

# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 4

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE



### ALPHONSO XIII.



BY XAVIER PAOLI

*Special Commissioner of the Sûreté Générale, Detailed to Accompany Royal Visitors to France*

"YOU wanted me to complete your collection, didn't you, M. Paoli?" The presidential train had left Hendaye; the distant echoes of the Spanish national anthem still reached our ears through the silence and the darkness. Leaning from the window of the sleeping-car, I was watching the last lights of the little frontier town disappear, one by one. . . .

I turned round briskly at the sound of that gay and bright voice. A tall, slim young man stood at the door of the compartment, with a

cigarette between his lips and a soft felt hat on his head, and gave me a friendly little wave of the hand. His long, slender figure looked very smart and supple in a pale-gray traveling suit; and a broad smile lit up his bronzed face, his smooth, boyish face, adorned with a large Bourbon hooked nose, planted like an eagle's beak between two very black eyes, full of fire and humor.

"Yes, yes, M. Paoli, I know you, though perhaps you don't yet know me. My mother has often spoken to me of you, and when she heard that you had been appointed to watch

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

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357



THE VILLA DE MOURISCOT, NEAR BIARRITZ, WHERE THE BETROTHAL BETWEEN THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCESS ENA TOOK PLACE



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING OF SPAIN GIVEN BY HIM TO M. PAOLI

over my safety, she said, 'With Paoli, I feel quite at ease.'"

"I am infinitely touched and flattered, Sir," I replied, "by that gracious mark of confidence. . . . It is true that my collection was incomplete without your Majesty."

That is how I became acquainted with Alphonso XIII. in the spring of 1905, at the time of his first official visit to France. "The Little King," as he was still called, had lately completed his nineteenth year. He had attained his majority a bare twelve-month before, and was just entering upon his career as a monarch, if I may so express myself. The watchful eyes of Europe were beginning to observe with sympathetic interest the first actions of this young ruler, who, with the exuberant grace of his fine and trustful youth, brought an unexpected and amusing contrast into the somewhat constrained formality of the gallery of sovereigns. Though he had no history as yet, plenty of anecdotes were already current about him, and a plenty of morals were drawn in consequence.

"He has a nature all impulse," said one.

"He is full of character," said people who had met him.





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THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCESS ENA

*From a photograph taken at Biarritz*

"He is like his father; he would charm the bird from the tree," an old Spanish diplomatist remarked to me.

"At any rate, there is nothing commonplace about him," thought I, still perplexed by the unconventional, amusing, jocular way in which he had interrupted my nocturnal contemplations.

No, he was certainly not commonplace! The next morning I saw him at early dawn at the windows of the saloon-carriage, devouring with

a delighted curiosity the sights that met his eyes as the train rushed at full speed through the green plains of the Charente.

"What a lovely country yours is, M. Paoli!" he cried, when he saw me standing near him. "I feel as if I were still at home, as if I knew everybody — the faces all seem familiar. It's 'stunning'!"

At the sound of this typically Parisian expression (the French word that he employed



A PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALPHONSO, TAKEN  
SHORTLY AFTER HIS MARRIAGE

was *épatant*) proceeding from the royal lips, it was my turn to be "stunned." In my innocence, I was not yet aware that he knew all our smart slang phrases and used them freely.

His spirits were as inexhaustible as his bodily activity, and we were hard put to it to keep up with him. He wanted to know everything, though he knew a great deal as it was. The army and navy excited his interest in the highest degree; the provinces through which we were passing, their customs, their past,

their administrative organization, their industries, supplied him with the subjects of an exhaustive interrogatory to which we did our best to reply. Our social laws, our parliament, our politicians as eagerly aroused his lively curiosity. . . . And then came the turn of Paris, which he was at last about to see, whose splendors and peculiarities he already knew from reading and hearsay — that Paris which he looked upon as a fairy-land, a promised land; and the thought that he was to be





THE KING PIGEON-SHOOTING AT CASSA CAMP



KING ALPHONSO ON HORSEBACK



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCESS ENA

solemnly welcomed there sent a slight flush of excitement to his cheeks.

"It must be wonderful!" he said, his eyes ablaze with pleasurable impatience.

He also insisted upon our giving him full details about the persons who were to receive him.

"What is M. Loubet like? And the Prime Minister? And the Governor of Paris?"

When he was not putting questions he was telling stories, recalling his impressions of his recent journeys in Spain.

"Confess, M. Paoli," he said, "that you have never had to look after a king so young as I."

His conversation, studded with smart sallies, with freakish outbursts and unexpected digressions, revealed a young and keen intelligence, eager after knowledge, a fresh mind open to ideas. I remember the surprise of a high official, to whose explanations the King was lending an attentive ear, when we crossed a bridge over the Loire, in which some water-fowl happened to be disporting themselves.



"Oh, what a pity!" the King broke in. "Why haven't I a gun?" And, taking aim with an imaginary fowling-piece, "What a fine shot!"

Again, I remember the spontaneous and charming way in which, full of admiration for the beauties of our Touraine, he tapped me on the shoulder and cried:

"There's no doubt about it, I love France! France forever!"

What was not my surprise afterward, at Orléans, where the first official stop was made, to see him appear in his full uniform as captain-general, his features wearing an expression of singular dignity, his gait proud and lofty, compelling in all of us a respect for the impressive authority that emanated from his whole person. He found the right word for everybody, was careful of the least shades of etiquette, moved, talked, and smiled amid the gold-laced uniforms with a sovereign ease, showing from the first that he knew better than anybody how to play his part as a king.

There is one action, very simple in appearance, but in reality more difficult than one would think, by which one may judge a sovereign's bearing in a foreign country. This is his manner of saluting the colors. Some, as they pass before the standard surrounded by its guard of honor, content themselves with raising the hand to cap or helmet; others stop and bow; others make a wide and



PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG

studied gesture that betrays a certain almost theatrical affectation. Alphonso XIII.'s salute is like none of these: in its military stiffness, it is at once simple and grave, marked by supreme elegance and profound deference. On the platform of the Orléans railway station, opposite the motionless battalion, in the presence of a number of officers and civil functionaries, this graceful and respectful salute, which so visibly paid a delicate homage to the army and the country, moved and flattered us more than any number of boasts and speeches. And when, at last, I went home, after witnessing the young King's arrival in the capital and observing the impression that he had made on the Government and the people, I recalled the old Spanish diplomatist's remark:

"The King would charm the bird from the tree!"

## II

I saw little of King Alphonso during his first stay in Paris. The protection of sovereigns who were the official guests of the Government did not come within the scope of my duties. I therefore left him at the station, and was not to resume my place in his suite until the moment of his departure. The anarchist-revolutionary gentry appeared to be unaware of this detail, for I daily received a fair number of



PRINCESS ENA JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE



MARIA CHRISTINA, DOWAGER QUEEN OF SPAIN

anonymous letters, most of which contained more or less vague threats against the person of our royal visitor. One of them, which the post brought me when I was on the point of proceeding to the gala performance given at the opera in his honor, struck me more particularly because of the plainness of the warning that it conveyed, a warning devoid of any of the insults that usually accompany this sort of communication.

"In spite of all the precautions that have been taken," it read, "the King had better be careful when he leaves the opera to-night."

This note, written in a rough, disguised hand, was, of course, unsigned. I at once

passed it on to the right quarter. The very strict supervision that was being exercised no doubt excluded the possibility of a successful plot. But there remained the danger of an individual attempt, the murderous act of a single person; and I knew by experience that, to protect one's self against that, one must rely exclusively upon "the police of Heaven," to use the picturesque expression of Señor Maura, the former Spanish Premier.

Haunted by a baneful presentiment, I nevertheless decided, on leaving the opera, to remain near the King's carriage (as a mere passer-by, of course) until he had stepped into it with M. Loubet and driven off, surrounded





KING ALPHONSO LEADING A HUNTING PARTY

by his squadron of cavalry. The attempt on his life took place at the corner of the Rue de Rohan and the Rue de Rivoli; and both the King and M. Loubet had a miraculous escape from death. My presentiment, therefore, had not been at fault.

I need not here recall the coolness that the young monarch displayed in these circumstances, for it is still present in every memory, nor the magnificent indifference with which he looked upon the tragic incident.

"I have received my baptism of fire," he said to me, a couple of days later, "and, upon my word, it was much less exciting than I expected!"

Alfonso XIII., in fact, has a fine contempt for danger. Like the late King Humbert, he considers that assassination is one of the little drawbacks attendant on the trade of king. He gave a splendid proof of this courage at the time of the Madrid bomb, of which I shall speak later; and I witnessed it for myself two days after the attempted assassination in the Rue de Rohan.

On leaving Paris, our royal visitor went to Cherbourg, where I accompanied him, to embark on board the British royal yacht, which was to take him to England. As we ap-

proached the town in the early morning, the presidential train was shunted on to the special line that leads direct to the dockyard. While we were running pretty fast, the train suddenly stopped short, producing a violent shock in all the carriages. The reader can imagine the excitement. The railway officials, officers, and chamberlains of the court sprang out of the coaches and rushed to the royal saloon.

"Another attempt?" asked the King, calmly smiling, as he put his head out of the window.

We all thought so at the first moment. Fortunately, it was only a slight accident: the rear luggage-van had left the rails through a mistake in the shunting. I hastened to explain the matter to the King.

"You'll see," he at once replied; "they will say, all the same, that it was an attempt on my life. I must let my mother know quickly, or she will be frightened."

The King was right. Some one — we never discovered who — had already found means to telegraph to Queen Maria Christina that a fresh attack had been made on her son.

At Irun, the first Spanish station, where I was to take leave of our guest, a fresh surprise



*Copyright by the Century Co.*

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF SPAIN

*From the painting by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida*

awaited us. There was not a trace of police protection, not a soldier, not a gendarme. An immense crowd had freely invaded both platforms. And what a crowd! Thousands of men, women, and children shouted, sang, waved their hands, hustled one another, and fired guns into the air for joy, while the King, calm and smiling, elbowed his way from the presidential to the royal train, patting the

children's heads as he passed, paying a compliment to their mothers, distributing friendly nods to the men who were noisily cheering him.

But my mission was at an end. Still laughing, the King, as he gave me his hand, said:

"Well, M. Paoli, you can no longer say that you haven't got me in your collection!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," I replied. "It's not complete yet."



"How do you mean?"

"Why, Sir, I haven't your portrait."

"Oh, that will be all right!" And, turning to the grand master of his court, "Santo Mauro, make a note: photo for M. Paoli."

A few days after, I received a photograph, signed and dated by the royal hand.

### III

Five months later, Alphonso XIII., returning from Germany, where he had been to pay his accession visit to the Berlin Court, stopped to spend a day incognito in Paris. I found him as I had left him — gay, enthusiastic, full of good nature, glad to be alive.

"Here I am again, my dear M. Paoli," he said, when he perceived me at the frontier, where, according to custom, I had gone to meet him. "But this time I shall not cause you any great worry. I must go home, and I sha'n't stop for more than twenty-four hours — worse luck! — in Paris."

On the other hand, he wasted none of his time while there. Jumping into a motor-car the moment he was out of the train, he first drove to the Hôtel Bristol, where he remained just long enough to change his clothes, after which he managed, during his brief stay, to hear mass in the Church of St. Roch (for it was Sunday), to pay a visit to M. Loubet, to make some purchases in the principal shops, to lunch with his aunt, the Infanta Eulalie, to take a motor drive in the pouring rain as far as Saint-Germain and back, to dine at the Spanish Embassy, and to wind up the evening at the Théâtre des Variétés.

"And it's like that every day, when he's traveling," said one of his suite to me.

The King, I may say, makes up for this daily expenditure of activity by a tremendous appetite. I have observed, for that matter, that the majority of sovereigns are valiant trenchermen. Every morning of his life Alphonso XIII. has a good rump-steak and potatoes for his first breakfast, often preceded by eggs and sometimes followed by salad and fruit. On the other hand, the King never drinks wine and generally confines himself to a tumbler of water and *zucarillos*, the national beverage, composed of white of egg beaten up with sugar.

In spite of his continual need of movement, his passionate love of sport in all its forms, and especially of motoring, his expansive, rather mad, but very attractive youthfulness, Alphonso XIII., even in his flying trips, never, as we have seen, loses the occasion to improve his mind. He is very quick at seizing a point, possesses a remarkable power of assimilation,

and, although he does not read much, for he has no patience, he is remarkably well informed regarding the smallest details in matters that interest him. One day, for instance, he asked me, point-blank:

"Do you know how many gendarmes there are in France?"

I confess that I was greatly puzzled what to reply, for I have never cared much about statistics. I ventured to say offhand:

"Ten thousand."

"Ten thousand! Come, M. Paoli, what are you thinking of? That's the number we have in Spain. It's more like twenty thousand."

This figure, as I afterward learned, was strictly accurate.

As for business of State, I also noticed that the King devoted more time to it than his restless life would lead one to believe. Rising, winter and summer, at six o'clock, he stays indoors and works regularly during the early part of the morning, and often again at night. In this connection, one of his ministers said to me:

"He never shows a sign of either weariness or boredom. The King's 'frivolity' is a popular fallacy. On the contrary, he is terribly painstaking. Just like the Queen Mother, he insists upon clear and detailed explanations before he will sign the least document; and he knows quite well how to make his will felt. Besides, he is fond of work, and he can work anywhere — in a motor-car, in a boat, in a train, as well as in his study."

But it was on the occasion of the event that was to mark an indelible date in his life, a fair and happy date, that I had time really to observe him and to come to know him better. The reader will have guessed that I am referring to his engagement. The duties that I have fulfilled for a quarter of a century have sometimes involved difficult moments, delicate responsibilities, thankless tasks, but they have also brought me many charming compensations; and I have no more delightful recollection than that of witnessing, at first hand, the fresh and touching royal idyl, the simple, cloudless romance, which began one fine evening in London, was continued under the sunny sky of the Basque coast, and ended by leading to one of those rare unions that satisfy both public policy and the heart.

Like his father before him, Alphonso XIII., when his ministers began to hint discreetly about possible "alliances," contented himself with replying:

"I shall marry a princess who takes my fancy, and nobody else. I want to love my wife."

Nevertheless, diplomatic intrigues fashioned

themselves around the young sovereign. The Emperor William would like to have seen a German princess sharing the throne of Spain; a marriage with an Austrian archduchess would have continued a time-honored tradition. The question of a French princess was also mooted, I believe. But the political *rapprochement* between Spain and England had just been accomplished under French auspices; an Anglo-Spanish marriage seemed to correspond with the interests of Spain; and it so happened that the Princess Patricia of Connaught had lately been seen in Andalusia. Her name was on all men's lips; already, in the silence of the palace, official circles were preparing for this union. Only one detail had been omitted, but it was a detail of the first importance: that of consulting the two persons directly interested, who did not even know each other.

When the King went to England, no one doubted for a moment that he would return engaged — and engaged to Patricia of Connaught. As a matter of fact, when the two young people met, they did not attract each other. But, at the ball given in the King's honor at Buckingham Palace, Alphonso never took his eyes off a fair-haired young princess, whose radiant beauty shed all the glory of spring around her.

"Who is that?" asked the King.

"Princess Ena of Battenberg," was the reply.

The two were presented, danced and talked together, and met again on the next day and on the following days.

And, when the King returned to Spain, he left his heart in England.

But he did not breathe a word about it. His little idyl, which took the form of an interchange of letters and postcards, as well as of secret negotiations with a view to marriage,—negotiations conducted with the English royal family by the King in person,—was pursued with the greatest mystery. People knew, of course, that the Princess and the King liked and admired each other; but they knew nothing of the young monarch's private plans. Moreover, he took pleasure in mystifying his entourage. He who had once been so expansive now became suddenly contemplative and reserved.

Soon after his return, he ordered a yacht; and, when the time came to christen her, he made the builders paint on the prow in gold letters:

PRINCESS . . .

The comment aroused by those three little dots may be easily imagined.

The moment, however, was at hand when the

name of the royal yacht's godmother, and therefore of the future Queen of Spain, was to be revealed. One morning in January, 1906, I received a letter from Miss Minnie Cochrane, Princess Henry of Battenberg's faithful lady-in-waiting, telling me that the Princess and her daughter, Princess Ena, were leaving shortly for Biarritz, to stay with their cousin, the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and inviting me to accompany them. This kind thought is explained by the fact that I had known the Princess and her daughter for many years. I had often seen Princess Beatrice with the late Queen Victoria, to whom she showed the most tender filial affection; I had also known Princess Ena as a little girl, when she still wore short frocks and long, fair curls, and used to play with her doll under the fond, smiling gaze of her august grandmother. She was then a grave and reflective child; she had great, deep, expressive blue eyes; and she was a little shy, like her mother.

When, at Calais, I beheld a fresh and beautiful young girl, unreserved and gay, a real fairy princess, whose face, radiant with gladness, so evidently reflected a very sweet, secret happiness; when, on the day after her arrival at Biarritz, I saw King Alphonso arrive unexpectedly in a great state of excitement, and surprised the first glance that they exchanged at the door of the villa — then I understood. I was, therefore, not in the least astonished when Miss Cochrane, whom I had ventured to ask if it was true that there was a matrimonial project on foot between the King and the Princess, answered, with a significant smile:

"I think so; it is not officially settled yet; it will be decided here."

#### IV

The Villa Mouriscot, where the princesses were staying, was a picturesque Basque chalet, elegantly and comfortably furnished. It stood on a height, two miles from Biarritz, buried in luxuriant and fragrant gardens.

The King came every day. Wrapped in a huge cloak, with a motoring-cap and goggles, he would arrive at ten o'clock in the morning from San Sebastian in his double Panhard phaëton, which he drove himself, except on the rare occasions when he intrusted the steering-wheel to his excellent French chauffeur, Antonin, who accompanied him on all his excursions. His friends the Marques de Viana, the young Conde de Villalobar, counselor to the Spanish Embassy in London, Señor Quiñones de Leon, the charming attaché to the Paris Embassy, and the Conde del Grove, his faithful aide-de-



camp, or the Marques de Pacheco, commanding the palace halberdiers, formed his usual suite. As soon as the motor had passed through the gates and stopped before the door, where Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, the Princess Frederica's husband, and Colonel Lord William Cecil, Princess Henry of Battenberg's comptroller, awaited him, the King would hurry to the drawing-room, where the pretty Princess sat looking out for his arrival, as impatient for the meeting as the King himself.

After the King had greeted his hosts at the villa, he and the Princess would walk in the gardens, exchanging much lively talk as they strolled about the paths in which, as Gounod's song says, "lovers lose their way." They would return in time for the family lunch, a very simple repast to which the King's tremendous appetite did full honor. He used often to send for Fräulein Zinska, the Princess Frederica's old Hanoverian cook, and congratulate her on her culinary ability, a proceeding that threw the good woman into an ecstasy of delight. After lunch, the young people, accompanied by Miss Cochrane as chaperon, went out in the motor, not returning until nearly dark. On rainy days, of course, there was no drive; but in the drawing-room of the villa the Princess Frederica had thoughtfully contrived a sort of recess, furnished with a sofa, in which the engaged couple could pursue their discreet flirtation at their ease.

In the evening, at dinner, the suite were present. The King changed into evening clothes, with the collar of the Golden Fleece. At half-past ten, he left for the station and returned to San Sebastian by the Sud Express.

After a few days, although they were not officially engaged, no one doubted that the event was near at hand.

"She's nice, isn't she?" the King asked me, point-blank.

A significant detail served to show me how far things had gone. One day the two young people, accompanied by the Princesses Frederica and Beatrice and the whole little court, walked to the end of the grounds, to a spot near the lake, where two holes had been newly dug. A gardener stood waiting for them, carrying two miniature fir-plants in his arms.

"This is mine," said the King.

"And this is mine," said the Princess in French, for they constantly spoke French together.

"We must plant the trees side by side," declared the King, "so that they may always remind us of these never-to-be-forgotten days."

No sooner said than done. In accordance with the old English tradition, the two of them,

each laying hold of a spade, dug up the earth and heaped it around the shrubs, with shouts of laughter that rang clear through the silent wood. Then, when the King, who, in spite of his strength of arm, is a poor gardener, perceived that the Princess had finished her task first —

"There is no doubt about it," he said, "I am very awkward! I must put in a month or two with the Engineers!"

On returning to the villa, he gave the Princess her first present — a heart set in brilliants. It was certainly a day of symbols.

On the following day things took a more definite turn. The King came in the morning to take the princesses to San Sebastian, where they met Queen Maria Christina. Nobody knew what happened in the course of the interview and the subsequent private luncheon at the Miramar Palace. But it was, beyond a doubt, a decisive day. At Fuenterrabia, the first Spanish town through which they passed on their way to San Sebastian in the morning, the King said to the Princess:

"You are now on Spanish soil."

"Oh," she said, "I am so glad!"

"It will soon be for good."

And they smiled at each other.

The frantic cheering that greeted her entry at San Sebastian, the hail of flowers that fell at her feet when she passed through the streets, the motherly kiss with which she was received at the door of Queen Maria Christina's drawing-room, must have made Princess Ena understand that all Spain had confirmed its sovereign's choice and applauded his good taste.

Twenty-four hours after this visit, the Queen Mother, in her turn, went to Biarritz and took tea at the Villa Mouriscot. The King had gone on before her. Intense happiness was reflected on every face. When the Queen, who had very graciously sent for me to thank me for the care that I was taking of her son, stepped into her carriage, she said to the Princess, with a smile:

"We shall soon see you in Madrid."

Then, taking a white rose from the bouquet which the Mayor of Biarritz had presented to her, she gave it to the Princess, who pressed it to her lips before pinning it in her bodice.

That same evening, the King, beaming all over his face, cried to me from a distance, the moment he saw me:

"It's all right, Paoli; the official demand has been granted. You see before you the happiest of men!"

The days that followed upon the betrothal were days of enchantment for the young

couple, now freed from all preoccupation and constraint. One met them daily, motoring along the picturesque roads of the Basque country or walking through the streets of Biarritz, stopping before the shop-windows, at the photographer's, or at the pastry-cook's.

"Do you know, Paoli," said the King to me, one day, "I've changed the Princess' name. Instead of calling her Ena, which I don't like, I call her Nini. That's very Parisian, isn't it?"

The royal lover, as I have already said, prided himself, with justice, on his Parisianism, as witness the following scrap of dialogue, which took place one morning in the street at Biarritz:

"M. Paoli."

"Sir?"

"Do you know the tune of the *Maschich*?"

"Upon my word, I can't say I do, Sir!"

"Or of *Viens Poupoule*?"

"No, Sir."

"Why, then you know nothing. Paoli — you're a disgrace!"

Thereupon, half opening the door of the confectioner's shop where Princess Ena was making a leisurely selection of cakes, he began to hum the famous air of *Viens Poupoule*.

It will readily be imagined that the protection of the King was not always an easy matter. The most amusing adventure was that which he had at Dax. One morning, he took it into his head to motor away to the parched and desolate country of the Landes, which stretches from Bayonne to Bordeaux. After a long and wearing drive, he decided to take the train back from Dax. Accompanied by his friend Señor Quíñones de Leon, he made for the station, where the two young men, tired out and soaked in perspiration, sat down in the refreshment-room.

"Give us some lunch, please," said the King, who was ravenously hungry, to the lady at the bar.

The refreshment-room, unfortunately, was very meagerly supplied. When the two traveling companions had eaten up the sorry fare represented by a few eggs and sandwiches, which had probably been waiting more than a month for a traveler to arrive, the King, whose appetite was far from being satisfied, called the barmaid, a fat and matronly Béarnaise with an upper lip adorned with a pair of thick mustachios.

"Have you nothing else to give us?" he asked.

"I have a *pâté de foie gras*, but — it's very expensive," said the decent creature, who did not see a serious customer in this famished and dusty young man.

"Never mind; let's have it," said the King.

The woman brought her *pâté*, which was none too fresh; but how great was her amazement when she saw the two travelers devour not only the liver, but the fat as well! The pot was emptied and scraped clean in the twinkling of an eye.

Pleased with her successful morning's trade, and encouraged by the King's ebullient good humor, the barmaid sat down at the royal table and began to tell the King her family affairs, questioning him with maternal solicitude. When, at last, the hour of departure struck, they shook hands with each other warmly.

Some time afterward, the King was passing through Dax by rail, and, as the train steamed into the station, he said to me:

"I have an acquaintance at Dax. I'll show her to you. She is charming."

The plump Béarnaise was there, more mustachioed than ever. I will not attempt to describe her comic bewilderment at recognizing her former customer in the person of the King. He was delighted, and, giving her his hand —

"You won't refuse to say how-do-you-do to me, I hope?" he asked, laughing.

The thing turned her head; what was bound to happen happened: she became indiscreet. From that time onward, she looked into every train that stopped at Dax, to see if "her friend" the King were among the passengers; and when, instead of stepping out on the platform, he satisfied himself with giving her a friendly nod from behind the pane, she felt immensely disappointed; in fact, she was even a little offended.

It is not difficult to picture how this playful simplicity, combined with a delicacy of feeling and a knightly grace to which, in our age of brutal realism, we are no longer accustomed, made an utter conquest of the pretty English Princess. When, after several days of familiar and daily intimacy, it became necessary to say good-by, — the Princess was returning to England to busy herself with preparations for her marriage, Alphonso to Madrid for the same reason, — when the moment of separation had come, there was a pang at the heart on both sides. As I was leaving with the Princess for Paris —

"You're a lucky man, M. Paoli, to be going with the Princess," said the King sadly, as I was stepping into the railway carriage. "I'd give anything to be in your place!"

While the Court of Spain was employed in settling, down to the smallest particular, the ceremonial for the King's approaching wedding, Princess Ena was absorbed in the charming details of her trousseau and in the more



austere preparations for her conversion to Catholicism. This conversion, as I have already said, was a *sine qua non* to the consent of Spain to her marriage.

The Princess and her mother, accompanied by Miss Cochrane and Lord William Cecil, stayed at a hotel in Versailles for the period of religious instruction that precedes the admission of a neophyte within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church; and it was at Versailles, on a cold February morning, that she abjured her Protestantism in a sequestered chapel of the cathedral. Why did she select the town of Louis XIV. in which to accomplish this important and solemn act of her life? Doubtless because of the peaceful silence that surrounded it, and of the past, filled with melancholy grandeur, that it conjured up; perhaps, also, because of the association of ideas suggested to her mind by the city of the great King and the origins of the family of the Spanish Bourbons of which it was the cradle. The heart of woman sometimes provides instances of this delicacy of thought.

The last months of the winter of 1906 were spent by the engaged pair in eager expectation of the great event that was to unite them for good and all and in the manifold occupations that it involved. The date of the wedding was fixed for the 31st of May. A few days before that I went to Calais to meet the Princess. It was as though nature, in her awakening, was smiling upon the royal bride and had hastily decked herself in her best to greet the young Princess, as she passed, with all her youthful gladness. But the Princess saw nothing: she had bidden a last farewell to her country, her family, and her home; and, despite the happiness that called her, the fond memory of all that she was quitting oppressed her heart.

"It is nothing, M. Paoli," she said, when I asked the cause of her sadness. "It is nothing. I cannot help feeling moved when I think that I am leaving the country where I have spent so many happy days to go toward the unknown."

She did not sleep that night. At three o'clock in the morning she was up and dressed, ready to appear before her future husband, before the nation that was waiting to welcome her, while the King, at the same hour, was striding up and down the platform at Irun, in a fever of excitement, peering into the night so as to be the first to see the yellow gleams of the train, and nervously lighting cigarette upon cigarette to calm his impatience.

Then came the whirlwind of festivities at which the King invited me to be present, and the sumptuous magnificence of the marriage

ceremony in the ancient Church of Los Geronimos. It was as though the old Court of Spain had regained its pomp of the days of long ago. Once more the streets, all dressed with flags, were filled with antiquated chariots, with heraldic costumes, with glittering uniforms; from the balconies, draped with precious stuffs, flowers fell in torrents; cheers rose from the serried ranks of the crowd; an intense, noisy, mad gaiety reigned on all men's lips, while, from behind the windows of the state coach that carried her to the church, the surprised and delighted Princess, forgetting her fleeting melancholy, now smiled her acknowledgments of this mighty welcome.

A tragic incident was fated brutally to interrupt her fair young dream. Finding no seat in the Church of Los Geronimos, the dimensions of which are small, I took refuge in one of the Court stands erected along the route taken by the sovereigns; and I was watching the procession pass on its return to the palace, when my ears were suddenly deafened by a tremendous explosion. At first no one realized where it came from; we thought that it was the report of a cannon-shot, fired to announce the end of the ceremony. But suddenly loud yells arose, people hustled one another and rushed away, madly shouting:

"It's a murder! The King and Queen are killed!"

Terrified, I tried to hasten to the street from which the cries came. A file of soldiers, drawn up across the roadway, stopped me. I then ran to the palace, where I arrived at exactly the same moment as the royal coach, from which the King and the young Queen alighted. They were pale, but calm. The King held his wife's hand tenderly in his own, and stared in dismay at the long white train of her bridal dress, stained with great blotches of blood. Filled with horror, I went up to Alphonso XIII.

"Oh, Sir!" I cried, "at least both of you are safe and sound!"

"Yes," he replied. Then, lowering his voice, he added: "But there are some killed. Poor people! What an infamous thing!"

Under her great white veil, the Queen, standing between Queen Maria Christina and Princess Henry of Battenberg, still both trembling, wept silent tears. Then the King, profoundly moved, drew nearer to her and kissed her slowly on the cheek, whispering these charming words:

"I do hope that you are not angry with me for the emotion that I have involuntarily caused you?"

What she replied I did not hear: I only saw a kiss.

Notwithstanding the warm manifestations of loyalty which the people of Spain lavished upon their sovereigns on the following day, Queen Victoria is said to have been long haunted by the horrible spectacle that she had beheld, and to have retained an intense feeling of terror and sadness from that tragic hour. But, God be praised, everything passes. When, later, I had the honor of again finding myself in attendance upon the King and Queen, at Biarritz and in Paris, I recognized once more the happy and loving young couple I had known at the time of their engagement. Alphonso XIII. had the same gaiety, the same

high spirits as before; and the Queen's mind seemed to show no trace of painful memories or gloomy apprehensions.

In the course of the first journey that I took with them a year after the murderous attempt in Madrid, the King himself acquainted me with the real cause of this happy quietude so promptly recovered. Walking into the compartment where I was sitting, he lifted high into the air a pink and chubby child, and, holding it up for me to look at, said, with more than a touch of pride in his voice:

"There! What do you think of him? Isn't he splendid?"

[THE MARCH INSTALMENT OF M. PAOLI'S REMINISCENCES WILL DEAL WITH HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA]

## IN SNOWTIDE

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

YE flakes that are most  
Like a thistledown host,  
Or spume in the van of some infinite wave,  
What craft in your mildness,  
O multiple Wildness!

Bestows this all-quieting sense of the grave?

For our life is, I know,  
But a search in the snow  
Where boundaries change and the trail disappears;  
Where blurring, impeding,  
Subduing, misleading,  
Drive downfall of moments and drift of the years.

From a soft, from a sly  
And inscrutable sky,  
Time closes man round, let him travel or sleep:  
The game to the strongest  
An hour at the longest,  
And play-fellow powers shall bury him deep.

Yet, flakes floated down,  
Moth-light on the town,  
To batter the heart with the ultimate dread,  
Clean chattels so sent me,  
Right well ye content me,  
Cool garland, pure shroud, happy innocent bed!