintendents were lodged there; lecture halls, libraries, special infirmaries for cases of diphtheria and rabies, laboratories and vaccination rooms were set up. The stables and kennels for the animals for experiment were perfectly arranged. These animals came from the King's stables.

Thus by her influence and patronage the Queen was the means of saving thousands of lives.

The Camera Pertany Bacteriological Institute was a scientific establishment of the first class, of which the country might feel proud.

The results obtained in the treatment of sleeping-sickness and cerebro-spinal meningitis were thought most remarkable by all the eminent foreign surgeons.

The National Society for the Relief of the Tuberculous

This Society was opened in June 1899 on the initiative of the Queen. It gave marvellous results, thanks to the intelligent direction, the unwearied devotion, and the great competence of Dr. Dom Antonio de Lencastre; thanks also to the generosity of all, great or small, from the King to the workman.

The Queen took immense interest in this Society. The wheels of administration were very simple, but the ramifications stretched all

over the country, and ended at the Central Committee.

The King had accepted the Presidency. The Central Committee, up to 5th October 1910, consisted of—Her Majesty the Queen, the Marquis de Praïa, the Count de Sabugosa, Dr. Antonio de Lencastre, José Maria dos Santos, Vincente Monteiro, Dr. Curry Cabral, Dr. Silva Amada, Carlos Bocage, João Ulrich, Pereira de Miranda, and Dr. Jones.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee was Dom Antonio de Lencastre, and there were also committees for technical matters, for spreading knowledge on the subject, for getting up fêtes, for collecting, etc.

Less than a year from its opening the Society inaugurated the Maritime Sanatorium at Outão; less than two years after, the Anti-Tuberculosis Dispensary.

In twelve years of its existence the Society, always under the Queen's direction, had opened and kept up:

1. *The Maritime Sanatorium at Outão*, for consumptive young girls. In 1910 seventy beds

were occupied, and it was hoped to get over a hundred. Extraordinary results were obtained owing to the situation of the building, good food, and the devotion of the Dominican Sisters.

2. *The Maritime Sanatorium at Carcavello,* whose foundation was due to the lamented Thomas Ribiero, and the Drs. José d'Almeida and Arriaga. This Sanatorium was established for boys suffering from scrofula, rickets, and tuberculosis of the bones. The superintendent, Dr. José d'Almeida, gave proof of competence, devotion, and disinterestedness.

3. *The Anti-Tuberculosis Dispensary of Lisbon,* the first example of what, after having been set up in Portugal, was called in France "type Calmette."

The entire organisation and situation of this were due to the knowledge of Dr. Antonio de Lencastre.

The Dispensary originally set up in the Rua do Alacrim was annexed to the *Institute Central D. Amelias,* and all departments were combined there — the board-rooms, the pharmacy, the lecture halls and meeting-rooms; bathrooms

and douches; a laboratory for X-rays was added, and the special apparatus for the throat, the nose, the ears, and the giving of injections of sea-water according to the Quinton method were secured.

Every day the Dispensary distributed a great number of tickets for the free-meal institution. Most of these were given by the King; others came from generous subscribers. Special tickets for bread, wine, and milk were given to the sick irrespective of the remedies supplied by the Pharmacy of the Institute.

The Dispensary doctors also visited the sick at their homes and sent them to the different sanatoriums.

4. *Dispensaries* modelled on that at Lisbon were opened at Oporto, Grangança, Faro, and Villa do Conde.

5. *The Souza Martins Sanatorium* for open-air treatment at Guarda (Serra da Estrella), inaugurated in May 1907, was composed of central buildings and three tents, one of which was reserved for the poor, where they were treated gratuitously. The second was destined

for the sick of moderate means, and they made a small payment. The third, divided into apartments, was reserved for better-off patients. Cottages for families were scattered about the precincts of the Sanatorium. The receipts from the paying patients were used for the expenses incurred for the poor; but all received the same care and attention.

This was the first Sanatorium of the kind built in Portugal; its founding represented an enormous effort, but the excellent results rewarded the founders.

At the time of the downfall of Royalty in Portugal, there were several benevolent institutions in preparation in Portugal, of which one, the Dom Carlos Convalescent Home at Lumiar, was entirely built and ready for working.

It was built on a large, well-laid-out piece of ground; its resources were almost entirely due to amateur bull-hunts got up by the King. This hospital was intended as a rest-house for sick people too weak to take up their work after illness or a time in a sanatorium.

This interregnum, during which they enjoyed

good air, entire rest, and the best of food, allowed the men and women admitted to recover their health completely before taking up their work again.

The Society had also the necessary funds for opening a similar hospital at Oporto—the Dom Manoël Hospital.

A new Sanatorium was to have been constructed in the province of Minho for the children of the northern provinces who had hitherto been taken in at Outão and Carcavellos. Each town had its delegates or "uncles" from the Society, composed of the authorities and notables.

When one thinks of the progress made, the difficulties overcome, and the results obtained, one is never wearied of admiring the Queen, whose ability, energy, and charity gave life to those good works. She was justly proud of them.

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