

the city gates, they were dispersed by Carabineers, on whom they had fired. Many wandered about the countryside and were found by their enemies, who fell upon them like wild beasts. Old scores were settled between profiteers of the Sarzana and Spezia markets and the Fascisti. Among the tortured victims was a boy of sixteen.

When Fascismo, as a whole, refused to obey the terms of peace with the extreme Socialist party, it showed its feet of clay, and Mussolini resigned his leadership. Deploing the events of June and July, he disowned it, for, as he said, 'It was no longer a liberation, but a tyranny; no longer a safeguard for the nation, but a defense of private in-

terests of the worst kind.' As there are signs of drastic reforms taking place, a rekindled Fascismo promises to arise. It is more than likely that it will be formed into a political party with a definite programme, and their new task will be to tilt against the P.P.I., or Catholic Party, which looms alarmingly big in the horizon.

Italians, in reviewing past events, bitterly regret the seeds of class-hatred sown, and the return to mediævalism and violence, but they do not put all the blame on the Fascisti. What about the Government's consistent policy of neutrality through every crisis of social unrest? And was it quite fair to use the Fascisti as Government scavengers?

BOTHWELL'S DANISH TOMB

BY AXEL BREIDAL

[On the occasion of the revival of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's Maria Stuart at the Royal Danish Theatre in Copenhagen, Mr. Axel Breidal, a well-known Danish journalist, visited the church at Faarevejle, where Bothwell's body lies.]

From *Politiken*

(DANISH POLITICAL AND LITERARY JOURNAL)

JAMES, EARL BOTHWELL, — or, as he wrote it himself, in Scotch, James Erle Boithuille, was born in 1536 or 1537. His father had the reputation of being the proudest, haughtiest man in all Scotland. His mother was a Sinclair, related to that Colonel Sinclair who won renown at the battle of Gudbrandsdalen. On the death of his father, James Bothwell, at the age of only nineteen years, became master of Bothwell Castle and assumed the hereditary offices of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, Sheriff in the Shires of Berwick,

Hadington, and Edinburgh, as well as Bailiff in Landerdale. Hales Castle and Crichton Castle were his fortified possessions, so that he became, next to the Chief of the Hamiltons, the most powerful noble in the entire south of Scotland.

And this dried-up mummy before us was once the mighty warrior and great lover whom the Queen of the Scots chose for close companion. It taxes the imagination to the full to comprehend that the thing we behold here once lived a life as exciting and adventurous as any of his contemporaries. When he

was only twenty, he became a member of the Parliament of Scotland. Amid the stirring events of his day he was thrown into the midst of the struggle between the Catholics and the Protestants. It is Björnson who puts in the mouth of Bothwell the opinion that, though he is not quite clear as to the differences between the two faiths, he is quite sure that there are rascals on both sides. Brought up in the Protestant faith, in this struggle he stood with the Regent against the Protestants.

At twenty-five Bothwell was imprisoned in the citadel of Edinburgh, upon the false accusation of the insane Earl of Arran; but he tore out one of the bars of his prison window, lowered himself down the rock with the aid of a rope, and fled. After leading a roving existence in France and England, he was recalled by a decree of amnesty issued by Mary Stuart, and soon he, together with the Earl of Lennox, was placed in command of the army.

There has been much discussion as to Bothwell's real character. History records, however, that in the time between his escape from prison and his return to prison he found time to become betrothed to a Scotch woman, Janet Betoun, and to marry a Scandinavian lady of high rank, Anna Thorsen, whom he had met while he was in Denmark, and whom he subsequently deserted in the Netherlands. On his return to Scotland he married the young Lady Jane Gordon.

Unattractive in appearance, raw and uncouth though he was, it is none the less recorded that Bothwell was fascination incarnate for many a woman. The explanation is, perhaps, that because of these very defects he made an impression. There seems little doubt that it was these very characteristics, and among them his brutal frankness, that at last won Mary Stuart after the

murder of her weak and vacillating husband, Henry Darnley.

The Norwegian dramatist, Björnson, did not regard Darnley as the contemptible character whom history depicts. Quite the contrary, he endows him with many redeeming qualities and makes of him a man to be pitied rather than despised. As the playwright places him before our eyes, in his *Maria Stuart*, Darnley wins our sympathy, in spite of that lamentable weakness which makes him an easy prey to Mary's perfidy and cruelty. Into the historic Darnley of the Renaissance, Björnson infused the Christian spirit of love and forgiveness nowhere else more beautifully expressed.

As for Bothwell, Björnson makes of him a Viking, both by nature and by profession, a true descendant of the Norsemen who settled on the coast of Scotland. He is possessed of great physical strength, and—in contrast with the weaklings of a degenerate court who from her childhood have surrounded her—Mary finds these qualities so appealing that she finally welcomes him as her champion and deliverer. By selecting this outlawed bandit as her consort, she displays that primitive hero-worship so characteristic of the ancient Norse times, when the prize of love was bestowed on heroic acts.

Many historians have ventured the assertion that the relations of Mary with Bothwell had been intimate even before the murder of Darnley, although there is no conclusive proof that such was the case. That Bothwell, however, was one of the main actors in the drama ending in Darnley's murder, there can be little doubt. Yet it must not be forgotten that the attitude of those days toward political murder was wholly different from our own.

Bothwell's share in the murder naturally proved a powerful weapon in the hands of his enemies, and the anger of the people, when Mary—carried

off to Dunbar Castle by her lover, whether with or without her consent — married the slayer of her former husband, was natural enough. Bothwell, who had been made Duke of the Orkney Islands, was compelled to flee to these possessions; but even here he did not feel safe. A ship on which he had taken refuge was carried by storms toward the coast of Norway, whence he was brought as prisoner to Denmark. Frederik II sent him to Malmohus, where he was imprisoned, and subsequently he was removed to Dragsholm.

Bothwell was then scarcely thirty-one years old. For eleven years he lay in prison, suffering greatly toward the end, before death brought him deliverance. He had not found the protection he had anticipated at the hands of the Danish King. Frederik II, it is true, did not meet the desires of Bothwell's enemies, who sought his head, neither did he show any great favor to the imprisoned earl. It may be worth remembering that Frederik was once a suitor for Mary's favor, meeting with refusal.

Measured by the standards of our day, Bothwell is far from being a sympathetic figure. But if Schiller makes Mary Stuart exclaim that she is better than her reputation, the same words may be applied to James Bothwell. Historians have shown little leniency or impartiality to either.

Georg Brandes remarks fittingly: 'Very often historians make their tasks too easy. They present mankind externally without the responsive feeling that must come from within.' To illustrate his meaning, he tells this: —

I was sitting one evening in a German university, next a German professor of history, who informed me that he was engaged on a study of Bothwell, the wild Scotch earl, lover of Mary Stuart, Darnley's murderer. Looking at him in some surprise, I exclaimed, rather abruptly, 'It must be very difficult for you' (I meant for him, as a

German) 'to understand how Bothwell felt, and what his underlying motives were.'

'That is not necessary,' he replied. 'I have all the records before me.' That is just it. He had the records and considered them enough. But what about the real atmosphere, what about the breath of life? After more than two-score years, the professor's reply sticks in my memory, so deep was the impression that it made on me.

It is even more difficult for the present generation to judge the real character of historic persons when dramatized and variously reproduced by different actors. Impulsive as he was, Johann Wiehe may have caught the genuine spirit of Bothwell when, at the first performance of Björnson's *Maria Stuart* at the Royal Danish Theatre, in 1867, he presented him as 'a giant figure, possessing the violence and power of primitive man, rushing from the mountain heights through the halls of the Queen's castle and through her fate as well — a man of iron, as the playwright, too, must have conceived him, whom the woman admired and to whom she gave herself up.'

A fighter during his embattled life, Bothwell in death has been the cause of fierce discussion. Even with regard to his earthly remains there is some doubt and difference of opinion. Some will have it that these shrunken remnants visible in the death chamber of Faarevejle Church may not be his. The English Captain Marryat, however, wrote after visiting the Church and seeing the corpse: 'I declare positively that no impartial Englishman can look upon this body without emphatically stating that it must be the corpse of an ugly Scotchman.' What is here before us must, after all, be nothing else than the body of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. A piece of world-history lies hidden beneath the floor of this old church, and we wonder at the fate that brought him here amid surroundings so peaceful and so distant from his native Scotland.

A PAGE OF VERSE

FOR HER

BY DOUGLAS AINSLIE

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

DEATH passes, and Destiny
Sings: quick forget.
Your black robe is charming,
For six months' regret.

Come not to offer me
Tearful roses;
Keep all for the living,
The dead need no posies.

No pity! I shall sleep
Well without singing;
My body will nourish
The green grass upspringing.

But if on some evening
Of autumn you fancy
A touch of the sadness
That used to entrance me;

Why then, for a moment,
Madonna, forget
That you have forgotten,
And dream you regret.

THE DREAMER

E. S. MEAD

[*The Venturer*]

I FOUND a temple of vision,
I built a Tower of Dreams,
And there, with magic and music,
I wove sweet themes.

Below, in the surging city,
The clamour grew loud and swift;
I saw like white on the ocean
Sad faces drift.

And then to my lofty window
A voice came wistfully nigh:
Like the voice of God, yet seeming
A human cry.

It lured me forth in the city,
Out in the conflict and din,
To find the One who was calling,
In streets of sin.

He said, "Have you left your Temple?
Are your dreams no longer dear?"
I looked in His eyes and answered.
"They brought me here."

THOUGH HE WERE DEAD

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOICE

[*The New Witness*]

In the great golden meadows of the sun,
By limpid pools, the milk-white cattle
feed

Among sweet grasses, lushy, plenteous;
Fat sleeky herds, with smooth soft
bellies filled,

And mouths o'er-slaving from the
juicy stalk

Their ivory teeth have crushed. And
ere the dark,

While still they press their lips along
the brim

Of the cool wells, sucking deep thirstful
draughts,

Comes presently a little radiant lad
Peeling a supple new-plucked willow
wand,

And shouts a loud hallo. (Oh! down
the leagues

That shining lies between us, I have
heard

Him on a quiet evening, and 't is true.)
Lowing, they raise their heads and fol-

low him,
Mild-eyed, beyond the crimson rim of
day

Into their silver herd-house by the
moon.

(I saw folk lay a little farming lad
Six chilly feet below the lily blooms
One summertime, and say that he was
dead!)