

# MONARCHS IN EXILE

KEES VAN HOEK

BARELY half an hour by electric train from London lies Chislehurst, one of the last unspoilt corners of picturesque Kent. Though the village is predominantly Anglican by religion, there is a beautiful Catholic shrine at one of the most secluded corners of a densely wooded valley. Here the mortal remains of Napoleon III, nephew of the great Napoleon, rested before they could be taken back to France, of which he had been the last Emperor. Near the village green a simple obelisk commemorates how his only son, the "Prince Imperial", fell in a British campaign against the Zulus, tragedy of an exile.

The widowed Empress Eugenie left Camden House—now a select golf club—to live at Farnborough in Surrey, long enough to see the Peace of Versailles restore to France the provinces which her husband had lost by the War of 1870.

## FROM LISBON TO TWICKENHAM

On the Thames near Twickenham lives the Hohenzollern widow of the late Dom Manuel de Braganza, once King of Portugal. His father and elder brother were shot in the carriage in which they drove together through the streets of Lisbon. Thus began his reign, which came to an end in 1911, when he and his widowed mother barely escaped with their lives—on a British warship in the Tagus—the fury of a fierce revolution which turned Portugal into a Republic.

Dom Manuel settled down to the quiet life of a sportsman and a connoisseur, much more befitting his temperament. One could meet him at every English race meeting or tennis championship of importance, the impeccable silk hat above the rather round and swarthy face with its pleasant, unaffected smile.

His other hobby was the collecting of priceless Portuguese *incunabula*, which he bequeathed to his native country when an operation for appendicitis brought his life to an untimely end. The Portuguese Republic, which had driven him out, now guards his body in a national shrine.

But President Cadorna and Prime Minister Salazar have no room for the last remaining Pretender of the Braganza dynasty—Dom Duarte who, 30 years old, lives at Seebenstein in Lower Austria, more interested in mountaineering than in politics!

## BRITISH MUSEUM TO HIGHGATE HILL

At a small desk in the enormous reading-room of the British Museum, one Vladimir Lenin diligently read and wrote. Only Scotland Yard kept an eye on him; the world did not know him yet, though his name would leap into a fame such as the centuries reserve for only a chosen few.

In the same reading-room stocky, bearded Karl Marx had plodded away at *Das Kapital*—which became the Socialist Bible—an exile from Imperial Germany, to find eternal rest in the peaceful cemetery on Highgate Hill; only a few yards away from the country house of an English jam magnate, where the Greek patriot Venizelos would later spend many an hour of exile, between spasms of power and popularity and flights for high treason.

And a newspaper editor at Geneva lent some francs to one Benito Mussolini, a fiercely red Italian refugee; for one could not let a fellow journalist sleep on a lakeside bench. Years later the sum was refunded by a Royal Ambassador with the thanks of his chief, now Prime Minister and Duce.

These were Europe's scarce exiles before the World War. But after Armageddon the crowns begun to roll over the streets of the world's capitals, and the powers behind the thrones tottered with them.

## THE SQUIRE OF DOORN

The most spectacular of the world's monarchs, Kaiser Wilhelm II, opened the galaxy. Not only his princely chancellor, Max von Baden, but even his devoted commander-in-chief, Field-marshal von Hindenburg, advised the sovereign, a few days before the November Armistice, to fly from Spa GHQ to nearby neutral Holland.

There a frontier guard telephoned the unbelievable news early one morning to the astonished Foreign Minister at The Hague, who in his turn had to phone round frantically to the country houses of the Dutch nobility, to find a temporary shelter for the All-Highest at the Castle of Amerongen, seat of the Bentincks, bluest Anglo-Dutch-German family.

After Holland had saved the face of the Allies by refusing the hue and cry of Mr. Lloyd George's crude election campaign to give up its guest, just as it had refused two centuries earlier to give up a Stuart King of England to Cromwell, the Kaiser, thanks to enormous American copyright fees, bought the fine mansion of Doorn. A later settlement with the German Reich, reputed to be in the

neighbourhood of 20,000,000 pounds sterling, made him the wealthiest of all exiled monarchs.

Though the bearded octogenarian had to give up wood cutting as too strenuous an exercise, he still tends his rose gardens and goes for brisk walks with the young stepchildren of his second wife, the German Princess Hermine. Her personal relations with Chancellor Hitler soon made them realize that the new People's Tribune did not dream of recalling the old Caesar, who has now, mentally still very alert, settled down to his hobby of Egyptology and his own regular Sunday sermon.

#### SONS AND GRANDSONS

The Crown Prince regained deserved popularity through the sporting manner in which he bit through the weary years of his internment on the barren island of Wieringen, lost in the Zuiderzee. After some years, a settlement with the German Government allowed him to return to his estates in Oels, in Silesia.

His eldest son lost grandfather's favour by marrying Dorothy de Salviati, a beautiful student from his Bonn University, not regained even by the birth of the Emperor's first great-grandchild, Princess Felicite. The Kaiser's hope has now been transferred to the Crown Prince's second son, Prince Louis Ferdinand, who though he was for some time a mechanic at the Ford factories in Detroit, is one in whom blue blood runs true.

Since the happy-go-lucky Prince Auwi joined the Nazi movement, the doors of the paternal home at Doorn have been closed to him. When the blood of a thousand years of Emperors of the "Holy Roman Empire of German Nation" runs in one's veins, one does not join the soldiery of a former corporal, in civic life a house decorator, and a bad one at that. But it was even harder for the dignified Emperor Rex to see his only sister married to a derelict Russian waiter, half her age, Zoubkoff, a sensation for the gutter press such as no Hohenzollern had ever before supplied.

#### TRAVELLING ALFONSO

From Vienna as headquarters Alfonso XIII, once His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain, travels through Europe with all the alertness of a business man along trails as crazy as a tourist's. One week he is reported dining with the Duke of Windsor in a Venetian restaurant, next he hunts on a Bavarian estate, to turn up on Sunday for Mass in Westminster Cathedral and be reported a few days later sightseeing in Amsterdam, on his way to the mid-

night sun of Hammerfest. Only Paris he gives a wide berth; it is too dangerous a *rendez-vous* for a man with such prominent features and so many sworn enemies!

His Queen, stately Victoria Eugenie, the British princess who shared joy and sorrow with him from their wedding day, on which an anarchist's bomb blew the horses of their bridal coach to pieces, moved from the Park of Fontainebleau near Paris to the safer confines of Kensington Palace in London, where her mother, Princess Beatrice, lives.

In the new, permanent residence which she has just furnished in the Royal Borough, the life-size portrait of her husband still occupies the place of honour; though they met only once in recent years, keeping vigil at the bedside of their daughter, now Princess Torlonia, in Rome.

The mother forgave her first born hismorganatic marriage with a Cuban beauty, his divorce and hurried remarriage with a dentist's daughter, his half-hearted attempts at motor salesmanship and the more successful career of a night club *habitué*. She even hurried to New York, early this year, when his bleedings, always endangering his life, became very alarming. But the father degraded the once Prince of the Asturias—title of the heir apparent to the Spanish Throne—to a mere Count of Covadonga, and has since steadily refused to have anything more to do with him.

Their other son, Don Gonzalez, died from the results of a motor accident in Ceylon; Don Jaime, equally in bad health, renounced voluntarily all his rights of succession and married the daughter of an Italian nobleman. Don Juan, the healthiest and most intelligent of the Spanish royal children—once a midshipman in the British Navy—who by marrying Princess Marie Mercedes patched up the old feud with the Bourbon-Sicily branch—is the only hope for a restoration of the ancient throne of Aragon and Castille and... of Franco, who recently declared the Prince's life too valuable for Spain's future to allow him to fight on the Nationalist front.

#### THE HAPSBURG PLUM

Related to Alfonso, as adept at wire pulling, but less in the public eye, Zita, though only 2 years Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, has for the last 19 years been concentrating all her energy, all her talents and her extensive international family ramifications on regaining either one or the other of these crowns for her eldest son Otto.

The Emperor Karl, weakest but best meaning of monarchs, died in exile in Madeira, since Switzerland had closed its hospitable

frontiers after his ill-advised Hungarian coup. The Empress brought her eight children up, first with Alfonso's help in the Spanish fishing village of Lequeto, moving—when Spanish skies became overcast—to the safety of the Flemish Castle of Steenockerzeel. As in the meantime the Austrian settlement had come through, King Albert was not asked to contribute to the upkeep of a once completely impoverished family.

Dark, strong and handsome Otto passed the normal courses of Louvain University with distinction. So far he has only been offered the freedom of numerous Austrian cities. But he is intelligent and careful, and he knows that his only chance lies in the growing conviction among the Little Entente politicians that a Hapsburg in Vienna is the lesser of two evils, of which the *Anschluss* with Germany is undoubtedly the worse. In the meantime his officially accredited representative, Uncle Eugen, grey bearded military Archduke, keeps an eye open in Vienna, and often consults "uncle" Alfonso, if he happens to career along.

#### BALKAN POKER PLAYER

In Kassel, the lovely South German town, lives Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, once first Czar of Bulgaria. Ostensibly he occupies himself only with ornithology and joins, complete in plus fours, cap and heavy overcoat, every expedition which searches for birds' nests and eggs.

He had to cede his dream to make Bulgaria the Central Power of the Balkans to the Serbs: it is the stake with which he paid for his ill-begotten speculation to make Bulgaria side with the Central Powers, linking their massive front from the North Sea to the Black Sea, from Kiel to Constantinople.

He diligently reads the Bulgarian papers and follows closely the career of his son, Boris, now married to a daughter of the once hostile Italian dynasty, and making out of his kingship, through incessant hard work, a highly successful job.

What dreams does this practical dreamer, with the inscrutable poker face behind his tinted spectacles, still dream for his grandson, tiny Prince Simeon, named after Trnovo, the ancient capital of what was once a Bulgarian Empire?

#### FROM KING TO LANDLORD

From royal guest at Buckingham Palace to landlord of a modern flat-building in Rome is a fall which bronzed, bull-necked Amanullah survived, without appearing much the worst for it.

Afghanistan, least civilised of all the independent states of the world, could not stand its King's western injections, and expelled him most unceremoniously after an amazing European tour—Rome, Paris, London, Berlin, with monarchs and presidents at the stations, state drives, guards of honour, and gala banquets. His suite was so large that even in London the hotels in Buckingham Palace Road had to cope with the overflow from the Palace. No wonder that the few literate brigand chiefs, who seemed to have been left behind by oversight, grew jealous.

Now he and his Queen Soyrayah—still beautiful as a Princess from the *Arabian Nights*, though mother of five children—look after their property. They enjoy a goodly pension too, for Il Duce considers it handy to have a presentable Asiatic Potentate, still in his early forties, about. Amanullah always understood the art of making others pay the bill. His enormous purchases in London and Paris were put down by him to the accounts of his unsuspecting hosts; only Berlin flatly refused to honour them.

#### SHADOWS OF KHEDIVES AND CALIPHS

Abbas Himi II, ex-Khedive of Egypt, deposed already in 1914, sees his last speculation go up in smoke now that the intelligent and popular Farouk has been installed as King of a new Egypt, freed in complete understanding with its former British guardians from all its former shackles.

He cruises round the Mediterranean, on his sumptuous yacht, the "Nimet Allah", complete with dance floor and swimming pool, from Riviera to Riviera along sun-baked coasts.

Ten years later this Moslem potentate was followed in exile by no lesser personage than the Sultan of Turkey, as Caliph of 250 million Mohamedans, the "Shadow of God on Earth".

Kemal Ataturk gave him 500 pounds, and 6 hours to leave Constantinople. The time was just sufficient to book seats on the Orient Express, and the money sufficed for fares as far as Montreux. There an honourable Swiss hotel keeper was kept worried to death for some months about the bill of his Imperial Majesty, his sixteen children, not to mention his four official wives and an elaborate suite. With such a family, however, there is bound to be some sort of investment. His son Jah married the daughter of the Nizam of Hyderabad, one of the richest Indian nabobs, and since then Abdul Medjid thrives in peace and security in the villa "Prince of Wales" at Cimiez, near Nice. Immaculately dressed, from his red fez to his white spats, he writes poetry and plays the violin, and

has become resigned to the fact that Ibn Saud, once a mere desert sheik but now King of Arabia, has put the mantle of Caliph over his own shoulders, for the better exploitation of Mecca.

#### MOOR AND BUDDHIST

On Réunion, tropical island in the Indian Ocean, Abd-el-Krim, who could be ousted from the Moroccan Rif only by the combined French-Spanish strategy of Marshal Pétain and General Primo de Rivera, looks after his harem. The French Governor is convinced that His Highness's biting comments on the Spanish civil war, on which he collects assiduously every available newspaper scrap, will not soon be surpassed.

Small and elegant, though getting squarish, ex-King Prajadhipok of Siam lives near Virginia Water, England's beauty spot. He refused to come back to Bangkok, so modernised that it would no longer recognise the sovereign's unrestricted right of life and death over all his subjects.

His twelve-year old nephew and successor, Ananda Mahidol, born at Heidelberg and now educated at a Swiss boarding school, has already been proclaimed Defender of the Buddhist Faith and constitutional King of ancient Siam.

#### PENNILESS KING OF KINGS

Fresh in our memory is the tragic figure of aristocratic, sad looking, dark cloaked and slender Haile Selassie, until the Italian campaign King of Kings and Emperor of Ethiopia, albeit that a few miles beyond his capital his authority never amounted to much with his plotting and suspicious rival chieftains, even at the best of times.

After six months of a war with ironic odds he fled by train, taking his pet dog and £30,000 in cash, out of which he had enormous debts to pay, mainly for armaments and for the upkeep of his legations in London, Paris and Geneva. Though living modestly at Bath—his daughter a nurse in a London hospital and his young son, the Duke of Harar, at a boarding school in the South of England—he had recently to sell his jewels and plate at a London auction. After the League of Nations has acquiesced in the Italian *fait accompli*, the Lion of Judah will probably lie down in Jerusalem, where he has already acquired a house.

#### KINGS OF EAGLES

Nicholas of Montenegro, the hero of the Balkan War, who dispensed justice underneath the huge chestnut tree in front of his

two-storey house at Cetinje, died shortly before his Lilliput kingdom, an eagle's nest perched on the high black mountains, became incorporated in the new Serb-Croat-Slovene State, which emerged from the Great War.

His successor died in Paris in 1921, where his son, the present pretender still lives. He is modest and honest; his only investment proved Nicholas's eldest daughter who became Queen of Italy, when during the conflict with the Pope over the Italian seizure of Rome, in 1870, no Catholic dynasty allowed inter-marriage with the House of Savoy.

William von Wied, once promoted Ruler of Albania by a London conference of Ambassadors, which recognised Albania's independence in 1912 (though the Kaiser protested that he hated to see a German Prince make a fool of himself in the Balkans), managed, protected by a Dutch military mission, to hold out until the Great War broke, when he quietly rejoined his Prussian guards regiment. He now lives on an estate in Moldavia, befriended by his relative King Carol of Rumania, and hopes to claim one day—when the bachelor King Zog has sufficiently undermined his position by his Italian alliances—the poorest throne of Europe for his Munich student son.

#### QUEEN OF THE SERENADE

Most tragic of all royal exiles is ex-Queen Luise of Saxonia, who once, as "Princess Terrible," made all European chancelleries wag their tongues, when she ran away from her reigning husband with the Italian composer, Toselli; only to leave him later.

She now lives in the Brussels suburb of Ixelles, a dignified grey-haired lady who under the name of Countess Montignoso lives so simply that she does her own shopping every morning. She went once more to Florence, when Toselli lay dying in 1926, and the writer of the immortal "Serenata" passed away with the hand of his royal lover in his.

Their son now and then visits his mother; and an earlier, royal son, who changed the style of H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Saxonia into the simple name of the Berlin Jesuit, Father Georg von Sachsen S. J.

#### RETURN OF ROYAL PRODIGALS

Not always have royal exiles settled down for good.

Carol of Rumania, who had to leave as Crown Prince, because of his relations with the red-haired Jewish divorcee Magda Lupescu,



went first to the Riviera and Paris, to change it for more sober London, whence he came back after the death of his father, King Ferdinand, to supplant his young son Michael as King, to protect him as Crown Prince.

Spruce George II, ex-King of the Hellenes, lived in Brown's Hotel in London, keeping up appearances remarkably well on a modest grant out of King George V's private purse. He was called back by popular plebiscite after the final fall of Venizelos; to find himself soon keeping up another set of appearances under Greece's new dictator, Prime Minister General Metaxas.

And young Henri Pu-Yi, with an imperial tradition of fifty centuries behind his Dragon Throne, becoming in his 3rd year Emperor of the Heavenly Empire, was faced on his 7th birthday with Sun Yat Sen's republic. In 1932 with the help of Japanese bayonets elevated to the puppet throne of the puppet state of Manchukuo, he is not taken seriously by his allies and is despised by his countrymen.

#### RUSSIAN AND FRENCH PRETENDERS

Among the exiles of the Blood Royal a whole class of pretenders has sprung up.

In St. Brice, near Dinard, lives the Grand Duke Cyrill of Russia, heir to the slender hopes of the Romanovs. He is sixty years old. His only fame in history so far has been his miraculous escape from the Battle of Port Arthur, where the Japanese blew up the warship which he commanded.

He has already announced that should he, or his son Vladimir, the "czarevitch" as every true White Russian calls him, ever be called back to Russia, many of the Soviet improvements will be left intact. "Paris was worth a Mass" to Protestant King Henri of France; Moscow seems well worth a dose of democracy to the heir of autocracy.

France, though harbouring the Russian pretender, has banned her own pretenders from her territory. Both the rival dynasties for the non-existent throne live therefore as near by as they can, in Belgium.

Prince Napoleon, 23 year-old son of Princess Clementine of Belgium, grandson of King Leopold II, is the hope of a rapidly dwindling body of Bonapartists.

More chances, if any, have the Royalists, with the Duc de Guise as head of the Orleans family. His son, H. R. H. Monseigneur the Count of Paris, runs his efforts to regain the throne of France as an up-to-date enterprise. The Manoir d'Anjou, near

Brussels, is a veritable beehive of activity; thence he and his beautiful wife, Princess Helene of France, edit the "Courrier Royal", an excellent weekly which is sold throughout France by a growing army of enthusiastic supporters. The movement, élite as yet, has no great popular appeal, and is only just invading the middle classes, sick of a Republic for the follies of which they have to meet the bill.

#### HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Where monarchs fell, statesmen followed. Alexander Kerensky, first democratic premier of Russia who ousted the Czar, soon had to flee himself; until recently he edited a anti-Bolshevik paper in Paris. Trotzky, who drove him out, was turned out himself barely ten years later, and chased from exile to exile: from an island in the Sea of Marmora to Rambouillet near Paris, from France to Norway, finally to Mexico, the only country left to offer him refuge.

In a poor and tiny Russian Church in the heart of Belgrade, General Wrangel's tomb is guarded by the devotional candles of loyalist pilgrims, under the battle-torn standards of his faithful regiments.

Mussolini's son eclipsed many an Italian political star. Ex-Premier Nitti lives in an apartment in Montparnasse; his son is manager of a gold mine in the Balkans, change from the salons of Rome! Count Sforza, once powerful Foreign Minister, writes books in Brussels.

The United States harbour Dr. Heinrich Bruening, the greatest of all post-war German chancellors, now as "Professor Anderson" a shining light of Harvard, America's foremost University. Also Professor Einstein, once freeman of Berlin, whose library the Nazis burned and whose possessions they seized, but for whose genius Leyden University and the Paris Sorbonne made bids against the New World.

Practically all Germany's greatest authors have found refuge in Switzerland: Nobel Prize Winner Thomas Mann near Zuerich; Erich Maria Remarque—of "All Quiet" fame—in Davos; Emil Ludwig, the biographer with the lancet of a surgeon, in Ascona.

In Switzerland too lives the only French literary exile: the septuagenarian Romain Rolland, banned for his militant pacifism during the war, and too proud to ask for a return which France would only too willingly grant.

History repeats itself. Under the Spanish dictatorship the liberals hurried to Paris, away from Primo de Rivera. Under the

Republic the Grandees fled, and now Paris harbours the selfsame Republic's first president, Alcalá Zamora, and its shining democratic lights Ayala, de Madariaga, saving their necks from the raving anarchists at home in the nick of time.

#### THOSE WHO CAME BACK

It is true, now and then life's lottery draws luck.

The Boer Generals Hertzog and Smuts became Ministers of His Britannic Majesty and members of His Most Honourable Privy Council. Eamon de Valera, condemned to death and with a price on his head, lived to be Head of the Irish Free State and President of the League of Nations. The exiled Professor Masaryk was succeeded by his devoted pupil and fellow exile, Eduard Benes, at the helm of Czechoslovakia. That courageous and brilliant Bulgarian communist Dimitroff, banned from his home land, abused by the Nazis, stepped from a Gestapo dungeon into a high executive position in the Moscow Kremlin.

*Faites vous jeux, Messieurs, rouge et noir . . .*

But the tragedy of exile remains direst for the masses: 450,000 White Russians, 250,000 Armenians, 100,000 Germans—mostly Jews and non Aryans—and as yet uncounted thousands of Spaniards. The humanitarian conscience of the world now pleads a continuation of the Nansen Refugee Organisation, which was scheduled to come to an end this year.

For great as was often the tragedy of history-makers, that of the masses who suffered their history-making remains greater still.