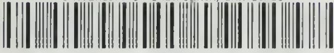
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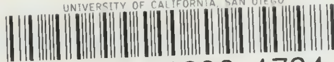
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KING GEORGE OF GREECE

King George and Queen Olga.

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King George of Greece

BY

CAPTAIN WALTER CHRISTMAS

Illustrated from photographs taken by H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
and others.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY

A. G. CHATER

DEDICATED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

TO

H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA

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INTRODUCTION

MY FIRST MEETING WITH KING GEORGE

LATE in November 1875—if I remember rightly—a little ship's boy, "Volunteer Apprentice, No. 274," as his official title ran, stood on the orlop deck of the Danish corvette *Dagmar*, endeavouring in the prevailing semi-darkness to polish a pair of very elegant, but extremely dirty boots. I was that boy, and the boots were the property of First Lieutenant, now Rear-Admiral, Francis Lund. At that time naval cadets were required to put in a preliminary term as officers' servants, and I was fortunate enough to find myself allotted to the kindliest of all the officers on board. If the truth must be told, I fear my master was less pleased with me than I with him; I worshipped my First Lieutenant, and worked away gladly at his boots, while my comrades, each busy with his own particular occupation, chattered in chorus.

We had been at Smyrna, and had found it horribly cold. A boy's first voyage to the Levant

is invariably made the subject of anticipatory dreams of tropic heat, with real live camels and golden orange-trees. Camels there were in plenty, and loads of oranges, but the temperature was far from coming up to our expectations. At night the mercury withdrew modestly below freezing-point; there was rime in the rigging, and real icicles hung from the scuppers.

In the sheltered harbour of the Piræus, where we now lay anchored, it was a little better; but the master's mate, who had been ashore that morning, declared he had seen ice upon the puddles on the quay.

All this, and many other matters of slight or serious interest, formed topics of talk. But first of all there was *King George.*

The King and Queen had paid a visit on board the day before, in great pomp and state, with admirals, generals, and court officials in their suite. We had manned the yards, while the guns thundered out the royal salute, with officers and men in parade dress, flags everywhere—and an extra ration of grog in the evening, in honour of the occasion. It was all delightfully exciting.

To-day, however, the splendour of state visits was already a thing of the past. The King was again up on deck, dressed this time as an ordinary gentleman, and accompanied only by his aide-de-camp, Baron Güldencrone. And every now and then one of us would stick his head up over the

hatchway to get another glimpse of this Danish Prince, so strangely made a monarch, brought from the far North to be crowned, while still only a naval cadet—just three years older than myself.

Some one came tumbling hurriedly down the companion-way — it was my comrade, Jörgen Castenskiold. He was on duty up above, and had been sent to get a light for the King's cigar. This in itself was something worth telling. And then the King had stroked him under the chin and asked if he would like to come up to the Palace.

What could it mean? Was the King going to invite all the volunteers on board to roast goose and Christmas cheer? Castenskiold hurried off and left us eagerly discussing the question.

The call sounded for tea, and soon we were seated round the tables in the mess, busy with tin mugs full of the hot liquid, in which we tried to soak rye biscuits, hardest of hard tasks, chewing away till our jaws were tired, but seldom till our stomachs were satisfied.

As we sat there, our strong teeth hard at work, there came a hail from above: "Two-seven-four—Number two-seven-four!"

"Here!" I shouted, putting down my tin mug.

"King wants you—look alive!"

I sprang up, and sat down again as suddenly on my bench, utterly overwhelmed—the King! What on earth could it mean?

I pulled myself together, flew like a stone from a catapult up the companion-ladder and hurried to the chart-house. A moment later I was standing stiff as a post and blinking like an owl before a very young and very slender gentleman, who sat with a big cigar between his fingers and a cup of coffee before him, surrounded by the Commander and officers of the ship.

I felt the eyes of the assembled company upon me, and despite the King's kindly smile I could not help feeling ill at ease. Besides, I suddenly remembered that my hands were most obtrusively unwashed after the recent boot cleaning—I must have cut a pretty figure!

"So your name's Walter Christmas?" asked the King, looking with a faint twinkle in his eye at my untidy little person.

"Yes, your—your——"

"Your Majesty, you ass!" whispered Lieutenant Hammer, who was nearest. The last words were presumably intended for my private ear.

The King laughed.

"Would you like to come up with me to the Palace—you and your friend, Jörgen Castenskiold?"

"Yes, please, your — your Majesty," I stammered, now utterly confused. I stole a glance at Lieutenant Lund, who was my providence in all cases of difficulty. He nodded encouragingly.

"It's all right, you may go," said the Commander kindly. "Go and get your things packed."

The King took out his watch. "In half an hour from now," he said.

"Yes, your Majesty."

I backed out of the chart-house and stumbled down to the orlop deck. Castenskiold was already busy getting out his best clothes, and soon we were both feverishly occupied with our "wardrobe."

"Look at their Royal Highnesses!" croaked out a voice, and the whole mess—sailors, conscripts, and volunteers—following the signal, set up a combined fire of jests at our expense. We cared but little for their chaff, however, and as for myself, my first confusion over, I thought only of immediate needs.

Neither of us had any bulky luggage—a ship's boy's effects are few and simple. We could not even muster a single trunk, but this difficulty was got over by borrowing a nice clean bread bag, in which we packed our finest clothes and most indispensable belongings.

When the side was piped for the King's departure, we were already seated in the bows of the boat, our hearts thumping in delightful anticipation.

It was all like a fairy tale to us boys—a wondrous weaving of glorious golden threads into the web of our fourteen-year-old lives. As if some gentle fairy had led us away from the dark and mean surroundings of our daily life on the hated orlop deck to the splendours of a royal palace in the

most renowned of old-time cities. One night to lie in a narrow hammock, stowed stuffily away amid a mass of snoring and perspiring humanity —the next, to find ourselves luxuriously couched in canopied beds in a large and lofty room. Outside our windows stretched the beautiful palace gardens, where hundreds of orange-trees stood heavy with ripe fruit; palms, cypresses, and other wondrous semi-tropical plants nodded to us in the gleaming sunshine. Yesterday we had been boot-cleaning, plate-carrying ship's boys, whose greatest delight was to find a remnant of some delicacy from the officers' table, a drop of coffee at the bottom of a pot. And to-day our own private attendant knocked discreetly at the door, before entering with a tray of early morning luxuries—at eight o'clock!—coffee, hot milk, toast, cakes, honey, and fresh-churned butter, the whole delightful spread placed on a little low table between two most inviting easy chairs.

How we did eat and drink! And how we splashed luxuriously in our tepid baths—of fresh water! For months we had washed in the salt water of the Mediterranean, and every one knows how impossible it is to get decently clean with salt water. On mature consideration we agreed that it would be best to proceed by easy stages towards perfect cleanliness of body; we did not like to scrub ourselves too thoroughly all at once, fearing the corn with which our magnificent

attendant would certainly regard the resulting opacity of the water!

It was a life of fairy tale indeed, through all those seven weeks of splendour and delight. Our early breakfast over, we slipped down into the garden to eat oranges till we could eat no more, wandered at leisure among the trees and flowers, and played with the tortoises by the little ponds. We also paid daily visits to the King's private zoo at the back of the gardens and spent hours by the cages of a wolf, a jackal, and an old lion, which King George had received as a present from the Emperor of Abyssinia, and which were on terms of the greatest friendship with him. The King never failed to visit these animals at least twice a day, and delighted in feeding them himself.

Then the little Princes and Princesses would come down, often in the personal charge of King George and Queen Olga, and would roam about with us for hours. I specially remember the Crown Prince—now King Constantine—a serious boy of seven, who rarely smiled; Prince George, a chubby little fellow, always laughing and happy; Princess Alexandra, a charming mite scarce five years old, and Prince Nicholas.

We played at soldiers and at hide-and-seek, and taught them some new games unknown to the Royal nursery of Greece; Princess Alexandra in particular was quick to learn, and greatly interested.

But the only game that Crown Prince Constantine cared for was war—in this respect there is not much difference between the seven-year-old boy and the man who now controls the destinies of Greece. He was never so happy as when we divided ourselves into two armies — Greek and Turkish—one of which occupied a mound fenced with aloes, which the other side had to storm. A dozen boys, the sons of gardeners or coachmen, were recruited by the rival commanders, and then the fun began. "Conny," as the Crown Prince was called, was always the Greek general, and I was commander of the fortress. I won great renown and the admiration of "Conny" when one day I hit upon the idea of dragging the garden hose up to the top of the mound and routing the assailants with the aid of this mitrailleuse.

At one o'clock we took our places, after careful washing, brushing, and general tidying up of our persons, at the luncheon table, set in a small apartment looking on to the garden. No guests were present at this meal; only the King and Queen and our small selves. Kilted retainers waited solemnly at table.

The handsomest royal couple in Europe—and the most youthful in manner. And then there was a certain pleasant atmosphere of happy homeliness, of patriarchal family feeling and general harmony about the life within the heavy walls of that great

palace, which dissipated all boyish shyness and timidity, inspiring absolute confidence. Whether it were due to the King's cheery simplicity of manner or the Queen's lovable and gentle kindliness—or to a happy blending of the two—we boys found ourselves after a couple of days as thoroughly at our ease as if we had been spending holidays at a country house in our own land. And our watchful anxiety to avoid the slightest mistake or breach of form was above all dictated by our feeling of gratitude and unbounded affection for this King and Queen who, with no other thought than the desire to please, had taken us two little strangers into their family circle. We managed, too, without the least mishap to pass through the maze of ceremony and court etiquette, finding favour in the eyes of the stern Mistress of the Queen's Household, Madame Theokaris, as well as the kind Madame Sapoundzakis, first Lady-in-waiting. A mighty and awe-inspiring personage, the Court Chamberlain, Colonel Hadjipetros, slapped us encouragingly on the shoulder with a hand that all but sent us spinning, and General Kolokotronis, the ancient hero of the War of Independence, sent ices to our box at the theatre—the first theatre in modern Athens—where we sat drinking in the simple delight of Offenbach's mirthful Greek operettas, *La Belle Hélène* and *Orphée aux Enfers*.

The Palace is planned on a very large scale;

one would imagine it capable of accommodating two or three royal families. But the German architect was not a practical man. Two large inner courtyards take up nearly half the area, and a system of corridors and passages, quite as broad as some of the streets of Athens, runs through all the floors of the building, leaving comparatively little space for rooms on each side.

Besides the state banqueting hall on the ground floor, the Royal Family had a large dining-room on the first floor. But the every-day, intimate lunch, at which we two boys were present, was served in one of the Queen's apartments, a corner room looking east and south, with a view of the gardens and almost unlimited sunshine.

At one end of the large room the luncheon table was laid—as a rule only for the King and Queen and for us two boys. Now and then one of the ladies-in-waiting was invited, but very seldom any male guest.

Punctually at one o'clock we used to stand there behind our chairs, when the Queen came in, smilingly wished us good-morning, and glanced at the table arrangements. One footman stood at the door and another at the sideboard, both in Greek national costume. Hardly had the Queen had time to light the spirit-lamp under the kettle, when the King came in. With a friendly nod and

smile and some cheery remark to his two youthful guests, he came up to the table with his active, springy step.

The meal invariably began with *hors d'œuvres* and fresh butter and cheese from Tatoï. The King ate nothing but rye bread. He always regretted that it was impossible to get this homely kind of bread in Athens; the Greeks have nothing but white bread. But the baker on the Danish warship made splendid rye bread, and a loaf of it was sent every day to the Palace. In return the King sent cases of Greek wine for the officers and men and huge baskets of oranges from the Palace gardens—not a bad exchange.

After the *hors d'œuvres* came two or three light French dishes, and then fruit and dessert. Wine, red and white, was always on the table, but it was seldom that the King took a glass. He drank a whole bottle of mineral water and a cup of *café au lait*. I have rarely seen a man so moderate in eating and drinking. But he encouraged us boys to fall to heartily. "Eat away—you're growing, you know. When I was your age, Walter, I used to put away seventeen rissoles and eight pancakes at the Cadet School!"

At dessert the three eldest children came in—the Crown Prince, Prince George, and Princess Alexandra. The first thing the two boys did was to go round the table, to see whether there was a slice of rye bread left. When my friend and I

discovered this predilection of the young Princes, we never touched the big piece of black bread that was placed before us—we got quite enough of it on board ship.

The King and Queen talked Danish to us boys, but the conversation often passed into English, which was the ordinary language of the Royal couple between themselves and with their children. However, both the King and Queen had such an extraordinary talent for languages, that without the slighest effort—probably without even thinking of it—they changed about from English to Danish, Greek, French, or German.

The conversation at meal-times was as lively and varied as it could be. Generally it began with plans of how Castenskiold and I were to spend the day — what excavations, museums, or ruins we should visit, or to what new part of the environs we should take our daily drive. The Queen was extremely anxious that we should profit as much as possible by our stay.

The conversation might then turn to the children and the preparations for their amusement; for Christmas and the New Year were approaching, the height of the season in Athens.

But sometimes the smile would suddenly leave the King's lips, while his eyes became hard and resolute; then we knew that affairs of State were on his mind — the Cabinet was bent upon some folly; the Turkish Minister had come up to the

Palace with a disagreeable note from the Porte, or rumours of conspiracies and unrest had come over the cable from Crete. At such times the King and Queen exchanged remarks in Greek, and I could see how the two kilted lackeys pricked up their ears and knitted their brows.

There was always unrest, always electricity in the air. Some danger or other continually threatened the country and the nation. And, although we boys were naturally somewhat in the dark about these things, we soon had an inkling of the part played by England among the Powers of the East and West. The British Minister was King George's special friend ; England was Greece's "big brother." I felt my blood stirred by this, for I have always looked upon myself as at least half English.

And in the middle of his anxious review of the situation, the King would light a cigarette, finish his coffee, and jump up with a little laugh.

"Now then, boys, are you coming to skate ?"

Away we went. We hardly had time to make a respectful bow to the Queen, before the King was out of the room. We ran up to our room and put on our roller-skates—a funny old-fashioned kind, with two pairs of wooden rollers in the middle —and then flew out into the long passage after the King, whom we could hear tearing along round the corner.

The best skating-rink was down in the great

ball-room. The tables and chairs were stacked one above the other, covered with immense carpets, and looking like dark mountains. We skated away on the polished parquet floor between the marble columns, and played catch like three boys of the same age. If we succeeded in catching the King, the reward was a cigarette—for he had very soon discovered that we smoked on the sly on the balcony outside our room. But it was no easy matter to catch His Majesty, though there were two of us; for he was one of the best and most elegant skaters I have ever seen.

Accident, and sometimes intention, have led me again and again to Greece — now on naval duty, now as a visitor, and finally as a volunteer during the war with Turkey. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of King George's accession I was on board the Danish cruiser *St. Thomas*; the harbour of the Piræus and the Gulf of Salamis were full of warships from the maritime Powers of the world. Close beside the Danish vessel lay the Duchess of Edinburgh's yacht *Surprise*. The present King of England was then a lieutenant on board.

Those were days of festival and rejoicing.

But I have seen Greece in the direst crisis that the kingdom has gone through since its rebirth—in the war of 1897. . . .

Each time I set foot upon Greek soil, at vary-

ing intervals, I found progress, both intellectual and material. I found a people striving with energy and courage for success, despite political confusion, financial difficulties, and the ever-present opposition of the great Powers. I found a King, loyal to his country's laws and to the chosen men of his people, steering his ship of State forward with unexampled tact and shrewdness.

When asked to write this book, recounting the life and progress of the King and people of Greece during half a century, I was proud and glad to undertake the task, and I venture to hope that the time and labour spent upon it have not been altogether in vain.

CHAPTER I

GREECE AS A KINGDOM—THE ELECTION OF KING GEORGE

In looking to-day at the map of the Balkan Peninsula, one finds a difficulty in reconstructing its appearance eighty years ago. Our common sense refuses to picture so many countries, now independent, swallowed up by a single State, which had nothing in common with the subject nations either in religion, nationality or culture, and scarcely a point of contact with them in tradition, language, or manners and customs. We of the present day are so accustomed to respect the national idea, that any other state of things seems almost impossible.

And yet it is only fourscore years since national claims—claims, too, that were intensified by oppression, persecution, and centuries of infamy—weighed not a feather in the balance with the governments of the great Powers and their diplomatists. At that time a Holy Alliance turned a deaf ear to the prayers and appeals of Christian

co-religionists, and preached in reply the unconditional obedience of subjects to their sovereign. Seven years of unprecedented horrors, a nation's heroic, desperate struggle, the danger of its complete extermination, and cries of indignation in speech and writing from every corner of the civilised world, were required before the Powers stepped in, before they could make up their minds to depart from the time-honoured "principles" of the Holy Alliance.

But when at last the step was taken into the unknown, away from tradition and dogma, when the first Balkan state was created and the first emancipated people was given the right to lead its own national life, the great Powers thought it perfectly reasonable that other races should follow the example. One after another there arose a Bulgaria, a Servia, a Rumania—and now there is to be an Albania. And all these countries owe a debt to the Greeks of the War of Independence; for out of their sufferings, their martyrdom, their heroism grew the feeling of nationality, the patriotism and the desire of liberty which are now the very heart's blood of each independent state in the Balkan Peninsula.

It was some time, however, before the new national ideas took root. The great Powers set about the formation of a modern Greece with no good will. The opportuneness of creating a modern state in the south-eastern corner of Europe, which

might act as a forepost and bulwark of Western civilisation and culture, seems to have been appreciated, though only to a slight extent. The mainspring of the deliberations and actions of the Powers was evidently the desire of curtailing the Sultan's sovereignty as little as possible and of preserving the *status quo* as far as could be. The result, then, was an insignificant little kingdom, ruined at the very moment of its birth, and apparently incapable by its own strength of reaching a development that would carry it through future crises; a poor, dwarfed country, that could only exist by the favour of the great Powers and the mercy of Providence.

Great Britain, France, and Russia were the Powers that arbitrarily undertook to arrange the constitutional and financial existence of Greece. In both respects they proceeded with so little care for the welfare of the Greek people that the seeds of great misfortunes were sown from the beginning.

A loan had to be raised, as the war had exhausted all the resources of the country. The house of Rothschild undertook to provide 60,000,000 francs—against a guarantee of the great Powers, of course—to be paid in three instalments to the Greek State. The price of issue was fixed at 94, and the interest was 5 per cent. The first two instalments were thus accounted for,

60,000,000 francs being taken as equal to 67,000,000 drachmas.

	Drachmas
6 per cent. commission, etc. . . .	5,298,000
Indemnity to Turkey (40,000,000 piastres)	14,920,000
Interest, etc., retained by Rothschilds .	4,842,000
Paid into the Greek Treasury . . .	19,612,000
Total, drachmas . .	44,672,000

The greater part of the third series went in liquidation of interest, commission, etc., on the first two instalments, so that Greece did not benefit very greatly by its first Government loan. In this connection I must explain that the maintenance of the Bavarian troops which accompanied King Otho to his new kingdom cost, according to the figures of the War Minister, Schmaltz, 20,087,978 drachmas for the years 1833-35. It is not surprising that Greece soon had to raise fresh loans simply to keep things going. Notwithstanding great vigilance, in the course of the next eleven years the debt had run up to 72,000,000 francs, bearing interest at 6 per cent.

Just as arbitrarily as in the business of the loan, and with the same contempt for the wishes and interests of Greece, the three protecting Powers proceeded to the election of a king.

The chief thing to be avoided was the choice of one specially favoured by any of the three

guaranteeing Powers. It was therefore agreed to offer the crown of Greece to the son of King Ludwig of Bavaria, Prince Otho, who was then seventeen years old.

It can scarcely be doubted that the Greeks, as one man, were ignorant of Prince Otho's existence until they found him appointed to be their sovereign. What they needed most was a strong, energetic, and authoritative man; instead of this they received a young, inexperienced prince, with a triumvirate of Bavarian regents thrown in. But the Greeks had already learnt to be thankful for what they could get, and the condition of the country was such that only an immediate and radical change in the situation could save them from civil war and anarchy.

The three regents, who had seized the reins of power after the murder of Johannes Capo d'Istria, were now in open conflict. The result was that Agostino Capo d'Istria was forced to take refuge on board a Russian warship, while Kolettis, with the heroes of the War of Independence, Kondouriotis, Mavrokordato, Miaulis, and Mavromichalis, entered Argos. A National Assembly, which was then elected, was broken up by a band of mutinous soldiers, who had not received their pay; everywhere Greek was opposed to Greek, musket and pistol shots were heard, and the prisons were filled.

No wonder, then, that all cool-headed Hellenes received the young King not merely without

criticism, but with enthusiasm; he came, in fact, as the saviour of the country from civil war and mob rule. At last a new era was to begin. And it was not to be forgotten that Otho, the first ruler to wear the crown of Greece, was himself the son of a King, and of a warm-hearted Philhellene to boot, Ludwig of Bavaria, who had so often shown his sympathy for the oppressed Greek people. No doubt King Otho was young, scarcely more than a boy, but he brought experienced counsellors with him. There was rejoicing and confidence on every side.

Unfortunately, the members of the Regency, Count Armansperg, Professor Maurer, and General Heideck, were utterly unqualified for grasping the peculiarities of the Greek people. They behaved much after the usual manner of Germans who are called upon to administer a conquered country. The Regents divided the ministerial posts among themselves and acted as a cabinet, without admitting a single Greek; the foreign troops that had been brought in were employed as a palace guard and as lifeguards; vague promises were given of calling together a National Assembly for drafting a constitution, but these promises were never kept. For ten years the Regency ruled absolutely; Greeks were excluded from all the higher offices, and Germans—Bavarians especially—were always given the preference. The Government thus showed an

increasing arbitrariness and a lack of respect for the law which could not but drive the Greeks to despair. In one sphere alone the foreigners rendered real service to the country: they worked with great persistence at the development of the national defences, and thus formed the basis of an efficient army.

A centralised administration is impossible in a country like Greece. The thousand valleys, the network of precipitous mountain ranges, the cataracts and winter torrents, and above all the almost complete absence of roads—everything calls for local self-government. The ancient municipal institutions had survived even the Turkish domination, since any other system was impossible. But this was just the sphere in which the German doctrinaires insisted on remoulding the administration according to the most approved Teutonic models; the country was divided into ten nomarchies, which again were sub-divided into eparchies, and all were to be administered direct from the capital.

The result was apathy and disorder in all the departments and offices of the administration, for it was impossible to keep in touch with the population in the more remote districts. This again led to public insecurity, and brigandage increased to an alarming extent. At the same time both townsmen and peasants were roused to indignation by the brutal taxation, which made

many districts desolate and turned peaceful herdsmen into marauders. The situation rapidly became intolerable; once more intrigues and conspiracies were formed, until at last the outbreak came in the form of a bloodless, well-planned revolution. On September 15th, 1843, the Greeks compelled their King to dismiss the Regency, to accept a Greek Ministry, and to summon the National Assembly for drafting a constitution.

As far as can be judged, King Otho was a most engaging idealist, but entirely devoid of energy and practical sense. His love of Greece and of his subjects was fanatical, but he never reached an understanding of the Hellenic mind or of what was going on below the surface among the Greek people. For days together he would busy himself with the drafting of a royal rescript so as to give the true classical form to its wording and style — the contents troubled him but little. When the great palace at Athens was completed, the royal residence was removed thither from Nauplia. At their magnificent court functions both the King and Queen adopted Greek national costumes and insisted on the example being followed by their guests. On every occasion the royal couple supported national art and science, and their practical sympathy with the sick and suffering was unbounded.

In spite of his many excellent qualities, his earnest idealism, and his love of his people, King

Otho never won back the popular favour his Bavarian counsellors had so thoroughly forfeited. Nor did the beautiful and far more energetic Queen Amalia succeed in bridging over the abyss of distrust that separated the sovereigns from their subjects; year by year the cleft grew wider.

Europe had gradually lost all interest in what was going on in the newly-formed Balkan state; even the warmest Philhellenes only spoke of Hellas with a shrug of the shoulders. For the nation on which so much admiration had formerly been bestowed, showed no sign of development; the resources of the country were just as paralysed and lifeless as under the Turkish domination. With the exception of a few roads round Athens, for the personal use of the Queen for riding and driving, no highways were constructed, and nothing was done to give the much-needed impulse to trade, traffic, and navigation. Interest on Government loans was not paid, while on the other hand brigandage was increasing both on land and sea, so that the situation was becoming well-nigh intolerable.

Then finally Greece committed the imprudence of plunging into an adventure which nearly brought the kingdom to ruin.

During the Crimean War King Otho had the insane idea that the moment had arrived for wresting Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete from Turkey. Without preparation, without the support of any

great Power, with a small and inefficient army he crossed the northern frontier. The extremely humiliating result was that England and France blockaded the Piræus and landed troops to maintain the neutrality of Greece. This guarantee force remained for three years on Greek soil.

This event killed the last remnant of European sympathy with the Greek people. Greece was looked upon as a hopelessly bankrupt State, an object of general compassion.

It caused, therefore, neither uneasiness nor surprise when the Greeks finally acted upon their oft-repeated threats of turning out their King.

At the beginning of 1862 the first disturbances broke out, when the garrison of Nauplia openly revolted. It is true that the town was recaptured by Government troops, but it was only a short respite—the germ of revolt had long ago undermined the whole organism of the State.

The King then determined to appeal personally to the people in a final attempt to win popularity. He and the Queen embarked on the steam frigate *Amalia*, visited Hydra and Spetzai, travelled through the country to Sparta, and finally arrived at Kalamata. Here the news reached them that General Grivas had raised the banner of revolt at Vonitza and exhorted the Greek nation to "defend its liberty and the national sovereignty."

King Otho returned post haste to Athens; but even that city had been drawn into the whirlpool

of revolution. Half the garrison, under the command of Colonel Diamantopoulos, had entrenched itself in the higher quarters of the capital, while the other half, which was still loyal, defended the Palace and the National Bank. On the King's arrival, October 22nd, the old hero Kolokotronis made an attempt to arrest the course of events; he led the lifeguards against the rebels, volleys were exchanged, and many fell. The situation, however, was hopeless; by about midnight the capital was lost to the King. While the lifeguards were still able to defend the Palace, the rebels broke open the prisons, overpowered the police and burned the criminal records. At the Piræus the commandant held his own, until he fell, riddled by bullets.

The royal couple remained irresolute on board the frigate *Amalia,* deliberating on the almost hopeless position. Then, on the 24th, the whole diplomatic corps, including the representative of the King of Bavaria, met and unanimously advised King Otho to leave the country, for a time at least. This advice decided the question; the King, the Queen, and their Court proceeded on board the British frigate *Scylla.* From this vessel King Otho issued a manifesto to his subjects: he was withdrawing, *for a time,* since he had not the heart to plunge his beloved Greece into a sanguinary civil war. Neither then nor later would he hear of any official abdication.

Meanwhile Demetrios Bulgaris had formed a new government, in conjunction with Konstantinos Kanaris and Benizlo Rouphos; and as early as 1st December an appeal was sent out to all Greeks at home and abroad to proceed to the election of a new king by universal suffrage. The polls were to be opened in ten days—at the consulates for those abroad—and every Greek above the age of twenty had the right to vote.

It is curious to examine the result of this popular vote, which discloses a remarkable ignorance of European political affairs among the Greeks of that time.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, headed the poll with 230,066 votes; after him the Duke of Leuchtenberg (a Romanoff) received 2,400; "an Orthodox king," 1,917; the Tsar, 1,841; "a king," 1,763; Prince Napoleon, 245; "a French Imperial prince," 246; a republic, 93; Prince Amadeo of Italy, 15; the Count of Flanders, 7; Prince William of Denmark, 6; Prince Ypsilanti, 6; King Otho 1.

The voting left nothing to be desired in the way of clearness. Prince Alfred's election as King of Greece was proclaimed all over the kingdom, the warships in the Piræus fired a salute of 101 guns, Athens was illuminated, and all was joy and satisfaction—until Prince Alfred's refusal reached the capital.

It soon became clear how difficult it would be to find a king willing to accept the inheritance

and the debts of his predecessor. It was not Greece, however, that rendered the election difficult by putting forward exaggerated demands, but rather the reverse. The increasing ferment, which in some parts of the kingdom assumed a form dangerously resembling civil war and anarchy, the innate disinclination of the Greeks to submit to any chief of the State belonging to their own nation—everything prompted a rapid solution of a most untenable situation. The Greeks, however, might have spared themselves all trouble, for the fate of their country was decided far from classic soil—in the councils of the great Powers.

During the reign of King Otho the three guaranteeing Powers, Great Britain, France, and Russia, had each endeavoured with varying success to acquire a preponderating influence in the new kingdom. Usually Great Britain had the upper hand. A British High Commissioner administered in the name of the Queen the Septinsular Republic in the Ionian Sea—Gladstone himself had for a short time occupied the Castle of Corfu. The islanders felt drawn towards their Greek kinsmen, almost to the same extent as the Cretans, and on various occasions England had intimated a certain disposition to relax her hold of these possessions, which were somewhat superfluous as regards her position in the Mediterranean. At this moment, while the election of a king was pending, a delegation from the eight councils of

the islands had once more with great eloquence laid the national hopes and desires before the British Government, and had returned from its mission with well-founded expectations. No wonder, then, that after the fall of King Otho Great Britain was the Power to which the affection and hopes of the Hellenes were turned.

But neither Russia nor France held back; each Power had candidates for the Greek throne. The diplomatists at Athens worked assiduously; the Greeks divided themselves into parties, each taking the colour of the great Power it favoured. Everything pointed to a bitter election struggle, the result of which could not be foreseen, especially as the Bavarian Minister suddenly began to exert all his activity to bring back the exiled King. Considerable sums of money supported the agitation; the powerful family of Mavromichalis in the Peloponnese marshalled its adherents under the Bavarian flag; the two great party leaders, Bulgaris and Kanaris collected other bodies of serviceable men; shots were again heard, blood was shed, and soon the situation became as threatening as it had been on the departure of King Otho.

On Prince Alfred's declining to accept the crown of Greece, Great Britain proposed in turn the following candidates: Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Leiningen, Prince Hohenlohe, and the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. The sympathies of Russia fluctuated between the

Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince William of Baden; France was for the Duc d'Aumale, until at the last moment the Emperor threw in his influence with England, turning the scale in favour of a new candidate — the one who was finally successful.

While the famous European Concert was performing one of its most discordant symphonies, the young Prince, who before long was to draw the attention of the world to his person and his conduct, was leading an existence as unremarked as it was profitable from an educational point of view.

In the greatest simplicity young Prince William was brought up together with his five brothers and sisters, in the Yellow Palace in Copenhagen. At the time when the Greek King fled from his country there were not many indications of the great, almost romantic future that awaited several members of the House of Glücksburg. Of the sixteen-year-old Prince William himself not much more was known than that he was an unusually handsome, charming, and good-humoured person, a promising naval cadet, a favourite with superiors and comrades alike. It is scarcely to be supposed that the events in far-off Greece occupied the young sailor's mind any more than similar occurrences in other half-civilised countries; nor can we find anything that points to the Greeks having

much idea of the Prince's existence or associating any expectation at all with his person. For at so late a date as December 1862, only six votes were given to the Danish Prince—six far-seeing men those Greeks must have been! Soon, however, a change was to come about and unexpected developments were in progress.

At the close of 1862 the British Minister at Copenhagen, on behalf of Queen Victoria, solicited the hand of Princess Alexandra for the Prince of Wales; and soon afterwards the betrothal took place.

This was an event which might have been of great significance to Denmark at that critical time, and rejoicing was general among the Danes. It was not the northern kingdom, however, that was to reap direct and immediate profit from the bond which allied the English and Danish Courts; its first effect was felt in distant Greece.

It is well known that Queen Victoria was far from regarding Denmark with sympathy; on the contrary, she entertained a predilection for Germany. On the other hand, the British Prime Minister, Earl Russell, had hitherto shown warm friendship for Denmark; but at this very juncture the English statesman executed one of those sudden changes of front which so often characterised his subsequent political career. Without any warning he went over to the German camp. He advised Hall, the Danish

Prime Minister, to grant Holstein the most liberal form of self-government, and at the same time gave him to understand that Denmark would have herself to blame for the consequences if the advice were not immediately followed.

At about this time Prince William's candidature was set on foot. That this was a direct move on the part of England, or that at any rate the proposal was known to meet with the entire approval of the English Court, is beyond all doubt. Moreover, it was the British Foreign Minister, Earl Russell, who sent telegraphic instructions to the Minister at Athens, Mr Campbell Scarlett, to lay before the Greek National Assembly the proposal of electing the Danish Prince.

Meanwhile, it must be noted that, if Prince William's name had not previously occurred to a very large number of Greeks in connection with the vacant throne, it was now seized upon and received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Hellenic people.

Earl Russell's telegram arrived on March 18th, and twelve days later the Greek Foreign Minister, Prince Mavrokordato, received telegraphic information that King Frederick of Denmark had agreed to receive an application on the part of the Greek nation.

March 30th was a red-letter day in Athens. Mavrokordato summoned the members of the

Ministry and proceeded to the National Assembly. The Danish King's letter of consent was read to the deputies, who rose to their feet and listened with eager attention, and immediately afterwards President Balbi — who was at the same time chief of the Ministry—rose and made a brilliant and moving speech in favour of the future ruler of Greece. His concluding words were as follows :—

"Hitherto, gentlemen, I have spoken as President of this Assembly; permit me now to say a few words as a simple Greek citizen who only has his country's welfare at heart. Just as in one day we got rid of King Otho, so let us in one day choose our new King. An admirable offer has been made us — I propose that we instantly accept it and acclaim Prince William of Denmark as King of Greece."

Deafening cheers followed this invitation, and not a single note of discord marred the enthusiasm. The Assembly proceeded to business without delay, and passed a decree, composed of three paragraphs :—

1. Prince Christian William Ferdinand Adolph George is appointed sovereign of Greece under the name of King George the First.
2. The King's children are to be brought up in the Greek Orthodox religion.
3. A deputation shall be appointed immediately and despatched to Denmark to offer the throne officially to the Prince.

The important intelligence spread through Athens in a moment, and everywhere was rejoicing and satisfaction. The city was illuminated, a thanksgiving service was held in the Cathedral, and a royal salute was fired.

A deputation was chosen without delay, and consisted of the veteran hero, Admiral Kanaris, and the tried politicians Zaïmis and Grivas. Major Mollas, Captain Scouzes, aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Reinech, Secretary Mavrokordato, Professor Philemon, and Dr Stavros were also attached to the deputation.

The Greek mission arrived at Copenhagen on April 24th, and was received with marked attention both by the Government and the public. Everything was done to make their stay a pleasant one, but we may be sure the time seemed long to the deputation in Copenhagen and to the expectant people of Greece—it was one thing to acclaim the Danish Prince as King in the free, impulsive, and so wonderfully democratic land of Hellas, but quite another to set in motion the extremely complicated diplomatic machinery and court ceremonial of northern kingdoms and empires. Months were to elapse before the royal title was officially accorded to the young Prince, and before Admiral Kanaris and his companions could send the joyful tidings to the National Assembly at Athens.

At this time, Prince William and his elder brother—afterwards King Frederick VIII.—were

going through the cadets' course at the Naval Academy, just like the sons of any ordinary officer.

Discipline was strict, and not the slightest difference was made between the Princes and their comrades. Whilst Prince Frederick was a quiet and extremely well-behaved cadet, Prince William was lively and full of pranks, which not unfrequently brought down punishment on him.

One of his class-mates of those days, now an Admiral, told me of the Prince's last exploit, from the consequences of which he escaped by a marvellous piece of luck.

The mathematical master, an old and learned pedagogue, was in the habit of wearing galoshes winter and summer, and he invariably left them outside the class-room, together with a dark-green umbrella. One day Prince William asked permission to go out during the lesson, and when he came back the word was passed round that now there would be some fun with old Mathiesen. The excitement was intense as the Professor left the room—what was going to happen?

What happened was that Mathiesen put his feet into the galoshes, reached up for his umbrella, and fell at full length in the passage, while his false teeth flew into one corner and his hat into another. The ingenious Prince had nailed the galoshes fast to the floor.

There was a terrible row, for the old man

complained and the Commander was furious. In full uniform, with cocked hat and sword, he went to the Yellow Palace to complain in person to the Heir Apparent, Prince Christian, of his incorrigible son.

But the affair took a remarkable and unforeseen turn. While the Commander was waiting in the anteroom, the door suddenly opened and Cadet William appeared, with a face in which a certain dignity was blended with irrepressible roguishness.

"I suppose you have come to congratulate me, Captain?" said the Prince, coming into the room.

"Congratulate? The devil I have! I've come to complain, sir, to complain. . . ." The Commander was almost speechless with indignation.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. You may not have heard I have been elected King of Greece."

"What do you say? King of —— Well, that beats everything! H'm!—I suppose it isn't true, is it?"

"Perfectly true. And I am sure my father will be glad to receive your congratulations, Captain—you are the first. He told me to say you could come in. We saw you from the window."

Completely bewildered, the honest sailor floundered into Prince Christian's study. As the door closed behind him he heard a hearty burst of laughter.

It was undeniably not altogether an easy matter

for King Frederick to set his name and seal to his young kinsman's appointment as King of Greece.

A very doubtful future perhaps awaited the Danish Prince in that distant and extremely turbulent kingdom. It was the King's duty as far as possible to secure for the Prince a favourable financial position at least—even if the royal journey to the south should prove to be nothing more than a youthful adventure. In the next place it was important at the outset to rouse the sympathy and gratitude of the Hellenes towards their new ruler, and the best means of doing this was to induce England to cede the Ionian Islands. Finally, the King of Denmark was anxious not to offend the friendly royal house of Bavaria; for it must be remembered that King Otho had never officially abdicated the throne of Greece, nor could he ever be induced to take such a step voluntarily.

It is obvious that negotiations in which Denmark, Bavaria, England, Russia, and France were concerned, could not be brought to any rapid conclusion. Europe, however, has no more lively desire than to establish tranquillity in the Balkan Peninsula, and the desire was never more apparent than at this juncture. Governments and diplomatists displayed a zeal and a spirit of accommodation which have seldom been seen before or since; Frederick VII.'s *conditio sine qua non* was admitted without objection.

On June 5th, 1863, the London protocol relating to the throne of Greece was signed by the Ambassadors of France, Baron Gros, of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and of Denmark, Chamberlain Bille, and attested by Earl Russell as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Thus the approval of the protecting Powers was assured to Prince William's "forthcoming acceptance of the Greek crown."

But in reality everything was already arranged by May 24th, so that the deputation was able to despatch the following telegram from Copenhagen to Athens :—

"The affair is concluded; the Minister has informed us in writing that the Crown has been accepted and that our King will set out on his voyage as soon as the incorporation of the Ionian Islands has taken place. — Kanaris, Zaïmis, Grivas."

That this telegram removed a heavy load from Greek minds is clear from abundant evidence. The delay had seemed long and depressing, and doubts of a successful result increased from day to day. A very significant outburst appeared in the Athens paper *Evnomia* of May 24th :—

"People of Greece, rejoice! Your troubles are at an end and our prayers have been heard! The dangers of Hellas are past, the ground has ceased to tremble, the earthquake has subsided before the edifice of the State was shaken to its foundation. The throne is saved; already the shadow of the

Crown spreads over the country, protecting the laws. . . ."

Somewhat more temperate and northern, but no less cordial and joyful, was the feeling in Copenhagen. The two brothers, Prince Frederick and Prince William, were both extremely popular among the townspeople and with their comrades in the Army and Navy. Prince Frederick's future career had long ago been mapped out, and now the Danish people felt both joy and pride that the choice had fallen upon the second of the Heir Apparent's sons. It was felt to be a consolation at that time of peril, and no slight encouragement to the national aspirations, that the future sovereigns of Denmark were forming such powerful and important alliances with the reigning families of England, Russia, and Sweden in this and the following years. And now again the attention of Europe was drawn to the princely family in the modest "Yellow Palace": a member of the Danish royal house was about to place the crown of Greece upon his head.

Preliminaries of the great event were not long in coming. On June 3rd Cadet H.R.H. Prince William was promoted Captain in the Navy.

On the 5th the following announcement was issued from the Court Chamberlain's office:—

"To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock noon, His Majesty the King is graciously pleased to receive

in solemn audience at Christiansborg Palace the deputation sent by the Greek National Assembly to offer the throne of Greece to His Royal Highness Prince Christian William Ferdinand Adolph George of Denmark. The ceremonial approved for this occasion is given below.

"After the solemn audience at Christiansborg Palace, the deputation will be received in audience by His Royal Highness Prince William at the Palace of His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark.

"At 5 o'clock a state dinner will be held at Christiansborg Palace."

The day came—June 6th—with the sun shining from a cloudless sky upon a city gay with flags and in festival humour. The streets through which the Prince would pass were packed with people.

At a quarter to twelve Prince Christian left his palace in a state carriage; Prince Frederick sat by his father's side, Prince William opposite. On the way back the two brothers had changed places.

At the same time the Greek deputation drove in five royal carriages from the Hotel Phœnix to the Palace.

The "ceremonial approved for the occasion" fills no less than four columns of the official gazette, for the King desired that this, the last great event of his life, should be marked by all appropriate solemnity.

THE GREEK DEPUTATION WHICH CAME TO COPENHAGEN TO OFFER KING GEORGE THE THRONE.

The throne was placed in the hall of the Palace, with the mantle of ermine spread over it, and there the King received the Greek deputation. On the right of the throne and on its lowest step stood the Heir Apparent, Prince Christian, and the future King of Greece; at the foot of the steps the members of the Privy Council had taken up their position. On the opposite side were the Chief Cup-bearer, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Keeper of the Privy Archives, the Aides-de-camp on duty, the Chamberlains of the Dowager Queen and of the Heir Apparent, the Master of the Horse, the Private Secretary, the Gentleman-in-waiting, the Colonels of the Lifeguards and of the Hussars, the Bishop of Sealand, and the Director of the Civil List.

Immediately opposite the throne stood the Ministers of England, France, and Russia. The rest of the hall was filled with a brilliant crowd of the most prominent men in Denmark, in uniforms and decorations, while lifeguards, jægers, footmen, and lackeys — all in gala dress — lined the corridors and the broad marble staircase.

Punctually at twelve o'clock the door at the end of the hall was opened, and, conducted by the Master of the Ceremonies, Count Blücher-Altona, the emissaries of Greece entered and placed themselves before the throne.

In a loud voice that showed strong emotion,

the white-haired naval hero, Admiral Kanaris, read the appeal of the Hellenes to the King of Denmark:

"Sire,—The National Assembly of Greece in its session of March 18th has elected and proclaimed His Royal Highness Prince William George of Denmark as King of the Hellenes under the name of George the First, and has honoured us with the duty of offering the crown to His Royal Highness in the name of the Hellenic people.

"In placing, Sire, in your Majesty's hands the decree announcing the election of His Royal Highness, we hope that your Majesty's reply will fulfil the desires and expectations of the Hellenic people.

"This election, Sire, is not only a homage to the person of the illustrious King, to whom it has pleased Divine Providence to entrust the destinies of Denmark, but also a proof of confidence in the talents of the young Prince. It will form, Sire, a bond between two nations, which have been distinguished in all times by their virtues and patriotism.

"Greece, Sire, who bases all her hopes upon her young sovereign, and who relies upon the support of the three great protecting Powers, is firmly convinced that she will one day see the fulfilment of her national aspirations."

King Frederick VII. rose from his throne,

an imposing figure, and in a clear voice replied to the Greek deputation :—

"We accept on behalf of our young kinsman, Prince William George, the crown to which he has been called by the Greek nation.

"In the course of the negotiations which have been carried on in London with the three great Powers, which have contributed so greatly to the establishment of the kingdom of Greece and have preserved an unflagging interest in its progress, we have made it a condition of the acceptance of the crown that the Ionian Islands be united to the kingdom of Greece. It gives us pleasure to be able to express the confident expectation that this union will take place in the near future, and it has been our desire that the young King, when he is received for the first time by his people, may be greeted as the messenger of the fulfilment of this well-grounded and long-cherished wish.

"It is our hope that with the devoted assistance of the Greek people he will be successful in developing the rich resources of the country and in leading it towards a fair and happy future. This desire is shared by all those who hold in imperishable remembrance the great past of Greece and her heroic struggle for independence. And when the young King leaves his native land for his new home, this sincere desire of the King and people of Denmark will accompany him."

When the King had concluded his speech, he invited Prince William to ascend to the second step of the throne and addressed the following words to his young kinsman :

"I will give you, before you leave this place, a sincere and well-meant piece of advice : let it always be your endeavour to win and retain the love of your people ; I do not wish to praise myself, but I speak from experience when I say that in this a king's true happiness consists. Abide firmly by the constitution of your country ; strive constantly to make it recognised and see that it is adhered to. If you make this your rule, it will go well with you and your country."

King Frederick made a sign to Vice-Admiral Mourier, and the latter brought him the insignia of the Order of the Elephant.

His Majesty spoke again :

"Before I raise you to the exalted position you are soon to occupy, I will give you at the foot of the throne, while you are still Prince of Denmark, a visible sign of your King's favour, in creating you Knight of the Elephant."

The King then handed the Prince the insignia of the Order, drew him up to the highest step of the throne, embraced and kissed the newly-elected sovereign three times, and said in a voice that showed signs of emotion and the most sincere good-will :

"Receive your old King's blessing. God be with you in your future path !"

With that the impressive and profoundly moving ceremony came to an end. The Greek deputation withdrew, while the two Kings, of Denmark and Greece, followed by the whole body of diplomatists, courtiers, Privy Councillors and officials, left the throne-room in procession.

An hour later the deputation waited on the newly-elected King, who received the representatives of his future subjects in the palace of his father, Prince Christian.

Admiral Kanaris was again the spokesman:

"Sire, — Praise be to God, who has been pleased to vouchsafe me in my old age the favour of greeting your Majesty as King, and of presenting, in association with my honoured colleagues, the congratulations of Greece.

"As representatives of the whole Hellenic race we regard this day as the fairest of our lives, since we are here to affirm the loyalty and love of a nation whose history and sufferings render it worthy of your Majesty's sympathy.

"By the decree announcing your Majesty's election Greece has placed her whole future and all her hopes in the hands of her sovereign, convinced that, inspired by the great duties he will have to fulfil, he will devote himself to the welfare of the country and to the development of the nation's free institutions.

"As regards myself, Sire, having seen this day, I have lived long enough to be able to say with

Simeon: 'Lord, now suffer thy servant to depart in peace!'"

Deeply moved, the young King replied:

"With real gladness I have received this first greeting from the representatives of the Hellenic people, and with profound emotion I have listened to its utterance from the lips of a man whose name is with imperishable honour bound up with the rebirth of Greece. I feel deeply the responsibility of the vocation that has fallen to my lot; I will devote to it the best powers of my life, and I rely upon the loyal support of the Greek nation in order that we may attain our common object, the happiness of Greece.

"I have grown up in a country where lawful order goes hand in hand with constitutional liberty, and which has thereby attained a great and beneficent development. The lessons I have learnt here will go with me and guide me in my new country, and I shall always keep before me the motto, which is that of the King of Denmark: *The people's love is my strength!*"

At five o'clock the same afternoon Frederick VII. gave a magnificent state dinner at Christiansborg Palace. Two hundred and fifty guests were invited, among them, of course, the Greek deputation, the members of which were all decorated by the King with his own hand.

In the course of the dinner the Greek King's

health was proposed by the Danish monarch, and in his reply King George said:

"I beg your Majesty to rest assured that I shall constantly strive to follow your example; and wherever I go I shall always try to do honour to the country from which I come."

From all contemporary accounts it appears that the people of Copenhagen took part in all these festivities with jubilant enthusiasm. No small share of popularity was showered on the Greek representatives; there was no end to the cheering whenever they showed themselves with the snowy-haired hero Kanaris at their head, clad in the picturesque national costume of the Greeks. That the youthful King had the lion's share of the popular rejoicing was natural enough. Every one admired the slight and engaging young figure, to which the uniform of a naval captain lent an appearance of manhood that his seventeen years could not have given him.

The same evening a telegram from Athens arrived with an account of the reception of the news by the Hellenes:

"The question of the Crown is settled at last; Prince William ascends the throne of Greece under the name of George I. Two despatches from the Greek deputation at Copenhagen announced this happy result to us on Wednesday and Thursday. Both despatches were read by the Foreign Minister in the National Assembly, whereupon all the

deputies rose from their seats and with bare heads cried, 'Long live the King!' Immediately afterwards the President of the National Assembly gave orders for the festival we are celebrating to-day (Saturday). The festival was ushered in at daybreak by a salvo of guns, and at 10 o'clock a Te Deum was sung in the Cathedral in the presence of the Deputies, the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers, and the superior officers, as well as a large number of the inhabitants. Soldiers of the National Guard paraded outside the Cathedral. This evening the whole city will be illuminated, and bands will play in all public places. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that prevails here."

For once all the Powers of Europe were in agreement—though with some reservation on the part of Germany—in congratulating Greece on the choice of a new king. From Russia, Sweden, England, and France—indeed, from Turkey itself—came telegrams couched in the most cordial terms, and the newspapers were full of good-will.

After a few more days' stay in Copenhagen the Greek deputation returned to Athens to prepare for the young sovereign's arrival.

King George himself had to wait some time longer. An affair of the greatest importance had to be brought to its official conclusion before he could set out for his new home—and this was the cession of the Ionian Islands.

However, the English Government had given

a binding promise, and Earl Russell showed his willingness to accede to the firmly expressed desire of the Danish King—all the more readily as the islands were not, properly speaking, a British possession, but an independent republic under the suzerainty and protection of the British Crown.

In his speech in Parliament on this occasion the British Foreign Secretary laid down as one of the leading principles of the British Government that of showing consideration for a national desire of long standing and vigorously expressed. At that time no objection was raised to the principle, but it is permissible to contrast with this the attitude of subsequent English governments towards the claims of Crete—identical with those of the Ionian Islands — which have been raised for an even longer time and with far more vigour; so vigorously, indeed, that they have cost the lives of hundreds of Cretans.

King George then set out on his long journey. He was accompanied by the experienced Danish diplomatist, Count Sponneck, and by two Danish aides-de-camp, the naval officers Baron Güldencrone and Lieutenant Funch. The King wished to thank the Tsar of Russia, the Queen of England, and the Emperor of the French—the crowned heads of the three protecting Powers—for the support they had accorded him in his election to the throne of Greece.

And, having concluded his round of visits, the King sailed for Athens.

The whole of Europe followed him with sympathy—and doubt. In his first message to the Greek nation the youthful sovereign promised to live only for his people, and to make the country the "model kingdom of the Orient." Would he be able to fulfil the latter promise? The Danish youth had now to prove that, as ruler of a nation which contemporary sceptics condemned to a hopeless decadence, he could lead his kingdom through the trials of rebirth, through crises and perils to new life in the path of development and progress.

Would he be successful?

CHAPTER II

THE EARLIER YEARS OF KING GEORGE'S REIGN

On October 29th, 1863, King George made his entry into the capital of Greece; on the following day he took the oath to the Constitution.

It must be acknowledged that, if the Greeks up to this moment had been opposed one to another in open conflict or secret intrigue, their differences vanished as soon as their young King appeared amongst them. Their joy at the ending of the period of disorganisation, their triumph at being able at last to gather round a common ruler, quenched the last embers of discontent and mutual jealousy. Exultation was heard over the whole country. Athens, as ever, led the way in rejoicing as in dissension; for a whole week the Acropolis and the Temple of Zeus were brilliantly illuminated, Bengal lights blazed everywhere, rockets by the thousand darted to the sky, and one *fête* followed another.

Only with a few cool-headed sceptics — who were mostly to be found among the foreign diplomatists — did the future provide a dark and

threatening background to all this warmth of popular rejoicing. Men who were prominent among the well-wishers of Greece looked on with anxiety as the boyish, open-hearted King went about so confidently among his subjects, of whom many were notorious as crafty and unscrupulous politicians, and *all* had broken their oath to their former sovereign. And the only adviser of this inexperienced monarch of seventeen was a Dane, no doubt extremely shrewd and a practised diplomatist, but entirely ignorant of the state of affairs in Greece, of the Greek spirit, mode of thought, language, and customs. If at least Count Sponneck had been an amiable, adaptable, ingratiating personality, there was a possibility that he might have become in course of time a really useful assistant to the young King; but all contemporary evidence shows him to have been a man who lacked adaptability and diplomatic tact in a quite remarkable degree. It was a fortunate thing that King George himself possessed an unusual share of these qualities.

Half a century has now elapsed since the day when, in the presence of the National Assembly at Athens, the young sovereign of Hellas kissed the Bible, crossed himself and uttered the words: "I swear in the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity to defend the Greek religion, to protect and preserve the inviolability and independence of the Greek State, and to rule according to the

law." It may therefore be appropriate here to review the circumstances in which King George began his reign.

The Greek nation had driven out its first sovereign and chosen Queen Victoria's second son in his place. The proffered crown was declined, and it fell to the lot of a young and unknown prince from the little kingdom of Denmark to ascend the vacant throne. The difference—apart from personal qualities, of which no one was yet in a position to judge—was an exceedingly marked one; especially as the Greek State would have once more to face an uncertain future, without the support that England undoubtedly would have afforded it, if a member of the British royal family had formed a bond between the two peoples.

King George's predecessor was able to rely from the moment of his arrival upon a considerable force of troops—his own countrymen, loyal to the death. The new sovereign could only dispose of a national army, the very force which had been the chief factor in the recent revolution. Instead of the comparatively well-filled treasury that King Otho found, there was now a heavy debt; and the nation that the Danish Prince had undertaken to govern was no longer surrounded by the sympathies and great expectations of other peoples; on the contrary, the halo that had crowned the Hellenic race had long since paled

in the glaring light of unfulfilled obligations. Deprived of all their romantic glamour, the Greeks now appeared to the mind of Europe as a half-civilised, untrustworthy, and turbulent race, which was almost as difficult to bring into the path of reform and development as its former oppressors, the Ottomans themselves.

It is now almost incomprehensible that the civilised world could pass so hasty and unjust a condemnation upon Greece after no more than thirty years of liberty and self-government, but we have only to read the expressions of contemporary opinion which were showered upon King George during his journey from Copenhagen to Athens — misgiving and hopelessness were the key-notes of them all.

However the situation may have been viewed by the great Powers, by diplomatists, and by the royal family of Denmark, it is certain that King George himself had all the bright confidence of youth in the future and in the nation he was to govern. He was determined from the outset to do his duty to the utmost, to exert all the strength of will of his healthy northern nature for the welfare of the people and the country; and it was his purpose to become merged in his subjects as completely as is conceivable, to penetrate to the inmost core of the Hellenic spirit — to become a Greek.

King George had the great good fortune of

being able at his very accession to fulfil one of the keenest desires of his people—the incorporation of the Ionian Islands in the kingdom.

There were, however, many diplomatic and administrative details to be settled before the transfer could take place; it was finally fixed for June 1864.

It was the King's wish to avail himself of the opportunity to gain as wide a knowledge as possible of his country and people, and he therefore set out at the end of May on a journey through the whole Peloponnese.

At that time there was not a single road practicable for wheeled traffic beyond the immediate vicinity of Athens; only intricate bridle-paths traversed the mountainous country. The King and his whole suite were therefore obliged to perform the long and troublesome journey on mules. It proved a real triumphal procession, through Corinth, by Argos, Tripolitza and Sparta to Kalamata, where the frigate *Hellas* was waiting. It was no impression of prosperity the King received on this tour through the southern part of his kingdom, for on all sides valleys and plains were still lying waste from the ravages of Ibrahim Pasha, although thirty years had since elapsed; and as yet only mud huts had been raised upon the ruins of villages and towns. But wherever the royal progress halted, the people flocked about it; young or old, strong or sick, all wished to do

homage to their youthful King and to assure him of their loyalty and support.

From Kalamata the *Hellas* proceeded northward, escorted by British, French, and Russian warships. Off Pyrgos the old three-decker *Duke of Marlborough*, of 130 guns, lay at anchor with the last battalion of the Corfu garrison and the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Storks, on board. A magnificent barge, at the stern of which the Ionian banner was displayed, came alongside the royal ship. Sir Henry struck the flag with his own hands, brought it on board the Greek frigate, and, kneeling, laid it at King George's feet.

On June 6th Corfu was reached. The whole island was given over to festivity and rejoicing; wherever the King showed himself, he was surrounded by enthusiastic Corfiotes. *Hagios Georgios*—St. George—was his name among the islanders at that time, a token of their delight in the King's astonishingly youthful appearance, his goodness and his engaging candour.

Sir Horace Rumbold, then British Minister at Athens, has given us in his "Recollections" a picture of the King of the Hellenes in those days which is well worth reproducing:—

"King George was at this time barely eighteen and a half. Although still boyish in many ways, and with a flow of animal spirits that made it sometimes difficult for us, his daily companions,

to maintain the respectful reserve and gravity due to his regal station, he already showed much of that simple dignity and charm of manner which, together with her transcendent beauty, have made his sister, the Princess of Wales, the beloved of all England. Even at this time it was possible to discern in him the sterling qualities which have enabled him to weather the many difficulties that beset his Government during the Creton insurrection, again during the storm produced by the Oropos murders, and, finally, through this last most serious crisis in Eastern affairs.[1] But his truthfulness and straightforwardness, united to considerable firmness of character and high personal courage, at once assured to him an exceptional position with his subjects, while his powerful dynastic connections subsequently made him an invaluable link between Europe and his country at those conjunctures when Greece stood in greatest disfavour with public opinion in the West. I sometimes doubt whether the Greeks sufficiently realise the extent to which they are indebted to their king for the consideration and sympathy that have ever been shown to them. At the same time, the young sovereign early borrowed a leaf out of the book of King Leopold I. of Belgium by letting — to quote that sagacious sovereign's well-known jest — his subjects clearly understand that he always 'kept a portmanteau ready packed,' and was prepared to leave them at any moment if ever they should make it too evident that they desired to be rid of him."

[1] The events of 1885-86.

This journey was certainly one of the few bright spots in the early years of King George's reign. They were years of hard work, for the whole edifice had to be built up, or thoroughly repaired where the foundations were insecure. Things were in such a state that in some departments the very machinery of government had come to a standstill; in others it worked haltingly, as though the wheels did not catch properly. During the period of revolution the majority of the State officials had been dismissed and replaced by inexperienced and undisciplined adventurers. As no one could tell what the next day would bring forth, a demoralising insecurity prevailed everywhere. The courts of justice, paralysed by hopelessness, had ceased sitting, for all prison gates had been thrown open and a horde of lawless individuals—"victims of tyranny"—had been let loose on society. Naturally enough this state of disorganisation gave a fresh impetus to brigandage, taxes remained unpaid, and the treasury was empty.

In the first place it was necessary to frame a constitution and to set the parliamentary machine going. There was no lack of capable, experienced men among the representatives of the people; learned professors of the University, active officers of the Army and Navy, men conversant with trade and agriculture, eminent authors and journalists were to be found among them. Least of all was

there a dearth of politicians with gifts of oratory, talent, and experience.

The three Regents, Kanaris, Bulgaris and Rouphos, must be mentioned first. Although the old naval hero possessed the most glorious name, Bulgaris was the soul of the triumvirate. He alone of the whole National Assembly still wore the Eastern dress; his flowing burnoose and the red fez that decorated his proud and handsome head, drew all eyes to this statesman, wherever he appeared.

Rouphos, like many others, wore the national fustanella. A member of one of the most influential families of the Peloponnese, he almost rivalled Bulgaris in power and popularity. Other names quickly appeared by the side of these, future prime ministers and popular leaders during the earlier years of King George's reign: Kommoundouros, Zaïmis, Delyannis.

The first of these had already been a minister under King Otho. He was a highly gifted man of great penetration, who knew his countrymen thoroughly and understood how to manage them. Kommoundouros was a born political strategist.

Zaïmis possessed the advantage of a name that had won laurels in the War of Independence; in addition to this he had a considerable fortune, a superior intellect, and a sceptical turn of mind, which soon made him the centre of the more moderate members of the Chamber.

Theodore Delyannis also belonged to a notable Morean family. He distinguished himself by the fiery eloquence with which he intervened in the debates of the Chamber—invariably urging circumspection upon his compatriots. A great political future lay before him ; his personality was destined to impress itself upon a whole epoch of the parliamentary life of Greece.

Above all others, Deligeorgis possessed the power of attracting the attention of the delegates to his person and his words. His pale and engaging features, his charming voice, the flowing ease of his delivery, and the unexpected turns of speech in which he defended his extremely radical ideas, gave him an ever-increasing influence, which was abruptly cut off by his early death in 1879.

Last, but certainly not least, must be mentioned Trikoupis, a man who made his way, slowly and, as it were, in spite of his personal qualities, his English education and his foreign views, to the front rank of politicians. His influence and his special activity are not far removed from our own day, but his first appearances in the arena of the Chamber of Deputies date back to the early sixties.

As might be supposed, it was no easy matter to bring to a close the debates on the numerous paragraphs of the new Constitution. A whole year went by, and still ten articles remained to be passed. The King then intervened personally

—on October 19th, 1864 — and demanded the immediate discussion of these articles. This had the desired effect : by November 28th the revision of the Constitution was completed.

The Greek Constitution is unsurpassed in liberalism by any in Europe or America: the Senate was abolished and the single chamber system established. It is true that in the Greece of that day the elements were wanting which elsewhere render a First Chamber or Senate necessary for safeguarding hereditary conservative interests — as, for instance, the House of Lords in England — but the single chamber system nevertheless lay open to so many dangers that Kommoundouros, Zaïmis, and, above all, the King himself, strove to the last to preserve the institution of the Senate, which had existed since 1843. The opponents of the single chamber regarded it as a doubtful honour for Greece to be the first monarchy to frame its Constitution on a basis of the most thorough-going radicalism.

By 211 votes out of 274 the Senate was buried for ever. It mattered little that at the same time —as a sort of compensation—a Council of State was established, whose function it was to revise and criticise every bill that was introduced; for this institution was abolished as early as November 20th, 1865.

The new Constitution, then, sets up a single chamber, whose members are elected for four years

by universal and direct suffrage. The King has the right to dissolve the Chamber, but must convene a newly elected one within three months. Article 68 fixes the number of deputies at 150, which in 1864 gave one representative for every 10,000 inhabitants. As the population has grown, partly by annual increase and partly by territorial extension, the number of members has since been repeatedly raised.

The King is not responsible to Parliament; he appoints and dismisses Ministers and officials according to his pleasure; as he can also dissolve the Chamber whenever it appears to be to the advantage of the country to do so, it will be seen that the royal prerogative is by no means inconsiderable. Certainly King George reigned entirely by parliamentary methods, and only used pressure to a very slight extent: but twice it happened—in 1866 and 1875, when the debates of the Chamber assumed a character little suited to the dignity of the country—that the King on his own initiative dismissed the representatives and invited the nation to elect new ones. And when, in 1892, Delyannis persisted in his disastrous financial policy, King George again stepped in and without hesitation dismissed the Minister.

Of course it is possible to subject the Greek Constitution to much well-founded criticism; but the country has accepted it and lived under it for half a century, and the Greeks have never wished

it altered. Keeping rigidly to its provisions King George won his spurs as a constitutional monarch. It is perhaps one of the clearest proofs of the Greek King's political skill and moral strength that he was able for this long period to guide the political development of his country and his subjects without once resorting to subtle interpretations or alterations of the law, but always followed its plain, easily intelligible spirit.

The King soon had to part with his old adviser, Count Sponneck.

The Count had been sent with the young King as a sort of mentor, an instructor in the art of diplomacy, a necessary link between the inexperienced sovereign and the diplomatic corps of Europe. It was not long, however, before the pupil surpassed the tutor in every way. In addition to this, the Greeks could not forgive the Count his share in razing the forts of Corfu, his efforts to convert Greece into a disarmed State whose neutrality was guaranteed by the great Powers, or his doubts, expressed with extreme want of tact, of the genuineness of the modern Greeks' descent from their famous classical ancestors. In short, his continued presence appeared likely to damage the King's popularity. The situation was rendered more acute by the fact that the Count's removal from the Court was made a Cabinet question. And as all the foreign diplomatists agreed in advising the King to get

rid of his Danish counsellor, the result was that Count Sponneck left Greece, never to return.

From the time of the King's accession eleven ministries, under seven different Prime Ministers, came into power in less than three years and two months. At last, on December 17th, 1866, Kommoundouros stepped in and formed a Government in which Trikoupis took part for the first time, being entrusted with the portfolio of foreign affairs.

The country was tired of everlasting internal dissensions and rapidly changing ministries and rejoiced at the composition of the new Cabinet, in which such eminent men as the son of the hero, Marco Botzaris, and the well-known reformer of Greek education, Christopoulos, had seats. Now, thanks to a solid majority in the Chamber, the Government would be able to set about some of the most needed reforms in earnest. But at this moment a fresh revolt broke out in Crete, threatening to plunge Greece into a most serious crisis.

It has always been the fate of the Greek people to have to atone for the mistakes made by the great Powers on the formation of the kingdom and for the crying injustice done to the Greek populations within the Turkish Empire, which had fought and suffered in the cause of freedom as much as the emancipated Hellenes themselves. In Epirus and Thessaly and many of the Ægean islands the population demanded the right of citizenship in

the new kingdom of Greece with as much force as the Moreans, Bœotians, and Athenians; but the Powers with a pitiless stroke of the pen barred their way to the promised land.

They had to be content and trust to the future. But every event of importance in Greece, every national movement re-opened the wounds of the still oppressed kinsmen beyond the narrow boundaries of the country. The incorporation of the Ionian Islands led to a fresh excitation of all these hopes, and the indomitable population of Crete was influenced more powerfully than any.

At that time the island contained about 300,000 inhabitants, of whom only 70,000 were Mohammedans. But even this minority was Greek by descent; its ancestors had merely changed their faith to avoid the persecutions of their rulers.

After the close of the War of Independence the English Government tried in vain to bring about the incorporation of Crete in the kingdom of Greece; the proposal met with insuperable opposition on the part of the other guaranteeing Powers. On February 16th, 1830, Lord Palmerston uttered the words:

"I venture to predict that, if Crete is not included in the kingdom of Greece, we shall run the risk of war on account of that island before many years are past."

Again in 1863 England tried to induce

Turkey to give up the island, at the same time as the Ionian Islands were ceded to Greece. Mr Henry Elliot was sent to Constantinople to represent to the Sultan that he ought to hand over the distant island, "to avoid endless complications in the future, to the detriment of the peace of the world and especially of Turkey itself." That the application was without result was a matter of course. It is equally obvious, however, that Lord Palmerston was right.

The revolt in Crete lasted for two years; it was a long and difficult time of trial for the Greek King. In certain political camps the view had been put forward on suitable occasions that, in gratitude for the support of England in his election to the Greek throne, the King had bound himself to British policy in the Balkan Peninsula. The events that were to take place made an end of these rumours once for all. On this as on all subsequent occasions King George made himself one with his people: he was now, as in the future, the warmest advocate and champion of Hellenism.

At the beginning of the revolt the Greek Government found itself in an extremely difficult position. The weakness of the national army and fleet made a peaceful attitude to Turkey an absolute necessity. On the other hand popular feeling loudly demanded help for the hard-pressed Cretans.

The Sultan's Commander-in-Chief, Kiritli Mustapha Pasha, proceeded against the rebels with relentless barbarity; British ships, one after another, brought crowds of homeless and destitute refugees to the Piræus. Scarcely a year after the outbreak of the revolution Greece found its population increased by 60,000 Cretan men, women, and children — an army of hungry and shivering creatures whom the country neither could nor would desert. Every single refugee was assisted, though the State finances were threatened with insolvency.

But while King George and his Government considered themselves bound to preserve an irreproachable outward attitude to the hereditary foe, private initiative, which in Greece is more indefatigable and self-sacrificing than in any other country, displayed extraordinary activity. Greek ships were fitted out to carry arms and provisions to the revolutionaries, and volunteers, mustered by the thousand under experienced Greek leaders, left for Crete. In vain the Turks attempted to blockade the island: Greek captains ran the blockade and stole in behind the reefs of the coast under the nose of the Sultan's frigates and corvettes.

The Porte then decided upon peremptory action. An ultimatum was sent to Greece, on December 11th, 1868, demanding the disarmament of the volunteers within three days and the closing

of all Greek ports to the Cretan blockade-runners. In order to support these demands in a manner which could not be misunderstood, the Sultan's fleet, commanded by the Englishman, Hobart Pasha, attacked the Greek cruiser *Enosis* off Syra. At the same time the Greek Minister at Constantinople received his passports, after which the Porte expelled all Greek subjects from its territory.

Greece replied to these measures by putting its army and fleet on a war footing; but before any collision occurred, the European Powers stepped in. A conference was held in Paris. The result was the maintenance of the *status quo*, but Turkey was compelled to undertake the introduction of extensive reforms in the government of Crete.

This crisis produced no tangible result, either for Greece or for Crete; on the contrary, it was a set-back. The island was once more laid waste, its villages were converted into smoking heaps of ruins and its olive groves were cut down, as was always the case where the Turks had been at work. The two years of revolt had brought immense pecuniary losses upon Greece, and yet the Greek nation emerged from its difficulties with increased strength. The Hellenes had again shown themselves to be possessed of daring and self-sacrifice where the national cause was at stake; Greek sailors and Greek volunteers had successfully

defied the power of the Turks, and the scattered Greek peoples were shown that the little kingdom, the centre of gravity of the Hellenic race, did not desert its kinsmen when they called for help. Finally, the bond between the sovereign and his subjects became even closer than before; King George had shown the will and the power to share the fortunes of his people.

It was not easy for the youthful and in many ways inexperienced King to arrange his Court and household on a footing that corresponded even passably with his position and personal tastes. At that time most Greeks, even of the highest rank, were somewhat lacking in outward polish and in the refinement of manners that distinguished the rest of the courts of Europe. The contrast on this point between the leading men of the nation and the members of the diplomatic corps in Athens was usually so marked that there could hardly be a question of establishing any true social intercourse.

It was painful to King George, whose Danish bringing-up and frequent visits to the English and other Courts had given him a strong predilection for all that was elegant, artistic, and tasteful, to find himself surrounded by court officials, aides-de-camp, and attendants who were constantly guilty of lapses from what is accepted as the code of good manners in high society.

King George had to endeavour continually to

influence his entourage in matters of dress and behaviour by his own example; he was obliged to instruct and train with his own hands his butlers, footmen, coachmen and grooms, aides-de-camp and court functionaries, without having any one to back him up—for the first few years, at any rate. It was the British Minister who recommended the Greek Rodostamos to the King, as one of the few suitable candidates in the whole country for the position of Steward of the Household. Rodostamos was therefore appointed and gave complete satisfaction. When we consider how, in the usual way, everything is made easy for a new sovereign on his accession, how the tradition of centuries, a fixed order of precedence, a stereotyped etiquette and ceremonial form the atmosphere of every court, we can imagine how King George had to exert himself even in household matters. Any one who has had the opportunity of observing the daily life of the Palace at Athens — the complicated machinery that works efficiently but silently throughout the year, the large army of servants of both sexes, each of whom is a necessary link in the great organism, performing a limited share of the common work—will find it difficult to grasp the fact that the King himself was the organiser of his own Court, that he himself arranged and personally supervised his household up to the time of his death, while at the same time he

never neglected his innumerable duties of a political, military, and representative nature.

With every year that passed, the King felt more oppressed by a sense of solitude in his great palace. In his Danish home, and later, when visiting his sisters, the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duchess Dagmar, King George had ample opportunity of appreciating the charms of a happy family life; it is therefore not surprising that at an early age he determined to seek a Queen for himself and his country.

During his first visit, in 1863, to the Court of the Tsar Alexander II., King George had already made the acquaintance of the Grand Duchess Olga, who was then twelve years old. This young Princess was born on September 3rd, 1851, the daughter of the Tsar's brother Constantine and Princess Alexandra of Sachsen-Altenburg. The Grand Duke was at that time Governor of Poland and in the previous year—July 3rd, 1862—had been exposed to an unusually brutal attempt on his life. This event and the whole circumstances of her life among the rebellious and unfriendly Poles made an indelible impression on the mind of the girl of eleven. The situation in Poland soon became so serious that in the following year the Grand Duchess Constantine left for St Petersburg with all her children.

Between the Imperial Court and her father's estates the Grand Duchess Olga Konstantinovna

had grown up; she was educated with the brother and sister nearest to her in age, the Grand Duke Nicholas and the future Duchess of Würtemberg, and she quickly developed into one of the handsomest and most charming members of the Imperial family.

King George's choice fell upon the young Grand Duchess, and in the spring of 1867 he left for Russia, accompanied by a large suite. As the King wished to avail himself of the opportunity to visit Denmark and the English Court, it was decided to entrust the regency during the interim to the brother of the King of Denmark, Prince John.

The Prince therefore proceeded to Athens, accompanied by one of the youngest and most promising of Danish diplomatists, G. H. Hegermann - Lindencrone. From April to November the Regent conducted the affairs of State in the absence of the Greek King. There is abundant testimony that the genial and liberal-minded Prince, faithfully supported by his able attaché, succeeded in winning the affection of the country, whose population is not usually fond of seeing foreigners interfere with its affairs.

King George's official visit as a suitor took place in April, and the marriage was fixed for the following October.

It was the intention of the King and Queen of Denmark to be present at King George's

THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS.

wedding, but the Princess of Wales was seriously ill at Wiesbaden at the time, and the Queen could not leave her daughter. The Crown Prince Frederick took the place of his father and mother, and was accompanied by Count Danneskjold-Samsö and Captains Lund and Nægler.

On October 28th the marriage took place—according to the rites of both the Orthodox and Lutheran churches—and the Emperor caused it to be celebrated with great pomp. Only a year before the Winter Palace and the whole capital had blazed with illuminations, when the heir to the Imperial throne celebrated his wedding with Princess Dagmar; and now the festivities were repeated, when another member of the Danish royal family allied himself to one of the nearest relatives of the Tsar. The order for the illumination of the city was given rather too late, and some of the people of St. Petersburg had not time to make the necessary arrangements. In consequence there might be seen among the gleaming monograms G. O., a considerable number with the initials A. M., which belonged to the year before and contributed to give a special character to this family festival.

At the conclusion of the thanksgiving services, balls, state dinners, and other brilliant court functions, the newly-married pair retired to Tsarskoi-Selo, and on November 9th set out for the young Queen's future home.

It goes without saying that the Greek people received their young and beautiful Queen with enthusiasm. Queen Olga's great popularity was due not only to the charming simplicity of her behaviour to her subjects, and to a sense of the advantageous ties that now bound the Court of Athens to the Russian Imperial family, but above all to her boundless benevolence and immense sympathy with the unfortunate. Queen Olga's desire to give assistance wherever it is needed showed itself from the moment she set foot on Greek soil, and has continued unabated to the present day. It is scarcely too much to say that what the Queen has accomplished in the cause of charity and mercy will compare with the work of any other woman who has worn a crown, and in addition she has been untiring in her endeavours to elevate the position of women in Greek society.

The Greeks have always loved and honoured Queen Olga, but if we were to single out a day on which the people's affection reached its highest point it would undoubtedly be July 22nd, in the year following the wedding at the Winter Palace — the day on which deafening salutes from the guns of the capital and from the war-ships in the Gulf of Salamis proclaimed that the succession was assured, a Crown Prince was born. Now at last Greece possessed a native Prince, who would one day be the first *national*

king—a Greek by birth, by religion, and by education.

But as so often happens, when the gods have showered their gifts too freely upon a person or a nation, so with the Greeks every period of happiness was quickly followed by events of so tragic a nature that joy was silenced by grief. A year after the birth and christening of the Crown Prince Constantine, Greek bandits committed a deed of shame which again — though very unjustly—brought discredit upon the country throughout the civilised world.

Brigandage had from time immemorial been the curse of the country, and had taken deep root in the Greek nation. A certain halo of heroism surrounded the brigand chiefs and their followers in the days of the Turks. The name of *klepht* carried with it no implication of disgrace; in fact, during the War of Independence, when every bold marauder from the hills mustered under the banners of the heroes and fought as bravely as any honest patriot, it was exalted to an honourable title, which no enemy of the Turks was ashamed to bear.

But when conditions became more settled and a sharp line was drawn between peaceful citizens and lawless individuals, the bandits became once more outlaws; their name of *klepht* was exchanged for that of ληστής. Under King Otho they were energetically hunted down,

though the attempt to eradicate the evil was not completely successful, and during the unsettled period that followed the revolution of 1862 bands of robbers reappeared with surprising rapidity in various parts of the country.

King George's indefatigable labours to provide Greece with a much needed network of practicable roads were followed, naturally enough, by equally energetic efforts to secure the safety of travellers. The King's activity in this matter is significantly shown by the fact that, in urging upon the legislative assembly in 1864 the speedy conclusion of the debates on the Constitution, he demanded in the most positive terms an addition of 400 men to the gendarmerie for the purpose of hunting down the robber bands. And the evil was actually checked, so far as this was possible in a country which bordered on Turkey. But the Cretan revolution, which flooded Greece with so many destitute persons, gave fresh life to the trade of the bandit.

In April 1870 Lord and Lady Muncaster arrived at Athens, where they met acquaintances from England—Mr and Mrs Lloyd, Mr Herbert, Secretary of the British Legation, and Mr Vyner, a nephew of Lord Grey. This party, together with the Italian Secretary of Legation, Count Boyl di Putifigari, decided to make an excursion to the historic plain of Marathon.

Early on the morning of April 11th they

drove out from Athens in two open carriages. In the first of these sat Mr and Mrs Lloyd and their little daughter, the Italian and his servant; the remainder of the party, with a Greek interpreter, occupied the other carriage. At about four o'clock they started for home from the famous burial mound of Soros on the classic battlefield.

In spite of the fact that for a long time the country had not been troubled by bandits, the police continued to supply an escort for the protection of tourists, and the two carriages were therefore accompanied the whole time by four armed gendarmes. For further security against unpleasant surprises the Prime Minister, Zaïmis, had personally given orders for the patrolling of the whole line of road. Two detachments of infantry were thus marching along the highway at the time of the attack, and the party of tourists had just driven past one of the patrols, whose leader shouted to the coachmen to drive more slowly, so that the soldiers might keep up—a piece of advice which, unfortunately, was not followed — when the carriages and their escort reached the bridge of Pikarni, over the mountain stream Raphina.

Greek bandits had for some time been raiding in Turkish Thessaly, though without crossing the frontier to the south. The two brothers Arvanitakis, however, who were the leaders of a band of twenty-three men, determined to make

an inroad into their own country, as they happened to be hard pressed by Turkish troops. In some inexplicable way they got news of this excursion of a distinguished and wealthy party to Marathon, and in a single night the mountaineers covered the immense distance of forty miles and concealed themselves behind the piers of the bridge of Pikarni. The brothers Arvanitakis had planned the attack to take place in the morning, as the carriages were on their way to Marathon; but their followers were then so dead tired that they could not even raise their guns.

By five o'clock, however, they were rested, and the leading horses had hardly reached the bridge when the bandits rushed out. Two of the gendarmes fell at the first volley, and the remaining two were quickly overpowered. The tourists were driven out of the carriages and dragged up the hillside.

Five minutes later the nearest patrol arrived at the bridge; the soldiers opened a brisk fire, but as the bandits, adopting their usual tactics, took cover behind their prisoners, the firing had to be stopped at once.

After a forced march of several hours the band reached the summit of Pentelikon; a halt was called, and negotiations for ransom began. Christos Arvanitakis at first demanded 50,000 pounds sterling, but afterwards came down to 35,000; at this sum the ransom was fixed.

Lord Muncaster pointed out to the robbers the impossibility of producing this enormous sum, unless the ladies at any rate were allowed to proceed to Athens and telegraph to London from there. Lady Muncaster, Mrs Lloyd and her little daughter, whom her father had carried on his shoulders the whole time, were therefore given leave to go on unmolested the same evening, accompanied by the two captured gendarmes and the servant of the Italian Secretary of Legation.

Athens awoke in dismay at this occurrence.

Nothing affected a Greek who was jealous of his honour more deeply than the thought that his country was still infested by robbers. And now the terrifying news was spread that bandits had made their appearance within a few miles of the capital itself, and that a party of foreigners, whom the Government was bound in a special degree to protect, members of the British aristocracy and of the diplomatic corps, whose persons were sacred, were in the power of the most dangerous and numerous of the robber bands.

King George immediately called at the British and Italian Legations and expressed his profound regret at what had happened. "I would rather offer myself as a hostage," the King declared, "than risk the slightest injury being done to the captives." The amount of the ransom was provided in the course of the day, and at the same time

the whole garrison of Athens was called to arms and given marching orders.

Meanwhile the bandits had changed their camp, and, as they wished the affair settled with the least possible delay, one of the prisoners was given a safe-conduct to go to Athens and expedite the payment of the money. The five men drew lots, and Mr Vyner was the lucky one; but he nobly gave up his chance to one of the two married men, and fortune favoured Lord Muncaster.

Everything seemed promising, and the money was already on the way to the camp. Then the brothers Arvanitakis suddenly put forward a demand for a complete amnesty for all the members of the band, and thus the situation became an *impasse*. In the first place this demand was contrary to the law of the land, which even the King had no power to alter arbitrarily; nor could the Government, with any consideration for the dignity of the State, permit a band of robbers to pass unpunished—or perhaps establish themselves in the capital itself—and live at their ease on the money they had extorted. Such an example might be infectious.

Events developed rapidly. The bandits dragged their prisoners from place to place, and troops were sent to the north to cut off their retreat over the frontier. When the inevitable collision with the soldiers finally took place, the robbers mercilessly killed all four prisoners. Mr Vyner's

pocket-book contained detailed notes of each day of his captivity. The last sentences were hastily scrawled, and scarcely legible:

"We are moving on again. . . . We can see Evzones in front of us . . . we are lost. . . ."

The bodies of the four murdered men were brought to Athens and buried there. The funeral must have been one of the most imposing sights that the capital has witnessed; the Court, all the foreign legations, and more than thirty thousand of the citizens were present at the ceremony. The King himself, at the head of all the superior officers of the Army and Navy, followed the hearse on foot.

One section of the European press has always been disposed to treat Greece with a certain lukewarm benevolence; a still larger section avails itself of every opportunity for violent and ill-natured persecution. After the Marathon tragedy all the papers hostile to Greece raised a howl of indignation, making light of the elaborate precautions the Greek Government had taken on this very occasion, and ignoring the fact that the Powers themselves, in giving the country so narrow a northern frontier, had rendered it impossible to maintain perfect security. The safety of the roads could not be assured until the Greek frontier was extended by the inclusion of Thessaly.

Real security will not be attained in the whole Balkan Peninsula before the Turk is banished from Europe.

King George was a practical and resourceful man. It has not always been in his power to avert crises and events detrimental to his country, but on the other hand he has constantly endeavoured to turn even great misfortunes to advantage. Thus the Marathon outrage was immediately used as a pretext for the enactment of extremely rigorous laws, not only against the bandits themselves, but against any one who was suspected of helping them. An energetic campaign of extermination was set on foot in the northern provinces, and at the same time everything was done to improve the means of communication, the telegraph lines were doubled and the gendarmerie further increased. These efforts were crowned with complete success.

If we glance back at the short period for which King George's reign had then lasted, and compare the internal condition of Greece with the state of things that prevailed at his accession, even the most grudging critic will not be able to refuse his admiration. The nation had advanced in every department, thanks to perfect order and regularity in the administration. In contrast to his two predecessors—Capo d'Istria and Otho of Bavaria, of whom one tried to rule in Russian, and the other in German fashion—King George governed in the Greek way; that is to say, he let the nation develop freely within the fabric of its laws, and endeavoured to guide instead of to

compel. Through all the changes of government he made known as plainly as possible what were the wishes and advice of the Crown; but only on the rarest occasions did the King enforce his opinion by the aid of the powers the Constitution had placed at his disposal.

Thanks to the opportunities for self-government the King so freely allowed his people, and thanks to his boundless respect for the law, no more was heard of the conspiracies, the ceaseless subterranean activity that had formerly undermined the Greek community and caused the chief of the State to feel that he was living on a volcano. Of course there were plenty of fighting and intriguing in the legislative assembly — to the great detriment of the country's development and with much misapplication of energy—but the existence of the State was never threatened thereby. Moreover, the period of acute parliamentary conflict, which may no doubt be regarded as the first infantile malady of every emancipated nation, seems now to have come to an end—it has unfortunately lasted long enough.

In another and very difficult field King George's influence has also been used to the advantage of his country.

The three protecting Powers, England, France, and Russia, had formerly kept up the same game of intrigue in Greece that we are now so familiar with in other Balkan States, in Turkey, Persia,

China, and elsewhere. Diplomatists endeavour by flattery, threats, or the judicious application of "secret funds" to advance their political and other objects. It is obvious that underground activity of this kind gives rise to a good deal of demoralisation among the leading men of the country that is thus manipulated. Under King Otho the Ministers of the Powers were constantly working against one another; they shrank from no expedient to win political support in the Chamber of Deputies. For some time Kolettis was the leader of the French party, while Mavromichalis supported the English and Metaxas the Russians.

François Lenormant, in his book "La Grèce et les Iles Ioniennes," gives the following description of these sinister machinations:—

"The Powers were not content with themselves intriguing to attain their ends, but they caused more than one leader of the government to forget his first duty as the protector of the Hellenic kingdom and try to plunge Greece into the whirlpool of revolution. Thus in 1830 and 1840 Russia was the soul of the notorious Philorthodox conspiracy; in 1843 Russia and England plotted together to bring about a revolution, which, however, was nipped in the bud by the good sense of the Greek people. Furthermore, in 1847, England incited the populations of Eubœa, Phitiodes and Achæa to sanguinary revolts; in 1850 Lord Palmerston sent a British fleet to the

Piræus, ostensibly to support the ridiculous demands of the Jew Pacifilo, but in reality to deal a blow against King Otho; finally it was Russia who in 1852 supported with arms and money the attempted rebellion of the monk Christophoros Papulakis against the Greek Government."

King George thought it desirable to put an end to all such dangerous and unhealthy influence from outside. He preferred himself to take charge of the interests of the country as concerned the Powers. On his annual visits to various European countries and Courts he formed relations with leading statesmen, while at the same time strengthening the ties that already bound him to so many powerful royal houses. And whenever an occasion presented itself King George was the spokesman of his people, putting forward their just claims and desires and removing, so far as it lay in his power, misunderstandings and differences. On his travels the King was always his own foreign minister, and the advantages he thus won for his kingdom are incalculable.

CHAPTER III

COMPLETION OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' REIGN

THE claims of Greece to expansion towards the north are so well based on geographical, ethnographical, and religious grounds that they only require statement to be understood. If these claims are to be referred to a particular period and personality, we must go back to the time immediately following the emancipation of Greece. The Greek crown was then offered to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King Leopold of Belgium. The Duke made it a condition that Turkey should cede Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete, but the Powers declined to lend their support to the demand. Greece, however, would never abandon the claim once put forward; time after time it was again thrust into the foreground and frequently supported by military demonstrations which endangered the peace of the Balkans.

It goes without saying that King George, who always kept a watchful eye on the political barometer of Europe, was only waiting a favourable opportunity to re-introduce the question of an extension of frontier. Next to the great art of politics—creating

a favourable opportunity and then using it—comes a scarcely less important one, the art of waiting. King George seldom had the power of arranging political combinations on a large scale, but he knew how to wait and act with energy when the right time came.

In 1877, as so often before, the Balkan barometer fell under the influence of a storm centre which was then forming in Herzegovina. This time the depression did not disperse, and war broke out between Russia and Turkey. If ever Greece were to have a favourable opportunity of wresting its future from the hands of fate, it was then. King George gave orders to mobilise the army and sent it to the frontier to make a series of vigorous demonstrations. The great Powers, which, like the fire brigade, use all their efforts to "isolate the danger," exerted their eloquence, compounded of threats and half-promises, to procure the recall of the Greek troops. Without paying much attention to the threats, but making careful note of the promises—which concerned a rectification of frontiers to the advantage of Greece —the Government decided to comply with the wishes of the Powers. Thanks to this politic decision, Greece held good cards when the Berlin Congress was opened, on June 13th, 1878. Although the Congress only concerned those Powers that were signatories to the San Stefano agreement, the moderate attitude of King George and his Government had made such a favourable impression that

the representatives of Greece were given an opportunity of attending the Congress and putting forward their claims.

Delyannis, the emissary of Greece, pleaded the cause of his country with the greatest moderation, but at the same time with eloquence and force, and his speech produced the best impression. Moreover, accidental circumstances of the most varied nature contributed to produce an unwonted sympathy for Greece among the statesmen assembled at Berlin.

Prince Bismarck was favourably disposed on account of the extraordinary success that had attended the excavations of German archæologists at Olympia; in addition to this he considered it good policy to play off Hellenism against the rapid growth of Panslavism in the Balkan Peninsula. Italy, newly united, could hardly find reasons for opposing the national aspirations of Greece. Austria-Hungary, which was just stretching out a hand towards Bosnia and Herzegovina, found it quite natural to support a similar desire on the part of Greece for an extension of frontier at the expense of the Sultan.

The European view of the situation is perhaps best summed up in an official communiqué which was handed to the international news agencies at the close of the Congress:—

"Europe regards Greece with gratitude and good-will, since its Government so zealously and

confidently complied with the joint request of the accredited Ministers to evacuate Thessaly. At the same time the Powers desire to emphasise their high esteem and respect for the sovereign who has now ruled Greece for fifteen years with so much wisdom, and who, both by his personal qualities and by his family connections, has been able to acquire a considerable and fully justified influence."

In short, the feeling among the Powers could hardly have been more friendly. On the conclusion of the Congress Greece was accorded an extension of the northern frontier to a line drawn from Salamyrios on the Ægean Sea to Kalamos on the west coast of Epirus—an extension which would have added to its territory more than twice the area that was conceded as the final result of the negotiations. It is true that the details of the frontier line were not gone into, nor was the decision of the Congress expressed in sufficiently definite terms; but it was undoubtedly the general opinion among the delegates that Greece could safely reckon on the two provinces of Thessaly and Epirus.

This result, which was looked upon as incontestable, was received with enthusiasm throughout Greece and especially in the two Turkish provinces, which had so long aspired to national and civil liberty. Unfortunately three years were to go by before the Sultan would consent to respect the

decision of Europe. To the detriment of Greece, the Turkish diplomatists won a relative victory, thanks to the lack of energy and moral force displayed by the Powers.

The Berlin Conference of 1880 did no more than the Congress of 1878 towards bringing about a final settlement, and in consequence an extremely dangerous ferment of unrest spread over Greece and penetrated into Epirus and Thessaly. The dignity of Europe was at stake, and the Greek Government addressed a circular to the Powers, representing to them the impossibility of suppressing a very intelligible national movement, which might easily endanger afresh the peace of the Balkans. Something had to be done to put an end to an untenable situation.

It was England and Germany, acting in concert, who found a solution—not, indeed, satisfactory to either party, but one which nevertheless came as a relief after the long agony of uncertainty.

Delegates from the Powers were summoned to a conference at Constantinople. Mr Goschen, the British Ambassador, who was then on his way to Turkey, had a decisive conversation with Prince Bismarck in Berlin. The direct result of the meeting appears in a communication, dated March 21st, 1881, from Lord Granville to each of the great Powers. This document proposes a new line of frontier and invites the support of the Powers.

The British proposal was promptly accepted, and the Ambassadors at Constantinople were given urgent instructions this time not to yield an inch to the Sublime Porte. In the course of a few days the Conference concluded its labours. The result was that King George was granted the whole of Thessaly, with Volo and Larissa, as well as the Arta district of Epirus; while the Sultan, by getting the frontier deflected to the south through the Arta valley, succeeded in retaining Yanina and Metzovo.

It is not easy for a sanguine and warm-blooded nation like the Greeks to exercise self-discipline, and when the result of the deliberations was made known the disappointment was such that a popular rising might easily have plunged the country into war with Turkey. "Venture all to win all," was the watchword of the Opposition in the Chamber. But both King George and his Prime Minister, Kommoundouros, had the moral courage to defy popular feeling, at the risk of losing popularity and perhaps even of endangering the position of the dynasty. Excitement ran high for the moment, but prudence won the day. And as time went by, a different view was taken of the events of 1881. The appreciation of King George's attitude given by Dr Bikelas in his "Vingt-cinq années de règne constitutionnel en Grèce" is now shared by the great majority of the nation:

"In the course of this war the King showed a high degree of diplomatic skill and patriotism.

He was not fortunate enough to be able to fulfil all the hopes of his subjects, for many Hellenes are still excluded, notwithstanding the extension of the frontier; but history will know how to honour the Prince, who ascended the throne of a country the emancipation of which had cost rivers of blood, and who then succeeded in extending the territory of his kingdom by almost a third, while at the same time avoiding the horrors of war."

The next five years went by without any disturbance of the external peace of the country. At the same time it must have been clear to every one who could see below the surface that the hopes once raised, and in a measure disappointed, maintained a strong undercurrent of discontent. And the more fiercely the desire of freedom grew in other nations of the Balkans, while Panslavism, the formidable rival of Hellenism, spread apace under the protection of the Russian eagle, the more irritable did the Greek nation become, jealous and sensitive as it was at the obvious danger of being outstripped by its northern neighbours.

It was the duty of every patriotic Greek, at this time above all others, to strengthen the bonds of national life, to abandon all petty political rivalries, so that the country might devote its best powers to internal development and to forming an army and a fleet which, when the hour arrived, would be capable of efficiently supporting

the just claims of the nation. Unfortunately, this sense of a duty to the country has not always been the mainspring of Greek political life. It was not until the *people* themselves, in the most recent times, arrived at sufficient maturity to recognise their own real needs, that the mischievous elements in the parliamentary life of the country were compelled to make way for the right man and his supporters.

At first glance one might be tempted to look upon Greece as one of the most ideal kingdoms to govern. No important question of principle divides the population into conflicting parties. Every one is satisfied with the Constitution of the country as settled once for all; the whole nation adheres with unswerving loyalty to the State religion. All are agreed upon the course every government has to follow, for the goal is always the same—the internal development of the country and the liberation of kinsmen who are still living under a foreign yoke. There are thus no natural lines of division to serve for the formation of parties; and if in spite of this there have always been at least three, and sometimes five or six, parties or groups, stubbornly opposed to one another and constantly forming coalitions to make or break up temporary majorities, this parliamentary activity has usually been based upon purely personal questions, upon ambition and upon artificially exaggerated principles of administration,

which in reality were scarcely worth an hour's debate.

The best proof of the looseness of party ties is the fact that no group ever survived the fall or the death of its leader. Rarely did a Ministry remain in power long enough to give a definite impress to the country's development. So rapid were the changes of government that in less than twenty years King George had to put his name to forty-two different lists of Ministers, and during the same period twenty-two appointments to the Premiership were shared among the three politicians, Kommoundouros, Trikoupis, and Deligeorgis.

Whatever objection may be taken from a strictly patriotic point of view to the *political* morality of the party leaders, even their bitterest opponents have never ventured to accuse them of having derived any personal benefit from their position. Most of the leaders were no better off at their death than when they first entered the political arena, and frequently their friends and partisans had to assist the widows and orphans. The few Ministers who possessed some fortune have without exception lost money by their political career, not one of them has made any.

Not a few writers have blamed King George for not being more ready to intervene in parliamentary affairs, when by the use of his royal prerogative he might have supported one party

KING GEORGE ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.

against the rest. The King was too wise to employ such tactics; his perfectly neutral attitude towards the rapidly alternating party leaders was based on an accurate knowledge of his subjects' character. In an unobtrusive but persevering way the King lent his aid to the political self-education of his country, and at the present time it is easy to see that the course he adopted was the right one.

As time went on, the number of the parties decreased. By 1878, when Bulgaris, Zaïmis, and Deligeorgis were gone, only two great chiefs were left, Kommoundouros and Trikoupis; and on the death of the former in February 1883, Delyannis succeeded to his political inheritance. With the exception of a period of eleven days in April 1886, when a colourless Ministry was formed to receive the ultimatum of the concerted European Powers, the two leaders, Trikoupis and Delyannis, held office alternately for a considerable length of time, the former, indeed, for so long a consecutive period as three years.

Some increase of fixity in the parliamentary life of the country was therefore arrived at in the course of the first twenty-five years of King George's reign; but Greece was to pass through many crises and ordeals of the most serious kind before the close of the half-century which this work aims at describing, and before the Greek nation arrived at a true understanding of its own political needs.

In 1885 Europe was again alarmed by serious events in the Balkans.

On September 17th a revolt broke out in Philippopolis, the capital of Rumelia; the inhabitants expelled the Vali, Gavril Pasha, and proclaimed the union of the country with the Principality of Bulgaria. This revolt had evidently been planned by agreement with Prince Alexander since he immediately recognised the *fait accompli*, took possession of Philippopolis three days later, and telegraphically informed the Powers of his having done so. These events were an obvious infringement of the Treaty of Berlin, and the question was, what would be the attitude of the great Powers and of Turkey, and how would this new "Greater Bulgaria" affect the interests of the neighbouring kingdoms of Greece and Servia?

On one point all the clever people of Europe were at once agreed: Turkey would lose no time in protesting and in supporting her objections by an appeal to arms; at the same time it was taken for granted that the sympathies of Russia would attend this advance of Panslavism in the Balkans.

Strangely enough, however, Russia alone of the Powers signatory to the Berlin Treaty objected strongly to the high-handed action of Prince Alexander; while the Sultan, the rightful sovereign of Rumelia, submitted with extraordinary self-command to the curtailment of his territory. As regards Servia and Greece, both kingdoms felt

their interests threatened. Their governments insisted, not without reason, that a Greater Bulgaria would destroy the balance among the Christian States of the Balkans, and that the legitimate influence of the Greek and Servian peoples would thereby be weakened to a dangerous extent. Athens and Belgrade, therefore, demanded the maintenance of the *status quo* or, failing that, a corresponding extension of territory as compensation.

Without waiting to see what steps Turkey or the great Powers might take, Servia mobilised its army and massed it on the Bulgarian frontier. Greece abstained from any precipitate action. King George and his Ministers were too proficient in foreign politics to try to anticipate the possible course of events and gamble with the most vital interests of the country. For the time being the Greek Government contented itself with energetic protests, while awaiting the result of the inevitable collision between Servia and Bulgaria.

It was not long before the two armies were in presence of one another ; but before hostilities broke out in earnest, the two commanders, King Milan and Prince Alexander, like the doughty heroes of the *Iliad*, gave themselves plenty of time for exchanging compliments and adopting a posture of righteous indignation. The rest of Europe was not a little surprised at the assertion of both antagonists that they were *defending the interests*

of the Porte; King Milan, by trying to put down the revolt of the Rumelians, and Prince Alexander by resisting an attack on "an integral part of the Ottoman Empire."

Europe, observing that the combatants were almost equally matched, inclined to the opinion that the struggle would be protracted, and that the issue would finally be in favour of Servia. What took place was exactly the opposite. The war broke out on November 14th, 1885, and three days later the Servians suffered the decisive defeat of Slivnitza. But while Prince Alexander was getting ready for a triumphal progress to Belgrade, the Porte and the Powers had already agreed to strike up the weapons of the combatants. The Austrian Government, whose Danubian policy was ill-served by too great a crippling of the forces of Servia, gave Prince Alexander to understand that unless he instantly suspended his advance, "he would find himself opposed to an Austro-Hungarian army." This was an argument to which even so brave a man as the Prince of Bulgaria was obliged to defer.

Beyond this stream of cold water from Vienna, the Powers took no step against Bulgaria. On the contrary, they tried to find a solution of the crisis that might bolster up the pretence that the Treaty of Berlin had suffered no violation, and the seventeenth article of this document was made to serve the turn. It provides that "the Governor

General of Rumelia shall be appointed by the Porte with the approval of the Powers for a period of five years." The Sultan, therefore, had only to select Prince Alexander as Governor General of Rumelia, and harmony was assured; in future the new Bulgaria might exist, not in spite of, but actually in virtue of, the decisions of the Berlin Congress.

While everything was thus being made easy for Bulgaria in the pleasantest way, and while Servia was endeavouring to regain its equilibrium after the severe check to its fortunes, Greece alone remained with legitimate demands awaiting a hearing.

Feeling in Athens—and indeed all over the country and in the islands—ran so high that any idea of checking it had to be dismissed as impossible. Nor did the Government entertain any such thought for a moment, being itself inspired by the same national feelings and aspirations. In the Chamber of Deputies Trikoupis, the leader of the Opposition, rose and declared that "the country was in danger," and promised his support "for the defence of the just cause of Hellenism."

In order to understand the force and justice of this movement it must be remembered that only a few years before a concerted Europe, without objection being raised by a single Power, had decided to concede the ardent desire of the inhabitants of Epirus for union with the Hellenic

kingdom. The same Powers had now acceded to an absolutely corresponding desire on the part of the Rumelians, who had demanded union with their kinsmen of Bulgaria. Why, therefore, deny to one nation what was admitted to be right for another?

And while the "Greek Question" suddenly took the place of the Bulgarian in the deliberations of the Powers, King George and his Government lost no time in backing up their demands in the most forcible manner possible: the fleet was fitted out, the army mobilised and despatched to the frontier, and negotiations were opened for the issue of a war loan.

Turkey, which had shown surprising self-command in the Bulgarian affair, did not hesitate to draw the scimitar when Greece was concerned. Considerable masses of troops from Salonika and Constantinople were marched towards the frontier in all haste, and it was evident that a Greco-Turkish war might break out at a few days' notice.

At this juncture, in order to secure the peace of the Balkans, England did not shrink from proposing a forcible measure of unexampled brutality against a sovereign State, that of forbidding the Greek Government to carry on war at sea. Lord Salisbury succeeded in getting the Powers to approve the proposal, and a joint note was sent to the Greek Prime Minister, Delyannis.

Never before can the sovereign rights of any

country have been violated as those of Greece were by this dictatorial message. A wave of indignation swept through the whole community, from the King to the poorest shepherd. Greece was proud of her fleet, small but powerful, which without the slightest doubt could have been a match for the Sultan's ironclads, badly armed and in still worse repair as the latter were. Was it not shamefully unfair to tie one of the fighter's arms just as the fight was going to begin?

The great Powers had counted, of course, on the joint note proving strong enough to deprive the Greeks of any liking for war. This, however, was not the case. While a dignified and energetic protest was raised to European interference, warlike preparations were continued with unabated vigour.

When the Powers then—at the beginning of 1886—in their irritation at the attitude of Greece, gave orders to their Mediterranean squadrons to assemble in Suda Bay, there were some scruples on the part of France. M. de Freycinet felt convinced that a conciliatory and humane course of action —which had never before been tried—would be more useful in dealing with Greece than measures founded not upon justice but upon brute force. It was personally distasteful to him to wound the national dignity of the Greek people, and he therefore endeavoured to avert the action of the Powers by proposing a conference at Constantinople

for the amicable adjustment of the questions at issue.

But M. de Freycinet's efforts were not crowned with success. Lord Rosebery, who was Foreign Secretary in the newly-formed Gladstone Cabinet, maintained the demands and repeated the threats of his predecessor. Indeed, he went so far as to propose to the Powers the despatch of an ultimatum to the Athens Government. Its three paragraphs were as follows: (1) Greece is required immediately to place its army on a peace footing and to reply to this request within a week. (2) In case of a refusal the representatives of all the Powers will demand their passports; and (3) the eastern coasts of Greece and the Gulf of Corinth will be blockaded by the combined squadrons.

While this proposal was adopted by the rest of the great Powers, France withdrew from any further joint action. M. de Freycinet declared that he was unable to approve either of the contents of the note or of its too dictatorial and irritating form. At the same time he gave instructions to the French Minister at Athens, Count de Moüy, to use his influence as earnestly and as amicably as possible with the Greek Premier in the cause of peace. The Count performed this task; and on the same day that France withdrew from the rest of the Powers—April 22nd, 1886—De Freycinet sent a

despatch to Delyannis, from which I quote the following:

"The attitude of the Greek nation threatens it with the most serious dangers. Unless this attitude is modified, the kingdom will risk a catastrophe or a humiliation. . . . We desire to see such a risk avoided and therefore appeal to the leader of the Greek Government. Yield to circumstances, listen to the voice of a friendly Power and follow its advice. While there is yet time take yourself an initiative which will make you master of the situation and the credit for which will be entirely your own."

These were honest and well-intentioned words, and they had the desired effect. But for two days longer Count de Moüy had to negotiate with different members of the Government before receiving from Delyannis the following signed declaration:—

"I hasten to inform you that His Majesty's Government has decided to follow the friendly advice offered to us by the Government of the French Republic."

French policy could boast of a well-deserved triumph. Freely and independently Greece had deferred to the wishes of Europe, the Government undertaking not to disturb the peace of the Balkans.

The decision of the Greek Government was immediately made known to the representatives

of the Powers. The situation was therefore perfectly clear and nothing could justify any further measures of compulsion. But, whether it was due to resentment of the diplomatic victory of France or to unusually malignant influence on the part of Turkey, the fact remains that on April 26th the Ministers, nevertheless, delivered Lord Rosebery's ultimatum to the Greek Premier. On the following day the combined squadrons steamed into the Gulf of Salamis in battle formation and anchored off Phaleron.

Delyannis, of course, could only reply by referring to the entirely sufficient declaration he had already made to Count de Moüy, the terms of which had been officially communicated to the other Ministers. But at that time Europe was not easily deterred from the gratification of humiliating Greece. The Powers did not consider the declaration of the Greek Government "satisfactory," and demanded a fresh one the same evening. This time, however, the patience of both Government and people was exhausted; the nation could not be expected to submit to such insulting and unjust treatment even from the mightiest of the Powers. Delyannis curtly declined to continue the negotiations. The result was not long in coming: on May 7th the representatives of the Powers, including the Turkish Minister, embarked at the Piræus and left Greece. On the very next day the blockade of

the coasts of the Peloponnese, Attica, and Bœotia became effective.

This unendurable situation lasted for three weeks. The Delyannis Ministry resigned, but Trikoupis declined to take office in such awkward circumstances. A "colourless" Cabinet was therefore formed to undertake the unpleasant but extremely necessary task of restoring foreign relations to a normal state.

The nation was then able to resume its regular everyday life, and it went to work with courage, industry, and confidence in the future.

Nevertheless, under the apparently calm surface there was much smouldering bitterness over the insult that had been received and a very natural anxiety and uncertainty as regards the policy of the Powers in the Balkan Peninsula. The intervention of the Powers, their unnecessarily harsh opposition to the just claims of the Greeks, remained as a thorn in the flesh of the Hellenic people and gave rise to a dangerous inflammation. A seed had been sown that brought the country an ill harvest eleven years later. By adopting the humane attitude of France the Powers might have diverted the undercurrent of suppressed passion, of indignation at the disappointment of national aspirations, which brought about such a violent explosion of popular feeling in 1897.

At last the King of the Hellenes arrived at

the first conspicuous milestone on the long highway of his reign — the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. On October 30th, 1888, a national festival was inaugurated, which left an indelible record in the history of modern Greece of the significance of the past quarter of a century and of the mutual feelings of devotion that existed between the King and his people.

Individuals and nations alike are so taken up with the business of daily life that they seldom have time to throw a glance at the past. It is a wise custom, therefore, which sets apart certain prominent landmarks in our lives, public or private, as opportunities for taking stock of what lies behind us, and laying aside for a moment the burden of existence before proceeding further.

Such an opportunity now presented itself to King George and his people, and if their survey of the past took the form of public rejoicing, this was in reality only due to a natural impulse to give expression to a deeply-rooted sentiment of mutual devotion.

Apart from the exalted and almost unapproachable position in which the State wisely places its Chief, and apart from all the prerogatives by which the royal person is hedged about, the relation between a sovereign and his people may be appropriately compared to a partnership. The work has to be performed, the journey accomplished,

in fellowship; and unless there is intelligent co-operation, progress and development become impossible, or else the partnership is dissolved.

Now it is not a very easy matter for the man in the street to separate the personality of the King from the ever-changing circle of those whom the people themselves elect—often, it is true, very indirectly—to carry on the affairs of the State in conjunction with the monarch. This is specially true in so democratic a kingdom as Greece, with such frequent changes of government as occurred during the period 1863-88. What share has the King himself in the outcome of internal and external policy? To what extent are his personal wishes and opinions considered? He himself has no means of making these matters clear to his people, or, if he has, he does not care to use them.

A constitutional monarch is obliged to work with the Ministers chance provides or circumstances force upon him—and King George always did this in the most loyal way possible—even if they are personally disagreeable to him and their conduct meets with his disapproval. Every party when in power surrounds the person of the King with the warmest expressions of praise and good-will, but no sooner have the reins of office fallen from its grasp than the point of view from which it regards the acts of the sovereign becomes entirely changed—like a child with a telescope: the object

looked at remains the same, but appears very different according to which end of the telescope is used.

No nation is more interested in politics or more observant than the Greeks; a vast number of newspapers, with the strongest possible party bias, scattered all over the country, are eagerly seized by the voters and studied with the deepest attention. Everything that goes on in the *Boule*, every speech made by a politician whose name is at all known, is looked upon as an event of importance, and gives rise to endless debates, severe criticism, or ardent approval in every café or village inn. The King is by turns extolled to the skies or loaded with reproaches—usually for things the blame for which should in common justice be laid at other doors.

All this tends to throw a veil over the personality of the sovereign, to create false ideas of his character and mode of thought. And if, in spite of these circumstances, the Greeks were able, in moments of calm reflection, to form a homogeneous conception of their King as he really was—a conception which found its expression in the homage of gratitude and devotion of October 1888—this was simply due to the wonderful good sense of the Greek nation, to its intellectual capacity for penetrating the tissue of unreality and reaching the kernel of truth.

If King George ever had any doubts of the

real feelings of his people, the demonstrations at his jubilee must have set them at rest.

The anniversary acted as an invisible but all-conquering force upon the eight millions of Hellenes, scattered as they were within and without the borders of Greece. Every town, every district or island, every community or colony, great or small, far or near, felt itself irresistibly drawn towards the centre of the commemoration, the King. His subjects by the thousand journeyed to the capital by land and sea; telegrams and letters of congratulation poured into the Palace and were piled in heaps on his writing-tables. Athens was quite unable to find room for the multitude of deputations and guests; many of them took up quarters in the Piræus, in the surrounding villages, or on board ships in the harbour.

The Athenians have always been masters at arranging celebrations, and on this occasion they exerted themselves to the utmost. The result was satisfactory beyond all measure; the city was a glowing mass of colour with flags and floral decorations. Triumphal arches and swinging garlands spanned the streets, over the heads of crowds in festival humour, clad in picturesque costumes from every nomarchy in the country and every Greek community outside it. From the clearest of blue skies the sun shone all day long, and the National Anthem filled the air from early morning.

It is a happy thing when a King and his people hold festival together; happier still when the outside world takes part in the rejoicings and adds its tribute of applause.

And on this occasion the world did so with a generous hand.

Long before the jubilee day royal guests and representatives from every European country began to arrive, while the harbour and the Gulf of Salamis were filled with warships from most of the maritime nations of the world.

First of all came the King's brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark; then the steam yacht *Surprise* appeared at the Piræus with the future King of England on board; on the following day the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived; Austria sent an Archduke, Russia the two Grand Dukes, Sergius and Paul. Djevad Pasha came at the head of a special embassy from the Sultan, with gifts for the King—two splendid Arab horses with jewelled trappings—and the Shefakat Order in brilliants for Queen Olga. Neriman Khan came as the envoy of the Shah of Persia. Finally envoys arrived from England, France, Germany, Italy, Rumania, Servia, and even from the Pope, with autograph letters of congratulation from their sovereigns.

I was one of the officers of the cruiser *St. Thomas*, which the Danish Government had sent to attend the jubilee. With the consideration

King George always showed his countrymen when they came to Greece—especially if they belonged to his old service — the cruiser was allotted a special place of honour between the Austrian Archduke's ship and the English royal yacht. And the King took care that we officers should have a full share in the festivities.

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the jubilee week of which the anniversary day itself was the inauguration. It remains in my memory as a chaos of court functions, legation balls, torchlight processions and illuminations, gala performances in the theatres, parades and reviews. And through all this tumult of rejoicing there resounds in my ears the thunder of the royal salutes from the mighty squadrons in the Gulf of Salamis and from the warships in the harbour; I can hear the whizzing and the dull report of the rockets and see again the gleaming outlines of the columns of the temple of Zeus and of the ancient ruins on the Acropolis standing out against the deep blue of the starry night.

Among the memories of that crowded week two scenes overshadow all the rest.

The first was on the morning of the anniversary itself, when the thanksgiving service was held in the Cathedral. Half the population of the city had flocked into the square in front of the Palace and into Hermes Street, and stood in a compact mass, kept back by the lines of soldiers, like

two human walls right up to the door of the church.

Within the brilliantly decorated building the venerable Metropolitan of Athens stood before the altar, surrounded by bishops in velvet and brocade, and by hundreds of priests in black. From the golden halos of the holy pictures, from crucifixes, gilded missals, and precious chalices there was a constant flashing of jewels. Below the altar a brilliant crowd was spread through the church, losing itself in the shadows of the lofty vaulting, courtiers, diplomatists, ladies, and officers from every country in their most splendid uniforms.

Then a fanfare of trumpets was heard in the distance and a powerful military band struck up the National Anthem. The King and his suite were on their way from the Palace.

King George rode in front with the Crown Prince Constantine and Prince George by his side; after them came the King's chief aide-de-camp, Colonel Hadjipetros, and a great cavalcade of generals, military attachés, and officers of high rank. Then followed, in four-horsed carriages with postilions, the Queen with the Danish Crown Prince and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and after them a long line of carriages with princes and princesses, royal guests, ladies from the legations, and many more.

And as the royal procession filed past between the walls of human beings, the air was filled with

shouts of "*Zito Vasilévs! Zito Vasilevka!—Zito, zito!*" So deafening was the cheering from those thousands of throats that it drowned even the roar of the salutes and the blaring of the military bands.

The second scene came two days later.

The Municipal Council of Athens entertained the guests of Greece at a luncheon presided over by the Royal Family.

On the lofty rock of the Acropolis, to the east of the marble columns of the Parthenon and Erechtheum, a vast tent had been erected. Under a canopy of blue and white striped canvas —the Greek national colours — luncheon was served for 500 guests. The menu before each guest was engraved on a finely chiselled little block of marble from the ruins of the ancient temples. And while the banquet proceeded, as speeches in honour of King George, of his guests, and of Hellas alternated with the strains of the band of the Greek Marines, our eyes and our minds drank in that wonderful panorama from the classic height: the beautiful white city, the mountain ridges of Hymettus, Pentelikon, and Parnes, veiled in mist, the broad plain of Attica in its brown autumnal garb, and towards the south the distant Piræus, the deep blue Gulf of Salamis, and the indented shore of Phaleron.

While his own subjects and foreign Powers vied with each other in homage and compliment,

the public opinion of the civilised world announced its judgment of the Greek monarch and his people through the Press. Many were the keys in which the jubilee articles were pitched, and very various the point of view from which the past and future of Greece were regarded. When all things were weighed, however, there was no doubt about the balance. The prophets who had read omens of evil at the time of the King's first leaving Denmark had been thoroughly put to shame. King George and his dynasty stood firmly upon Greek soil, with deep roots in the Hellenic community. There was no longer any talk of a "decadent people" which could scarcely be led into the path of development. On the contrary, what was now pointed out was precisely the marvellous progress of the country, a development no one could have suspected.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

Beyond the sea of white houses of modern Athens rises the heavy yellow block of the Royal Palace, relieved by marble porticos and handsome pediments—a symbol of the firm position of the Chief of the State, which endures unshaken for generations, while all other manifestations of personal power are in a state of continual change.

Such was, no doubt, the dream of the sovereign who first took up his residence in the newly erected Palace; but the existence of King Otho and his beautiful consort may be compared with that of plants that are transported to a foreign soil and have no power to take root. The Royal couple never succeeded in making themselves one with the people over whom they were called upon to reign, and the fact that their marriage was childless rendered the formation of a dynasty impossible.

Fortune was more favourable to King George. Not only did the King's acuteness of vision enable

him to penetrate to the inmost essence of the Greek character and to adopt the peculiarly Hellenic point of view from which internal and external affairs and questions of race and religion were regarded, but it also helped him to identify himself with his people in such a way as to become a Greek in the best sense of the word. Perhaps it may be counted as no small piece of good fortune that King George constantly had the fate of his two predecessors before him—the President Count Capo d'Istria and the Bavarian-born King: the first of these essayed to act on the model of a Russian autocrat and was murdered; the second certainly made an honest attempt to rule with justice and moderation, but he was unceasingly occupied with the smallest details of affairs of State, trying to remodel Greece on the pattern of a small German principality—and ended in exile.

As has already been hinted, King George has often been reproached for not having interposed more frequently in the internal politics of the country, even where his constitutional privileges afforded ample opportunity for such personal activity. It is difficult, of course, to form an opinion of what the result would have been in each given case, if the person of the King had appeared more prominently.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the collective result of many years' experience proved

the King to be right. He ruled on the principle that a nation so intelligent as the Greek, gifted as it was with a large share of political interest and sense, and possessing in addition as one of its most prominent characteristics a never-failing patriotism—that such a nation could best develop and educate itself by means of its own experience within the limits of a free constitutional system—and that the sovereign could contribute to this self-education, not by compulsion, but by advice, by a good example and by the personal influence a king who is in close touch with his subjects is able to exercise in the course of years. In forming an opinion at the present day, we have only to compare the actual state of things with what preceded it. We need merely consider the fact that it was the nation, acting on its own judgment and deliberation, that three years ago rose against the old leaders, condemned their mischievous policy of interest, showed them the door and entrusted the power to the man who, by his prudent and circumspect action, had won the confidence of the people.

If King George was greeted with enthusiastic homage on every festive occasion at Athens and on his journeys in different parts of the kingdom, these cries of *zito* meant considerably more than similar expressions of popular feeling in other countries. The Greeks, it may be remarked, regard crowned heads with lukewarm interest.

Without any sign of enthusiasm they watch foreign sovereigns driving past in the royal carriages, and not a few of the monarchs who have visited Greece have expressed surprise at this indifference, which has sometimes come near to giving offence. The Greek nation regards royalty as a useful institution, which it would be unwise to abolish : the affection and admiration they so readily showed towards their own King were due to their estimate of him as a man and as the chief functionary of the State, and not by any means to the idea that any particular regal splendour emanated from his person.

It is, however, not sufficient for a king to govern his country well and win the admiration of his people ; the expectations of his subjects are directed to the establishment of a dynasty ; they wish to see the succession secured, if possible, for more than one generation, in order that there may be no doubt of the future of the monarchy.

In this respect the Greek sovereigns did not disappoint their subjects. Eight children were born of their marriage, six of whom are still alive : King Constantine, Prince George, Prince Nicholas, Prince Andrew, Prince Christopher, and the Grand Duchesse Marie. For an ordinary woman the bringing-up of all these children, together with all the other duties that fall upon a wife and the mistress of a household, might well have been regarded as sufficient occupation ; but Queen Olga

possesses such a fund of energy and so sympathetic a heart for suffering humanity that she has also been able to accomplish a truly marvellous work in the service of charity and benevolence.

Behind the Palace gardens lies the "Amalion" orphans' home founded by Queen Amalia, and on the University Boulevard is the "Arsakion," a great school for girls, built in 1835 by a wealthy man named Arsakis. As patroness of these two institutions Queen Olga began her work of charity immediately on her arrival in Greece. She was at that time sixteen years old. With her private means and with help from various rich men an asylum for incurables was shortly afterwards erected, another for aged paralytics, and later the "Santeria" sanatorium for consumptives. The Queen founded a society for the assistance of the deserving poor and established a Fröbel Kindergarten for the children of necessitous parents, as well as a people's kitchen at the Piræus, where poor girls might learn cooking. The last-named institution was soon extended to include a Sunday school for factory girls, and these, the Queen's first efforts to improve the position of Greek women, who at that time were at a very low level of knowledge and accomplishment, were continued unbrokenly in the years that followed. A spacious building was erected, in which old women and young girls were taught weaving in order to be able to support themselves. In course of time this institution

became known all over the world. Thousands of travellers have visited it and bought carpets and curtains of extremely beautiful and original Greek design, which are almost as much prized as the productions of the looms of Smyrna and Alexandria.

Before Queen Olga's time Greece possessed no prison for female delinquents. Through her instrumentality one was built at Athens to receive prisoners from the whole country. This single women's prison more than fulfils the requirements, as the number of female criminals in Greece is insignificant.

When this reform had been introduced the Queen's attention was directed to the unfortunate arrangement under which youthful delinquents were confined in the same prisons as older criminals. Progressive demoralisation was the almost inevitable result of this state of things, or at any rate it was difficult to exercise a reforming influence. With the assistance of a wealthy Greek named Avérof the Queen was soon able to have a new prison built, exclusively for young men. This institution has shown extremely favourable results.

Queen Olga has also devoted her inexhaustible energy and great sums of money to the care of the sick. Apart from two military hospitals, of which she is patroness, she built the great Russian Hospital at the Piræus in memory of her daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra, who died a few years after her marriage. This institution is open

to sailors, both officers and men, of all nations, though Russians have a preferential right. In connection with the hospital is a dispensary, where patients pay 30 lepta (centimes) a visit, in return for which they receive medicine free.

Queen Olga's great achievement, however, is the "Evangelismos" Hospital, close to the Kephisia road, to which the wealthy of both sexes have contributed large sums. This model institution, with its scrupulous cleanliness and hygiene, its training of efficient nurses, its excellent operating rooms and other modern arrangements, has brought about a complete revolution of hospital work in Greece.

When this hospital was opened, nursing was at a very low ebb in the country, and a body of nurses had to be trained, chosen, if possible, from the educated classes. The Queen entrusted the organisation of the hospital to Miss Reinhard, one of the Danish nurses who had been sent to Greece during the war of 1897. Miss Reinhard has managed the hospital with great ability, in spite of many difficulties, and has trained a staff of native nurses, who are now scattered all over the country.

In connection with this hospital a very characteristic incident occurred. It happened that the Matron was obliged to dismiss a couple of nurses who took their duties too lightly. For some reason or other the Press chose to make

a national question of this, and a bitter controversy arose, which is still remembered by the name of the "Greco-Danish war." One of the founders of the hospital was the very wealthy Mme. Syngros; she took the part of her dismissed countrywomen, while the Royal patroness, taking an impartial view of the circumstances, backed up Miss Reinhard, who refused to reinstate the negligent nurses and staked her position thereon.

In the end the Danish lady was victorious, but Mme. Syngros indignantly resigned her place on the Committee and revenged herself by building another very large hospital at her own expense on the opposite side of the Kephisia road. It is difficult to know whom to admire most: the Queen, who so loyally supported her *protégée*; the Matron, who did not hesitate to risk her personal advantage in a just cause, or Mme. Syngros, who certainly lost the battle, but was yet victorious through her magnificent generosity.

An old prophecy announces the regeneration of the Greek Empire when Hellas has a King named Constantine and a Queen named Sophia. When, therefore, the Heir Apparent—*Diádochos*, as he was called—became engaged to Princess Sophie, daughter of the Emperor Frederick, there was rejoicing throughout the country. The

Greeks are not a little superstitious, and however they may demur in calmer moments to the imputation of cherishing dreams of ambition, there yet slumbers in the most secret chamber of their heart the *Great Idea.* But apart from national ambitions and mystic associations of historic Byzantine names, Greece had every reason to rejoice at the bond between the Royal Family and the mighty House of Hohenzollern. Any expectations of direct support for the foreign policy of Greece have, however, hitherto been bitterly disappointed. As every one knows, the Balkan policy of the German Empire has been directed to other objects than the development and strengthening of Greece. It is, of course, possible that the future will see a change in this as in other things, and in the meantime the Greeks may console themselves with the reflection that Queen Sophia's energetic and astute personality is in itself an asset that in some measure compensates for their disappointments. The present Queen, from the moment of her arrival in Greece, made herself one with the interests of her new country, and in all works of mercy she has zealously followed Queen Olga's example. During the war of 1897 the position of the Crown Princess was not altogether an easy one; there were moments when the attitude of the Kaiser threatened to throw a shadow over his sister in Greece. But the Crown Princess quickly showed

that she was entirely on the side of Greece. The practical and kind-hearted way in which she assisted the wounded and the necessitous nipped any invidious feeling in the bud.

King Constantine is still a comparatively young man, but he has gone through trials—not to say sufferings—which have strengthened his character far more than years.

King Constantine's education was that of a soldier. He had an excellent training in Prussia, after which he returned to Greece and was soon promoted to be Inspector-General of the Army. On the outbreak of the war of 1897 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the land forces. It was a forlorn post, which the friends and admirers of the Crown Prince would gladly have seen him spared. Necessary and inevitable as the war was on national and humane grounds, the preparations for it were scarcely half completed when the frontier fighting began. The number of Greek regular troops was hardly more than a third that of the enemy's, and the concourse of volunteers from home and from abroad was—in spite of certain honourable exceptions—rather a hindrance than otherwise to the strategic dispositions of the Commander-in-Chief. The course of the war—a series of retreats, interspersed with stubborn fights and a few successes—was a period of fearful trial to the Crown Prince. All military experts have long ago made amends for a great

deal of harsh and unjust criticism and acknowledged that in the circumstances the Crown Prince could hardly have made more judicious dispositions or followed better tactical principles, unless he was to gamble with the fate of the army and of the whole country. But at that time the word was with war correspondents and ill-informed journalists, to whom scornful and unfair criticism came easily. King Constantine then stood under fire like a man—not only the fire of Turkish guns and rifles, but that of the world's Press and his own countrymen's desperate and unreflecting outbursts of anger and disappointment. King Constantine's pride and a certain stiffness in his character forbade him to reply to the attacks of the ignorant and ill-disposed, while his manliness and loyalty prompted him to shield those of his subordinates who might legitimately have been the objects of criticism. Not many men have had to go through a worse form of purgatory; it has marked the present King of the Hellenes for life.

Prince George, the second son of the Royal couple, is married to a daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte, and divides his time between France and Denmark, in which latter country he received his education as a naval officer. Like his elder brother this amiable and at the same time extremely frank and outspoken Prince was placed at an early age in a very exposed position, which caused him to reap a number of bitter

experiences. Prince George, it will be remembered, was appointed Governor-General of Crete after the war, when the island was virtually released from its subjection to Turkey. He accepted a position in which the most expert diplomatic equilibrist would have found it difficult to maintain the balance between a turbulent people and the exacting and sometimes arbitrary demands of the great Powers, as represented by their consuls and naval commanders. The Prince can scarcely be blamed if the attempt was unsuccessful.

Prince Nicholas is married to the wealthy Russian Grand Duchess Helen. He is a remarkably efficient officer and a man with pronounced artistic and literary interests, who himself practises dramatic authorship.

Prince Andrew is one of the most popular members of the Royal Family. His wife, Princess Alice of Battenberg, may certainly be considered one of the most beautiful and charming ladies of all the royal families of Europe. She is as kind as she is beautiful, and is beloved by every Greek.

The youngest member of the Royal Family, Prince Christopher, is unmarried.

Of King George's two daughters only the Grand Duchess Marie is now living, the elder, Princess Alexandra, having died quite young, after a few years of happy marriage with the Russian Grand Duke Paul. The early and

sudden death of this extremely amiable and beautiful Princess was certainly the greatest shock received by the Royal couple, and it is not too much to say that the whole Greek people mourned her loss. A daughter of the late Princess married Prince William of Sweden; on a child—Prince Lennart—being born of this marriage King George and Queen Olga became great-grandparents.

With the exception of Prince George, all the members of the Royal House spend the greater part of the year at Athens — even the Grand Duchess Marie, though she has her own home in Russia. They have a great affection for their country, and are never so happy as on the soil of Hellas.

Both the King and Queen preferred a secluded domestic life, and their children have inherited the same taste. Their daily existence was thoroughly home-like; a patriarchial, but free and unconstrained relationship, founded upon mutual affection, sympathy, and indulgence. Besides the King and Queen, Prince and Princess Andrew with their three children, and Prince Christopher lived in the Palace itself. On Sundays the whole Royal Family assembled there, and there were weekly gatherings at the palaces of the Crown Prince and Prince Nicholas, which are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Palace gardens.

In spite of this marked predilection for family life in its narrow sense, the King showed a great

deal of hospitality. There was a dinner nearly every Saturday during the winter season, to which the Foreign Ministers, the higher Government officials, and the King's more intimate friends were invited. There were also balls—before the fire—for which invitations to the number of 1,500 or 2,000 were issued.

Two years ago a fire occurred, through a "short circuit" in the top floor of the Palace, and gradually worked its way down to the foundations, destroying the whole central part of the building. Here it was that the immense ball-room was situated, gorgeously decorated with marble and mosaic. The ceiling was supported by slender Ionic columns of Pentelic marble; it was one of the most beautiful rooms I have ever seen.

The Greeks are as fond of dancing as they are of talking, and the state balls afforded the most eagerly sought opportunities of the whole season for indulging this taste. I have often had the good fortune of being among the guests on these occasions, and the memories of those nights will always remain in my mind.

The guests arrived between half-past eight and nine and arranged themselves according to the Greek custom, gentlemen on one side of the room and ladies on the other. On the stroke of nine the band played the Greek National Anthem, the folding-doors were thrown open, and

the Royal Family, with the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, came in. The King and Queen greeted their guests amiably and without much ceremony, exchanged a few words with various groups, and then the ball began.

The sight of that brilliant crowd was indeed a delight to the eyes, with the tasteful colours of the Greek uniforms, the elegant ball-dresses and sparkling jewels of the ladies, moving to the dreamy strains of a Strauss waltz among the graceful marble columns of the great room.

I remember the stately figure of General Hadjipetros, the Steward of the Household, towering above the rest, with his grey moustache ferociously turned up, the omnipresent and imperious master of the ceremonies. It was worth being there to see him lead a cotillion.

He brought his great gloved hands together with a crash and shouted the word of command: "Take your places, ladies and gentlemen! — *Sacrénom*, take your places! — *Tour des anges, mesdames, messieurs! — avancez, mesdames!*" and then the figure went as smoothly as a march-past. The old General laughed and twisted the ends of his moustache a trifle higher, a smile was on every face, the dancers twirled over the polished floor, and the King gave a nod of pleasure. Hadjipetros was a tried soldier of his, as well as a good Steward.

And if anything went wrong with the figure

at the other end of the room, the old man was on the spot in an instant. With a childlike smile under the terrific moustache, his voice thundered out: "*Voyons, mesdames—patience—patience, que diable!—Sacrédieu, messieurs, qu'est que c'est que ça, nom des truffes!*"—and then that was put right. The couples hurried to their places, terror-stricken and choking with laughter. The dance glided on once more under the gleaming lights to the melodious strains of Strauss.

It is an instance of the law of contradictions that sailors love the land. I have hardly ever come across a skipper or a mate who did not long, when on the cheerless sea, for a little house with a patch of garden, somewhere among green fields and shady woods. The Greek sea-king was no exception to the rule. King George was a great landowner both within and without the boundaries of Greece.

Between the southern point of Eubœa and the east coast of Attica lies a small archipelago, called Petali, after the largest of its islands. The Russians established themselves here in days long past, and until forty-six years ago the Tsar held sway over these rocky islands; but when King George's marriage with the Grand Duchess Olga was celebrated at Peterhof, a deed of gift of the archipelago was one of the innumerable wedding presents. The inhabitants are nearly all fishermen, and the property is not very productive.

Now and then the Royal Family used to take a holiday on board the yacht *Amphitrite* and visit Petali, where a number of vineyards are being planted.

In Corfu the King built the beautiful summer palace of Mon Repos, but the property he loved best was close to Athens, and perhaps his preference was due to his having laid it out entirely according to his own ideas.

Some ten miles to the north of the capital lay one of the few forest properties in this part of the country. Its owner, General Soutzo, lived here in the summer in a couple of small shooting-boxes. This property, known as Tatoï, was bought by the King, and during the first few summers of their married life the King and Queen occupied these two cottages, which between them had five rooms, until the "old palace," a roomy but far from elegant villa, was built. By degrees adjoining lots were added to the estate, which now has an area of seventeen and a half square miles.

The whole property was to begin with scarcely more than a rocky waste, extending from the low ground at the foot of Pentelikon to the top of the most northerly spur of Mount Parnes, where the classical Dekeleion lay. But this wild pine forest was the King's refuge, where he could rest from the labours of government and forget for a time the troubles of politics. Above all, it was a place where he could be entirely himself, could

walk about his own woods and fields like any other landlord with an interest for forestry and agriculture, and plan new roads and other improvements.

King George entrusted the carrying out of his plans to a Danish forestry expert, Mr Münter, a man of great energy and remarkable in many ways. Good roads were soon laid out; in some places trees were felled and undergrowth removed, so that fields could be drained, ploughed, and sown.

By degrees the King's plan was actually realised — the introduction of real Danish agriculture into this wild mountain district, with barns, stables, a dairy and wide meadows, where herds of Danish and Swiss cows graze peacefully in what was formerly a haunt of wolves and wild boars.

Practical and intelligent, Münter was equally capable as forester, surveyor, and engineer, and withal as superstitious a man as you could find. Just as he kept his accounts and his journal, so he had a diary for his dreams, in which he entered them, interpreted them, and took warning from them; he also read people's hands and predicted their future.

Some twenty years ago, when I came to Greece on a cruise, I was invited to Tatoï by Münter for a battue of wolves, which had increased rather too rapidly, and were doing a good deal of damage to the King's flocks of sheep. The bag was nothing

KING GEORGE IN HIS GARDEN AT CORFU.

Reproduced by gracious permission from a photograph taken by H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

to boast of, but to make up for it we got plenty of woodcock, and the weather was splendid; those days I shall never forget. Münter had just then discovered Sophocles' grave—so he made out, at any rate.

For three nights running he had had the same dream: he was walking over the plain below Tatoï, where an ancient Byzantine church stands; suddenly the character of the surroundings had changed and he was standing on a road, along which came an ancient Greek funeral in solemn procession, bearing two bodies to a handsome marble sarcophagus. Münter found the place he had seen in his dream, got the King's permission to dig—which is not easy, as a rule, since the soil of Tatoï is inviolable—and actually discovered a large burial place, surrounded by a thick wall and containing several marble sarcophagi. In the most handsome of these lay two skeletons, of an elderly man and of a boy. The find caused a commotion in the archæological camp; some scholars sided with Münter, others were against him. King George, who was himself well versed in classical lore and possessed sound archæological knowledge, was among the sceptics. Amongst other arguments, he referred to Pausanias, who describes the place of burial as very different from that found by Münter, and tells us that Sophocles' helmet, his sword and other valuable articles were placed in his coffin, which, moreover, only contained one

body. These articles were not found, although the grave was intact and contained much else. On the other hand, Sophocles' head is described by classical authors as very irregularly formed, and with a strongly-developed cranium. The skull that was found is still in the museum that has been fitted up in a tower at Tatoï. I must confess I have never seen one with so unsymmetrical, and at the same time so strongly developed a cranium. Who is right?

During my first stay in Greece, as a boy of fourteen, I remember an excursion made by the Court from Athens to Tatoï, in which I took part. This trip seems to me to give the best illustration of the changes that have taken place in the last thirty-seven years.

It was early morning, one day between Christmas and the New Year. A regular procession of some ten carriages of different kinds waited in front of the Palace, besides an escort of sixteen mounted gendarmes. The King, the Queen, the three eldest Princes and Princess Alexandra, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, the nurses, governesses, aides-de-camp and I were divided among the carriages; footmen, cooks, and all the requisites for lunch also accompanied us. Then we drove off, taking the northern road.

The town did not then extend very far in this direction; where one now sees suburbs, villas, and gardens, intersected by long lines of tramway and

railway, there was then nothing but heather and poor, stony pasture. The road was far from good, being full of deep ruts, where the rock itself did not project. Here and there scattered fir-trees and dense bushes extended over the undulating plain and temporarily hid the heights of Athens from our view; but the road climbed steadily towards the distant ridges, bringing the sharp cone of Lykabettos and the long line of the Acropolis again and again in sight.

The sky was grey and dreary, and the low clouds threatened snow. Here and there chequered patches of black and white broke the monotony of the dust-coloured plain, and moved with a wave-like advance over the swelling hillocks. These were flocks of sheep and goats, grazing on the thin winter pasture, while the herdsmen stood immovable as pillars, wrapped in their sleeveless cloaks and leaning on long, spear-like staves.

I had never imagined the Greek landscape so cheerlessly desolate and unfertile.

We stopped at a little village to change horses. It was impossible at a distance to distinguish the houses from the ground on which they stood, for they were built of earth and stones and roofed with heathery turf. We all took the opportunity of stretching our legs, and while we were tramping up the nearest bare hill, half a dozen gaunt and shaggy brutes came rushing at us from a furzy hollow, with furious barking and howling. I saw

the officers draw their swords and the gendarmes set spurs to their horses, while the ladies sought shelter behind their protectors. I thought we were being attacked by a herd of wolves, but it was only the half-wild sheep-dogs of the village that were giving us a welcome. Snarling and growling, they gradually retreated under a fire of stones, and took refuge among the bushes.

Then we jolted on again towards Tatoï, with the armed escort clattering before and behind.

That was nearly forty years ago. Now the landscape has a very different look.

Motor cars dash along two excellent roads from Athens to the north. No less than three lines of railway run in the same direction, besides an electric tramway, which takes one along the Patisia road between villas, gardens, summer restaurants, and cafés. The very plain of Attica seems transformed. It is true that we still see patches of heathery waste and rocky prairie, where goat-herds with wolf-like dogs tend their wandering flocks; but the plain itself is broken up by walled vineyards, by broad belts of cultivated fields, by aloe-hedged market-gardens, olive-groves, and orchards. Villa suburbs —such as Kephisia and Marousi—have sprung up on desolate wastes, with tasteful country houses, gardens, and hotels, to which the well-to-do Athenians resort in large numbers when the summer heat becomes unbearable in the capital. The villages have grown apace, the peasants build

themselves more pretentious dwellings, every year gardeners and cottagers enclose more land, dig wells and cultivate the soil. The increasing wealth of Athens and its constant demand for fruit, vegetables, poultry, and eggs are spreading oases of prosperity over the desert of the plain.

The Greeks willingly acknowledge that this remarkable transformation of the lowlands is in a great degree due to the example King George and his Danish steward gave the farmers and breeders of the country on the heights of Tatoï. This example has been infectious; several wealthy Greeks have bought large properties on the plain of Marathon, in Bœotia, and in the fertile districts of the Peloponnese; others have acquired extensive tracts of forest in Northern Thessaly; King Constantine, while Crown Prince, became the owner of a large estate not far from Pyrgos. Foreign planters are already at work in many places on the reafforestation of districts formerly wooded; agricultural machinery is being imported, and an attempt is being made to introduce a rational rotation of crops, where formerly nothing was known but the exhaustive farming of the Middle Ages.

To eyes tired and aching from the glare and dust of Athens there is nothing so refreshing as the green woods of Tatoï. Halfway up a wooded slope stands the house of the present steward, a good 1,500 feet above the level of the Bay of

Phaleron. From the balcony one drinks in the pure, light mountain air, perfumed with the firs that grow thickly below and mingle their scent with that of wild flowers.

Close to the house, where the dusty high road from Chalkis and Thebes winds past, there is a glimpse of red among the green tree-tops. This is the home farm, with its long ranges of buildings, reminding one of Denmark. With a sound of cow-bells, deep bellowing and plaintive bleating, the flocks and herds leave their sheds and pens for distant pastures, with rough-haired long-backed wolf-hounds to keep them in the path. From the dairy comes the hum of the separator and the sharp clink of milk-pails. The commanding voice of Miss Petersen, the Danish dairywoman, is muffled by the whirring wings of a thousand doves, as they fly over roofs and trees.

Higher up the ridge the sunbeams fall upon the new Palace which King George built when the older one was found too small. The building is large and handsome, but so modestly concealed among pines, cypresses, and plane-trees, so perfectly harmonised with the surrounding slopes and woods, that not a line of it disturbs the idyllic landscape.

Below the terrace of the Palace is a deep vaulted grotto, entirely covered with ivy, where a lion's head pours the ice-cold water of a mountain-stream into a great marble basin —

a welcome retreat when the sun is high, with a magnificent view over the gardens and park.

When motoring was introduced into Greece the Royal Family became its most enthusiastic votaries. Ordinary carriage-roads and bridle-paths were no longer good enough; the King wished to be able to motor from one end of his estates to the other, from the deepest valley to the topmost height. Broad roads with safe and easy turns were hewn out of the mountain-sides, with bridges spanning the ravines, and there are now some forty miles of motor road crossing Tatoï in all directions—a work the credit for which is due to the steward, Mr Weismann.

In yet another department King George showed the way to his subjects — that of wine-growing.

Before his time the Greeks were only acquainted with the ancient methods of pressing, light fermentation, and the addition of resin—of which Dionysus' staff with its pine-cone is a symbol. At Tatoï, with the help of Rhenish wine-growers, the latest methods of treating grapes were introduced, and the King's wine — *Château Décélie* — has long commanded a high price in the market. The example has been followed by others; the exportation of *pure* wine already amounts to about 6,000,000 drachmas a year and the trade is increasing.

CHAPTER V

KING GEORGE ABROAD

King George and King Edward were brothers-in-law, but Nature could hardly have designed a more striking similarity of character and habits had they been brothers. Both were essentially men of the world by persuasion and environment, both were great travellers and expert linguists, and each of them was ever on the look-out for an opportunity to advance the interests of his country when travelling abroad. Both rulers will surely be handed down to posterity as the best Ambassadors of their respective realms, no matter what may be said by self-appointed critics who pretend to know better. Of course, there are differences to prove the fact. King Edward as the head of his comparatively huge firm dealt mainly in such useful articles as peace and good-will, while his relative being in a smaller way of business and anxious to increase it, very often was out for something very much the opposite. The King of mighty Britain would, in the

natural order of things, disdain grappling with problems beneath the high-water mark of complex political importance. King George, on the other hand, was not a bit afraid of descending to the unromantic but none the less useful atmosphere of commercialism by pushing the trade of his country whenever occasion arose.

During the many years King George travelled about in Europe it may be safely assumed that he missed very few opportunities of extolling the virtues of the modest Greek currant, which, as we know, is one of the chief articles of export from Greece. During the reign of George I. the currant has risen to be quite the most formidable producer of revenue in Hellas, and it is generally acknowledged that the never-ceasing efforts of the King have in a great measure been responsible for the gratifying increase.

In this connection it is worthy of notice that after the visit of the King of Greece to London in 1905, his reception at the Guildhall, and his private talks with some of the principal English importers, the consumption in this country of that nourishing little fruit has been more than doubled.

The Minister for Greece at the time arranged to hold a private reception in honour of the King, and asked His Majesty's advice in preparing a list of those to be invited.

"Ask as many commercial men as possible," the King replied without hesitation, "and especially importers of Greek produce. They are *the* people I delight in meeting while I am here."

When I first spoke to King George, during one of his annual visits to Copenhagen, on the subject of writing a book in commemoration of his fifty years' jubilee as King of the Hellenes, he earnestly enjoined me to leave himself out.

"Write about Greece," were his words, "don't bother about me."

Had he lived, the present chapter and a good many other personal descriptions in the book would probably not have been written. He detested self-aggrandisement or "personal ads.," as he termed it, as cordially as he delighted in seeing them used on behalf of Greece.

At his native city of Copenhagen King George remained one of the most familiar figures during the many eventful years of his reign. He always retained a perfect command of the Danish language, which he spoke like a Copenhagener, without the trace of a foreign accent. The tall and elegant figure of the King, his sprightly, swinging stride, his wonderfully effective moustache, and the aggressively rakish man-about-town tilt of his immaculate silk-hat or "Hombourg" proclaimed his identity to passers-by at long range. It is no exaggeration or mere phraseology

to refer to King George as one of the most popular citizens of the Danish capital, where he was regarded as one of their own, whose business, unfortunately, kept him away from "home" for certain parts of the year.

His vocabulary was of the easy, unaffected, bourgeois variety, innocent of any obtrusively grammatical mode of expression. The unpretending associations of his youth had left him with a pronounced predilection for plain talk and manners that never failed to make an impression. His handsome features radiated all the shrewdness and alert intelligence inherited from his mother, clever Queen Louise, who at one time was known as "the mother of Europe" and was famous as "the only woman who ever foiled Bismarck." His blue eyes, noted for their merry twinkle and keenness of expression, reflected his youthfulness and the lurking sense of humour which to the last were the dominating points of his character.

As a subtle diplomatist versed in all the elusive mysteries of his craft, King George, in the course of an exceptionally long career, had won a prominent name for himself in the chancelleries of Europe. He was looked upon as a real factor in international politics, and not merely as the ornamental figurehead of a small and notoriously ambitious State. Clemenceau himself has publicly declared that he never in

all his experience came across an abler diplomat or a more persuasive speaker than the King of the Hellenes.

Thus, the King's favourite dictum, "I am my own Ambassador," was something more than an empty phrase, and it was supplemented by another from his own people declaring that, "Our King is our *best* Ambassador!"

Other rulers of small States have tried to emulate his example, but never with anything like the success of King George.

Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, for instance, was for years "on the road," but his object being mainly the gratification of personal vanity, any comparison with the Greek monarch is out of the question. King Ferdinand in his sumptuous saloon-carriage, known in diplomatic circles as "The Bulgarian Foreign Office on Wheels," presented a veritable apotheosis of ostentatious swagger. King George invariably chose the opposite course of a modest incognito wherever he went, and gradually, but surely, achieved the results which always fall to the lot of the cautious and tactful.

His Majesty was a Bohemian in the best sense of the word. He exulted in the appellation, and frequently referred to himself as such. He had really no fixed abode, but was equally at home in Athens, Copenhagen, Paris, and Aix-les-Bains. At Copenhagen and in various parts of Denmark he owned several large properties, and his town

house, King George's Palace, was always kept in readiness for him to enter at a moment's notice. Of late most of his time at the Danish metropolis was spent with his sisters, Queen Alexandra, the Empress-Dowager Marie, and Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland. The three sisters simply idolised their handsome and witty brother, who was the life and soul of their gatherings at Hvidöre, Amalienborg Castle, or at King George's own places. The four were a familiar sight in the streets of Copenhagen, and a pleasing picture they made, walking along arms linked, the big brother in the centre, peeping in at shop-windows, laughing heartily at small incidents in the street, riding in ordinary cabs or taxis, and perchance making some impromptu call at the studio of an artist or on mutual friends of their youth.

The late Queen Louise was in the habit of saying of her children that they were all good, but that "Alix (Queen Alexandra) was the most beautiful, Dagmar (the Empress) the cleverest, Thyra, the sweetest tempered, and Wilhelm (King George) the 'cutest.'"

As the king of a nation whose business proclivities are a byword, it is hardly to be wondered at that King George's inherent sense of the practical developed to a proportionate degree. His large investments in a number of very profitable enterprises in Greece and abroad brought him a large yearly income. There is no doubt

that he was one of the largest private contributors to the war-chest during the last glorious struggle, which means a good deal more than appears on the surface, for no nation in the world has ever shown a greater readiness to part with its beloved cash than the Greeks, as long as it was for patriotic purposes.

A few years ago George I. incurred the wrath of the entire Danish Press for parting with two exquisite examples of Gobelin tapestry from his Copenhagen residence. They were sold to a French firm of antique dealers for close upon 2,000,000 francs, it was stated, a sum which the papers thought King George could very well do without. But his Majesty made a clear profit of nearly 75 per cent., and the tapestries were promptly disposed of, in the teeth of Danish national opposition.

The tapestries were not by any means national property, he rightly argued. They were purchased in Paris a few years previously at a low figure, so why not sell at an enormous profit. The King was certainly a practical man before anything, but he was, nevertheless, not always so ready to part with his antiques.

A story is still current at Copenhagen of a rich Hebrew, whom the King of Greece had honoured with an invitation to dinner. This gentleman, who evidently possessed more wealth than tact, became so fascinated by the irresistible charms of

an old chest of drawers in the King's drawing-room, that he made an offer for it in cash there and then. "My dear Mr ——," replied His Majesty, in tones of simulated horror, "I really haven't thought of selling off yet. When I get hard up I will let you know."

King George has on many occasions acted as pilot to the numerous Royalties who visited Copenhagen each season, especially during the "great days of Fredensborg," when old King Christian still held sway there as the patriarch of his large family of kings and princes.

Amongst those to whom the King of Greece frequently acted as guide through the capital was King Edward, and it was on one of those excursions the following incident happened.

For days an extraordinarily hungry Press-photographer had dogged the steps of the two Kings about the streets. In vain they had tried to evade him or throw him off the scent by sudden dives into shops and side-streets. The man rose like a materialised spectre at every turning, keeping his camera "glued" on the Royal brothers-in-law, with all the undaunted diligence of his painfully modern profession.

They even attempted to get away from him in a cab, but the unrelenting hero of the camera followed with evident relish in another, snapping them as he went, and adding new treasures to his "bag" as the day wore on.

With all his proverbial affability this was more than King George could endure, and when the untiring camera-fiend again darted up in front of the two Kings, walking backwards before them in a praiseworthy attempt to obtain a good front-view of King Edward, the exasperated King of Greece beckoned to the fellow to approach.

"What is your name and address?" he asked in tones of infinite kindness. "I may want some of all those lovely pictures you have been taking to-day."

The man, greatly flattered, presented his card.

"But I am rather in a hurry about them. Could you send me some proofs within an hour or two?"

"Oh, certainly, sir," was the delighted reply.

"All right, then, but make haste and be sure to send them on this evening."

The intruder rushed off at top speed to prepare his pictures, and was probably already indulging in ambitious dreams of rising to the dizzy heights of a Court photographer by appointment, when a detective called upon him with an invitation to attend at the Central Police-station. Instead of the Royal warrant he was promised another of far less dignified degree, if he did not suspend his annoying obstructions at once.

King George was rarely, if ever, seen driving except on state occasions, and to and from the railway station on his arrival and departure. When

King Edward brought a high-powered motor car over with him on one of his last visits to Denmark (I think it was in 1904), the stringent automobile laws of the country were suspended during the whole of his stay, in deference to the wishes of old King Christian, who was anxious that his mighty son-in-law should meet with no petty annoyances while traversing the length and breadth of his none too spacious domains. King Edward, in turn, made the best use of his opportunities, and there are still rural districts in the remoter parts of Zeeland, where the unsophisticated inhabitants measure the progress of the Christian Era by what happened before and after the flying visits of the King of England and his car.

King Edward repeatedly tried to persuade the King of the Hellenes to accompany him on one of these speed without limit trips to the countryside, but the invitations were politely declined on the grounds that he preferred the safer and more exhilarating method of walking there and back. Up till a few years before his death King George preserved an unshakeable suspicion of the modern conveyance, and at his various establishments in Greece he rarely employed any other motive power than horses.

Walking was his favourite hobby, and in this respect he had very few equals among his own *entourage*. Years ago King Frederick of Denmark used to act as his brother's faithful companion

on his four or five hours' promenades around Copenhagen, but the last few years of his life King Frederick had to give up this kind of exercise as too violent for his less robust constitution. The unfortunate equerries, who were called upon to act as substitutes, have frequently been left behind a mile or two utterly exhausted in spite of their many years' advantage in point of age.

It has become fashionable among modern rulers to refer to themselves as confirmed "fatalists," probably because it is the best thing they can do. We have seen examples of the most jealously guarded sovereigns being blown up by dynamite, or despatched by revolver-bullets in the presence of thousands of their subjects. Even the most discriminating of Russian Tsars and Turkish Sultans have from time to time furnished regrettable proofs of the immortal truism that no man is certain of anything before he is dead. In deference to the ruling fashion among his Royal colleagues King George adopted the creed of a fatalist to a certain degree, but never to the extent of foolhardiness. There have been certain periods in his career as a ruler when he was bound to admit that "discretion is the better part of valour"—during acute political crises, especially. In other words, he was too clever a man to invite danger and yet sufficiently optimistic to claim the title of a full-blooded fatalist. He detested personal

surveillance for purely human reasons, and invariably dispensed with the services of sleuths at Copenhagen. In other countries they were thrust upon him, and we have, for instance the word of M. Paoli, the famous "Protector of Kings," for it that George I. accepted his "protection" and that of a dozen others in a spirit of resigned reluctance whenever he happened to be within the borders of Republican France. Like a good many ordinary mortals His Majesty had a lurking suspicion that these well-paid "secret" bodyguards merely used him as an excuse for indulging in a holiday. At Aix-les-Bains every man, woman, and child knew them by sight, so it is somewhat difficult to conceive that they could have done anything but harm.

One of the narrowest escapes the King ever had was during the acute political crisis in Greece some years back, when public opinion was smarting from the disastrous result of the war with Turkey. His Majesty, accompanied by his daughter, was returning to Athens in the course of his usual afternoon drive in the neighbourhood of the capital, in an ordinary carriage and without an escort, when he suddenly detected two glittering objects in the shrubbery lining the road. In another instant the King had recognised them as the barrels of two rifles, and noticed with profound interest that they were pointed at his own head. Without uttering a word he flung himself

over his daughter, and, telling her in a hurried whisper to keep quiet, dragged her down from her sitting posture and covered her with his body. The muzzles of the rifles followed him with tantalising precision at every move. The road at this spot was rather steep, and the horses were pulling at walking pace, while the coachman, in sublime ignorance of the terrible danger that threatened his Royal master, gazed placidly into space. The King often related to me the indescribable stupor that seemed to seize his mind during those short moments of horror. He instinctively began to count aloud in his mother-tongue "one, two, three" — but before he could utter the word "four," the report from the guns rang out and the bullets whistled past him, not half an inch from his temple. The horses took fright and bolted, while another half-dozen bullets, not all equally harmless, followed them along the road. The King kept perfectly cool all the while, and even had the presence of mind to speak reassuringly to the coachman, who was by far the most frightened of the party. The perpetrators of the deed, two youths hardly out of their teens, were eventually arrested and paid the penalty of their crime.

There are several other instances on record of the undaunted courage displayed by King George in moments of danger. M. Paoli relates in his "Reminiscences" an incident at Aix which

evidently caused himself more anxiety than it did the King.

"I was standing beside the King of Greece one evening, in the *petits-chevaux* room at the Casino, when one of my inspectors slipped a note into my hand. It was to inform me that an individual of Rumanian nationality, a rabid Grecophobe, had arrived at Aix, with, it was feared, the intention of killing the King. There was no further clue. I was in a very unpleasant predicament, as I did not like to tell the King for fear of spoiling his stay. To go just then in search of further details would have been worse still: there could be no question of leaving the King alone. How could I discover the man? For all I knew, he was quite near; and, instinctively, I scrutinised all the people who crowded around us, kept my eyes fixed on those who seemed to be staring too persistently at the King, and watched every movement of the players.

"At daybreak the next morning, I set to work and started enquiries. I had no difficulty in discovering my man. He was a Rumanian student, and had put up at a cheap hotel; he was said to be rather excitable in his manner, if not in his language. I could not arrest him as long as I had no definite charge to bring against him. I resolved to have him closely shadowed by the Aix police; and I myself arranged never to stir a foot from the King's side. Things went on like this for several days. The King knew nothing and neither did the Rumanian, but I would gladly

have bought him a railway-ticket to get rid of him. Presently, however, one of my inspectors came to me wearing a terrified look:

"'We have lost track of the Rumanian!' he declared.

"I flew into a rage and at once ordered a search to be made for him.

"It was labour lost: there was not a trace of him to be found.

"For once I was seriously uneasy, and resolved to tell the whole story to the King, but he merely shrugged his shoulders and laughed:

"'I am a fatalist. If my hour has come, neither you nor I can avoid it; and I am certainly not going to let a trifle like that spoil my holiday.'"

It was this deep-rooted aversion to being "shadowed like a murderer," as he usually termed it, which at last placed him within a yard or two of the assassin's revolver at Salonika. His fondness for following the same route daily with the punctuality of a chronometer was, of course, equally fatal.

King George "made" Aix-les-Bains in the same manner as King Edward made Marienbad, and the Grand Dukes the Riviera. For many years people were in the habit of declaring that the only two things worth seeing at Aix were the Municipal Gardens and King George. His presence dominated the town, no *fêtes* of any note took place without his being consulted regarding

KING GEORGE AT AIX-LES-BAINS IN 1911.

From a photograph by DESGRANGES, *Aix-les-Bains.*

time and details, and his name figured everywhere as the patron of concerts, balls, and charities. In the shop-windows his photographs appeared pre-eminent, to the detriment of the President of the Republic and other democratic lights, who suffered an inevitable eclipse each season. In common with all other democratic countries of the universe the French have a profound regard for anything in the way of titles. Royalty is simply adored, and a real king is almost worshipped as a demi-god. France, on the other hand, possesses a congenial atmosphere for people of title and royalties, and in no other part of the world are so many to be seen. In spite of all this traditional hero-worshipping and all the official pomp and ceremony which the democratic fathers of the pretty watering-place delighted in thrusting upon him, King George gradually won the real affection of the inhabitants to whom he was as familiar a sight as their own Mayor. He was known as "Monsieur le Roi" to everybody in Aix, and a great number made use of the still easier appellation of "Monsieur George" and greeted him thus in loud tones after the manner of the Southerners.

Walking to his bath every morning the King invariably followed the same route through the old quarters of the town past the famous public laundries where scores of women and pretty young girls did their washing to the accompaniment of merry songs and gossip. In accordance with the

prevailing fashion of the district, the girls did their work in the most comfortable and unconventional garb, often little more than a mere apology for dress. Their appearance, as a matter of fact, was exactly like that of children at the sea-side, only with a more generous view of the nude.

In a burst of anxious solicitude for the King's moral susceptibilities the Municipal Council decided to put a stop to this wholesale display of feminine charm and placarded the wash-house with a series of printed notices, prohibiting any further show of undraped busts and limbs during the early morning hours, when His Majesty passed by. The order was reluctantly obeyed, and more especially by the pretty young laundresses, who considered it an infringement of the liberty of the subject.

When the unsuspecting King arrived the next morning he was greeted by a mournful-looking crowd of women in long dresses and high-necked blouses, bidding him a ceremonial "Good-morning, your Majesty!"

"Whatever is the matter, ladies?" His Majesty enquired with genuine concern, "I hope nothing serious has happened to the establishment?"

The girls laughingly explained the high-handed action of the Municipality to the great amusement of the King, who immediately promised them to intervene with the authorities on their behalf.

The same morning King George made a point of conveying a discreet hint to the Mayor that his moral conscience would not be shocked in the least if the ordinary customs of the place were adhered to as usual.

The following morning the King received quite an ovation from the ladies of the wash-tub in the Rue du Puits d'Enfer, who in the meantime had returned to their primeval state of slightly draped nature. "Vive Monsieur Georges!" they cried in their shrill voices, "and au revoir till to-morrow!"

In further commemoration of the event the King distributed a handsome amount amongst the girls, who from that time were on terms of devoted friendship with the Greek Sovereign. When the news of his death reached Aix-les-Bains no more heartfelt grief was displayed anywhere than in the Rue du Puits d'Enfer, where the girls shed genuine tears and for once draped themselves voluntarily—in black.

Like his father, King Christian of Denmark, King George was a man who delighted in regulating his life down to the smallest details with the precision of a soldier. When abroad he maintained his usual hours for the transaction of business, giving audiences, and taking rest. His audience hours at Athens were from eleven to one daily, and the same rule applied everywhere when receiving people of note or local dignitaries either at Copenhagen, Aix, or Paris. The King invariably

rose at five every morning, took his bath, went for a walk of about two hours, and had breakfast with the members of his suite. Then he devoted at least an hour to the reading of his newspapers, comprising the principal sheets of no less than seven different countries, Greek, French, English, German, Italian, Russian, and Danish. In addition to this formidable budget of news he subscribed to half a dozen cutting agencies for everything concerning Greece, which often ran into hundreds of items a day. His secretary and the master of the household, Count Zernovitch, would usually assist in sifting the bulk of all the printed matter and place whatever there might be of importance before His Majesty. Articles with hostile tendencies against Greece would often put the King in very bad humour, and in such cases he would immediately take steps through the usual intermediaries at the disposal of up-to-date Royalty, to have the stories contradicted or corrected in a discreet but effective manner.

In France M. Clemenceau was for many years the most trusted of King George's journalistic supporters and was ever ready to act on behalf of Greece. Often his attention was drawn to questions of urgency by private letters from the King himself with whom he maintained a lively correspondence to the last.

The Greeks, in turn, have always regarded M. Clemenceau with the greatest reverence, and

seldom missed an opportunity of giving expression to their profound esteem for their great champion. One of the quaintest opportunities afforded the Greeks of showing their gratitude to the famous statesman happened about four years ago when he was still Prime Minister and the most powerful man in France.

Mme. Jacquemaire, M. Clemenceau's married daughter, was on a visit to Greece, where she was received by all classes with every sign of respect and *fêted* by the populace wherever she went. The young lady's feeling of gratitude, however, received a severe shock before she was well out of the hospitable country. On her return journey from Athens by rail to the Piræus, whence she intended to go by steamer to Trieste, *en route* to Paris, she discovered to her dismay that a handbag with all her jewellery and personal trinkets and correspondence had vanished. She immediately lodged a complaint with the local police, but a subsequent search proved hopelessly fruitless. In her dismay she telegraphed to some friends at Athens who lost no time in stirring up one of the greatest Press campaigns ever seen in the country, with the object of retracing the missing valuables of the daughter of the great benefactor of Greece. All newspapers for once laid aside considerations of party and private competition. A telegram was despatched to Mme. Jacquemaire imploring her not to leave the shores of Greece before the property

or the equivalent had been restored to her. A stirring appeal to the patriotism of the thieves was published in all the principal newspapers of the country, imploring them in the name of everything sacred in the history of the nation not to put such an indelible blot of shame on the land of their birth and to restore the stolen goods forthwith. Big placards bearing similar inscriptions were posted all over Athens, and even the priests enjoined the unknown robbers to repent and disgorge the booty. In less than a day and a half the police received a note from the thieves that the stolen property would be at their disposal at a certain place and hour. The "patriots" had not touched a thing, and everything was handed over to Mme. Jacquemaire by a police officer before she left Greece.

Patriotism among thieves, by the way, appears to be quite a common thing in Greece, if one can believe the following story which was related in the newspapers of Athens at the time of the first revival of the Olympic games in that city. A number of the most notorious pickpockets of the capital called a meeting of "prominent" *confrères* from different parts of Greece to discuss the immediate attitude of their ancient and honourable society towards the coming festivities and the expected influx of distinguished foreigners from the four corners of the earth. To relieve these friendly strangers of too much of their ready cash and valuables, they argued, would be an exceedingly

bad advertisement for Greece abroad, and, in consequence, a resolution was unanimously carried "amid cheers" to leave foreigners alone during the six weeks of the first modern Olympiade. They kept their word like gentlemen, but doubled their efforts against the natives, who were probably less enthusiastic over the noble resolve of the crooks than were their foreign guests.

During his long reign King George learned to appreciate the Press as one of the most formidable allies of a modern ruler. His friendship for pressmen was not of the platonic and distant variety generally cultivated in Royal circles, where journalists are usually ranked among the necessary evils of this unhappy world.

On matters of importance he was easily accessible to serious men of the Press, but always exercised the greatest care and discrimination in dealing with them. He very often granted unofficial audiences to journalists, especially foreign correspondents, at Athens and abroad, if they were able to advance any feasible reasons why he and not the Prime Minister should be singled out to supply information. In such cases the King, through his private secretary, would invariably demand a written promise from the applicant that every word relating to the interview should be submitted for approval before the article or telegram appeared in print, and a signed copy left with the secretary. In spite of these elaborate

precautions there are instances on record when King George has been "done," but never, as far as I know, by any member of the British Press.

In 1896 a Berlin journalist obtained an interview with King George on the usual conditions of mutual trust. Although the man deposited a copy of his despatch with the King's secretary, the story evolved from the interview and published in his paper at Berlin, presented the most elaborate piece of "embroidery" imaginable with scarcely a shadow of the original facts as a saving grace. The writer had evidently trusted to the vagaries of that special providence which is supposed to look after exuberant pressmen. He reckoned without his host, however.

King George knew from experience that it would be a thankless task to trouble the editor of the paper in question with an official disclaimer, as the correspondent had evidence to show that he had really had the honour of an interview with the King of Greece. Instead of that the copy of the authorised interview was forwarded on to the astonished editor with a letter from the King's secretary explaining the facts of the case. As a result the correspondent was instantly dismissed, and a "corrected version" of the story published without delay.

King George used to refer to the Press as "the seventh Great Power," and the present ruler of the destinies of Greece takes every oppor-

tunity of upholding the traditional friendliness of the Royal House towards newspaper representatives.

When all doors in Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and Turkey were unceremoniously slammed against war - correspondents during the late war, King Constantine eventually altered his tactics in this respect and inaugurated a system of generous hospitality towards foreign journalists which, in the end, did Greece a great deal of service. The personal intervention of King George was responsible for this. King Constantine later made a special point of getting into personal contact with as many representatives of the world's leading newspapers as he possibly could, and frequently guided their hands in the proper direction. His famous telegrams to the Press concerning Bulgarian atrocities against defenceless Greeks and their women and children created an immense sensation in Europe, and brought about the complete downfall of Bulgarian prestige for many years to come.

In Paris King George was regarded almost as a Parisian, which is the highest tribute in the gift of a patriotic Frenchman. His French was of an extremely easy fluency, full of all the little elegant slang phrases and catchwords which are so dear to the heart of every true-born Parisian.

During the latter part of his life the King always stayed at the same hotel, the "Bristol," and would insist upon the furniture of his apartments being left in exactly the same position as when

he left, year after year. If anything had been added or altered in the appearance of the rooms, he immediately set to work to have it restored. He detested to be made the object of official functions of any kind, and invariably declined all invitations except the unavoidable dinner given in his honour by the President of the Republic, and then only on the express condition that there should be no royal salute. His chief delight was to stroll about the streets and *boulevards* unrecognised, make purchases in obscure art-shops or from small dealers in antiques, and drop in, unannounced, at the studios of celebrated artists to admire their latest creations.

The King very often met the late Mr Pierpont Morgan, who for years had a permanent suite of rooms reserved for him at the "Bristol." One day, it is related, the old millionaire became so impressed with the youthful appearance of King George that he exclaimed, "I would give millions to possess your Majesty's looks!" to which the King smilingly replied, "Not if you were in Greece, Mr Morgan!"

It is said that it was on the advice of King George that Mr Morgan decided to go to Copenhagen for the purpose of consulting Dr Finsen, the famous inventor of the Finsen light, concerning the cure of his nose, which was ever a source of annoyance to the late millionaire. The journey, as we know, resulted in hopeless disappointment,

for, after a few days preliminary treatment at the Finsen Institute, the improvement of Mr Morgan's complaint was stated by experts to be beyond human skill — despite the financier's offer of a million dollars towards the institute's funds for only a partial cure. Notwithstanding the disheartening diagnosis Mr Morgan eventually presented the Finsen Institute with a cheque for several thousand dollars as a donation towards future research.

In conclusion, I will place yet another little incident on record, which was related to me by a gentleman closely connected with the Danish Court and a valued friend of King George. It illustrates the simple, democratic views of life that formed the ruling trait of his character, as well as his ever-ready wit.

Some years ago, when Kaiser Wilhelm had delivered his famous speech about the "divine right of kings" and the "mailed fist," King George was staying at the Amalienborg Castle in Copenhagen. My friend happened to be the first to draw the attention of King George to the telegrams in the morning papers, giving lengthy accounts of the amazing utterances of the Emperor, which have since become so classical. The King read the telegrams twice and looked exceedingly entertained when he had finished. With an abrupt gesture expressing spureme astonishment he dropped the paper and eyed

my friend for a moment or two with a look of amused interrogation.

"Well, Captain, what is *your* opinion of this speech?" His Majesty asked diplomatically.

"I have heard of better speeches, your Majesty," was the equally diplomatic rejoinder.

"Yes; but have you ever heard of any worse?" laughed the King as he proceeded to read the account for the third time.

CHAPTER VI

THE MATERIAL PROGRESS OF GREECE DURING THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE — KING GEORGE AS A REFORMER

Before passing to the struggles with Turkey that marked the latter half of King George's reign, it will be well to glance briefly at the material development of the kingdom during the last half century — a development that has been fostered in many departments by the initiative of the King himself.

At King George's accession the population of Greece was a little over 1,000,000, and its area about 19,000 square miles. By the cession of the Ionian Islands in 1864 and of Thessaly and part of Epirus in 1881 the area was increased to 25,000 square miles; and now, as the result of the Balkan wars, the kingdom has a total area of about 43,500 square miles, with a population of nearly 5,000,000.

The birth-rate is considerably less than that of the other Balkan States, and emigration, chiefly to the United States, takes place at the rate of 25,000 persons annually.

I have already alluded to the injustice done to Greece on the foundation of the kingdom by the guaranteeing Powers in the matters of frontier and finance. From the time of King George's accession the development of the country was continually hampered by the burden of the public debt, until at last, in 1893, the Government was obliged to declare itself unable to fulfil its obligations to its creditors. Since 1898, therefore, the Greek finances have been subject to the control of an international Commission, composed of six members, representing the six great Powers. To this Commission are assigned the revenues from the various Government monopolies, from the tobacco and stamp duties, and from the customs of the Piræus. The result of this arrangement has been entirely satisfactory, and has been reflected in the value of the currency. In less than ten years the exchange rose from a loss of 42½ per cent. to no more than 7 per cent., and by the close of 1912 the value of the drachma reached par. At the same time the budget has shown a remarkable increase: in 1896 the revenue amounted to scarcely 88,000,000 drachmas, in 1905 the total had risen to 126,000,000, and now it is about 150,000,000.

The foreign trade (imports and exports) amounted in 1896 to £7,560,000; in 1905 to £9,000,000; in 1910 to £11,840,000; and in 1912 was close upon £13,000,000.

I have already mentioned that when King Otho came to Greece there was not a single carriage road in the country. Three were constructed during the next thirty years, but in this as in all other matters the reign of King George has been the real period of progress. There are now about 3,700 miles of high road connecting all important points in the kingdom, constructed at a cost of 60,000,000 drachmas.

The oldest railway, from the Piræus to Athens, was constructed in 1869, but by 1896 nearly 600 miles of line were open, and the total length is now about 1,000 miles, not including the territory recently acquired. Owing to Turkish obstruction Greece is the only country not connected with the European railway system; the Thessalian line ends at Karalik Derveni, on what was until lately the northern frontier; but doubtless it will not be long before the connection with Salonika is an accomplished fact.

One of the most striking proofs of Greek progress under King George is the growth of the mercantile marine. Fifty years ago it consisted almost exclusively of small sailing ships engaged in the coasting trade. A few owners had already begun to build larger vessels for Mediterranean voyages, but the country had few steamers, and those of little value. Once a week an Austrian mail boat came into the Piræus; otherwise cargo steamers were rarely seen.

But things were soon to change. As the country grew in prosperity, merchant ships of every kind were built on King George's initiative, and the tonnage and size of the vessels steadily increased. In 1911 the number of steamers was 347, with a tonnage of 384,446. Among these are several vessels of from 8,000 to 10,000 tons which are engaged in the steadily growing trade between Greece and the eastern ports of North and South America.

For a long time there was rivalry between the Piræus, Patras, and Syra for precedence among Greek ports. During the War of Independence the Island of Syra had become an important trading centre; fugitives from Constantinople and the Turkish islands collected here and founded the town of Hermopolis. So important was its maritime trade that Syra became known as "the Liverpool of the Levant." But the Piræus finally carried the day, and now the port of Athens incontestably holds the first place among the trading centres of the Ægean and Adriatic coasts; even the Austrian emporium of Trieste has had to yield to it.

The Greek national character has evidently changed but little in the course of the centuries. Now as of old trade and adventurous voyages have the greatest attraction for the Greeks. The slow, fatiguing, patient cultivation of the land and cattle-breeding would never have appealed to them,

even if their country had offered richer possibilities for an agricultural life than is actually the case. Count Capo d'Istria first saw the necessity of encouraging, and especially of educating, agriculturists; he founded a school of agriculture at Tiryns, but its life was a short one, for there were no pupils.

King George, who always regarded agriculture with the greatest interest, attempted again and again to promote this industry. In 1887 three agricultural schools were established—at Athens, Tiryns, and Aidin, an estate in Thessaly, presented for this object by a wealthy lady, Mme. Kassavati. But all these institutions had to be closed for lack of support.

Finally, some ten years ago, King George succeeded in setting on foot an Agricultural Society on the Danish model. Contributions flowed in, King George himself accepted the Presidency; two of the leading statesmen of the country, Theotokis and Zaïmis, became vice-presidents, and delegates from all parts of the kingdom were elected to take part in the management. The object was, in the first instance, to help the small farmer. Experimental stations were established, instructors sent out, and educational leaflets spread all over the country. Then schools were opened for bee-culture and the cultivation of fruit-trees. Extensive experiments were made in Thessaly with Turkish tobaccos of fine quality; Arab

bloodstock was imported for improving the breed of horses; male asses were brought from Italy and Cyprus for breeding mules; pigs were imported from England and rams from Chios.

The next step King George took was to hold annual exhibitions, at which valuable prizes were given. The latest agricultural machines were on view in public places, shown by competent men. Under Government control large quantities of genuine blue vitriol were annually imported for spraying vines, and finally the Society imports American vines on a large scale, for grafting on the Greek vines. This measure is of great importance, since the dreaded phylloxera never attacks American vines, or those upon which they have been grafted.

As will be seen, the Greek Agricultural Society leads a very active existence, and it can now show good results, thanks to the never-ceasing efforts of King George. A movement of progress is perceptible in the whole agriculture of the country; the use of manure and rotation of crops may now be seen in many places where formerly the most primitive methods prevailed.

In another department King George rendered great service to his people, by establishing the first large milk supply in Athens. Three times a day excellent milk is sent out from a model dairy under the management of the Danish specialist, Lieutenant-Colonel Rahbek—an immense

advance on former primitive and insanitary conditions.

The present far-sighted Premier, M. Venizelos, afforded the King great support in the encouragement of agriculture. His efforts are directed to the purchase of large estates in all parts of the country, and their parcelling out in small holdings, and he has a scheme for the establishment of a mortgage bank for granting loans to farmers on easy terms.

The following table shows the use to which the soil of Greece is put:—

Under cultivation	1,430,000	hectares or	22.10	per cent.	of the area
Pasture . .	2,000,000	,,	31.22	,,	,,
Woods and forests	820,000	,,	12.67	,,	,,
Unproductive .	2,198,800	,,	34.01	,,	,,

Tobacco - growing is a steadily increasing industry, and the two kinds most cultivated are the Oriental varieties, *nicotiana tabacum* and *nicotiana persica.* The former is by far the more common, while the latter was only introduced a few years ago from Persia and Asia Minor. The greater part of the production is exported to Egypt to be made into cigarettes, which are chiefly consumed in England. It is a curious fact that the British public scorns cigarettes made in Greece, but is willing to pay a far higher price for the Egyptian article, made of Greek tobacco and by Greek labour.

The soil and climate of Greece are better

adapted to fruit and grapes than to any other form of cultivation. The coast districts are best suited to currants; at 100 to 150 feet above the sea the zone of olives begins, and above 300 feet is the best elevation for other fruit-trees, chestnuts, and vines.

Even in prehistoric times vines were brought from Asia Minor to Greece, where they found an extremely favourable soil. Since then vine-growing has spread—with long interruptions, it is true—in the Peloponnese and in the islands to such an extent that the area planted is greater in proportion to the size of the country than that of any other land. Besides the wine-grape proper—*vitis vinifera*—two varieties are cultivated, familiar by the names of currants and sultanas.

It is calculated that there are 200 varieties of grape in Greece, all different in colour, aroma, and proportion of sugar. Most of the products of Greek vineyards come under the head of sweet dessert wines, which contain a high percentage of alcohol and possess a strong bouquet. One of the best known is the "Malvoisy" or malmsey. Muscatel wines are produced in many of the islands; that of Santorini is the best and is called *vino di Bacco*. The Ionian Islands produce excellent red wines, which are exported to France and used for blending. Zante sends out a kind of Tokay.

As has already been said, the Greeks until

recently used resin to improve the keeping qualities of their wines, but the acrid taste thus imparted to the wine made it useless for export. King George introduced improved methods at Tatoï, and others followed his example, Germans leading the way.

The cultivation of the currant plays the most important part in the prosperity of Greece; it first monopolised the whole southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth and then spread over the Peloponnese and the eastern islands. Not only has the export of currants long been the chief source of income, but at times it has had such great and unfortunate influence upon political life that the innocent little grape came to be regarded as a curse to the country.

The increase in production during King George's reign has been enormous. In 1851 the quantity was 40,500 tons; in 1871, 81,000 tons, and in 1891, 167,000 tons. In the year 1902, when the total exports of the kingdom amounted to 80,000,000 francs, 23,000,000 were due to currants, while olive oil, wine and tobacco together only accounted for 4,000,000.

It will be seen from this what an important part the currant crop plays in the life of the country. In the seventies the phylloxera destroyed a great part of the French vintage; the importation of currants for the manufacture of wine and brandy rose to an enormous extent, and with it the price.

But twenty years later France had got over her difficulties and put an import duty on the Greek produce; Russia and Germany followed her example. At the same time — in 1890 — the currant crop increased enormously; over-production and falling prices led to a terrible crisis in the currant districts. The Government then hit upon artificial means of assisting the cultivators; the State was to buy up, at prices to be fixed annually, 20 per cent. of the production and distil alcohol from it. But this measure in reality only helped the producers of cheap and poor currants, and led to great dissatisfaction in the districts where the best qualities grow. Other expedients were tried: an English syndicate offered to take over the next twenty years' crops, estimated at an average of 150,000 tons, and to pay fixed prices according to quality. All the foreign representatives at Athens protested against this "currant monopoly," fearing exorbitant prices in the world's markets, and the proposal was defeated. But this again led to disorders in the currant districts, and a riot at Pyrgos caused the fall of the Theotokis Ministry.

The production seems to be still rising; the crop of 1909, for instance, gave 180,000 tons. Meanwhile the export to England is also increasing; Canada and Australia have recently become good customers, while Italy and France use constantly increasing quantities for the manu-

facture of alcohol and wine. In Greece itself a sort of wine—called *Mistel*—is now being produced from currants, with from 11.5 to 15 per cent. of alcohol and a large proportion of sugar. This wine finds a market in America, Italy, and France. On the whole, therefore, we may still predict for the currant a handsome share in the economic existence of Greece.

CHAPTER VII

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR

The Cretan question has always been the stumbling-block of Greek politics, hindering the internal development of the country and rendering its foreign relations difficult and uncertain. Without exaggeration the total sum that the Greek Treasury has had to furnish, directly for the maintenance of exiled Cretans and indirectly for mobilisations, naval expeditions, transport of troops and so on, may be reckoned at between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 drachmas. With increasing frequency popular feeling was excited to an ever higher pitch by Turkish outrages against Christian kinsmen in the island. It was with a feeling of relief that the initiated saw the approach of the crisis—any final solution of the Cretan question, even if it involved great dangers to the kingdom and the dynasty, seemed preferable to a continuance of the intolerable situation.

But a State that, with a clear comprehension of the danger, steers towards a fateful crisis, ought to follow a definite line of internal policy and to

collect its strength, both financial and military, especially when the prospective adversary is ten times as strong. Unfortunately, Greek politicians had not sufficient patriotism to abandon petty quarrels and considerations of personal interest, which for so many years had disgraced the proceedings of the legislative assembly, in order to concentrate their efforts on the welfare and development of the country. Nor had the Greek nation arrived at a sufficient degree of maturity to sweep aside the harmful elements among its representatives and join the head of the State in a common effort of reform. The nation was to reach this point, but not till much later. King and subjects were to go through great trials and disasters before they understood one another completely and united for the great deliverance.

As things turned out, the period preceding the war of 1897 was marked by a financial policy reckless in many ways, which weakened Greek credit abroad and made the creation of a much-needed war fund impossible. From the point of view of internal politics this period scarcely rises above previous barren and idle years, in which abilities and powers of a high order were wasted in the exhaustive warfare of rival ambitions.

In the main this political period took the form of a duel between two remarkable and very different popular leaders, Trikoupis and Delyannis. Both were highly gifted men; but they often opposed the

wishes of King George, and were always violently and uncompromisingly hostile to each other. Even if both aimed at promoting the country's welfare, they were prevented from achieving anything by the bitterness of party struggle. What one built up, the other pulled down; no useful work was given time to consolidate itself.

Trikoupis was in education, appearance, and principles more of an Englishman than a Greek. Though his heart was filled with love of his country, he bore to the day of his death the foreign stamp, with which his compatriots could never entirely reconcile themselves. In spite of his external personal qualities, he quickly came to the front among politicians, being a man of great energy and sagacity, of immense industry, and a clear-headed, far-seeing tactician. He never condescended to improve his position by flattering the democracy. With a will of iron he tried to drive the country forward to a level of civilisation and development equal to that of Western Europe. He endeavoured to extend the system of roads and railways, to improve the posts and telegraphs, and—though not always with the same energy — to provide the country with an efficient army and navy; but at the same time he gave the electors clearly to understand that such luxuries had to be paid for. Under his administration taxation was heavy, the tariff was increased, wine became dear and petroleum went up in price. These things were felt by the

poorer classes in town and country, and the Greeks, who are no more in love with taxation than other races, complained more and more loudly and regarded Trikoupis's person and policy with increasing displeasure. The country always resounded with exultation when the "Englishman" was overthrown; but the enthusiasm over his opponent's victory cooled down somewhat rapidly as a rule, and confidence in the calm and self-relying Trikoupis began to rise at a corresponding rate. The invariable result was that at the next election he came in again with an overwhelming majority.

Delyannis as a speaker possessed far more temperament and knew how to carry away his hearers by glowing and poetical language; he was also a master of political tactics. Delyannis was at the same time a subtle diplomatist. When Greek minister in Paris he was able to form influential connections, which stood him in good stead later, on his appearance at the Berlin Congress. He was fortunate enough to be able to return to Athens with assurances from the Powers of a substantial extension of the northern frontier of Greece. This success won him great popularity, and contributed in a special degree to the association of his name with the aspirations of Hellenic expansion.

No one knew so well as Delyannis how to utilise Cretan unrest so as to strengthen his popularity. While Trikoupis always tried to lull the

storm in the obvious interests of the Greek State, his rival took the very opposite course and thereby gained for himself a good deal of cheap favour. Thus, in 1890, Delyannis used the "Cretan Martyrdom" to defeat Trikoupis at the elections of October 26th, and resumed his old position of Premier.

It cannot be denied that there were reasons enough at this time for the rapid growth of Greek chauvinism. Not only did the actions of the Sultan in Crete raise popular feeling time after time to fever heat, but Turkish oppression in Epirus and Macedonia seemed also to aim directly at rousing the Greek people. In January 1890, for instance, the Porte issued an edict forbidding the use of the Greek language in the elementary schools. Afterwards bishops, independent of the Patriarch in Constantinople, were appointed to the Macedonian seas of Ochrida and Uskub. Both these measures gave rise to serious differences and the exchange of sharp notes between Athens and the Turkish capital.

Trikoupis's great plan—adopted several years later by Venizelos—was to unite the Balkan States in a provisional *entente*, which was to prepare the way for an offensive and defensive alliance. Nothing could appear more natural than a confederation of the Christian states for the promotion of their common interests in the Balkan Peninsula. Among the first of these interests was the improvement

of the unhappy lot of the Christians in Novi Bazar, Monastir, Macedonia, and Thrace. In May 1891, Trikoupis made a tour of Servia, Bulgaria, and Rumania. Although the Greek statesman was everywhere well received, he soon saw that the idea was not yet ripe for realisation. The greatest opposition was shown by Stambuloff, the then all-powerful Premier of Bulgaria. Stambuloff's policy was at that time directed to maintaining the most friendly relations with the Sultan, and he declared that he would take no part in separating Macedonia "from his ally, Turkey" — an utterance which certainly has a humorous sound at the present day.

In March 1892, a ministerial crisis of a peculiarly serious kind occurred.

King George had watched Delyannis's extremely reckless financial policy with increasing anxiety, and for a long time had tried to check it. When the Premier sought to impose fresh heavy taxation on the country, the King, contrary to his custom, stepped in and dismissed the Ministry in spite of its large majority in the Chamber. Konstantopoulos was invited to form a provisional business Ministry, the Chamber was dissolved, and a new election was fixed for May 15th.

Although Delyannis and his adherents tried to turn the country upside down with mass meetings, pamphlets, and the influence of the innumerable newspapers his party could command, they were not successful in working up any feeling against

the King. As has always happened when an appeal has been made from the Throne to the sound sense of the Greek people, his subjects rallied to King George in the full confidence that, superior to all petty considerations of party, he only had the welfare of the country at heart. The nation decided that its sovereign had acted rightly in depriving Delyannis of power, and showed it by returning Trikoupis and his followers with an overwhelming majority.

For about a year the "Englishman" was at the head of the Government, and then again his time was over. The financial difficulties of the country necessitated a new loan, and on the failure of this the Cabinet had to resign. Sotiropoulos formed a new Ministry in May and arranged a loan of 100,000,000 drachmas through the firm of Hambro in London; but when the Chamber met in November, the Government was found to be in a minority.

Again it fell to Trikoupis's lot to form a Ministry, which attained a life of over a year. In January 1895, when the Chamber had adopted proposals for increased taxation, a strong feeling was roused in the country against Trikoupis's financial policy. Meetings of protest were held everywhere, and when the Premier gave orders to the police to disperse the crowds, indignation reached a dangerous height. The Crown Prince resolutely took the side of the people, on the ground that the right of public

meeting was infringed by the Minister's action. In the absence of the King, the Crown Prince provided military protection for mass meetings; and although Trikoupis still possessed a majority in the legislative assembly, he had to hand in his resignation. New elections were held, and Trikoupis suffered so decisive a defeat that he even lost his own seat. Delyannis once more came into power.

Short as is this sketch of the internal condition of Greece during the years preceding the war, it will perhaps show with sufficient clearness to what extent the interests and strength of the Greeks were wasted on barren political conflicts. Questions of personal power and a desperate manœuvring of the finances, to cover steadily increasing deficits, far overshadowed the work of legislation and reform of which the country had so long stood in need.

Neither the Army nor the Navy were brought to such a state of efficiency that the kingdom could venture upon war with a superior enemy with the remotest chance of success. But in spite of this, politicians did not shrink from exciting popular feeling or challenging Turkey in speeches and in print, and damaging their country in the public opinion of Europe. Not a few unprincipled party leaders saw a momentary advantage to be gained in dallying with the vanity of the nation and ridiculing the cautious attitude of the Government and the King, when matters were coming

to a head in Crete. The self-confidence of the Greeks rose in proportion to their indignation at the outrages of the Turks. Every day the Opposition papers contained articles inciting to war with the hated traditional foe and accusing the Ministry of cowardice. What mattered the numerical superiority of the Turks, when every Greek was equal to four or five of the enemy in bravery and efficiency? What had not Leonidas and Themistocles been able to achieve with their scanty followers in the glorious days of antiquity? Were not the Hellenes of the present day genuine descendants of the classical nation of heroes? Of what account was the lack of guns, cavalry, commissariat, and money, if God in His justice supported the Cross against the Crescent? And was not the Christian army of the Greeks the defender of the faith, of the unprotected and oppressed?

When, therefore, the fateful days arrived, in which the Turkish atrocities in Crete seemed to cry to heaven for just punishment, in which flames and smoke enveloped the Christian quarter of Canea, in which defenceless Greek men, women, and children were massacred so that their bodies lay in heaps all over the island — then it was no longer within human power to curb the Greek desire for war, any more than it was conceivable that the Government, from the point of view of ordinary human feeling, could abandon the Cretans

to their fate. In a rapid succession of events the two nations were hurled into the vortex of war, sweeping aside all arguments of reason and all warnings from the great Powers. Scarcely six weeks did this war last, which the Greek people had insisted on as noisily and thoughtlessly as a child cries for a new toy. A superficial estimate would declare the result of the war to be a decisive defeat for Greece and a great and significant victory for Turkey. So strangely, however, did things turn out, that the defeat encouraged the growth of the healthiest germs in the Greek people, and was the direct cause of a maturing of the whole Hellenic race, which could hardly have been produced by a long period of peace. And at the same time the victories of Turkey initiated that internal disintegration and external debilitation which were to end in the complete collapse of the Sultan's rule within the boundaries of Christian Europe.

The prelude to the war opened with the events in Crete of February 1897. Greek warships and torpedo boats were sent to Suda Bay, and Colonel Vassos with his 2,000 volunteers were transported to the island. This interference on the part of Greece in "the internal affairs of Turkey" gave the Sultan the long-desired opportunity of declaring war; this step, however, was not taken till April 17th. Both countries employed the

intervening time in mobilising, while the Powers tried to avert the imminent danger of war by notes alternating between threats and conciliation.

That Greece could expect no help from the other Christian States of the Balkans was quickly apparent; and as for the great Powers, their influence, as so often before, was rather on the side of the Crescent than on that of the Cross. However, the Greeks did not feel that they stood alone. The many infamous deeds of the "red Sultan" — the most recent of which were the massacres in Crete and the slaughter of thousands of defenceless Armenians in the streets of Constantinople—had for a long time inflamed European public opinion against Turkey. And when Greece, in spite of her inferior military strength, so courageously championed the cause of Turkey's victims, sympathy turned naturally to the Hellenic side.

Encouragement and approval reached the Greeks from almost every civilised community in the world, and offers of support, in money and volunteers, poured in. In the first place, of course, help came from Greeks abroad. Everywhere large sums were collected; wealthy men sent millions for the purchase of war material and the equipment of the reserve. From America, Europe, Asia Minor, and Egypt bands of young Hellenes flocked to the colours and demanded to be led against the enemy.

I was myself seized by the same desire to defend the righteous cause; I went to Athens at the beginning of March and reported myself as a volunteer to King George and to the Ministry of Marine. The King desired me to place myself at the disposal of Prince George, and a few days later I proceeded to Chalkis, where the Prince's squadron of torpedo boats lay, with his flag in the gunboat *Kanaris*. But before leaving Athens I was able to get a lively impression of a capital in the vortex of mobilisation and of a people possessed by the wildest war mania.

Streets and squares were crammed with soldiers and townspeople. The roofs of the houses were like a sea of blue and white flags. At least half the population of Greece seemed to have poured into the capital, and this mass of people, from sheer excitement and nervousness, collected in groups, now here, now there, or drifted aimlessly through the streets and boulevards, from one open space to another, from the *Boule* to the Palace. "Zitos" were heard everywhere, in roaring chorus or shrill cries—cheers for the war, cheers for the King, for Crown Prince Constantine, the Commander-in-Chief of the nation's choice, cheers for the Army, death to the Turk! Sharp bugle-calls rang through the air blended with the rattle of drums. A band of volunteers from Crete marched through Hermes Street to the Palace square, three burly monks heading the procession with the banner of Greece.

People streamed out of the cafés, climbed upon tables and chairs, and shouts of "Zito" filled the air. The dark eyes flashed in the bronzed faces of the volunteers and their heads were held high. Then suddenly a distant military band struck up the brisk "Bersagliere March," and instantly the crowd flowed like a wave towards the Place de la Concorde. Nearer and nearer came the shrill notes and the rhythmical tramp of the men seemed to grow out of the noise of the street. The famous regiment of Evzones marched into the Place de la Constitution on its way to the Piræus, to the frontier, and to the enemy — the most magnificent fellows in the whole of Greece, scarcely a man of them under six feet. The dark blue jacket showed off their broad shoulders and their muscular gaitered legs stepped out briskly under the folds of the white fustanella. With rifles slung on the shoulder the proud regiment, formed in half sections, glided like a gigantic blue and white serpent across the open square and through the billowy sea of madly shouting and gesticulating human beings.

The hotels were full to overflowing. Correspondents from all countries of the world buzzed in and out like bees round the mouth of a hive. When would the war break out? What was happening in Crete? Hadn't the Macedonians revolted yet? What impression had the last note of the Powers made on the Greek Government?

Every train, every steamer, poured forth a fresh

crowd of volunteers upon Greek soil. Garibaldians from Italy, brave young fellows from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Great Britain, and America. Confused and with nowhere to go, they wandered in groups about the streets, carrying bundles and portmanteaux, and more than half regretting the hasty Philhellenic enthusiasm that had caught them and thrown them helplessly into this noisy ant-hill of Athens.

Mobilisation went on apace, in spite of all the hubbub. Troops were constantly despatched by rail and steamer to Volo and Larissa, and westward through the Gulf of Corinth to Arta. On March 27th the Crown Prince left Athens with his staff to proceed to the frontier and lead the Army against the enemy. *He* assuredly did not share the warlike enthusiasm. The Prince with his clear and cool intelligence had long ago reckoned the chances; they were scarcely one in ten. Defeat — in the long run, at all events, when Turkey had had time to bring her full strength to bear — that was the prospect that faced the youthful Greek Commander. If only it might be a defeat with honour. . . .

Chalkis is the most important town in the long, narrow island of Eubœa, which like a rocky mole protects the east coast of Greece against the Ægean Sea, and is continued by the line of the Cyclades. At Chalkis the channel between the

island and the mainland narrows, and a rapid current rushes under the iron swing-bridge that spans the strait. The ruins of a fine old Venetian castle flank the eastern end of the bridge with their battlements and towers; below them lies the picturesque little white town, to which in remote antiquity the Phœnicians came for the precious purple dye.

Prince George had collected in the harbour of Chalkis his torpedo squadron, consisting of eleven boats, the flagship *Kanaris* and the transport *Mykali*, on which reserve torpedoes, guncotton, and mines were stored.

I was at once acquainted with the provisional dispositions and plans of the fleet. Besides the torpedo division, two independent squadrons had been formed: the western under Commander Kosmos Zotos, consisting of the *Admiral Miaulis*, the *Vasilevs Georgios*, the coast defence vessels *Aktion* and *Amvrakia*, and four gunboats. Then there was the main eastern squadron, commanded by Admiral Konstantin Saktouris and made up of the three homogeneous armour-clads *Hydra*, *Spetzai*, and *Psara*, besides some corvettes and smaller vessels.

The quiet efficiency and order on board the ships and torpedo boats was a welcome contrast to the confusion and noise of the land mobilisation. It did not take a professional eye long to estimate the value of such a fighting force as Prince George's.

As regards officers, men, and material, both the torpedo squadron and the larger divisions of the fleet compared favourably in quality with the naval forces of any Western Power. It is only to be regretted that during the whole war the enemy hid like a coward behind the forts of the Dardanelles, and never ventured a naval engagement. As things turned out, the fleet had to confine itself to blockading the Turkish harbours and coasts and to supporting the land operations here and there, especially by the transport of troops, material, wounded, and so on.

The campaign is called the Thessalian War, and it was at Larissa, the capital of Thessaly, that the various divisions of the eastern Army were concentrated before the commencement of hostilities.

Larissa is a town of about 18,000 inhabitants, of whom 2,000 are Jews and 1,500 Turks. The town is built on the right bank of the rapid Salamvria—the ancient Peneios—and has a pronounced oriental stamp, with many mosques and minarets. A wide bridge spans the river. The Greek Government had commenced the fortification of Larissa some time previously, but had not gone very far. Two batteries of 15-centimetre guns were placed in the old castle and commanded the plain in the direction of the most important frontier passes, Meluna and Bugasis. To the north of the town a couple of earthworks had been thrown up, mounting five guns, which could

sweep the road leading to the little town of Kazaklar on the River Xerias, in the direction of the frontier range; finally a few guns commanded the high road between Larissa and Trikkala, the most important town of the western plain — altogether a very inadequate provision for covering the headquarters of the Army.

The frontier between Greece and Turkey follows the mountains that enclose the Thessalian plain. These mountains here run nearly north and south. Several passes lead from Thessaly into the Turkish highlands; the most important of them, as already mentioned, is Meluna, through which the road runs to Elassona, the strongly fortified headquarters of the Turks.

Up to the time of the Crown Prince's arrival at Larissa and his assuming the direction of the campaign, the command had been in the hands of Major-General Makris. His dispositions had been made with the object of covering the long line of frontier right up to the Vale of Tempe— a very extended position, which possibly might have proved feasible if the Greek forces had been 100,000 men strong, but which in the actual circumstances, with scarcely 40,000 properly trained troops, offered so many weak points that the enemy must have been able to break the line at any point where rapid concentration and attack could be brought to bear.

The Crown Prince's first task was therefore

to alter the position of the troops as rapidly as possible, and to make the necessary dispositions in accordance with the definite instructions sent to headquarters from the Government in Athens, which were to be regarded as imperative for the whole course of the campaign—to act strictly on the defensive; above all, to endeavour to prevent the enemy turning the flank of the Greek Army, and thus to keep the capital covered.

This oft-repeated and strongly emphasised order to the Commander-in-Chief must be kept in mind in studying the course of the Thessalian campaign. The Government's attitude was entirely justifiable, considering the relative strength of the Greek and Turkish armies. The desirability of covering the capital throughout the line of retreat dictated by the geographical conditions —Larissa, Pharsala, Domokos, Thermopylæ— was so obvious that all criticism of the general order quoted above must fall to the ground. On the other hand, the plans of Crown Prince Constantine were fettered in advance; without hazarding everything he could not venture upon any serious collision with the enemy, but was compelled in all circumstances to think first of covering his retreat, sparing his troops, and, above all, not letting himself be forced into a decisive engagement in the open. Such methods of conducting a campaign demand immense resignation and a great deal of moral force—especially in

a young General, to whom the whole fate of his country is entrusted. The task that weighed for the next two months on the Crown Prince's shoulders reminds one in many ways of that which was imposed upon the old and experienced Danish General de Meza in 1864—the task of obeying the behests of prudence and caution and of exposing himself from the outset to all the harsh and unjust criticism that must necessarily result from the inevitable disappointments and shattered illusions of a people filled with naïve warlike enthusiasm. Both Commanders, the young and the old, did their duty to their country, were overwhelmed with reproaches in the hour of disaster, but were justified and received reparation as soon as common-sense and intelligent criticism could make themselves heard.

During the weeks preceding the outbreak of hostilities Turkey mobilised a part of its forces and sent to Elassona 99 battalions of infantry, 26 squadrons of cavalry, 24 field and 2 mountain batteries; altogether about 60,000 men with 156 guns. The western Army, which was concentrated on Yanina, numbered about 30,000 infantry, cavalry, and artillery. It must be remembered, however, that these forces only comprised the first contingent; reinforcements were continually arriving. In the course of the war the Turkish railways conveyed in all 3,322 officers, 154,129 men, and 34,386 horses.

The Sultan's troops in Epirus were commanded by Ferik Mustapha Hilmi Pasha, while Mushir Edhem Pasha, who led the Thessalian campaign, was appointed Commander-in-Chief after the capture of Pharsala.

The Greek forces were distributed similarly to those of the Turks, an army corps under Colonel Manos being sent to Epirus. This force consisted of 15 infantry battalions, 8 batteries, 4 squadrons—of which, however, only three were mounted — and an engineer battalion. In all something over 20,000 men and 48 guns.

The Greek Army on the frontier of Thessaly was composed of two divisions, each of two brigades. The divisions were commanded by Major-General Makris and Colonel Mavromichalis, the brigades by Colonels Dimopoulos, Mastrapas, Kaklamanos and Antoniades, the last-named being afterwards succeeded by Colonel Smolenski. The Crown Prince's Chief of the Staff was Colonel Sapoundzakis, a son of the Commander-in-Chief of 1886.

Quite apart from the definite orders of the Greek Government to act strictly on the defensive, the Hellenic forces were but little fitted to take the offensive. The infantry was very deficiently trained, and their shooting as a rule was not seriously directed. The fire discipline which the Germans practised so successfully in 1870 was then unknown among Greek soldiers; ammunition

was often wasted, and almost every retiring movement was carried out in more or less disorder.

The Greek artillery was considerably inferior to the Turkish, both as regards range of guns and quality of ammunition, besides which there was a serious shortage of horses, that often hindered the mobility of the batteries in action. Their position was, therefore, seldom changed during an engagement, although the Commander-in-Chief often enough required greater mobility in his artillery. Each battery had scarcely 100 horses at its disposal.

In a like degree the cavalry suffered from shortage of horses and imperfect training, and was therefore very far from being able to perform the tasks demanded of this arm.

The most serious drawback to the Greek Army during this brief war was the officers' lack of practical efficiency. Only very few had had any training in tactics and in the handling of large bodies of troops of various arms. In addition to this, the *cadres* were far from being completed. Several independent battalions of 1,000 to 1,500 men were commanded by a captain or a half-pay major, supported by a few not very efficient officers of the reserve.

The commissariat was short of both material and *personnel*, and the provisioning of the troops was therefore carried out in a very unsatisfactory manner. Bread was the only food with which

A GLIMPSE OF KING GEORGE'S HOUSE AT CORFU.

Reproduced by gracious permission from a photograph taken by H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

the men were supplied with any regularity. It is beyond all doubt that the fighting efficiency of the Greek troops was to a great extent decreased by defective commissariat arrangements.

The transport was in a still worse state. General Makris tried, while the command was still in his hands, to organise the transport service by enlisting private carriers and owners of horses to do the work. The result was that on the first retiring movement the whole of this primitive organisation resolved itself into a wild stampede, and only a few remnants of it were to be found during the march of the Army from Larissa to Pharsala.

Neither the railways nor the telegraphs gave the help that was expected of them, and the Army was sorely in need of specially trained corps for the important services of traffic and information. As an example I may mention that only one of the three telegraph lines that were officially supposed to maintain communication between the headquarters at Larissa and Athens was in working order.

From what has been said above it will be sufficiently clear that Crown Prince Constantine on taking over the command had more than enough to look after, and that he only wished for a few weeks' grace before the declaration of war, in order to be able in some measure to remedy

unfortunate dispositions and general lack of preparation. This, however, he was not to receive.

In many quarters the most violent agitation was going on with the object of inflaming the passions of the Greeks and hastening the march of events. The society called *Ethnike Etæria* has in this respect a great deal to answer for, but neither the "Brotherhood of Mercy of Epirus," nor the "Brotherhood of Macedonia," nor "Hellenismos" left any stone unturned in the effort to excite the Greek population on both sides of the frontier. Just before the outbreak of war, and without the knowledge of the Greek Government, the *Ethnike Etæria* planned and carried out a raid into Macedonia to stir the Greeks of that province to revolt.

April 18th was officially the first day of the war, when the fight for the important frontier passes of Meluna and Reveni was begun.

On the Meluna Pass the Turks had a decided advantage in the nature of the ground. From the heights surrounding the Karadere valley they could command the whole field of battle, while just the opposite was the case at Dhamasi, from which the road through the Reveni Pass leads down to the plain. The River Xerias runs south through the narrow valley of Dhamasi, and the mountains on each side of the watercourse form a semi-circle, from which artillery can be used with great effect.

At Reveni the Greeks advanced and occupied all the block-houses along the frontier, while the Turks retreated and concentrated at Vigla. Next morning Smolenski opened fire on the Turkish artillery and silenced it. By 10 o'clock he sent word to the Crown Prince that he would be able to advance further, if he could be supported by Dimopoulos's brigade. While waiting for this help he entrenched himself in the captured positions. Immediate orders were sent from headquarters in accordance with Smolenski's request; but the divisional General did not obey them.

In spite of the fact that the engagement had thus opened with a distinct success for the Greek arms, and that there was every possible reason for holding the ground that had been won, General Makris suddenly issued an order to retire. As soon as the Crown Prince learned this, he gave counter-orders immediately. But the favourable moment was past; the decisive advance upon Dhamasi was not carried out. If General Makris had supported the attack, there is every probability that Vigla would have fallen into the hands of the Greeks, and thus the road to Dhamasi would have been open. Edhem Pasha would then have been compelled, through fear of being surrounded, to withdraw from his positions at the foot of the Meluna Pass.

Unfortunately, this was not to be the last time

that the plans of the Commander-in-Chief were counteracted.

The heights round the Meluna Pass and Gritzovali were defended by Mastrapas's brigade, supported by detachments of Dimopoulos's brigade, when on the morning of the 17th the Turkish batteries advanced and opened fire. Artillery fire was continued all day, supported by infantry fire on both sides. Towards evening the attack was repulsed; the Greeks remained in their positions and were reinforced.

On the morning of the 18th the Turkish artillery General, Riza Pasha, advanced along the road leading from Elassona to Meluna and opened an ineffective fire on the lofty Greek positions. Edhem Pasha, who was present in person, then gave orders to reinforce the main body and a brisk engagement ensued with varying success, until towards sunset the Albanian columns were able to storm and capture the heights to the south of the Pass. Meluna was then in the hands of the Turks.

In the course of the night Mastrapas's brigade retired in the direction of Mati.

As early as noon on the 18th the Crown Prince had given General Makris orders to reinforce the troops engaged at Meluna. Instead of carrying out these orders, he kept the reinforcements at Dendra—halfway between Larissa and the frontier—while he himself and his staff rode to Tyrnavo.

The General's conduct decided the issue. For twenty-four hours the Greeks fought bravely at Meluna, in spite of having neither food nor drink. Rapid and energetic reinforcement was all that was wanted to turn the scale, or at any rate to check the Turkish advance. But this was not enough: when General Makris reached Tyrnavo and there learned the result of the battle of Meluna, he and his staff continued their ride back by the Larissa road to Dendra.

At ten in the evening the Crown Prince again sent to the General ordering him to advance as rapidly as possible towards Meluna and do his utmost to recapture the positions taken by the Turks. Instead of executing this order and moving forward, the divisional commander gave his troops orders to "retire fighting to the *tête-de-pont* of Larissa."

Crown Prince Constantine was not immediately informed that General Makris had acted in direct opposition to the orders given him. There was still time to collect the reinforcements on the heights of Gritzovali and check the advance of the Turks.

At the same time that the Crown Prince gave this order for a rapid reinforcement of the position at Gritzovali, the attack on Dhamasi was to be carried out. A galloper went with the necessary orders from the Commander-in-Chief to Colonel Mastrapas. But General Makris sent an officer

immediately afterwards to the Colonel with the verbal message that the Crown Prince's orders were not to be carried out, but that the brigade was to commence a *retiring* movement. Only by the personal intervention of the Crown Prince and the sending of gallopers and orderly officers in all directions, was it possible to check the retreat that had been commenced. Once more the various detachments of the 1st Division were collected along the ravine of the River Xerias and the strongly entrenched positions south of the frontier line; but the attack on Dhamasi was not carried out, and all chances were wasted. Thanks to the conflicting orders and counter-orders, a confusion had arisen in the generalship, which even at this early stage of the campaign could not fail to result in a demoralisation of all ranks.

If Edhem Pasha had seized the opportunity of at once forcing his way down to the Thessalian plain, it would have gone badly with the Greeks. But Turkish dilatoriness once more asserted itself. Edhem contented himself with occupying the abandoned trenches and rifle-pits, extending them and forming a camp just north of the Meluna Pass.

On the morning of April 20th the Greek Commander-in-Chief succeeded in distributing the troops of the 1st Division so as to defend the positions at Bugasi, Tyrnavo, Losphaki, and

Kritiri; a force was also concentrated on Dendra—all to the south of the previous battlefield of Meluna.

At 9 A.M. Turkish columns advanced over Gritzovali and the heights of Meluna and took up a position at Mati. Field batteries and a considerable force of cavalry followed, and during the afternoon fire was opened on the Greek entrenchments. The fire was replied to, and the artillery duel continued with no result worth mentioning till dark.

The Crown Prince then gave General Makris orders to concentrate all available troops in order if possible to drive the enemy out of the captured positions and force him back upon Meluna. On the morning of the 21st Colonel Mastrapas advanced to the attack, disposing his brigade in two columns, one of which was to take the direction of Karatzoli, the other that of Kritiri.

Meanwhile General Makris with his staff had arrived at Kritiri. From there he issued a divisional order which was in direct conflict with the dispositions of the Commander-in-Chief and entirely frustrated the contemplated attack. The Crown Prince was not informed of this, and continued to develop his plan of attack, giving orders to the Commander of the 2nd Division, Colonel Mavromichalis, to reinforce the advance of the 1st Division as rapidly as possible. But General Makris, not content with again completely

failing the Commander-in-Chief, handed over the command of his division to Colonel Mastrapas and rode with his staff to Larissa. Dimopoulos's brigade, which had orders to make a forced march from its position at Kutra to Kasaklar in order to take part in the intended attack, was delayed through going round by Larissa. Thus a whole day's precious time was lost.

Meanwhile the Crown Prince had summoned both the divisional commanders to meet him at Kasaklar, with the object of compelling a forward movement. General Makris, however, maintained that the troops ought to retire on Larissa; Colonel Mavromichalis was also against a forward movement. Nevertheless, the Crown Prince definitely insisted on his plans being carried out.

Meanwhile the artillery duel was continued, while a Turkish division of about 10,000 men forced the passes to the north of the Vale of Tempe. To avoid being surrounded, the right wing of the Greek Army—Kaklamanos's brigade—had to withdraw from the neighbourhood of Nezeros and take up a new position to the north of Dereli. This left the way open for the Turkish division to advance in a southerly direction and to unite with the troops that had penetrated the Meluna Pass, or fall upon the rear of the first Greek division and possibly cut off its retreat on Larissa.

The last fight at the foot of the frontier range took place on April 23rd. There could scarcely be a doubt of the result. The Greek front extended over no less than 12 miles, from the Vale of Tempe, through Deliler and Mati to the plateau about Losphaki; and even then the left wing was still 9 miles from the latter place. The Crown Prince's efforts to concentrate this extended and weak line of defence so as to offer vigorous opposition at its most threatened point, had been counteracted and precious time had been wasted. General Makris bears the chief responsibility for the unfortunate result of these early operations of the war. The dispositions of the Commander-in-Chief will bear even severe criticism, but no general can expect to lead his forces to victory if the commanders of division not only refuse to carry out the orders given them, but act in direct opposition to them.

The Turkish Army was drawn up in a line stretching eastward from the foot of the Meluna Pass. Opposite to it the Greek force formed a semi-circle, the right wing being commanded by Colonel Mavromichalis and the left by Colonel Mastrapas. What the Greeks had to do was to hold their own for a certain time, as reinforcements were on the way from Volo, *via* Larissa. But the Turks also expected reinforcements, so that neither side hurried the fighting.

In the course of the forenoon the introductory artillery duel began, only slightly supported by infantry fire. Not till about one o'clock did the Turks commence an attack on the Greek right wing, which rested upon Kutari. Mavromichalis defended himself bravely and sent an urgent request to General Makris for reinforcements. At about four the Turks opened an attack on the left wing—near Kurtziovali—supported by a furious artillery fire. But the Greeks opposed the attack with great bravery and the infantry compelled the enemy to retire. By about six fighting died away everywhere.

Had General Makris complied with Colonel Mavromichalis's request for reinforcements, the day would probably have ended in favour of the Greeks, since up to that time they had undoubtedly held their own better than the enemy, and at no decisive point had any retiring movement taken place. But, not content with remaining entirely passive the whole day, General Makris did not send a single battalion to the aid of the right wing.

Once more time was wasted, and when, a couple of hours later, the Turks renewed the attack on the right wing and at the same time sent two regiments of cavalry to make an enveloping movement followed by a flank attack, the Greek force was driven back. Almost simultaneously the Turkish division from Nezeros

succeeded in joining the main body at Meluna, and the issue of the battle was thus decided. As daylight disappeared the sky was reddened by flames from the villages of Kutari and Deliler, which the Turks had taken and burnt.

As matters now stood, with the enemy threatening to surround both right and left wings, the Greeks could do nothing but retire upon Larissa. But this movement was hindered by the road being blocked. Rumours of the Turkish victory had spread to all the villages, and the inhabitants were seized with terror at the thought of Turkish barbarities as usually practised on the peaceful inhabitants of conquered districts. The population fled in thousands towards Larissa, blocking the road for miles with waggons, carts, pack-animals, goats and sheep. Then came the marching columns, squadron after squadron trotted down the road to Larissa, the field batteries came tearing along —and night fell over the country. In the midst of all this confusion the rumour got about that the enemy's Bashi-Bazouks were in hot pursuit of the retreating Greek Army. A panic ensued; the crowded road was the scene of the wildest tumult and disorder; men, women, and children were trampled to death, and the troops reached Larissa in the greatest confusion, mingled with flying bands of villagers.

It was naturally expected that the Turks would take immediate advantage of their victory and

pursue the Greek Army. In order to avoid the imminent danger of an investment of Larissa, the Commander-in-Chief decided to march the Army at once to Pharsala, which, in conjunction with Domokos and the Phourka Pass, forms Thessaly's second line of defence.

As far as it could be done, the three brigade commanders, Colonels Dimopoulos, Mastrapas, and Kaklamanos, mustered all the scattered sections of both divisions, and began the retreat on Pharsala along two parallel roads. By the evening of April 25th the Greek Army, with the exception of Smolenski's brigade, was again collected.

The Crown Prince had given the Foreign Legion orders to defend Larissa until the final evacuation had taken place. This was a fortunate arrangement, for when the inhabitants and the refugees from the rural districts learned that Larissa was to be abandoned, several thousand people stormed the railway station to get to Volo, the nearest port. But the Foreign Legion did its duty. In the first place, all the sick and wounded were sent away, and then women and children were allowed to go. But it was impossible to prevent hundreds of men hanging on to the train, climbing to the roofs of the carriages and riding astride on the buffers. Over 3,000 people were thus conveyed to Volo, where the scenes of panic were continued. Here, again, the population was in flight, crowding on board every steamer, felucca,

or caique. Terror of the advancing barbarians, the certainty of inhuman treatment awaiting every Greek who fell into the hands of the victorious Moslems, drove the inhabitants to sea.

In reality there was no very urgent need of haste; the Turks took their time. Only on the 25th — the day the Greek Army assembled at Pharsala—did the German-Turkish General, von Grumbckow, receive Edhem Pasha's permission to extend a reconnaissance as far as Larissa. He advanced to the *tête-de-pont* with 400 cavalry and a field battery, and was there received by an extremely irregular and ineffective rifle fire. A few rounds from his guns soon silenced the fire, whereupon von Grumbckow advanced to the walls of Larissa, and was received with joy by the Turkish population.

Edhem Pasha was immediately informed of the evacuation of Larissa, and the same day the 5th and 6th Divisions of the Turkish Army occupied the town.

The retreat of the Army from the frontier to Pharsala caused consternation and grief throughout Greece. It was as though a bandage had been suddenly removed from the nation's eyes. Every one could now see the inevitable result, and fanatical enthusiasm gave place to the most hopeless pessimism.

The immediate result of the Greek defeat was the overthrow of the Government. A new

Ministry under Ralli took charge of affairs, and lost no time in trying to open negotiations for a suspension of hostilities. The Sultan, however, was in no great hurry to negotiate, and operations were therefore continued with full vigour on both sides.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREEK RETREAT

Velestino and Pharsala

THAT part of the Thessalian plain of which Larissa is the capital extends from the frontier range south-eastwards to the Gulf of Volo; a railway connects the two towns. About 6 miles to the west of Volo the line divides, sending a branch through the north-western part of the plain, through Trikkala. At the junction lies the little town of Velestino. If we follow the western line for about 15 miles, a picturesque, half-Turkish town comes into view, shadowed by its ancient acropolis on the northern slope of Mount Khassiadiari. This town is Pharsala, and thither Crown Prince Constantine and his army had withdrawn to await the next onset of the enemy.

The curtain went up on the second act of the drama, but, with the exception of the "scenery," the conditions had not changed appreciably from a tactical point of view.

The Greek Army had come out of the frontier fighting without suffering a decisive defeat. On

the whole, the troops had fought irreproachably; at times, indeed, with a bravery that inspired the enemy with respect. The artillery had distinguished itself on several occasions, and the Evzones maintained their old reputation for valour and coolness both in attack and defence. Disappointment and anger prevailed among officers of inferior rank and among the men at not being allowed to continue the struggle. The rank and file of the Army had no idea of the failure on the part of the divisional commanders, which had rendered the Commander-in-Chief powerless, and increased the chances of the enemy, already so considerable. But the feeling of uncertainty spread instinctively through all ranks and caused despondency. And when the retreat by night—in itself an excellent piece of strategy, which entirely misled the enemy as to the movements of the Greek Army—resolved itself into disastrous confusion and panic, keenness and high hopes gave way to the profoundest dejection, which here and there took the form of downright demoralisation.

On his arrival at Larissa Edhem Pasha had no idea of the dispositions of the Greek Commander-in-Chief. The southern part of the plain, between Lake Karla and the Kara Dagh, was free of the enemy; but whether the Greeks had established themselves at Volo or marched to Pharsala could not yet be determined. Only one thing was certain, that the Turks had let slip the oppor-

tunity of either annihilating the enemy by vigorous pursuit or cutting off his line of retreat to the south. The Greeks had been given three days' grace, and in three days much may be done.

Instead of immediately sending out cavalry to reconnoitre to the south and west, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief did nothing until April 27th. On the morning of that day twelve squadrons and one field battery were detached along the road between Larissa and Volo under Suleiman Pasha. When only half-way, Suleiman received information that Volo was only weakly occupied, but that Greek warships lay in the Gulf. He continued his advance to Rizomylon, where the road bends in an easterly direction to Volo, then turned to the south, where Velestino lies, and had just reached the heights that surround the little town in the form of a horse-shoe when a lively fire from the wooded slopes checked his further advance. After a short but brisk engagement the Turkish force retired and reached the village of Kileler, where it remained in bivouac.

On marching his army to Pharsala the Crown Prince had, of course, to take precautions to cover the right flank and prevent any encircling movement to the south along the western shore of the Gulf of Volo, and at the same time to secure the railway communication between Volo and Pharsala, on which he depended for supplies. A mixed detachment, consisting of the 3rd Infantry Brigade,

one battalion of light infantry, two field and two mounted batteries, one squadron of cavalry, and one company of engineers, was therefore sent to Velestino on April 26th, under Colonel Smolenski, covered during the march by the whole of the cavalry.

Velestino lies in a semi-circular valley, the north of which is open to the plain. In taking up his position Smolenski availed himself of two heights, Uvrids Ghala on the east and Karadaon on the west, which formed natural points of support for his right and left flanks. Between them lies a row of the curious Thessalian mounds, which one hesitates whether to call natural or artificial. These were connected by rifle-pits, and behind this centre one mountain and two field batteries were posted; the reserve and the second mountain battery took up a position in front of the convent of *Hagios Georgios* farther up the valley.

After the short engagement, already mentioned, with Sulieman Pasha's reconnoitring force, nothing of importance occurred before the 30th.

Naim Pasha and his brigade were at Gherli, to the west of Lake Karla. During the night he formed his troops into two columns and began to march on Velestino, which he intended to attack early in the morning. The Turks advanced by Rizomylon, under cover of the woods, and the attack was directed partly against Karadaon, with the object of capturing the station, and partly

against Uvrids Ghala, which forms the key to the pass leading to Volo.

The strength of the Turks lay in infantry and cavalry, but artillery was only weakly represented. The attack on the Greeks' right wing was made with the greatest energy and dash, but was repulsed again and again by the well-entrenched Greek infantry and the mountain battery. Once or twice the fighting was hand-to-hand.

Naim's second column made a simultaneous attack on Smolenski's left wing—Velestino and the Karadaon heights. Here again a mountain battery was in position, while a battalion of Evzones lay behind entrenchments. The Turks were received with a furious fire, which made their ranks waver. Then the infantry wheeled aside and made way for the cavalry.

Seven squadrons under the command of Colonel Ibrahim Bey, and accompanied by the Sultan's aide-de-camp, Mahmud Bey, wheeled into line and advanced first at the trot and then at the gallop. It was a splendid sight to see the long ranks of Bashi-Bazouks in their motley uniforms with their sabres gleaming in the sunshine, as they made their mad assault up the slope against the Greek trenches and in the face of the battery, which poured shrapnel upon the enemy, so that horses and riders fell together and rolled down the hillside. And suddenly the brave Evzones rose from their cover and sent volley after volley

into the enemy. With that the assault was repulsed; the remnant of the Turkish squadrons turned about and fled in confusion from Velestino, covered by the woods of Rizomylon.

At sunset Naim Pasha's whole force retired to Gherli and bivouacked.

It was a brilliant victory for the Greek arms. The Turks lost about 1,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and over 400 dead horses marked the line of the cavalry charge.

West of Velestino the railway line to Pharsala mounts Mavro Vouni (the Black Mountain), the southern spur of the Kara Dagh range, and descends again into the plain. Here lies the station of Aivali; and as Colonel Smolenski had reason to suppose that the Turks' next attack would be made with the object of cutting him off from the main Army at Pharsala, he sent a request for reinforcements for the defence of this railway station. The Crown Prince immediately despatched a battalion of light infantry to the point threatened. In the course of the following days Smolenski strengthened the position, but no attack was made by the enemy.

On the morning of May 5th the Turks again advanced with a force of about 6,000 men against the Greek left wing and opened fire at a range of 2,000 yards. A violent storm hid the opposing forces from each other for a time, but soon after the fighting became general. An infantry

battalion and a mountain battery were detached from Velestino as reinforcements. In the course of the afternoon the extreme left wing was repeatedly attacked, but the battalion at Aivali repulsed the enemy with great vigour.

By six o'clock the Turks had assembled a large force behind the heights in front of Velestino for a final attack. Colonel Smolenski saw the seriousness of the situation, being opposed by numbers greatly superior to his own. Before the commencement of the attack he rode along the ranks and exhorted his men to bravery and discipline, reminding them of the heroism of their forefathers. And when the enemy came on, the Greeks were full of fight—the time had come to conquer or die.

Volley after volley was poured into the advancing enemy, and then the Greeks charged with the bayonet and drove the Turks back. The day ended with a complete victory for the Greek arms, and the soldiers had once more shown that under capable leadership they possessed excellent fighting qualities.

Smolenski was convinced that the enemy's plan on the following day would consist of an enveloping movement with his left wing, covered by the woods of Rizomylon and an attack on the Greek centre. He was right.

May 6th began in the most glorious summer weather; the sun gleamed on the broad surface of Lake Karla and lighted up the snowy summit

of distant Olympus. A Turkish force of about 15,000 men advanced over the north-western slope of the Kara Dagh; between this and Velestino were the lines of Greek skirmishers, which were continued towards Uvrids Ghala. The east and west flanks were covered by the mountain and field batteries.

As Edhem Pasha's regiments advanced, the field-guns east of Velestino opened fire with considerable effect. The attack was directed against the centre, but was repulsed with great bravery, and between twelve and one the fire slackened on both sides. The fight was still raging along the Greek left flank, where a Turkish battery was silenced. The Turkish right wing then received reinforcements, the attack was renewed with great vigour, but was again repulsed.

At this point considerable reinforcements of Turkish infantry and cavalry could be seen advancing along the shore of Lake Karla and by the edge of the woods. Towards five o'clock the enemy made a fresh attack, preceded by heavy artillery fire. By this time the Greeks had almost exhausted their artillery ammunition; Smolenski had to yield to circumstances and gave his right wing the order to retire.

A moment later the overwhelmingly superior force of the Turks advanced from the west and north. The Greek retreat was carried out in perfect order. A final train with 200 wounded

was got off to Volo, vigorously shelled by the Turks—and then the railway line was cut.

The effect of the last attack was actually to split Smolenski's brigade into two, and if the enemy had acted with any energy they might easily have annihilated the greater part of the Greek force; but no pursuit was undertaken. Presumably, Smolenski had to thank a sudden storm to some extent for the Turkish inactivity. As it was, the Brigadier with the centre and the left wing was able in the course of the night to march in good order southward to Halmyros. The right wing withdrew in some disorder across the difficult ground eastward to Volo.

A narrow valley running east and west divides the range of Kara Dagh from Mount Khassiadiari, at the sloping foot of which the town of Pharsala is built. Behind the little town—which has some 4,000 inhabitants—rises a two-peaked hill with the remains of the ancient citadel, from which a magnificent view of the plain of Thessaly may be obtained. The bold rocks of the monasteries of Meteora are visible to the north-west; on the north Olympus rises majestically, and on the north-east and east the domed summits of Ossa and Pelion are outlined against the clear blue sky.

Pharsala — the Turkish name of which is Tchataldja — can trace its history back to the remotest times. Some authorities identify it with Phthia, the home of Achilles. It is, of course,

best known from the battle between Cæsar and Pompey in 48 B.C.

The plain in front of Pharsala is about six miles broad, intersected by the railway line and by the bed of the River Enipeus. Just north of the line the stream is spanned by the seven pointed arches of an ancient bridge. Four villages lie on the northern bank; Driskeui, Tatari, Alchani, and Bekides; these were occupied by five battalions of light infantry, supported by two mountain batteries. The 1st Division was in position at Rhizi, from which the road from Pharsala runs south to Domokos, while the 2nd Division entrenched itself to the west of the road leading from the town to the railway station. The field batteries of both divisions were posted to the north-west of the Domokos road. Cavalry scouts and reconnoitring parties were sent in all directions, and it was the young Swedish volunteer, Baron Blixen-Finecke, who first located a Turkish brigade of 10,000 men encamped at Karademarzi, half-way between Pharsala and Velestino. At the same time information came in that another hostile force was operating around Karditza—a little town in the middle of the western plain.

Crown Prince Constantine prepared to receive the enemy. His position was a strong one, but liable to be turned by way of the western roads and passes. He had scarcely more than 25,000 really efficient troops at his disposal, while the

enemy's force was nearly treble this, besides which the Army had lost heart—especially in the higher ranks. The division and brigade commanders had declared to the Commander-in-Chief on April 27th, that "the Army was no longer in fighting condition."

These were not exactly the best auspices for the approaching battle, and, in view of obvious contingencies, the Crown Prince found it advisable, as early as the 29th, to send two infantry battalions and a mountain battery southward to occupy Domokos. Every precaution, in fact, was taken to keep the line of retreat open. Further, on 1st May the 5th Regiment of infantry received orders to march along the intended line of retreat and occupy several points on its course. It was, in fact, clear from various reconnaissances that Edhem Pasha's plan was to cut off the retreat of the Greek Army and thus end the campaign at a stroke and open the way for the Turkish march on Athens.

On the morning of May 5th information came in from the outposts of the advance of the enemy, formed in five columns with the cavalry leading. At a little after nine the Turkish artillery unlimbered and opened fire on the four villages above-mentioned and on the railway, which was held by the advanced battalions of the Greeks. The fire was returned, and soon the engagement developed along the whole line in front of Pharsala.

The most important point of the Greek right wing was the village of Alchani, where a pass leads across the plain to the east of Pharsala. Another extremely important point was the hill of Teke, to capture which the Turks exerted themselves to the utmost, since it offered an excellent position for shelling the Greek lines.

Soon after the commencement of the action the outposts retired to Tatari, south of Teke. The Crown Prince then ordered the 1st Division to advance in a north-westerly direction to Driskeui and there take up a position; at the same time he sent word to the commander of the outposts to resume his forward positions. Unfortunately, the 1st Division did not execute its forward movement with any great rapidity, and thus did not arrive in time to support the courageous defence of the Foreign Legion under Captain Birch and of the 11th Light Infantry battalion. Both corps retired on Driskeui, where they repulsed repeated assaults.

Until now only the Turkish advanced guard had been in action, but at this point column after column poured down from the northern heights into the plain. Shortly afterwards Teke was stormed and carried by the Turks, and from the top of the hill a murderous fire was opened on the Greeks.

Around Driskeui the fighting raged hotly; one Greek battalion after another fell back. Last of

all the Foreign Legion held its ground with true heroism, but the much-needed support was lacking; Captain Birch was wounded, and the Legion had to retire under a furious hail of bullets, carrying their idolised leader into safety.

During this time the 1st Division had remained inactive. The Crown Prince then sent orders to General Makris to occupy the railway station, and with this object to call in the 4th Regiment of infantry. At the same time the commander of the 2nd Division was directed to cover the road from Pharsala to Domokos. On the left of the division three companies of engineers and three mountain batteries took up their position, while the reserve maintained communication between the two divisions. This defensive position, forming a semi-circular front, was designed to counteract the enveloping movement evidently contemplated by the enemy.

The 1st Division did not carry out the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, but contented itself with occupying the railway station with one company.

The Turkish advance continued, and the Greeks had to retire across the Epineus. Terrible losses occurred at the old bridge, which the Foreign Legion was the last to cross.

The Greek forces rallied again south of the river for a vigorous defence of the railway, but the Turks pressed on in overwhelming masses. While the artillery at Teke and Tatari kept up

a hot fire, the cavalry regiments crossed the Epineus, and threatened the Greek flank into a hasty retreat. By five o'clock fighting was going on round the railway station, and soon it and the whole embankment were in the hands of the enemy.

For an hour and a half longer the battle raged about the foot of the Pharsala heights; the 2nd Division bravely repulsed every attempt of the enemy to surround the position, while the 1st Division defended the centre with the energy of despair.

At about half-past six firing slackened along the whole line; the battle was at an end. On both sides the troops remained in the positions they had won.

Pharsala was eminently adapted for the scene of a last heroic struggle, as the heights could easily be defended even by a far smaller force than that of the Greeks. But had the Crown Prince decided to continue the defence even for a single day, the eventuality most dreaded by the Government at Athens would inevitably have been realised — Pharsala would have been the Sedan of the Greek Army.

Detachments that had been sent immediately on the occupation of Pharsala to cover Trikkala and Korditza, and that rejoined the main force on the evening of the battle, brought information of continual movements of Turkish columns in a south-westerly direction, with the unmistakable

object of marching to the west of the ridge of Khassiadiari through the plain that extends southward almost to Domokos. Gallopers from Velestino arrived with intelligence of Colonel Smolenski's threatened position. If the following day should see his brigade defeated or forced to retire, the Turks would be able to draw additional reinforcements from the east for a renewed attack on Pharsala.

After a council of war the Commander-in-Chief therefore decided in the course of the night to withdraw the Army to Domokos. This decision was carried out without any molestation from the enemy.

Domokos

Half-way between Pharsala and the important town of Lamia lies Domokos, 1,500 feet above the plain, on the steep northern slope of Mount Othrys. A valley here divides this hill from Mount Khassiadiari, to the north of which Pharsala stands.

Domokos was called in ancient days Thaumakoi, meaning "wonder-city," doubtless on account of the extraordinary beauty and picturesqueness of its situation. Like nearly all ancient Greek cities Domokos is crowned by the imposing ruins of its ancient fortress, which occupy the summit of the bare rocky hill. On the east and west the ridge is broken by deep gullies. Close to Domokos

the main road from Lamia makes a sharp turn and then zigzags down to the plain. On the west mountain chains extend far into the country, penetrated by the pass of Ashagha Agoriani. Mount Khassiadiari may be traversed from Pharsala to the south by three routes: on the west by Rhizi, in the middle by Seterli, and by an eastern mountain path through Kislar, from which again a side road leads to Halmyros. All these three roads were used by Edhem Pasha when proceeding to the attack of Domokos.

On May 6th, when the Greek Army was collected in and about Domokos, Dimopoulos's brigade received orders to occupy the three passes over Khassiadiari. On the following day Mastrapas's brigade took up a position on the right flank at Vusi and Gerakli, while the other two brigades defended the centre and the left wing. The Greek position extended for about seven miles along the slope from Domokos westward to the villages of Kutzeri and Kikiti, besides a considerable distance to the north-east.

It was of special importance to defend the Agoriani Pass on the west, through which the Athens-Larissa railway now runs; this was just the road by which the enemy might surround the Greek position. This critical point was defended by about 5,000 men, including the Foreign Legion and the Garibaldians, and by three batteries of mountain artillery. A force

about double this was before Domokos, with five batteries of field and mountain guns. The right wing was about 10,000 strong, and the reserve was drawn up on the slope to the east of Domokos. Altogether the Crown Prince had rather more than 30,000 men at his disposal. The left wing was commanded by Colonel Mavromichalis, the right by General Makris.

Shortly after the main Army had taken up its positions before Domokos, Colonel Smolenski undertook a movement to the south, marching his brigade from Halmyros to Sourpi, close to the entrance of the Gulf of Volo. Here his right flank could be supported by the fleet.

Edhem Pasha had removed his headquarters to Pharsala, and from here the attack on Domokos was now planned. Although the superiority of the Turkish force was very considerable, Edhem found it advisable to obtain all the reinforcements possible. From the camp by the Meluna Pass, from Larissa and from Trikkala all available troops were drawn, besides supplies of provisions, ammunition, etc. The Turkish force was thus brought up to about 80,000 men.

Bearing in mind the experiences of Velestino and Pharsala, Edhem Pasha was not inclined to expose his troops in a direct attack from the plain up the slopes of Domokos; the point was therefore to strike at the enemy by an enveloping movement. The plan of operations was drawn

up with this object in view. Simultaneously with a vigorous attack on Domokos by the main Turkish force, General Hakki Pasha was to move against Smolenski's brigade.

For political reasons it was necessary to hasten the operations and drive the Greeks out of their positions and further to the south. The Sultan hoped on the conclusion of peace to get the frontier moved back to the old line before 1881, and this line ran just over Mount Othrys, to the south of the spot where Domokos lies. What further helped to spur on the otherwise not particularly enterprising Turkish Commander-in-Chief was the circumstance that negotiations for an armistice were then proceeding with every prospect of an early result.

The Ministers of the Powers at Athens were in fact using their endeavours to bring hostilities to a close. On May 11th the Greek Foreign Minister, M. Skouloudes, received the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps, the Russian Ambassador, who handed him the following note:—

"The representatives of France, Italy, Great Britain, Germany and Austria-Hungary hereby authorise the senior member of the diplomatic corps, M. Onou, to declare in the name of their respective Governments that the Powers are ready to offer their assistance in bringing about an armistice and in removing the difficulties that have arisen between Greece and Turkey, upon the

KING GEORGE IN A CORNER OF HIS GARDEN AT CORFU.

Reproduced by gracious permission from a photograph taken by H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

condition, however, that the Greek Government recalls its troops from Crete and acknowledges the autonomy of the island."

The Government's reply was as follows :—

"His Majesty's Government acknowledges the receipt of the communication of the Powers and informs them that it has already taken steps to recall the troops from Crete, that it acknowledges the autonomy of the island, and that it accepts the Powers' offer of mediation."

This exchange of notes was immediately telegraphed to the Porte, but the Sultan refused to enter into any negotiations for an armistice, "so as not to give the Greeks an opportunity of using it to reorganise their forces." The Sultan was willing, however, to negotiate on the final terms of peace. He declared that he would not contest Cretan autonomy, but demanded a comprehensive rectification of the frontier.

Upon a further application the Porte declared that under no circumstances could there be any question of an armistice until after the Beiram festival, which was held on May 16th.

Meanwhile the Greek Government was exerting itself to the utmost to continue the struggle and strengthen the defence of the country. Large orders for field and mountain guns, with the necessary ammunition, were placed in France, Germany, and Austria. Contracts were made for

all kinds of military stores, uniforms, boots, etc. All the troops that could still be got together—regulars and irregulars — were sent north to Domokos to strengthen the line of defence along the old Turkish frontier. Among these reinforcements were 800 Garibaldians under Ricciotti Garibaldi.

From May 10th Edhem Pasha had daily reconnaissances carried out by considerable bodies of troops, and several skirmishes took place between the Turks and the Greek outposts on the left front.

On May 15th the Crown Prince sent orders to Smolenski's brigade to rejoin the main Army, and to take up a position on the right flank, in order thus to concentrate the whole Thessalian Army on Domokos—an arrangement which must appear very reasonable, considering the immense superiority of the enemy's force. But the Government at Athens now interfered directly in the dispositions of the Commander-in-Chief with an order—of May 16th —to Colonel Smolenski to remain in his position. Furthermore, the Minister of War sent instructions on the same day that the Army was to keep strictly on the defensive and not to make any attack, unless the safety of the Army absolutely demanded it.

On May 17th the following Greek forces were drawn up to receive the enemy: on the right wing, 28 companies of infantry and 12 guns; in the centre, 52 companies and 29 guns, and on the left wing, 35

companies and 29 guns. The reserve was made up of 24 companies, 7 squadrons of cavalry, 12 guns and 3 companies of engineers. To these must be added the volunteers, who were to defend the valley round Kitiki and the pass by Tsatmas.

At 6.30 A.M. the outposts reported that the enemy's columns were advancing by Rhizi and by the other roads leading over the heights of Khassiadiari. An hour and a half later two more strong columns came in sight, moving along the high road from Pharsala to Domokos. As the Turkish Army deployed it became apparent that the Greek centre and left were opposed by about 50,000 men, while over 25,000 were advancing against the right.

The engagement was opened by the Turkish front along the slopes of Khassiadiari with a lively artillery fire, while the columns on the west deployed on the plain and took up a fighting position in front of the village of Pournari, which was immediately afterwards seen to be in flames.

Two 15-centimetre Krupp guns had been placed in the old castle, and from this high position the Greeks had opened fire on the advancing Turks and caused great confusion in their ranks. The mountain artillery and field guns then came into action. Time after time the Turks charged, but were always repulsed by the well-directed rifle fire of the Evzones and the Foreign Legion. The enemy's loss was heavy, but it was also

considerable on the Greek side; the brave Garibaldians had already 60 killed and wounded.

After a short breathing space the Turks came on again and made a furious assault on the passes of Agoriani and Skarmitsa. At Agoriani the English volunteer corps and the little Danish force specially distinguished themselves. From the western slopes of Khassiadiari a Turkish brigade of about 8,000 men now charged forward with great impetuosity. The Greek batteries, posted in rear of the infantry, served their guns splendidly, but were not able to check the enemy's rush. The Garibaldians, who were defending the flank, reserved their fire until the enemy was quite close, and then fired a couple of volleys with deadly effect. Ricciotti Garibaldi then led his men in a bayonet charge and drove the Turks in headlong flight over the plain. It was in this sharp fight that the Italian deputy, Signor Fratti, was killed.

Meanwhile, other Turkish battalions were advancing against Katagori, below which the Foreign Legion and other troops were in position. The Englishmen and Danes fired alternate volleys with the greatest coolness and checked the enemy's advance. Soon the ranks wavered and broke, and, joining the Garibaldians, who at that moment had reached the level ground, the Foreign Legion rushed forward with the bayonet and completely repulsed the enemy. On this occasion the brave

and capable commander of the Legion, Captain Veratasse, fell mortally wounded.

The engagement was developing with great energy along the Greek centre and right. General Makris had been reinforced by 3,000 men and 2 mountain batteries. The artillery fire raged unceasingly; one assault after another was made on the Evzones and the 2nd and 10th Regiments of infantry. But these troops stood immovable, and their cool and well-aimed fire drove back every attack.

Colonel Mavromichalis drew the last reserves of about 3,000 men. Just as he had got them in position in front of Domokos, the Colonel was wounded in the hip by a rifle-bullet. Without showing any sign, he walked his horse in rear of the line, until, faint from loss of blood, he reeled in the saddle and fell to the ground. At about the same time his nephew and aide-de-camp, Georgios Mavromichalis—one of the bravest and most capable young officers in the Army—was shot through the brain and killed on the spot.

While the left and the centre held their own well during the battle and maintained their positions, it was the right flank and extreme right wing that decided the issue. The enemy had opened the attack early in the day with a crushing superiority of numbers. For a long time the Greeks stood their ground bravely, and it looked as though the defence would be successful here as elsewhere,

especially after the arrival of reinforcements. But in the course of the afternoon the assault was renewed on the village of Kotseli, where the 7th battalion of Evzones was posted, and this was driven back. The same fate befell the force defending Karad Jaly, nearer the centre. General Makris was then obliged to order the whole right wing to retire. This retreat ended the battle; the sun was setting and firing ceased.

On the whole the honours of the day were with the Greek Army. Its soldiers had fought from early morning with the utmost bravery and endurance; almost everywhere its positions had been held, or even advanced. But the strength of the Turks was far from exhausted. It was obvious that the attack would be renewed on the following day with increased vigour, for negotiations for an armistice were going on apace. Of this Edhem Pasha was informed from Constantinople. What could not fail to determine the plans of the Greek Commander-in-Chief was the circumstance that the 1st Division—the right wing—had actually been driven back, and that this involved the imminent danger of a turning movement which would cut off the line of retreat to Lamia.

The Crown Prince gave orders for the Army to retire in the course of the night to the second line of defence of the Othrys Mountains. The commander of the 3rd Brigade was given the

task of holding all the eastern passes leading across the range; but this order was countermanded by the Government at Athens, who instructed the brigade to march to Lamia.

At 2 A.M. the rest of the Army began the retreat.

Although Edhem Pasha had been informed that the Greeks had sent off their wounded to Lamia as early as the afternoon of the 17th, the retreat came as a surprise to him, in view of the excellent behaviour of the troops during the battle, which was to be regarded as at least a partial victory for the Greek arms. This time Edhem determined to organise a vigorous pursuit and issued an army order, according to which the whole Turkish Army was to follow up the enemy in the direction of the Phourka Pass. This plan, however, was altered, so that only one division and the cavalry proceeded to the south. The rest of the Army stayed at Domokos, to which place Edhem Pasha removed his headquarters.

Favoured by bright moonlight the Greek Army had begun its retreat in perfect order. About half-way between Domokos and Lamia runs the road which from time immemorial has led from Greece into Thessaly through the narrow Phourka Pass, above which the convent of Antinitsa was built in the Middle Ages. Through this spot the old frontier line was drawn.

Early on the morning of the 18th the extreme

left wing of the Turkish Army moved forward, and as Hassan's brigade, of Hamdy's division, arrived within three miles of Domokos, its commander learned that the town was already evacuated. He then decided on his own initiative to pursue the enemy, and after an extremely rapid march came in sight of the Phourka Pass at 9 A.M. Although he here met with Mashar's brigade, the General in command, Hamdy Pasha, did not consider himself strong enough to attack the Greek columns, which were now moving through the shadows of the Pass. He therefore sent an urgent message to Edhem Pasha and received a reinforcement of four battalions. With the whole force at his disposal he then attacked the rear guard of the Greeks, which consisted of two infantry regiments, one battalion of Evzones, two companies of engineers, four field batteries, and some cavalry. An engagement ensued which lasted till midnight, without the Turks gaining any advantage.

Meanwhile, quite unexpectedly, Hamdy Pasha received very effective support. Memduk's division, it appeared, had been moving the whole day towards the Phourka Pass, along difficult bridle-paths, and towards sunset had reached the eastern heights of the Pass. As these were strongly held by the Greeks, Memduk Pasha decided to turn the Greek flank and storm the convent of Antinitsa with his Albanian battalions. In this he was successful.

General Makris, whose division was in the Pass, gave orders to the 1st Brigade to occupy the western heights, while the 2nd Brigade took up a position on the east; one regiment was sent to Antinitsa. In spite of the enemy being so near that an attack was to be feared at any moment, the troops bivouacked. The Greeks were therefore fairly taken by surprise, and the Pass had to be evacuated. While the Greek Army withdrew to the south, the Turks occupied the Phourka heights, the convent of Antinitsa, and the old Greek block-houses along the former frontier, from which the eye sweeps in a wonderful panorama over the Valley of Lamia, the Pass of Thermopylæ and the blue Ægean.

At 9 A.M. on May 19th Edhem Pasha rode up over the heights of Phourka, where Hamdy's division was drawn up on parade. The band played the Hamidieh March and the soldiers received the Commander-in-Chief with enthusiastic shouts of "Long live the Padishah!"

It was a great day for the Turkish Army of Thessaly. The enemy was vanquished, the old frontier line reached; and Edhem received a telegram of congratulation from the Sultan. This was to be the last triumph of Turkish arms on Hellenic soil.

The rejoicings of the victorious Turks were somewhat dashed by the immediately ensuing fight at the village of Taratsa, where General Makris

was encamped with his division to the north of Lamia. Edhem Pasha, who had already received intelligence from Constantinople of the conclusion of an armistice, thought he might, nevertheless, follow Nelson's glorious example at Copenhagen and "put the telescope to his blind eye." By a vigorous dash he might perhaps still be able to occupy Lamia and the valley of the Sperchios, which would be of importance in the event of a resumption of hostilities. For the execution of this plan he chose Seffullah Pasha's regiments of cavalry, Hamdy's division, and Haider's brigade.

Meanwhile, Crown Prince Constantine, after making the necessary dispositions, had gone with his staff to Sourpi, to confer with Smolenski, who had been promoted to General after the battle of Velestino. From there the Crown Prince rode to Taratsa, arriving just as the Turkish columns came in touch with General Makris's division. The engagement was short, but sharp; the Turkish attack was repulsed, and Edhem's force had to retire.

At the close of the fight the Crown Prince received news of the armistice. Officers from the Greek and Turkish Armies met to determine a neutral zone, which was not to be encroached upon by either side.

This actually brought the Thessalian War to an end; it was succeeded by protracted negotiations for a conclusion of peace.

Edhem Pasha divided his Army into camps at Velestino, Halmyros, Domokos, and Phourka. The Crown Prince left the 1st Division at Taratsa, while he himself collected and reorganised the rest of the Army in the classic defensive position of Thermopylæ.

It was evident, however, that hostilities would not be resumed. The volunteers, the Foreign Legion and the Garibaldians were therefore disbanded. From his headquarters at San Marino the Crown Prince issued the following order of the day :—

"*To the Foreign Legion, now about to leave the Greek camp at Thermopylæ.*

"I desire to give expression to my great satisfaction with the order and discipline you have displayed during the campaign and to acknowledge your self-sacrificing conduct and the bravery with which you have fought on every occasion.

"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Legion may feel convinced, on leaving Greece, that the whole Army will always retain an imperishable memory of the noble men, who in the days of our country's distress came here to give proof of their friendly disposition to Greece and their readiness to fight for us in the name of Liberty and Justice. Greece will never forget that your blood was poured out on the battlefield, where your brave leader, Captain Veratasse, met his death.—KONSTANTINOS."

Epirus

It remains to tell of the campaign in the western theatre of war, Epirus.

As has already been said, the frontier between Greece and Turkey was arranged in 1881, in such a way that the whole of Thessaly became Greek, but only an extremely small part of Epirus. The frontier line was then drawn to the north of the town of Kalabaka, which lies about half-way between the shores of the Ægean and Ionian Seas; it then turns to the south-west, and finally due south, the last 40 miles following the course of the River Arta down to the gulf of the same name. The town of Arta itself, on the eastern side of the river, is Greek; an ancient stone bridge connects the banks.

By this arrangement the waters of the Gulf of Arta were partly Greek and partly Turkish. This inlet, some 20 miles wide, resembles an immense inland lake, and at the narrow entrance from the Ionian Sea the old Turkish fortress of Preveza lies immediately opposite to the small and poorly armed Greek fort of Aktion.

The low-lying castle of Preveza is not very formidable; but the tongue of land on which the town is situated is surrounded by a line of forts, of which, however, only the Hamidieh Tabia is of modern construction. Towards the Gulf some further fortifications are designed to defend Preveza

against an attempted landing. At the commencement of the war the garrison consisted of about 3,000 men under the command of Colonel Fevzy Bey.

The peninsula is covered with swamps, which render the approach to Preveza exceedingly difficult except by the road running north to Yanina, the capital of the *vilayet*, some 45 miles distant.

Arta is a curious little town, which the Greeks have not yet succeeded in cleansing of Turkish dirt. A labyrinth of narrow streets, which every shower converts into watercourses, is surrounded on three sides by the river. This unlovely town is completely commanded by a fine old fortress, the immense stone walls of which are decorated by loopholes and strong watch-towers.

Both Greeks and Turks had thrown up entrenchments and placed batteries in position on the ridge that rises on both sides of the frontier line.

In January Osman Pasha, General of division, was in command of the Turkish Army of Epirus, which numbered about 30,000 men. At the beginning of the war 5,000 of these were in Yanina, 7,000 with 12 guns to the west of Arta, and the rest were divided among small towns between these two places.

The Greek force was concentrated on Arta under the command of Colonel Manos, and consisted of four regiments of infantry, two battalions of Evzones, the 2nd Cavalry Regiment, and two field

and three mountain batteries. With the later re-inforcements of 3,000 regulars and 2,000 volunteers the force reached the total of about 20,000 men. This division was formed into two brigades under the command of Colonels Botzaris and Sechos.

The Greek Army rested its left flank on Arta and its right on the strongly fortified village of Peta. The position was extremely well chosen, and the artillery was so placed as to be able to shell many points held by the enemy.

The *tête-de-pont* on the Turkish side of the river was occupied by a battalion of Albanians; the next line of defence was 3 miles to the rear, while the third—which was to secure the road to Yanina — was at Pente Pigadia, nearly 12 miles to the north.

The Greek Army was aided by large bands of insurgents, which the *Ethnike Etæria* had equipped with arms and uniforms, and which were commanded by prominent Greek Epirotes. At the head of these irregulars was the Greek deputy Skalsodimos.

As in Thessaly, the Turks opened hostilities on April 18th, by commencing a two days' active bombardment of Arta and the Greek entrenchments. Having got together considerable reinforcements, the Turks on the morning of the 20th attempted an assault, which was repeated later in the day. In spite of the bravery and recklessness of the Turkish troops, both attacks were repulsed.

The next night a third attack was made with the same result, whereupon, on the following morning, Manos's division replied by a counter-attack. The result of this was that the whole attacking force of the Turks retired and fled panic-stricken northward along the road to Yanina.

It was the usually brave Albanians who made this ignominious retreat, leaving behind them long strings of mules and carts with ammunition, provisions, and all kinds of war material. Not till they had reached Davitchon Han, where the roads from Arta and Preveza meet to the south of Yanina, did the General of division, who had ridden to meet the troops, succeed in checking the panic and collecting the scattered detachments.

It goes without saying that the rejoicing in Arta over this first unexpected success was overwhelming. Colonel Manos at once began the pursuit of the enemy and marched against Philippiades, where a Turkish brigade was in position. After a brisk engagement the Turks retired with a loss of 4 guns and 300 prisoners. The Greeks then continued their march northward to Pente Pigadia; but by now the Turks had also reached this point, where the decisive action was to develop.

When the Turkish advanced guard appeared, Colonel Manos had occupied the heights to the south of the mountain pass. The disposition of his force was somewhat scattered, one battalion being pushed right forward to the village of Kondozaky.

This detachment was attacked by the Turks on the 24th and almost completely destroyed. Its loss was 300 killed, 200 wounded, and 60 prisoners.

After some indecisive skirmishes the fighting was resumed on April 28th. It began with the attack of a Turkish division on Botzaris's brigade at Hanopulos. The attack was directed against a knoll in the centre of the position, which was defended by a battalion of Evzones. The Greeks were hard pressed, but continued to repulse the assaults with great bravery. It was evident, however, that in the long run the Evzones would not be able to withstand the crushing superiority of the Turkish numbers, unless they were immediately reinforced. Strangely enough this was not done, although there were over 6,500 men between the point of attack and Hanopulos, and the fight therefore ended in the Greeks being forced to retire.

In the course of this and the following day the Turks advanced all along the line. Manos's division withdrew towards Arta, fighting and skirmishing the whole way. On the 30th this first offensive movement of the Greeks came to an end, with the result that the Turks had completely cleared their country of the enemy.

As already noted, the Greek fleet was divided into a western and an eastern squadron. To the former—under Commander Kosmos Zotos—was entrusted the task of making itself master of

Preveza and the adjacent coast batteries, and with this object in view it was afterwards reinforced by the *Spetzai* and the *Psara*, which originally belonged to the eastern squadron.

On April 18th Commander Zotos went to work and opened the bombardment. On the very first day he succeeded in reducing the fortifications of Skafidaki, and on the following day the Hamidieh Fort especially was severely damaged. An attempted landing at Mitka — just north of Preveza—was, however, repulsed by the Turks, who had excellent cover in the immense olive groves that surround the whole peninsula. On the 21st the squadron again opened a heavy fire on the shore forts, which replied with effect. The *Spetzai* suffered some damage, and a gunboat was towed into Vonitsa Bay in a disabled condition. After this the squadron kept quiet for a time. Later operations against the shore batteries were equally devoid of important results.

The situation, then, at the beginning of May was that the Greek arms could show no tangible advantage either on land or in the Gulf of Arta. It was, however, of the greatest importance to the Athens Government to achieve some territorial conquest in the western theatre of war, which might counterbalance in some degree the losses in Thessaly. Every possible effort was therefore made to strengthen the Army at Arta, so that it might be able to carry out an effective advance

and occupy at least some part of the enemy's country.

Colonel Manos then drafted a new offensive plan and reorganised his division, including in it the reinforcements sent him from Athens.

At the same time a corps of about 3,000 volunteers arrived, at the head of which a Greek "Maid of Orleans" marched as standard-bearer —a girl of seventeen named Helene Konstandini. This fanatical but not very efficient band—called the Botzaris Corps—was landed on May 12th to the north of Preveza, at the mouth of the River Luros, and was entrusted with the task of preventing the junction of the Preveza force with the Turkish brigade operating around Philippiades.

But the Botzaris Corps fared badly. For a few days it sustained with varying fortune a series of skirmishes with the enemy, but soon the volunteers began to suffer from shortness of ammunition and provisions, and a promise of reinforcements from the regular troops was not fulfilled. By the 14th the corps was already obliged to retreat to a point on the shore, where according to arrangement a transport was to be waiting.

This place was reached on the night of the 16th, but no vessel was there. Tired out, starving, drenched with rain, and shivering with cold, the corps continued its march to the eastward in a

thoroughly disorganised condition. Suddenly a Turkish force, pushed forward from Preveza, opened fire on the unfortunate volunteers from an ambush, and before the survivors managed to escape on board a steamer, they had suffered a loss of 320 killed and 200 missing.

On May 12th the Greek division began its offensive movement. Colonel Manos had handed over the command to General Smolenski, a brother of the brigadier serving in Thessaly. The reinforcements were formed into two new brigades, commanded by Colonels Bairaktaris and Golphinopoulos.

General Smolenski's plan, in its main lines, was to capture Preveza with half his force, acting in concert with the fleet, while the other half held in check the Turkish forces north of the Philippiades-Hanopulos line. At the same time the Botzaris Corps was to execute the movement, the unhappy result of which has just been described.

The Greek advance was begun by Colonel Bairaktaris, who moved forward with his brigade to the heights about Imaret, with some slight opposition from the enemy. At the same time Colonel Golphinopoulos advanced with his force towards the Luros Bridge, and lastly Colonel Doxas had to cross the River Arta at Plaka and demonstrate against the enemy.

Bairaktaris had orders to remain at first on the defensive, so as to be able later to support the brigade that was moving on the Luros. In spite of this he next day attacked the Turkish positions at Hanopulos. The enemy's position was very strong and his numbers decidedly superior. After a vigorous artillery duel the Evzones rushed the heights with the greatest intrepidity and drove out the enemy. The Turkish flight was only checked by the hasty arrival of reinforcements. The fall of night put an end to the engagement, the result of which was an incontestable victory for the Greeks.

It rained incessantly all night, and the troops suffered greatly from cold and want of food. But next morning — May 14th — Bairaktaris received reinforcements and resumed the offensive against Hanopulos.

As luck would have it, the Turkish positions were hidden in the morning mist, while the Greeks came forward in full sunshine. During the attack two Turkish batteries opened a murderous cross-fire on the advancing brigade. At the same time the Albanian regiments took open order along the heights and sent a deadly hail of bullets against the enemy. The Greeks, however, continued to advance, with heavy loss. They succeeded in driving the Turks out of several positions, but by 4 P.M. such masses of troops were drawn up around Hanopulos that any further advance was

impossible. The rain began again in torrents, the troops on both sides had exhausted their strength, and firing slowly died away.

Although the Greeks still held the ground they had won, Smolenski gave the signal for a general retreat. The division had lost 700 killed and wounded, including 25 officers killed and 80 wounded. The superiority of the enemy's numbers had proved far greater than was estimated. It was not known then that Osman Pasha had received two whole divisions from the Turkish Army of Thessaly as reinforcements.

In the course of the night the various Greek detachments marched back to Arta, where the division was again assembled on May 15th. Five days later the armistice was concluded.

Immediately afterwards the Greek Commander, Colonel Manos, was summoned before a court-martial, while the Turkish Commander received the Grand Cross of the Osmanié Order in brilliants and the Sultan's thanks to the Army.

The Conclusion of Peace.

As was to be expected, feeling ran high on the conclusion of the armistice, both in Greece and Turkey. As usual, the vanquished sought an easy outlet for their disappointment and wrath by selecting a scapegoat to bear the whole burden of disgrace. It cannot be denied that the conduct

of the war and its wholly negative results were bound to cast a shadow for a long time to come over the Government and the nation; the consciousness of this rankled not only among the Greeks in the narrower sense, but among the whole Hellenic race scattered throughout the world. So painful was the wound that, as long as the peace negotiations were going on, the cry was raised by a million voices for continuing the war — rather let the whole Greek race be exterminated than live to bear this shame and humiliation!

But by degrees the voice of wisdom and discretion gained a hearing. The point was, not to regard the issue of this war as the final settlement of accounts between Hellenism and Turkish barbarism. On the contrary, what had now to be done was to derive a profitable lesson from the trials fate had inflicted on the country; to try in every conceivable way to develop the resources of Greece, to strengthen her defences by land and sea, and constantly to keep in view the spirit-stirring object of *revanche*, so as to be found fully prepared next time the god of war gave the signal.

Such were the words and thoughts which, as in France after the peace of 1871, poured oil upon the waves of popular feeling among the Greek community on both sides of the frontier. In no small degree was this sentiment supported by the

attitude of the Powers during the Peace negotiations. It soon became clear to the Greeks that the war would not involve any great material or territorial loss to the country.

As with the vanquished, so with the victors, popular excitement reached a dangerous height. Not only in the Army and among chauvinist elements in Turkey were threatening voices raised, which demanded the prosecution of the war until Athens was taken and Greece crushed, but the whole world of Islam was stirred by a fury of indignation at being balked of a result that was reasonably proportionate to the sacrifices made and the victories won.

On both sides it looked for a time as if reason would be overcome by passions: Turkey continued to send reinforcements to the seat of war, and the Government at Athens pressed on its warlike preparations with feverish haste. Amongst other contracts, 1,150 horses were ordered from Fiume and 20,000 rifles from Brescia. The capital was put in a state to resist the enemy; earthworks were commenced, guns were placed in the most advantageous positions, and a plan for the defence of Athens was drawn up.

Meanwhile the Ambassadors at Constantinople met for the purpose of agreeing upon terms of peace, which, if necessary, were to be forced upon the Porte; for one thing was clear — the Powers would not in any circumstances permit the continuance of hostilities.

As to the basis of these terms agreement was quickly reached—the *status quo* was to be upheld in principle, and the war indemnity to be demanded of Greece was to be limited as far as possible to the amount of such expenses as the war had *actually* imposed on Turkey. In any circumstances the sum was not to exceed the financial resources of the somewhat embarrassed treasury of Greece.

On May 31st the armistice was prolonged until the conclusion of the peace negotiations. On June 4th delegates from both belligerents signed the detailed conditions of the armistice at sea. At the same time various details of the Cretan constitution — formulated by the Powers — were agreed to. And finally — after four months of negotiations — the preliminaries of peace were signed on September 18th, 1897.

Peace was concluded on the following terms, which are here given in a summarised form :—

The frontier line was slightly altered to the advantage of Turkey. A mixed commission was to carry out this rectification.

Greece paid Turkey a war indemnity of four million Turkish pounds. The terms of payment were so arranged that the right of the prior creditors of the State should not suffer.

The privileges enjoyed by Greek subjects in Turkey before the war were maintained.

Fourteen days after the ratification of the preliminaries of peace, Greek plenipotentiaries

were to proceed to Constantinople to give effect to the conclusion of peace by the exchange of prisoners of war, the proclamation of a general amnesty, etc.

Finally seven articles followed concerning various conventions between the two countries, which aimed at maintaining neighbourly relations, suppressing brigandage along the frontier, establishing advantageous connections of trade and traffic, co-operation in consular affairs and similar provisions which in a practical way might remove or counteract future differences between the two nations.

On September 21st the treaty was already ratified at Constantinople, and five days later it was placed in the hands of the Foreign Minister at Athens by the representative of Russia.

One of the few bright spots of the war was the care and generosity shown on all sides to its victims. That Queen Olga was foremost in the work of charity will surprise no one, and she was faithfully supported by the Crown Princess Sophia and by Princess Marie.

Hospitals were fitted up in all haste, well provided with bandages, surgical instruments, and medicaments of all kinds; doctors were engaged, and volunteers arrived from all parts of the world. The chief deficiency was the lack of nurses, but the example of the Queen and the Princesses was

contagious, and a number of Athenian ladies of wealth and standing came forward for this duty. The work was carried on untiringly, and it was not always of the most attractive or grateful order. The wounded Turkish prisoners in particular often inspired their nurses with terror. The half-savage Albanians and rough, disorderly Bashi - Bazouks were at the best not very decorous patients to handle. At first they had no idea that there was any intention of relieving their pain or healing their wounds. When the chief surgeon with his following of assistants and nurses in their blood-stained overalls approached a wounded Moslem, he took them for the executioner and his attendants who had come to put him to the torture. The Turks hit out and bit like mad dogs; in many cases they flourished weapons that had been kept concealed for the last fight for life. But by degrees the Turks found out that in the enemy's country they had found friends, who only wished them well—a discovery that completely unnerved the patients.

But the hatred between the wounded Greek and Turkish soldiers was the most difficult thing to get over. At first it was as much as the men's lives were worth to mix them in the same ward; day and night a sentry had to keep guard, lest the poor maimed wretches should try to deprive each other of the last spark of life. But even this state of things was amended under the influence of the ceaseless efforts of charity.

CHAPTER IX

AFTER THE DEFEAT

THE decade following the war was marked by the efforts made by King George, in association with certain politicians—among whom M. Zaïmis, afterwards High Commissioner in Crete, must be specially mentioned—to bring the country into the paths of reform and development. The results, it is true, were not in proportion to these persistent efforts; for the legislative assembly was still dominated by personal interests to the exclusion of all considerations of the country's welfare. Something, however, was accomplished, which left its trace on many future years.

As already mentioned, the Greek Government agreed to the proposal of the Powers for the appointment of an International Control Commission for regulating the relations of Greece to its foreign creditors, including the payment of the war indemnity to Turkey. This Commission now met to draw up proposals for fixing the Budget, apportioning the revenue, raising certain duties, introducing new taxes, withdrawing a portion of the paper money, and many other purposes, so

that in course of time a great deal of the debt could be paid off and a balance arrived at in the public finances.

Although the establishment of this financial control offended many sensitive Greek minds, and was frequently used in the Chamber of Deputies as an effective weapon for attacking the Government, it was soon admitted that the international institution was not only a necessity at the time, but that the work of the Control had been nothing short of a blessing to the country.

The attitude of the Greek people, after the conclusion of the war, was marked by the repose of exhaustion. With a solitary exception, no sign of anger or bitterness was shown against the Royal Family, after the first outburst of disappointment had died down. On calm consideration the great mass of the people acknowledged that the dynasty was not to blame either for the outbreak of the war or for its result. On the contrary, it was perfectly clear that the country would not have extricated itself so cheaply from the rash adventure, but for the personal influence of King George through his family connections and many years' friendship with the leading statesmen of Europe.

And even this solitary exception—which I have referred to earlier—may in all probability be considered as an outcome of the doctrines of anarchy, which at that time marked out many victims among the crowned heads and leading men of Europe.

On February 27th, 1898, the King went for his usual afternoon drive, accompanied by Princess Marie. Their destination was the neighbourhood of the handsome bathing establishment of Old Phaleron, and after walking along the beach the King and his daughter went back to the carriage to drive home to the Palace along the new Syngros Boulevard.

About half-way between Phaleron and Athens, where a slight eminence rises to the east of the road, two men had placed themselves in ambush, armed with Gras rifles. And when the carriage reached the spot two shots rang out, one of which smashed the carriage lamp, and the other struck the rearing off-horse. The King stood up and tried to shield the Princess from the assassins' bullets, while the coachman whipped up his horses and sent them at a tearing pace along the road. Several more shots were fired, which struck the carriage and harness and wounded the groom on the box—then the King and Princess Marie were out of range and reached the Palace unhurt.

Both the assassins fled to Hymettus and climbed into the hills. It chanced, however, that the lighthouse-keeper had caught sight of the two men and took them for sportsmen; but the fact that they threw away their guns at the foot of the hill roused his suspicion and led to their arrest. The author of the outrage was a clerk in the municipal offices of Athens, named Karditzis, and his assistant was

a peasant lad from northern Greece. Both were beheaded in the prison of Nauplia.

This attempted assassination roused the greatest indignation throughout the country, and was the occasion of countless expressions of sympathy with the King, whose popularity rose higher than ever. Many of the provinces sent deputations to Athens with congratulations and homage to the sovereign, and a public subscription was raised for the erection of the handsome Byzantine church, which now marks the spot where the two assassins lay in ambush. The church was dedicated to Our Saviour, and a thanksgiving service is held every year on February 27th.

In May the King made a tour of his kingdom with the express object of learning the desires of the people, and hearing how the commonalty regarded the political situation, so as to arrive at a better understanding of the most urgently-needed reforms.

The results of the journey far surpassed the King's expectations. There was everywhere a perception that now was the time to speak freely and frankly, without hiding anything, so that the King might be able to form an accurate opinion of the course the Government ought to adopt in order to fulfil the reasonable desires of his subjects. This tour, which brought the sovereign into closer contact than ever before with the people of the country, throws much light on coming events.

KING GEORGE AT THE ACHILLEION, CORFU.

Reproduced by gracious permission from a photograph taken by H.M QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The Greeks' contempt for begging is well known. Foreigners hardly ever come across a beggar in their travels through the country. It must be remembered that the war had spread destitution and misery far and wide among the population; many families had lost their bread-winners; strong sons had been crippled by Turkish bullets, and where the enemy had ravaged the land, villages still lay in ruins, fields were unploughed, and pastures devoid of cattle. In any other country the sovereign would have been pestered by beggars, and written appeals for help would have been showered upon him. During the whole journey King George received only three petitions; not a single beggar was seen.

In December 1898 the new Premier, M. Zaïmis, laid a proposal before the King for the introduction of a series of reforms.

The first concerned the Judges, who were irremovable, but could, nevertheless, be transferred from place to place, and were therefore to some extent subject to the whims of changing Governments. Other proposals dealt with the promotion, appointment, and dismissal of public functionaries. Zaïmis further desired an increase of the police and gendarmerie, and a reorganisation of these forces under foreign officers; a Press law against offences detrimental to the country, and a reorganisation of the Army with the special object of improving

the discipline and efficiency of the men. With regard to the Budget, the Premier recommended an improved system of apportioning and collecting taxes and vigorous measures against smuggling. He demanded the completion of the Piræus-Larissa railway and a development of traffic between Western Europe and Greece.

Zaïmis concluded his statement with the words: "The late war left us at least one advantage—it made us more prudent, and enriched us with experiences which we ought to apply in order to remedy many long-standing imperfections."

It would have been a fortunate thing for the country if so able a man as Zaïmis had been allowed to remain for some years by the King's side to carry out these excellent proposals of reform. But the next few years were marked by the usual rapid changes of government, and especially by persistent obstruction on the part of Delyannis, who time after time opposed the reorganisation of the Army, which Zaïmis, Ralli, and Theodokis in turn had endeavoured to carry, and which the whole population of Greece wished to see accomplished.

When the Chamber reassembled after the Christmas recess in February, 1904, the Premier, Theodokis, tried to open a decisive campaign in favour of his financial policy and the reorganisation of the Army. He declared in his opening speech that the Government recognised the necessity of

reforming the defences of the country and had therefore revised the Budget in such a way as to provide for an additional expenditure on the Army and Navy.

As regards the Army, the yearly number of recruits was to be increased from 6,000 to 13,600; on the other hand, the period of training was to be reduced from two years to eighteen months. Grand manœuvres were to be held every year, in which a force of 27,200 men were to participate. It was proposed to devote 500,000 drachmas annually to these field exercises. The Premier wished to raise a loan of 40,000,000 drachmas, to be devoted entirely to the defences of the country.

As was to be expected, Delyannis raised the most violent opposition to the Government proposals and tried to alarm the people by drawing a picture of the misery in which the new taxes would involve the country. Theodokis tried to strengthen his Cabinet by including members of Zaïmis's party. To counteract this manœuvre Delyannists and Rallists combined; the Government was overthrown, and in July, Ralli took the reins. Scarcely was this victory accomplished when the Delyannists defected, with the result that the new Government was defeated as soon as the Chamber met in December. For the last time in his life Delyannis was able to satisfy his ambition, and at the end of the year he became Premier.

For six months longer the old man was at the head of affairs, and then he fell by the hand of an assassin. The culprit was the owner of a gambling-house that had been closed by the police, and the murder was an act of revenge for the stringent regulations Delyannis had instituted to suppress gambling.

Twice again in the course of 1905 there were changes of Ministry, and political life became more and more disorganised. To serious patriots it appeared hopeless to try to rescue Greece from the chaos of internal politics, so long as the single chamber system was maintained. An attempt was therefore made at last to attack the root of the evil.

A number of honourable politicians and influential citizens combined with the object of effecting a revision of the Constitution by the creation of an Upper House and a Council of State. They also desired to promote reforms of the Army, the Navy, and the finances. The only positive result of this movement was an appeal to the Greek nation to support the patriots in their efforts for the good of the country. Poor as this result must appear, it nevertheless opened the eyes of the people to many defects. The appeal was not without effect, although its influence was not fully apparent until the events of two years later.

Throughout 1906 serious troubles occurred among the various races that lived side by side

under the dominion of the Sultan in Macedonia. The Bulgarians had long been on the most hostile footing with the Greeks; whole villages often fought against each other, and armed bands wandered through the province, murdering and burning as they went. It was impossible for the Greek Government to put a stop to these manifestations of unbridled racial hatred, and the Turks looked on with calm indifference.

In August the Bulgarians attacked the Greek town of Anchialos and burned it to the ground. Many Greeks were murdered; the bishop himself had to fly across the frontier to save his life. The outcome of this and similar events was an extreme tension of relations between the Governments of Athens and Sofia.

During the previous year serious differences had already arisen between Greece and Rumania; they still went on and led to a diplomatic rupture.

King Charles's Government suddenly had the idea of confiscating Greek school and ecclesiastical property in Rumania and at the same time very unjustly expelled leading members of Hellenic communities. In reply to representations from the Greek Government it was asserted that these were reprisals, since the Greeks in Macedonia had ill-treated Rumanian kinsmen.

By these "kinsmen" was meant a branch of the Rumanian race which lives within the boundaries of Turkey, to the number of about

250,000 persons, who call themselves Kutzo-Vlachs. They had formerly regarded themselves as Hellenes, but under Rumanian influence these Kutzo - Vlachs had altered their views of their origin and nationality and sided with Rumania. And as King Charles at that time cultivated the most cordial relations with the Sultan, Greece was powerless before the arbitrary conduct of Rumania.

CHAPTER X

THE CRISIS OF 1909

An extraordinarily sensitive community of nations it is that inhabits that part of Europe which diplomatists and journalists are fond of calling the "Balkan Corner." Torn out of the once powerful Turkish Empire, the majority of the Balkan States are still in their earliest infancy. The struggle for existence has been a hard one with all of them, and even if some had influential friends among the great Powers, they had constantly to fear the enemy to the south, or to the north, according to their position—the Empire of the Sultan.

Among the Christian States of the Balkans, Greece is the oldest and by far the most advanced in culture. If the country had not been weakened by all kinds of crises and by the war of 1897, the position of leader would naturally have devolved on this State, in spite of the suspicions and apprehensions of the northern kingdoms. But it was clear that in striking a balance of the Balkan Powers at the beginning of this century, the

four largest States — Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and Rumania — were approximately equal in strength, the smaller Army of Greece being fully compensated for by the importance of its fleet.

So long as the Governments of the Christian countries could not agree to act in concert against the still dominant power of the Sultan, progress was blocked in many directions. One question in particular troubled the Balkan Governments, and that was the development of railways to afford an outlet for the surplus agricultural produce of their countries, and the acquisition of ports on the Ægean and Ionian Seas. Any hope in this direction would have to be based on a weakening of the power of the Sultan. Only two alternatives were visible—an attack by one or more of the great Powers, or a continuance of the internal breaking-up of Turkey.

But just as this last hope appeared likely to be fulfilled, the events took place which at once gave a new stability to the old Turkish ship of State that had so long been pitching in a heavy sea. Strong hands seized the wheel, energetic young leaders laid a course, which apparently would lead into the calm waters of liberty and reform.

In July 1908 the Young Turks with the most surprising success carried out the revolution which gave to the country its first real Constitution, and freed the world of one of the most abominable

rulers who had ever stained the pages of history with their misdeeds. Abdul Hamid was deposed, the old reactionary *régime* was swept away, and the "liberators" assumed the power with the approval of the whole of liberal-minded Europe.

It takes less to throw the Balkans into violent agitation than such an earthquake as this. It was felt as an immense disappointment in all the Christian States that the hereditary foe seemed suddenly to awake to renewed life with fresh Young Turkish blood in his old diseased veins. And no sooner had this feeling of dissatisfaction subsided a little than other events of far-reaching importance again excited the public mind.

On October 7th of the same year the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy incorporated Bosnia and Herzegovina among its provinces—a proceeding which threw the Servians into the greatest frenzy. At about the same time, and in the closest agreement with the Government of Vienna, King Ferdinand declared the independence of Bulgaria.

Greece was not directly affected by these events; what the country wanted most of all was tranquillity, and it was therefore with some apprehension that the Government of Athens suddenly received information that the Cretans—as an immediate result of the Tsar Ferdinand's declaration of independence—had proclaimed the union of the island with the kingdom of Greece.

It is possible that vigorous action on the part of the Government at this moment might have resulted in the long-desired incorporation of Crete; for Turkey had its hands full, with the high-handed action of Austria, the warlike preparations of Servia, the attitude of Bulgaria, and above all internal difficulties both in European and Asiatic Turkey. King George and his Prime Minister, Theodokis did not, however, consider the moment at all favourable for again plunging the kingdom into warlike adventures. They found it more in accordance with the interests of the country to listen to the advice of the Powers and keep the peace. It was also clear to the King that a rupture with Turkey just at this moment would be exceedingly convenient to the Young Turkish party. A war with Greece, while the latter was still weak, would be a useful safety-valve for a good deal of ferment and unrest in the Ottoman Army.

Meanwhile, the Cretan proclamation of independence led to much uneasiness among the people of Greece, gave an impetus to a revolutionary movement among a section of the officers of the Army, and placed the Government in a most difficult position, as soon as the question of an election to the Chamber of Deputies came forward. For it was obvious that the Cretans would take part in the election and would demand the admittance of their deputies to the Parliament at

Athens. If these representatives from Crete were received, Turkey would be given the pretext for war; if they were excluded, there would be a storm of indignation and anger from the islanders and from the numerous Cretans living in Greece.

King George therefore chose to preserve good relations with the Powers and with Turkey, which in return confined itself for the present to a quite peaceable protest against the proclamation of the Cretans.

The pacific attitude of the Porte, however, only lasted so long as the North Balkan questions remained unsettled. As soon as these were out of the way Rifaat Pasha found the opportunity favourable for suddenly making the Greek Government answerable for the behaviour of the Cretans. A systematic series of attempts to humiliate Greece was set on foot, by confusing the ever-open Macedonian question with the Cretan; and in August 1909 this very nearly led to a rupture. But by the intervention of the Powers the crisis was brought to a peaceful conclusion.

These events, which were interpreted by at least a portion of the Greek nation as signs of a humiliating weakness on the part of the Government, precipitated the outbreak of a long-smouldering dissatisfaction with the political leaders of the country.

It had gradually become clear to the Greek nation that the worst enemies of the State were

to be found within the walls of Parliament, and that the inefficiency and unpreparedness of the Army in 1897 were due in great measure to the unwarrantable waste of time and force involved in conflicts of personal ambition between the different party leaders. The great mass of the people were convinced that the only way of altering this state of things was by the direct intervention of the King and the nation acting in concert. It was well known that the King had frequently and emphatically demanded the introduction of reforms, but that his wishes had been counteracted time after time, either by party leaders, or—if the proposals had actually been laid before the Chamber—by adherents of the Government, who went over to the Opposition and brought about a ministerial crisis.

That the King was in intimate agreement with his people was beyond all doubt; but how was concerted action possible, when perhaps the very Constitution, to which the sovereign had taken the oath, was at stake? The King's loyalty to his ever-changing ministries and his fidelity to the Constitution had always been the mainstay of Greek political life, and it could not be shaken.

The ferment continued; every observant man could perceive that something mysterious and threatening was going on below the surface. But it was only when the subterranean movement

extended to the Army that its extent and nature became visible in the light of day.

No class of the Greek nation was more exasperated against the legislative assembly than the officers of the Army. Whenever an external crisis arose, the responsibility for its issue and for the security of the country was laid upon the Army, but at the same time it was impossible to get the necessary sums voted for training, new arms, better ammunition, the completion of the cadres—everything, in short, that was necessary for the performance of the duties laid by the nation upon its military forces. The issue of the late war, the disgrace of which was felt most keenly by the officers, filled them with bitterness and fury against the politicians who had left the whole defences of the country in the lurch. And after all this it was now evident that even that bitter experience had not availed to alter the course of politics—and patience was at an end. For the sake of the honour and future of Greece the Army must take things into its own hands.

How the formation of the Military League began, or who was its originator, is not known for certain, and will probably always remain a mystery. That its model was the Turkish Committee of Union and Progress, which the year before had brought about the Young Turks' revolution in Constantinople, seems to be beyond all doubt. But as things turned out, the aims of

the Greek movement were on many important points very different from those of the Young Turks. The Committee of Union and Progress was composed to an equal extent of military and civil elements; its object was to overthrow an absolute and despotic *régime* and to introduce a constitutional order of things. The aim of the Greek Military League seems, on the other hand —for a time, at least—to have been the subversion of constitutional government and the introduction of a kind of absolutism under the control of a military body.

At the head of the League was Colonel—afterwards General — Zorbas and a Council of seven or eight members. Not one of these leaders had any political insight or parliamentary ability, and it was soon apparent that beyond a general zeal for reform and an interest in the development of the defences of the country, the leaders of the League were not able to draw up any clear and feasible programme. They entirely lacked the practical grasp of things which, in conjunction with authority and will-power, is needed to lead the masses to a definite goal.

The political situation was such that the Theodokis Ministry, feeling its position threatened by the increasing dissatisfaction of the people and of the officers of the Army with the politicians, had handed in its resignation in April 1909. The King invited Ralli to form a new Ministry, but

the latter did not possess a majority, and therefore demanded the dissolution of the Chamber. The change of Cabinet did not take place till July 19th.

At this juncture the League began to appear openly in the political arena and tried to seize control of the State. As a first step a deputation of three junior officers handed the Premier a "memorandum" of the reforms desired by the League. Ralli refused to negotiate with the deputation, and the League then organised, on the night of August 27th, a military demonstration on a hill outside Athens, in order to give weight to its programme of reform. After some fruitless negotiation with Colonel Zorbas and his "Council," the Premier decided to place his resignation in the hands of the King.

Matters had thus developed in an extremely difficult and unpleasant way for the sovereign. The great and growing movement, that had its origin among the people themselves, had gradually been diverted—against the wish of the people—into the narrow side-channel of the military faction. This was the dexterous work of ambitious and dissatisfied officers, who now proposed to use the stream of popular sentiment to promote the special interests of defence. This manœuvre, however, could only be completely successful so long as the leaders of the League were able confidently to assert that the movement had no anti-dynastic aim. For it was clear that in the

contrary case the people would immediately dissociate themselves from the League, or, rather, would oppose it with all their strength. Colonel Zorbas was therefore careful to declare on every occasion—as, for instance, in a conversation, afterwards published, with the English author, Mr Charles Wood, who visited Athens in January 1910—that the exertions of the Military League were in no wise directed against the Royal Family, but only against the politicians who for a great number of years had neglected the needs of the State. It was not the intention of the League to usurp the government of the country; it only aimed at submitting a programme of reform.

Even if these moderate utterances possibly represented Zorbas's personal ideas and opinions, these were in any case not shared by all the members of the League. By degrees the faction of "Prince-haters," as they were called, gained the upper hand.

According to a law passed almost unanimously by the Chamber some years before, the King's sons occupied a special position in the Army. Their promotion was far more rapid than that of their comrades of the same age. This was not to the liking of some young officers, who found their own promotion interfered with. The Crown Prince still occupied the position of Commander-in-Chief, which had been forced upon him—much against his will—by popular feeling before the

outbreak of the war of 1897. Any passing over, any promotion of specially qualified officers, any retirement of inefficient elements, led to dissatisfaction and bitterness, which were always directed against the Commander-in-Chief. Another grievance was that the Princes — following a custom for which private persons are not usually censured—chose their more intimate friends and acquaintances from among those officers who were personally agreeable to them; the result was that all outside the circle regarded the favourites with envy and distrust.

These "Prince-haters" then worked their way into the front rank of the League, and in spite of energetic opposition they succeeded in getting the removal of the Princes from the Army included among the paragraphs of the reform programme. By thus openly insulting the Royal Family the League did itself a great deal of harm, for from that moment there was a revulsion of popular feeling, which had hitherto been in favour of the Army. Distrust of Colonel Zorbas and his associates became more and more marked, and at the same time a royalist movement gained ground. In the midst of the political confusion of the spring of 1910, the feeling of loyalty culminated among the King's subjects in all parts of the country. From every town and district the Greeks poured into Athens to do homage to the Sovereign who possessed their confidence and

affection in good times and bad. Immense crowds surrounded the Palace and filled the adjacent streets and squares; and when King George showed himself on the balcony, the air was rent by cheers.

A curious intermezzo in the crisis which fanciful newspaper correspondents have called "the Greek Revolution!"

When Ralli resigned, after having been in power for one month, it was not easy for King George to find a man of any authority who would undertake the thankless task of carrying on the government, subject to the increasingly emphatic dictation of the Military League. The King succeeded, however, in finding in the capable politician Mavromichalis a personality whose patriotism was strong enough to overcome the well-founded scruples that would have made most men hesitate to form a new Ministry.

The programme of the League was handed to the Government on August 27th, and contained a series of radical reforms, dealing especially with the administration of the country and the reorganisation of the Army and Navy. It was further insisted that the portfolios of War and Marine should in future be entrusted to soldiers and sailors, and not to professional politicians; that the Government should build a battleship of at least 10,000 tons; that the reserve should receive an efficient training and so on.

Several of the League's proposals coincided with the desires of the Government. Time after time the King had personally striven to get his changing Ministers to promote precisely similar reforms in the administration, and he had laboured untiringly—usually in vain—at a development of the defences that might be in some degree commensurate with the exposed position of the country and the superior force of the hereditary enemy. It was therefore perfectly natural that the new Ministry should agree to take the programme into consideration. But Mavromichalis could only command thirty or forty votes in the Chamber; the fate of the proposals, therefore, depended on the two leaders of the majority, Ralli and Theodokis. But these two politicians only afforded lukewarm and unwilling aid to the awkwardly situated Premier.

The internal politics of Greece during the next few months can only be described as a chaos: an entirely impotent Ministry, which was only kept alive by the Opposition leaders' fear of being themselves called upon to take the reins; a wavering, irresolute Chamber, whose decisions were generally imposed from without; a turbulent and presumptuous Military League, which no doubt insisted on every occasion on the maintenance of the Constitution, but which, nevertheless, endeavoured — under the scarcely disguised form of a military dictatorship — to force through one Bill after another, if necessary by violent means.

And outside the ferment of the capital stood the great, healthy-minded population, loyal and full of the most honest patriotism, ready to intervene at the slightest sign from the only man they relied on — the Sovereign; but as yet paralysed by the surprising course of events, and watching for the man to whom they could rally in the King's name.

As winter wore on the League forfeited more and more of the confidence that had been reposed in it by the Army, the Navy, and a great part of the civil population. An incident at Salamis, where a young officer, Lieutenant Typaldos, was guilty of downright mutiny, and bombarded the arsenal and the ships for twenty minutes with his division of torpedo-boats, opened the eyes of many of the League's adherents to the danger of anarchy which now seemed to threaten Greece.

In these circumstances there was only one person on whom all cool-headed and law-abiding citizens could base their hope of better times, and that was the King. Thus it had always been for nearly fifty years, and never yet had expectation been disappointed. No small section of the officers of the Army had from the first held apart from the intrigues of the League, and although Colonel Zorbas and his "Council" tried to harass these independents so as to force them into the ranks of the "Young Greeks," their example was nevertheless so contagious that by degrees a considerable part of the Army defected. Voices were

raised more and more loudly among the civil population against the arrogant group of officers, and applications poured in from high and low from the best men of the Army and Navy, begging the King to take vigorous measures against the League, to have the leaders arrested and restore peace to the country. Week by week the indignation rose, and not the least of its causes was the insulting way in which the Princes had been removed from the Army—a proceeding which was as superfluous as it was unjust, seeing that the King's sons on their own initiative asked to be removed from the active list as soon as the first hint of dissatisfaction showed itself.

At the opening of 1910 relations between the Premier and the leaders of the League had become so strained that Mavromichalis — however unwilling he might be to place difficulties in the King's way at such a critical time — was at last obliged to resign. Now the position was this: in April the life of the Parliament would come to an end, and according to the Constitution new elections must take place. It was certain that the Cretans would avail themselves of this opportunity to send deputies to Athens, and it was necessary to find some way out of this dangerous situation, which would undoubtedly be utilised to the fullest extent by Turkey, and would probably also lead to differences with the Powers.

The King, therefore, looked for a man to whom

he could entrust the loosening of the Gordian knot, in which so many political threads were entangled. The man he found was Venizelos, whose name appears now for the first time in Greek politics.

Venizelos belongs to an old Athenian family, and although he spent many years in Crete, and is looked upon by the Cretans as their fellow-countryman, he is, strictly speaking, a Greek citizen. As a politician he soon showed himself to be an accomplished strategist; with remarkable powers as a leader, penetrating intelligence and far-sightedness, he combines adaptability, coolness, and a discretion that is not very common among Greek parliamentary men. He quickly gained the confidence of the King and the people, and—an important matter in a country so much involved in all Eastern questions—he was able to inspire all foreign diplomatists with the conviction that he was just the man Greece had need of.

Venizelos quickly saw what the moment demanded, and proposed the calling together of a National Assembly, in the shadow of which the Military League could quietly dissolve and disappear. It was true that an extraordinary measure of this sort involved a breach of the Constitution; but King George recognised, after consulting the most influential politicians, that there was no other way out of the difficulty.

At the beginning of March 1910 the Chamber therefore passed the Bill for the election of an extraordinary National Assembly, and at its final sitting the King read his proclamation giving effect thereto; whereupon both the legislative assembly and the Military League were dissolved.

The elections were held on August 21st. Of the 358 deputies, 190 belonged to the Theodokis-Ralli coalition, 80 to the Independent Party, about 20 were Socialists, 45 combined to form a Thessalian Agrarian Party, and finally 5 Cretans were elected, of whom 2 — Venizelos and Pologeorgis — were Greek subjects, while the other 3 at once resigned their mandates so as not to cause the Government difficulties with Turkey.

On September 14th the National Assembly was opened by King George, who was accompanied by the Crown Prince. The question was at once raised, whether the purpose of the Assembly was the *amendment* or the *revision* of the Constitution; with the support of Venizelos the latter principle was established, and this was in accordance with the King's wishes.

Dragoumis, who had succeeded Mavromichalis as Premier at the beginning of the year, considered that he had no prospect of commanding a majority of the Assembly and resigned in October, whereupon the King asked Venizelos to place himself at the head of the Government.

It was with some hesitation that the Cretan leader ventured upon this step, for his party then only numbered some 80 deputies. And it was quickly apparent that the old leaders, who followed the growth of the new man's power and popularity with increasing envy, were only waiting for an opportunity of overthrowing him. This soon came. Venizelos was appointed Premier on October 18th; five days later one of his adherents proposed a vote of confidence, whereupon all the partisans of Mavromichalis and Ralli, together with a number of "Independents," left the Chamber, leaving the Assembly without a quorum. Venizelos's reply to this hostile step was to place his portfolio immediately at the King's disposition.

But the Greek nation was now following the behaviour of the politicians with the closest attention. No sooner was it rumoured that the old party leaders were trying to manœuvre the power out of Venizelos's hand than the word was passed all over the city. About 15,000 citizens—all the students of the University with the professors at their head, tradesmen, artisans, people of all classes of society—formed a meeting of protest, accused the Opposition of unpatriotic action, and appealed to the King to give energetic support to the Ministry. Next day Venizelos demanded a clear and unconditional vote of confidence, and obtained it by 208 against 31. Such was the effect of the mass meeting.

There was, however, too profound a disagreement between the composition of the National Assembly and the popular view of the political situation, and the very day after the vote of confidence Venizelos obtained the King's permission to dissolve the Assembly.

Before the new election took place — on December 11th—Venizelos had an opportunity of addressing an immense crowd of persons from the balcony of his hotel. He sketched his programme for a complete reform of the Greek State. This was an absolute necessity, he declared, on account of the self-seeking conduct of politicians and their long-continued mismanagement of the interests of the country. He was sure of the support of the Crown in the work of reform; all that was now wanted was that the people should show their intention of following the same course. He had no doubt that the Military League had acted from patriotic motives, and with the welfare of the country in view; but now, when Greece required tranquillity and order, the League's day was past.

Venizelos followed up his words by action; a ministerial communication was sent to the military authorities all over the country, ordering officers in future to devote themselves exclusively to their military duties, and not to concern themselves with politics.

The result of the elections gave Venizelos a

majority of 300 in a house of 364 deputies. The voice of the people had spoken.

On January 21st, 1911, the new Assembly met, and until the middle of the year it was occupied with the most important revision of the Constitution. In spite of much opposition, which sometimes took the most violent forms, the Government succeeded in carrying a number of reforms, the most noteworthy of which were the following:—

Leave was given to appoint foreigners in the service of the State—a necessary first step towards the reorganisation of the Army and Navy.

A Press Law was passed, authorising the confiscation of papers and other penalties for articles that exposed the country to danger.

Education was made general and compulsory.

The number of deputies was reduced—by a re-distribution of seats—to about 110. The age of elegibility was reduced from thirty to twenty-five years.

No active officers, civil officials, mayors, directors of banks, or people in similar positions were eligible to the Chamber. Deputies were to be fined for absenting themselves from the sittings without valid cause. The King's right of dissolving the Chamber was limited to once a year, unless the Chamber itself gave its consent.

A Council of State was established. All judges were appointed for life.

On June 14th a deputation from the National Assembly waited on the King to inform him that the revision of the Constitution was completed. Shortly afterwards the Crown Prince was appointed Inspector-General of the Greek Army, a new position created by law.

At last the State acquired the means for carrying out the much-needed reorganisation of the defences. With the help of a Government loan of 85,000,000 drachmas and the surplus of 1910-11, amounting to 10,000,000, 68,000,000 could be immediately set apart for the Army and public works; in addition a sum of 47,000,000 was devoted to the same purpose in the estimates for the following year. It was agreed to entrust the reorganisation of the Army to General Eydoux and a staff of French officers, representing all arms. English naval officers were called in for the reorganisation and further development of the fleet, and capable men from Italy for putting the Greek gendarmerie on a new footing.

A beneficent calm had fallen upon the country, and the year 1912 began under good auspices. The National Assembly had completed its work, and the time had come to end the abnormal condition of things and resume the regular parliamentary course.

The Assembly was dissolved and writs were issued for an ordinary election. Now or never was the time for the old party leaders to start

a campaign among the people against the new men and the new age in politics, and they did not spare themselves. But Venizelos was equal to his opponents: he and his adherents went through the country, spreading their message among the electors.

Ankyra! was the war-cry of the Venizelists—the Anchor of Hope. Everywhere the cry was heard; huge anchors of flowers, ribbons, metal, or wood appeared on every platform; at the head of every procession the symbol was carried aloft. In Venizelos was the hope of the Greeks; his strength, sagacity, and patriotism were to be the firm anchor by which the ship of State would ride out every storm.

And the will of the people made itself felt. Venizelos was able to open the Chamber at the head of a band of supporters who numbered 90 per cent. of the deputies.

Almost at the same time an event occurred which seemed to Greek minds to lift a corner of the veil that concealed the future—a party of Bulgarian students visited Athens. What this change in popular feeling meant can only be understood by one who has followed the many manifestations of ungovernable hatred between Bulgarians and Greeks that had marked the preceding years. Here, again, a new age had dawned. The Greeks did not hesitate to grasp the outstretched hand; the Sofia students had such a

reception as only the fête-loving Athenians in the most festal of all capitals can offer.

Venizelos bade the young Bulgarians welcome, and made it evident in his speech that this meeting was the prelude to an intimate friendship between the two Balkan peoples — the first step towards co-operation between the Christian races to attain their common object.

It was high time Greece entered upon a period of internal tranquillity, for the external outlook was far from settled at the opening of the year.

The Cretan question was not yet solved, and the indomitable islanders lost no opportunity of reminding the Powers of their aspirations. Venizelos still ruled as the uncrowned King of Crete—or rather, Viceroy, since all his efforts were directed to bringing the island under the Greek Crown. When the Cretan National Assembly met at Canea on May 9th all the Christian deputies took the oath of allegiance to King George, in spite of the prohibition of the protecting Powers. As the Porte dared not take any aggressive step against Crete, it avenged itself by boycotting Greek goods in all the ports of the Levant.

The islanders' next proceeding was to appoint Venizelos President of an Executive Committee, which was to assume the powers and authority of a Government. Venizelos accepted the appointment, and declared that he considered his most important task to be the incorporation of Crete in

the Kingdom of Greece, while, at the same time, public order must be maintained and protection afforded to the Mohammedan minority. The last item of the programme, however, was not observed to any appreciable extent, until the intervention of the four Powers resulted in the admission of the Ottoman delegates to the legislative assembly, from which they had been excluded.

Meanwhile, Turkey had become so irritated that a rupture with Greece was imminent. Turkish divisions were already marching towards the Thessalian frontier, but happily the danger was averted.

Nor were the relations between Greece and the other Balkan States of the friendliest. As has already been said, diplomatic relations with Rumania had long been suspended, and now a new conflict occurred between the two States, on account of the conduct of a mob at the Piræus, which boarded a Rumanian vessel and set free a Greek deserter from the Rumanian Army. The incident, however, closed with the apologies of the Greek Government. There were also differences with Bulgaria on national and religious questions.

Altogether the Balkans were in an unrestful state. Rumania concluded a convention with Turkey, aimed against both Greece and Bulgaria. Under Russian auspices a Panslavist congress was held at Sofia to promote the union of the Slav elements in the Peninsula. The cruelties of

Turkish soldiers to Bulgarian peasants in Macedonia provoked an irritation that well-nigh led to a rupture.

The hopelessness that had possessed the Christian Balkan States after the Young Turkish revolution wore off in the same proportion as the new *régime* disappointed the friends of Turkey. Whether the party of "Union and Progress" had any serious intention of fulfilling its promises of reform or not, the fact remains that within two years of the revolution the new men had made themselves more hated than the reactionaries had ever been, not only among the Sultan's own subjects, but among the foreigners in the country. From the moment the Young Turks forsook the narrow path of progress for the broad and well-worn road that leads to personal enrichment and other selfish ends, they and their country were assailed by difficulties and disasters.

In this respect the year 1911 was a remarkable one. First came the attempt to suppress the revolt in Yemen, ending in the serious defeat of the Turkish troops. At the same time Albania was in revolt, and hardly had the tribes submitted when a new and unexpected danger appeared.

Without the slightest warning—indeed, without any reasonable pretext—the Italians suddenly fell upon Tripoli and claimed dominion over that ancient Turkish possession. The conduct of the

Government of Rome has been described, not altogether unjustly, as the policy of the stiletto; even the most inveterate hater of the Turks was bound to dissociate himself from the motives assigned for the rupture.

This war, with the frightful scenes around Tripoli, the bombardment of Preveza, the destruction of Turkish warships and torpedo-boats, and the seizure of trading vessels, completely paralysed the rulers in Constantinople, and revealed a hitherto unsuspected weakness in the military power of the Sultan. All the Balkan States had indeed declared their neutrality, but gradually the idea prevailed that now the moment had come for giving their enemy the death-blow. All that was necessary was to arrive at an agreement, to distribute the burdens and duties of the coming war in a rational way, to draw in advance the main lines of the partition of territory to be won by the Cross from the Crescent, and then quietly to prepare for the decisive campaign for the liberation of all the Christians still subject to Turkey, and for a final settlement of frontiers on the motley map of the Balkans.

CHAPTER XI

THE BALKAN SITUATION

When I began this work, over a year ago, I hoped in my last chapter to be able to describe the state of Greece as one of tranquillity and peaceful development. I knew that by the side of King George was the man he and the country had so long needed, and I was convinced that the Greek nation—more awakened than before, more confident in its own strength — would unfailingly support the Sovereign and his adviser in their efforts for the good of the State.

Little did I guess how the reality would belie my expectations; never had I dreamed of being able to conclude the work with a drama of war, each scene of which was to be marked by glorious victories for the Greek arms, conquests on land and sea, and the capture of Turkish prisoners to a number double that of the Greek Army of Thessaly of 1897.

It has been asserted with full justification by all the four belligerent Balkan States that the object of the combined campaign of 1912-13 was to liberate the Christian subjects of European

Turkey from the intolerable Ottoman yoke, to satisfy their legitimate claim for national and religious independence, and to give them opportunities of economic development that were impossible under the Turkish domination. But side by side with these more ideal aims, it may be taken for granted that various material interests played a not altogether subordinate part in the negotiations preceding the conclusion of the Quadruple Alliance.

The arbitrary and extraordinarily shortsighted settlement of Balkan affairs by the Powers at the Berlin Congress, and Turkey's obstinate thwarting of every attempt at railway development on the part of its neighbours, were bound to keep up a tension and a dissatisfaction that only awaited an opportunity of breaking out; and this opportunity presented itself the moment the Balkan States agreed upon a settlement—temporary, at least—of their mutual differences.

As regards Greece, that country had been trying, ever since the completion of the Thessalian line to Pindos on the west and Karalik on the east, to induce the Sultan to build a short and inexpensive extension to connect with the Salonika and Verria line at Chida. This would have connected Greece with the great European railway system. But neither this proposal nor another for a similar extension on the west met with acceptance.

Greece, however, has the freest possible access to the sea-ports both on the east and the west, and its trade can never be stopped by any neighbouring Power. It is quite otherwise with the largest of the Balkan kingdoms, Bulgaria. The future hopes of this country were almost crushed by the abrogation of the Treaty of San Stefano: the districts of Piro and Vrania were handed over to Servia and a great part of the *vilayets* of Kossovo, Monastir, Adrianople and Salonika was given back to Turkey. The nation's most ardent desire—the acquisition of a hundred miles of coastline on the Ægean, including the port of Kavala — was defeated by a stroke of the pen.

No one who knew the patient but firm Bulgarians and their ambitious King would expect them willingly to submit to the limitation of their future. The Sublime Porte made a mistake in thinking itself strong enough to add insult to the triumph it owed to the Powers of Europe. I refer to the Gueschoff affair.

The Bulgarian diplomatic agent, Gueschoff, was excluded in a slighting way from one of the official receptions of the diplomatic corps in Constantinople, the Minister of the Interior shielding himself behind a rule, not previously enforced, that invitations were only extended to the representatives of "sovereign States." Prince Ferdinand was not long in giving the

Sultan his answer. On September 23rd he was received with royal honours by the Emperor Francis Joseph at Buda-Pest; twelve days later he had himself proclaimed Tsar at Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria.

On this occasion King Ferdinand had assured himself of the support of Austria-Hungary; for the adjustment of relations between the former vassal of Turkey and the Porte, Russia was ready with her powerful help. The question of primary importance was the taking over of that part of the Turkish railway which runs through South Bulgaria, the Sultan's old province of Rumelia. With Russia as intermediary this delicate question was successfully solved, and thus a threatened rupture was averted.

It remained for Bulgaria to prepare for the war which alone could give the country its necessary outlets — railways and a port. The problem was to be able at a given moment to pour masses of troops across the Turkish frontier in the shortest possible time. A line was therefore constructed from Sistova, on the Danube, to Tirnovo and thence southward to Nova Zagora; from here another line runs to the great Orient line, which goes by Adrianople to the capital of Turkey. This new line was opened in July 1910. The following lines were also constructed: from Mezdera to Widin, with branches to Lom-Palanka on the Danube and Borkovitza; from

Devna to Dobric, close to the Black Sea, and finally a line from Philippopolis to Tahirpan, nearly parallel to the Orient line. A cursory glance at the map will show the importance of these railways to trade and military operations.

Like the other Balkan States, Bulgaria was at the same time working with immense energy at the perfecting of its defences. Foreign instructors assisted the officers of the country, many of whom had been trained in Russian and French military schools. Field batteries of French type were introduced; at the beginning of 1912 the Army was provided with the best possible weapons and admirably trained, ready to advance to the frontier at any moment. Behind the first line were from ten to fifteen years of reserves. Altogether it was estimated that the kingdom could place in the field an Army of about 300,000 men; the depôts were well filled, and the transport and intelligence departments thoroughly efficient.

As already mentioned, the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary in 1908 caused the greatest indignation among the Servians. Not only was a whole kindred population excluded from the possibility of union with the Mother Country, but Servia's hopes of acquiring the strip of land that divided it from Montenegro were crushed. The great desire was to construct a main line which would connect the Danube districts and other corn-producing areas with a port on the

Adriatic; and now, through this important district remaining under the Sultan's rule, every chance of a development of traffic to the west was cut off.

Austria itself owns a line that reaches the Turkish frontier at Uvatz. By simply continuing this line through Novi Bazar to Mitrovitza the Empire would be placed in direct communication with Salonika *viâ* Uskub, without this line touching Servia at a single point or bringing any advantage to that country.

After their first disappointment was past, the Servians remained in apparent calm. But it was evident to everybody who knew anything of King Peter and his Government that below the peaceful surface the same preparations were going on as in the neighbouring State of Bulgaria, and with the same object.

The three things that have dominated the minds of the Servians since 1908 are the development of the railway system, the Army and the circumstances of the Royal Family of Karageorgevitch.

King Peter's position was, until quite recently, far from satisfactory. The Regicides still cast a shadow over the palace, and the Sovereign was not very popular either among the military or the civilian population. The behaviour of the Crown Prince George gave occasion for pronounced dissatisfaction, and in March 1909 an act of homicide necessitated his renouncing the

succession in favour of his younger brother Alexander.

Prince George, however, is extremely popular in the Army on account of his fanatical hatred of the Austrians and of the Regicides. The Prince will thus be a dangerous rival to his younger brother, and the uncertainty is augmented by the fact that the succession is not settled in the event of Prince Alexander's death. Would Prince George again become Crown Prince, or would the succession pass to Prince Paul, the King's nephew, a very promising young man of twenty? There is a large party in favour of offering the throne to a member of the Montenegrin Royal Family, so that the two countries might one day be united under one sovereign.

Servia's position is the most exposed of all the Balkan Powers. The sun of Russian friendship, which shines continually upon Bulgaria, has hitherto only shed a somewhat pale reflection on the neighbouring State. Servia has therefore to stand on its own feet and arm against both Turkey and the Dual Monarchy.

When King Peter mobilised his forces in 1908 it was seen that the country already possessed a powerful and well-trained Army, which, it was said, could be brought up to 230,000 men. Since that time the Servian Government has persistently striven to increase the strength still further. A loan of 54,000,000

francs has been chiefly devoted to the strengthening of the Army and the importation of improved rifles and guns. The increase amounts to as much as three new divisions. The course of Servia's external policy has been a peaceful one, thanks to her extremely capable Foreign Minister Milanovitch.

The development of the railway system has been carried on with great energy. A line from Raduevatz on the Danube—near the point where the frontiers of Rumania, Bulgaria, and Servia meet—runs through Saitchar to Nish, where it joins the Orient line to Constantinople. Other lines have been constructed north-westward to the Bosnian frontier and south-westward so as to convey troops into the heart of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar.

Servian relations with the Bulgarians have usually been hostile, but the opposite is the case with the Montenegrins; the two peoples have common enemies on the north and south, and therefore common interests and aspirations. On the other hand, the Royal Families of Belgrade and Cettinje have not exactly been on the most cordial footing. It will be remembered that the King of Servia married the eldest daughter of Prince Nicholas, and even then the payment of the dowry gave rise to great coolness. This was considerably increased when Prince Mirko of Montenegro married Princess Natalie

Konstantinovitch. The final rupture took place when an attempt was made on King Nicholas's life and he accused his son-in-law of having instigated it.

In August 1910 the Prince of Montenegro celebrated his Jubilee, and on this occasion he followed the example of King Ferdinand and proclaimed himself King. All Europe paid a tribute of appreciation to the man who has so ably governed his little kingdom through troubled times. King Nicholas has strengthened the position of his dynasty by powerful family connections: he numbers among his sons-in-law, besides King Peter, the King of Italy and two Russian Grand Dukes—a useful support in future diplomatic difficulties.

In conclusion, I must say a few words about that strange remnant of the Middle Ages, whose territory extends along the coast of the Adriatic between Montenegro and Greece. It is called Albania, though the name is not to be found on any Turkish map, where it is represented by the *vilayets* of Yanina, Skutari, and Monastir.

The Albanians are a wandering race without a sense of nationality, and with little cohesion among the tribes and clans into which they are divided. The modern Albanians are believed to be descended from the ancient inhabitants of Illyria—a supposition that does not admit of proof, since the Albanians have no history, no culture, and

indeed—until quite recently—no written language. The necessity of constructing one first arose through the work of the English Bible Society.

The wild and warlike Albanians have always to be reckoned with in any complication in the Balkans. They may be divided roughly into two main tribes, the Tosks and the Ghegs, and the River Skumbia, which flows into the Adriatic half-way between the towns of Durazzo and Avlona, may be taken as the line of division.

The Tosk tribe, the Albanians of the south, are more civilised and less warlike than the Ghegs on the north. By prolonged contact with the Greeks they have become partially Hellenised, they have acquired a tinge of civilisation, and belong to some extent to the Orthodox Church.

The northern Albanians live in a feudal state —somewhat like the Scots of the Middle Ages — under clan chieftains, who occupy fortified residences, called *Kulehs*. They are all Mohammedans, through without the religious fanaticism of the Turks.

Under Abdul Hamid the Albanians were treated with the greatest indulgence and consideration. It was the policy of the Porte always to have the wild mountaineers at hand as a threat against the Montenegrins, Servians, and Greeks. But with the Young Turks the Albanians have never been in sympathy; and when the Government of Constantinople tried to collect old taxes and levy

new ones, the movement of revolt soon burst into flame. Time after time considerable forces have had to be sent to pacify Albania, but never with complete success. The Albanians declared themselves willing to pay taxes, provided the money was applied to much-needed public works in their own country; but they would not comply with the Turks' demands for the demolition of the innumerable "private fortresses" — *Kulehs*—that command all mountain roads and passes; they had nothing to say against the introduction of military service, but declined to send their sons to distant garrisons in Eastern Turkey or Asia Minor.

As allies of the Sultan the Albanians are not much to be relied upon, but when the war trumpet sounds they nevertheless throw their sword into the scale of the believers. In this respect the mountaineers around Skutari — the wildest and most bellicose of the Gheg tribe—are certainly to be counted on; for there is blood and centuries of hatred between them and the sons of the Black Mountain.

CHAPTER XII

ALLIANCES AND PREPARATIONS

We shall probably never know for certain who it was that first suggested the idea of an offensive alliance among the four Balkan States. More than twenty years ago Trikoupis tried to persuade Servia and Bulgaria — and doubtless Rumania also — to join a similar union, but the time was not yet ripe. Important changes have taken place since then; all the Balkan countries have reached the rank of kingdoms, and all have steadily progressed in culture, wealth, and military efficiency. And at the same time the once so dreaded enemy has—through the Young Turks' fiasco and the war in Tripoli—become bankrupt in the eyes of Europe.

There were other questions, however, to be taken into consideration in the secret conferences of Balkan statesmen, besides the probable issue of a conflict between the Cross and the Crescent. It was insisted that, if the countries were to enter upon warlike adventures, the issue of which must always be uncertain, the object must be a settle-

ment of Balkan affairs that should hold good for at least some years to come. In other words, the bear's skin was to be divided, while the animal was still alive.

The King of Bulgaria was most emphatic about the necessity of this anticipatory partition, and his wishes found support in Belgrade and Cettinje. The Government of Athens, on the other hand, turned a deaf ear to the proposal. Venizelos preferred to allow the fortune of war to have a say in the matter. This prudent statesman was not unacquainted with the desires and agreements of Austria and Italy concerning the eastern shore of the Adriatic; in short, he considered King Ferdinand's proposal "inopportune."

The Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins were thus alone in tracing new frontiers on the future map of the Balkans. The result was that Bulgaria helped herself to the whole of Thrace, Macedonia, including Salonika, Monastir, and Uskub, while the Western Turkish provinces from Novi Bazar southward, as well as the whole of Albania with the coast-line of the Adriatic as far as Avlona, were to fall to Servia. Montenegro was also given a considerable extension on the east, and especially on the south, including Skutari. Man proposes, but . . .

I have good reasons for supposing that the conferences of the Allies began as early as the autumn of 1911, that they lasted nearly till the

spring of 1912, and that a year was fixed as the period of preparation for concerted action, which should thus have commenced about April 1913. Accidental causes, or, perhaps more correctly, unforeseen events, hastened the outbreak of war; for not one of the Balkan kingdoms would willingly have sent its Army across the Turkish frontier at a time of year when the roads are almost impassable, the mountains covered with snow, and the valleys converted into swamps. Winter is certainly not long in the regions destined to be the theatre of war; but so long as it lasts the wind is bitterly cold and the rain pours almost incessantly. The people of the Balkans love the sun; cold, slush, and fog depress their spirits and take away their courage—at least, that was the current view *before* the war.

But even with the best cards in their hands the Allies could not begin the game until their powerful friend, Russia, had approved of the plans. Without absolutely binding assurances of strong moral support, and, if need arose, effective aid from the Tsar, it would have been foolhardy to strike a blow.

From the moment the Slav races of the Balkans liberated themselves from the domination of the Sultan and began to grow strong under the patronage of the Russian Empire, Austria-Hungary has been the indefatigable protector of Turkey. Austria's Balkan policy has been an exact

repetition of that formerly pursued with regard to Italy. The statesmen of Vienna seem to have the same unfortunate propensities as the Stuarts and the Bourbons; they learn nothing and forget nothing. Ruthless oppression of the Italian subjects of Austria fostered the sense of nationality in such a way that the kingdom of Italy sprang from it. Austria's tyrannical conduct towards Servia and Bulgaria contributed more than anything else to unite the foreign policy of the two countries, thus causing no small annoyance and danger to the Dual Monarchy itself.

If Austria's hands had been free at the commencement of the Balkan conflict, a demonstration of the fleet of Danube monitors outside Belgrade would have been sufficient to damp Servia's warlike ardour, and if Rumania — the faithful henchman of the Triple Alliance—had taken a similar step for the benefit of Bulgaria, then Turkey would have been saved from all danger of war. The reason this was not done was the certain knowledge that Russia would have had no hesitation in regarding such action on the part of Austria and Rumania as a *casus belli*.

The White Tsar, the man who wields the greatest power on earth, was filled with the desire of seeing the Christians of the Balkans freed from the Ottoman yoke. His approval sealed the pact between the four Balkan States.

It is beyond all doubt that the negotiations for a Balkan *entente* — however secretly they were carried on—were revealed to the Sultan's Government at an early stage. Still less could the carefully planned preparations for mobilisation, the purchase of war material, the prohibition of the export of horses and similar measures, escape the attention of the Porte for long. By the end of September a new danger was scented in Constantinople, and one far more threatening than the struggle still in progress in distant Tripoli. And when it was rumoured that troops were moving both in Servia and Bulgaria towards the Turkish frontier, the Porte made haste to open peace negotiations with Italy. These preliminaries took place at Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva, between the delegates of the two Powers, Reshid Pasha and Signor Bertolini.

At the same time the Porte did not neglect to warn all the great Powers that the ever-turbulent Balkan States were once more at work; and the Powers, whose sole desire is peace at any price, whose constant endeavour appears to be the maintenance of the *status quo*, acted with promptness and energy. The Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, hastened to declare that any alteration in the distribution of power or of frontiers in the Balkans would affect the most vital interests of the Dual Monarchy, and that nothing of that kind would therefore

be allowed. Any mobilisation on the part of the Balkan States would be met by corresponding measures on the part of Austria-Hungary. Sir Edward Grey and M. Poincaré took precisely the same view of the situation as Count Berchtold, and even the Russian Foreign Minister, who happened to be making a round of visits to Berlin, London, and Paris, showed a zeal for the maintenance of peace that for a time bewildered and misled even those States that possessed the most intimate knowledge of the Tsar's wishes and intentions.

The representations of the Powers and their warnings against a breach of the peace were replied to in identical terms by the four Allies with a definite demand for the accomplishment of Article XXIII. of the Berlin Treaty. This promise, the early performance of which had been guaranteed nearly a generation before by all the great Powers, but which they had never yet been able to fulfil, runs as follows:—

"Des règlements analogues, sauf en ce qui concerne les exemptions d'impôts accordées à la Crète, seront également introduits dans les autres parties de la Turquie d'Europe pour lesquelles une organisation particulière n'a pas été prévue par le présent Traité."

It was with this promise in their hands that the Balkan Allies appeared before the European

Concert. Nobody could deny that the Christian neighbours of Turkey had waited long enough for the fulfilment of this pledge. That Turkey would not voluntarily take any step towards the liberation of its Hellenic and Slavic subjects was obvious, and that the Powers could not force Turkey to do so was equally clear. Therefore the Balkan States had now agreed to see to it themselves that the word of the Berlin Treaty was honoured; that this could only be brought about through war and bloodshed was to be regretted, but the Balkan Governments were not to blame for that.

The French Foreign Minister, M. Poincaré, tried to persuade the Powers to make a joint declaration, and possibly to take concerted action, with a view to the preservation of peace. This latter proposal, however, did not meet with the approval of London or Berlin, but a joint note was quickly drawn up and entrusted to Austria and Russia — as the two Powers most interested — to be communicated to the four Allies. The note was in the following terms:—

1. Les Puissances réprouvent énergiquement toute mesure susceptible d'amener la rupture de la paix.
2. S'appuyant sur l'Article XXIII. du Traité de Berlin, elles prendront en main dans l'intérêt des populations la réalisation de réformes dans l'administration de la

Turquie d'Europe, étant entendu que ces réformes ne porteront aucune atteinte à la souveraineté de l'Empire Ottoman. Cette déclaration réserve d'ailleurs la liberté des Puissances pour l'étude collective et ultérieure des réformes.

3. Si la guerre vient, néanmoins, à éclater entre les États Balkaniques et l'Empire Ottoman, elles n'admettront à l'issue du conflit aucune modification en *statu quo* territorial dans la Turquie en Europe.
4. Les Puissances feront collectivement auprès de la Sublime Porte les démarches dérivant de la précédente déclaration.

Following its old tradition the Porte made haste to thank the Powers for their friendly attitude, and promised to undertake the reforms in Macedonia and Thrace without delay and to the fullest possible extent. The Governments of Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia returned evasive answers, while King Nicholas of Montenegro boldly declared that he had been expecting the note for two months and now it came too late.

So little was the imminence of the danger understood in the leading circles of Europe that on October 8th Sir Edward Grey informed the House of Commons that the preservation of peace

might be regarded as assured, since the Powers were absolutely united in their action both as regards the Christian States of the Balkans, which had been most earnestly warned against plunging into warlike adventures, and as regards Turkey, which was now to be forced to fulfil Article XXIII. But even while the Foreign Secretary was speaking the telegraph brought the information that the Montenegrin diplomatic representative at Constantinople had declared war on behalf of his Government, and that the Turkish *Chargé d'Affaires* at Cettinje had received his passports.

It was instantly clear to the mind of Europe that either Sazonoff had lost touch with the Tsar and the Russian people in his pacific endeavours in Western capitals, or that his sincerity was nothing to boast of. Montenegro would never have ventured to break the peace without being shielded by its powerful friend; the firm understanding of the Powers proved to be a flimsy house of cards, which was blown down by the first blast of war. To the initiated the Balkan War was an inevitable calamity, which, moreover, opened up a dangerous prospect of the ever-dreaded European war. Rumours of the mobilisation of the frontier divisions of Russia and Austria, and of England's battle fleet, filled men's minds with fear, and the Bourses trembled in panic.

By the terms of the Alliance it was agreed that Bulgaria should place 300,000 men in the field,

Servia 200,000 and Greece 80,000. But while the first two Powers increased their contingents by something over ten per cent., the Greeks were able to bring their force up to more than a hundred per cent. in excess of the number they had engaged themselves to supply. Towards the end of the war the total Hellenic force amounted to about 220,000 men.

Remembering the war of 1897 not many people felt confident that the Greek Army would be able to do more than hold and engage a few Turkish divisions, so that the Servians and Bulgarians might have their flanks free on the south and west. The amazing thing happened, however, that the eastern Greek Army, under the command of the Crown Prince, not only performed its full share of the plan of campaign, but far more—so much more that Greece may almost be said to have wrested the lion's share of the glory from her three allies.

But it must be remembered that the Greek Army was only a part of the country's war contingent. Greece alone of the four Balkan States possessed a fleet, and, although this was theoretically inferior to that of the Turks, it bore the burden of the Balkan League's maritime undertakings. From the outbreak of the war until its conclusion this fleet held the command of the Greek seas, and was victorious whenever the enemy ventured upon an engagement. It maintained a strict blockade of all the Turkish coasts,

prevented any transport of Ottoman troops from Syria or Tripoli to the seat of war, captured all the islands unoccupied by the Italians, and was able at the same time to carry out all the transport of troops, wounded, provisions, and ammunition required by the Greek Army. In addition to this, large bodies of troops and quantities of war material were promptly transported in Greek steamers under the escort of the fleet at the request of the Bulgarian and Servian Governments.

What the Greek fleet under Admiral Kondouriotis accomplished during the war is simply admirable. Without it the war on land—in spite of all the bravery that was shown — could not have been brought to so successful and rapid an issue. With her double contingent of Army and Navy, Greece stands first among the four Allies, when the results of the campaign are impartially weighed.

The fleets of the two sea Powers compared thus :—

Turkey.		Greece.	
Turgut Reis .	9,000 tons	*Averoff* . .	9,956 tons
Messoudieh .	9,000 ,,	*Hydra* . .	4,800 ,,
Barbarossa .	9,000 ,,	*Spetzai* . .	4,800 ,,
Hamidieh . .	3,800 ,,	*Psara* . . .	4,800 ,,
Medjidieh . .	3,432 ,,	*Vasilevs Georgios*	1,774 ,,
4 large German destroyers		*Miaulis*	
2 smaller German destroyers		6 old gunboats	
4 smaller French destroyers		12 destroyers	
12 torpedo-boats		11 torpedo-boats	
		1 submarine	

Photo] [*Böhringer*

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE (NOW KING CONSTANTINE).

As will be seen, the two fleets were fairly equal as regards fighting value and tonnage. In reality they compared like two race-horses, one of which has grown stiff from years in the stable, while the other is in perfect training and splendid form. In addition to the regular fleet the Greek Government commandeered at the beginning of the war a large number of cargo steamers; some of the more speedy of these were converted into cruisers, armed with light guns; the rest were used as transports, coal depôt ships, scouts, etc.

The Turkish Empire could not be regarded as ill-matched or ill-prepared for a war with the Balkan States. Ever since 1882, when the reorganisation of the Army was entrusted to Field-Marshal von der Goltz, Turkey has spent large sums yearly on defence, and when the Young Turks came into power the expenditure was rather increased than diminished. The soldiers' training was made more thorough, the *cadres* were extended, pay was regular, and rifles and guns of the latest patterns were bought in great quantities. Finally, by a thorough reorganisation in 1911, nearly the whole mobile force was collected in Turkey in Europe.

On a peace footing the Ottoman Army amounts

to 300,000 men. On a war footing this number is—on paper—brought up to:—

1. The *Nizam*, or active Army	600,000 men
2. The first-class *Redif*, fully trained Reserve	400,000 ,,
3. Second-class *Redif*	125,000 ,,
4. *Mustafiz* or Landsturm	100,000 ,,
Total .	1,225,000 men

Now it must be borne in mind that Turkey had been for a long time in a state of war. Italy, her antagonist, and the rest of Europe were convinced that both the Nizam and the first-class Redif were under arms around the three headquarters, Salonika, Gallipoli and Constantinople; and that this Army, that had not yet taken the field, was ready for war and provided with all necessary supplies—the more so as the Sultan s Government was fully informed of the Balkan Alliance and the imminent danger of war. No one imagined that in spite of all this the Turks were in such a state of unpreparedness on the outbreak of war that their army corps were not even provided with transport or ambulances, and that the provisioning was so miserably arranged that the frugal Turkish soldier could not even get a ration of dry bread to satisfy his hunger.

Including the 40,000 men of the Adrianople garrison Turkey can never have had more than 400,000 men under arms. Nazim Pasha was appointed Commander-in-Chief, a man of sixty-four, who in his youth had been trained at the

French military academy of St. Cyr. He distinguished himself in the Russo-Turkish War, afterwards suffered five years' imprisonment on account of his liberal opinions, and at last, under the Young Turks' *régime*, was made Minister for War in Muktar Pasha's Cabinet.

In conclusion I shall give the approximate numbers of Turkey's Christian subjects in the four vilayets of Salonika, Monastir, Yanina and Adrianople, since the object of the crusade was the liberation of these unfortunate people.

	Salonika.	Monastir.	Yanina.	Adrianople.
Greeks . . .	362,883	284,828	269,169	366,363
Bulgarians . .	302,978	173,526	...	107,185
Servians . . .	340	17,575	...	...
Armenians . .	...	...	...	24,202
Total Christians	665,201	475,929	269,169	501,750
Mussulmans	444,003	277,251	110,815	508,781

In addition to the above there are in the various communes—Sanjaks—a number of Kutzo-Vlachs, Jews and Gipsies, who suffered as much as the Christians under the Ottoman *régime*.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BALKAN WAR

What impressed Europe more than anything else at the outset of the Balkan War was the excellent way in which the various plans of campaign were concerted, the rapidity of the mobilisation, and the secrecy with which the Allies surrounded almost all their offensive movements. The same evening that war was declared all forwarding of letters, newspapers and telegrams was stopped; the Balkan States isolated themselves from the rest of the world, raised an insurmountable wall round their frontiers, and kept every journalist and war correspondent under such strict control that they were almost to be regarded as prisoners of war. Thanks to the vigilant censorship and other strict measures, the commanders of the different armies were able to execute the long-prepared advance and carry out their strategic dispositions, the success of which depended above all on their not being betrayed to the enemy.

At the same time all traffic and trade was paralysed in the belligerent countries. Almost

every man capable of bearing arms between the ages of eighteen and sixty was enrolled; horses, mules, asses and draught oxen were pressed into the service, the railways were taken over by the military authorities, every serviceable steamer in Greek ports was requisitioned by the Ministry of Marine; warehouses, depôts, cargoes afloat, industrial enterprises—everything that could be of use to the Army and Navy was laid under contribution. It was as though every fibre, nerve and muscle in the body politic were strained to the utmost in the all-compelling hope of victory.

From kings, statesmen and generals, down to the private soldiers, every part of the immense, living mechanism of war that was hurled against the hereditary enemy was penetrated by hatred and thirst for vengeance. These armies that sprang into existence at a few days' warning were not composed of professional soldiers, but mainly of peasants, herdsmen and labourers from town and country. For the most part they were men with a very thin coating of the varnish of civilisation, but possessing endurance, frugality, and indifference to suffering, hunger, and want of every kind. They had courage and contempt for death, and did not shrink from the sight of blood. They were not far removed from the innate brutality of the savage; they were impatient at the modern methods of war, with its smokeless powder and long ranges, and lusted to come to close quarters,

to see the white of their enemy's eye, to use the bayonet, the heavy butt, or the bare fists.

Thanks to the explosive violence with which the Allies commenced operations, and to the secrecy in which the result of these was shrouded, only an extremely small fraction of war news reached the ears of expectant Europe. And as at the same time the Turks' unveracious and entirely fanciful bulletins were given every publicity by the telegraph bureaus, the world at large was long in doubt as to how things were actually going in the Balkans. Even for some time after the first Turkish defeat had clearly established the superiority of the Christian armies at all points, the friends of Turkey—above all, Austria-Hungary — maintained a confidence and a belief in the final victory of the Crescent.

But by degrees it dawned on men's minds that the introductory encounters on the frontiers — skirmishes, they were usually called, with a shrug of the shoulders—were the first visible results of a masterly plan of campaign ; and soon afterwards it became clear that the Turks were retreating in the east, west and south, abandoning one important position after another. Of course there were still some authorities who made out that Nazim Pasha's retiring movement was only a feint. It would only continue until the immense forces of the Empire were collected and concentrated to the south of Adrianople and around Kirk Kilisse ;

then the whole world would witness an attack which must crush the Bulgarian Army in an instant—and afterwards it would be the turn of the other Allies.

But these wise heads were wrong. Instead of a sudden and energetic advance the world witnessed the flight from Lule Burgas, a retreat so disastrous, humiliating and terrible that it can only be compared with Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

The scope of this work does not allow of a detailed description of the whole Balkan campaign. I shall merely sketch the main outlines of the operations of Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria, before going somewhat more closely into the movements of the Greek Army and fleet.

Montenegro, which with no little theatrical effect was the first to march upon the stage of war, was soon surrounded by a halo of victory.

The divisions pushed forward on the east against Berane and along the southern frontier by Podgoritza, driving back the combined Turkish and Albanian forces. The fortress of Detchitch was stormed and the whole garrison with several guns fell into the hands of the brave mountaineers. Tuzi was the next place to fall, after the fort of Shiptchanik had been destroyed by the fire of the Montenegrin artillery; and so, day after day, the victorious advance was continued towards the goal—Skutari. Yet it must be emphasised that

the forward movement of the Montenegrins was anything but a military promenade.

Everywhere the Turkish - Albanian troops offered a stout resistance, but the sons of the Black Mountain gave abundant proof that they were filled with the same adventurous spirit as their ancestors — and the same reckless disregard of human life. Podgoritza and Cettinje were indeed filled to overflowing with Turkish prisoners after a few weeks' fighting, and the depôts were crammed with guns, rifles, and other captured war material; but at the same time King Nicholas's Army was weakened to a very serious extent by losses in killed and wounded. And when the most important task of the war—the siege and capture of Skutari—was to be undertaken, this premature weakening was felt to be a veritable disaster.

By October 18th the two divisions, commanded by Prince Danilo and General Martinovitch, joined hands in the neighbourhood of Skutari. With the exception of the rapidly concluded eastern operations—including the capture of Berane—the whole effort of Montenegro from now to the end of the war was directed to the reduction of the ancient Illyrian city.

At the south-eastern end of Skutari Lake, on the fertile plain of Vraka, the capital of the vilayet spreads up to the foot of a low hill on which stands an old castle. At this point the lake

empties itself into the sea by the River Boyana. Opposite Skutari, on the right bank of the Boyana, another hill rises, the summit of which is crowned by the fort of Tarabosh, the most important point of the defence. The capture of Tarabosh would instantly decide the fate of the town, and all the efforts of the Montenegrins were therefore aimed at placing heavy siege guns in position on the surrounding heights, silencing the guns of the fortress, breaching the walls, or starving out the garrison. While the Crown Prince with the main army was marching south from Tuzi, General Martinovitch led his division along the western shore of Skutari Lake to the attack on Tarabosh. The siege lasted six months from the end of October. When the nut proved too hard a one for the Montenegrins to crack with their own strength, the Servians sent an auxiliary army of some 20,000 men. But the brave Essad Pasha, the Commandant of the town, resisted every assault. Numbers of wild Albanians flocked to his banner, and he succeeded in supplying himself so well both by way of the river and overland, that the Allies had to give up the idea of starving him out. When at last, at the end of April, Essad declared himself ready to surrender the town and fortress on condition of being allowed to march out with the honours of war, it was not the Montenegrin bullets and bayonets that drove him to this, but the prospect of winning honour

and fame elsewhere—as reigning Prince over an independent Albania.

While thus the doings of the Montenegrins, from being the centre of interest, soon receded into the background, Servia was carrying on a far more effective and victorious campaign.

The town of Nish is the junction of the line from Belgrade—the Orient line—and the strategically important railway across the frontier by Ristovatz to Uskub. For this reason the Servians made Nish the headquarters of their Army.

Immediately on the declaration of war a mixed force of Arnauts and Turkish Nizam troops made an incursion over the Servian frontier. The first fight lasted all day, and when darkness was coming on the victory seemed to rest with the Ottomans. But then the Servians made one of those bayonet charges which were to strike terror into the enemy so often later in the war. The Servians sprang from their trenches and rifle-pits and fell upon the Turks with irresistible force; the Mussulmans fled in the wildest disorder, and the road to Kumanova lay open.

Uskub was one of the Turks' strongest headquarters in the western theatre of war; and not only for this reason, but from national considerations—for the town was one of the capitals of Old Servia—it was of the utmost importance to defeat the enemy at that particular spot. At a

short distance from Uskub lies the little town of Kumanova, and on the plain around this place the Turks had mustered a force of about 25,000 men; they had also a considerable reserve in Uskub, and at the same time Sara Kaid Pasha was on his way from the south with no less than three divisions.

The Servian Army—officially under the command of Crown Prince Alexander, but in reality led by General Patnik—would have been greatly outnumbered if the Turks had joined forces, and the situation looked extremely doubtful. The battle of Kumanova lasted almost continuously from the 22nd to the 24th of October, with short breathing - spaces at night, and ended with a signal victory for the Servian arms. The Crown Prince showed great personal valour, exposing himself time after time to the most imminent danger. The soldiers followed his example and charged with the bayonet right up to the Turkish guns, climbing over heaps of their comrades' bodies.

After two days of obstinate fighting the resistance of the Turks was broken; the whole Army fled in panic to Uskub, spreading terror among the reserves in garrison there. The few energetic Turkish officers found it impossible to check the panic, which spread to the west and south, and when the Servians entered Uskub a few days later there was not a single fighting Moslem

to be seen. The chief responsibility for the Turkish defeat falls upon Kaid Pasha, who reached the neighbourhood of Kumanova while the battle was in progress. Instead of at once sending his divisions under fire, he turned about and marched back the way he had come.

The battle of Kumanova marks at the same time the commencement, the culmination, and, one may almost say, the conclusion of the Servian campaign — morally, at all events. From the moment this brilliant victory was won there was no longer any doubt of the absolute superiority of the Servians. The reckless bravery of the Christians was fully equal to that of the Moslems, but added to this there was an energy in their attack, an irresistible force and persistence in their hand-to-hand fighting, which the Turkish soldier, in our day at least, does not possess. Above all it was the bayonet, the cold steel, that struck terror into the Turks. As the hordes of soldiers fled in panic through the streets of Uskub, the cry was ceaselessly heard: "The Servians are after us with the knife!"

During the following month the Servian divisions pressed forward wherever there was still opposition to be encountered. From Novi Bazar southward by Vrania and Prishtina to Prisrend and Djakova, and from Uskub to Kuprulu and Monastir King Peter's Army continued its victorious march. About the middle of November

the Crown Prince Alexander reached Monastir, where the remnant of the beaten Army from Kumanova and some regiments from the east and south were assembled. The whole force of about 50,000 men surrendered on the 18th. Among the staff officers captured was the former Turkish Minister at Belgrade, Fethi Pasha, who at the beginning of the war had invited his friends, rather too confidently, to a banquet of victory in the Servian capital.

In concurrence with the Greek advance through Epirus and Southern Macedonia and the capture of Salonika, the two allied Powers had in a remarkably short time subdued all Turkish resistance in the western theatre of war. While the conquered provinces and towns were occupied by one-half of the Servian Army, a considerable force could be detached to assist the Bulgarians in the siege of Adrianople, while another contingent was sent by Djakova to Skutari, where the Montenegrin campaign had long been stranded on the rocks of Tarabosh.

The most decisive share of the Balkan campaign naturally fell upon Bulgaria. Not only had the enemy collected his main force in the eastern half of the Peninsula, but the capture of the Turkish capital itself must have hovered before the eyes of the Bulgarian Commander as the glorious goal of the campaign.

In order to reach this goal the road would either have to be free, or the advancing Army protected against attacks in rear and flank; and General Savoff, the brilliant chief of the general staff, who is said to have been the father of the whole plan of campaign, had made all his dispositions with this end in view.

The arrangement of the Army in three corps, each of three divisions, and the separate movements of these army corps show an accurate knowledge of Turkey's defensive dispositions. While the second army corps marched by Mustapha Pasha straight upon Adrianople, the first and third, from their respective bases, Yamboli and Harmanlu, executed turning movements to the east and south-east, with the object of driving the enemy from Kirk Kilisse, Bunar Hissar, and Lule Burgas, completing the investment of Adrianople, cutting off that city from communication with the capital, capturing the strongest bulwark of the Turkish power, and then marching eastward with united forces, crushing the last desperate resistance in the outworks of Constantinople, and making a victorious entry into the famous city, where the Patriarch would finally crown King Ferdinand in the Church of St. Sophia as the ruler of a new and mighty Greater Bulgaria.

The idea was magnificent and inspiring, an ambition worthy of the Bulgarian Sovereign. But Bulgaria shared the fate of many another steeple-

chaser, when the pace is too hot at the start; too much strength is used up at the first hurdles and ditches, and towards the end of the race, in spite of whip and spur, the tired-out steed refuses the last obstacles.

The opening was more than promising. All the Turkish troops scattered along the Bulgarian frontier were swept away. The train and ambulance service accompanied the advancing divisions with admirable precision; and this in spite of the transport being for the most part accomplished by oxen along miserable roads and across plains which the flooded rivers had converted into swamps.

By October 18th the fighting began round Kirk Kilisse, and lasted almost incessantly for a whole week. With a vigour that never slackened the Bulgarian artillery showered shells and shrapnel upon the forts. Early on the morning of October 24th the final assault was made. To the strains of the "Slivnitza March"—the Bulgarian national melody—the regiments advanced against the line of fortified heights that protects Kirk Kilisse on the north, and charged under cover of a hot artillery fire. After the taking of the heights larger masses of troops could be sent forward, trenches were dug nearer to the fortified town, and finally—during the forenoon of the 24th—the signal was given for the main attack.

The Bulgarians threw off their heavy overcoats

and all other equipment and charged the enemy's works with the most reckless courage. Seven times the assailants reached the muzzles of the Turkish guns; seven times were their ranks mowed down, till the ground was literally covered with corpses. But then the Moslems lost heart; they could not face the Bulgarian bayonets again. The flight began, and soon degenerated into panic; 2,000 prisoners were taken and a quantity of war material. The Commander-in-Chief, Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, fled so hurriedly that all his belongings were found at the military club; two aeroplanes, still unused, formed part of the spoil, and afterwards did good service at the siege of Adrianople.

This was the Bulgarians' first victory; a second and still greater one awaited them.

Abdullah Pasha was stationed with an army corps at Lule Burgas, where he had the double task of checking the enemy's advance on Constantinople and threatening the army besieging Adrianople. The town is built in a valley, surrounded by heights; the high road from Adrianople to Chorlu runs through it, while the Orient railway runs about four miles to the south.

The Bulgarian Army advanced from the north by Baba Eski upon Lule Burgas and occupied the northern heights, while Abdullah Pasha had placed his force in position to the south of the town with a very scattered front in the direction

of the railway line. The battle began on October 29th, and lasted nearly three days.

As usual the Bulgarians opened the engagement with their excellently served artillery, which rained shells with the greatest precision upon the enemy's strongest positions. At first the Turks stood fast, and it looked as if they would defend the position to the last man.

Meanwhile the Bulgarians advanced their right wing with the object of seizing the railway and cutting off communication with Adrianople. When this movement had been carried out, with heavy loss to both sides, the centre moved forward to attack Lule Burgas. After a severe struggle this was also successful, the Turkish columns breaking into precipitate flight. But the fourth Turkish army corps, under Burk Pasha, was still in position on the heights to the south-east of Lule Burgas, and from here the artillery shelled the town so hotly that only the approach of darkness saved the Bulgarians from a hasty retreat.

But the Moslems were already demoralised. The transport had taken to flight; for twenty-four hours the Turkish soldiers had had neither food nor drink; the dead and the wounded lay together without aid from ambulance or surgeons. In course of the night Abdullah Pasha received at his headquarters, in the village of Sazikeui, one disheartening communication after another, and

decided to make a supreme effort before all the courage had gone out of his troops.

Early next morning a mighty roar arose from the Bulgarians' field and machine guns, but the Turkish lines only replied with a scattered fire, for their ammunition was nearly exhausted. Abdullah then sent his second army corps—the centre — against the enemy. The attack was carried out with heroism, but towards noon it became clear to the Turkish Commander, who was following the course of the battle from the churchyard of Sazikeui and anxiously looking out for the arrival of the third army corps under Mukhtar Pasha from Viza, that his second corps had suffered a defeat. The same fate overtook the first and fourth corps in the course of the day, and then at last the serried ranks of the third army corps were seen approaching from the north-east. It was in truth the last hope of Turkey on European soil that was now marching against the Christian Army, nor was that hope a poor one. Mukhtar Pasha's troops were to some extent fresh, not yet weakened by hunger, thirst, and over-exertion, and not yet demoralised by shell-fire and bayonet-charges. And at the same time the Bulgarians, who had been fighting almost incessantly for three days, were dead-tired and in a very difficult position. But without hesitation battalion after battalion wheeled round and advanced fearlessly against the enemy, while

the artillery galloped over the ground to take up a new position fronting the fresh Turkish troops.

And then they set to again. With a heroism to which the history of war can hardly show a parallel, the Bulgarian officers and men threw themselves upon the enemy; every man fought like a hero; scenes were enacted of the most brutal ferocity, in which Christians and Moslems fought hand-to-hand with bayonet, butt, and even with their fists and teeth.

For a long time the fight swayed backwards and forwards; then Mukhtar's guns gradually grew silent and his infantry wavered and fell back. When the sun went down Abdullah Pasha knew that the battle was irretrievably lost. He and his staff left their post of vantage in the churchyard of Sazikeui and rode away — the fate of Turkey was decided.

And while the brave but utterly worn-out Bulgarian Army collected on the battlefield around Lule Burgas, went into bivouac, buried the dead and attended to the wounded, the Turkish Armies began their retreat along the road to Constantinople—a retreat that was commenced in something like good order, but which quickly broke up into the most appalling, panic-stricken flight.

For miles the high road and the surrounding fields showed nothing but a hurrying swarm of men. Here and there the arched hood of an ox-waggon projected above the heads of the

soldiers. Thousands and thousands of wounded men dragged themselves painfully along, sick to death and with the blood oozing from their open wounds, until they fell prostrate and lay still. Others tramped on with fever in their eyes, staggering like drunken men. Not a crust of bread, not a drink of water was to be had; many unwounded soldiers lay down by the side of the road with their faces in their hands, resolved rather to die than continue the desperate flight, where starvation would overtake them, even if they escaped the steel and lead of the pursuing Bulgarians. And then night came with frost and a biting wind that swept over the plain and cut like a knife into the open wounds. Such a night extinguished the last spark of courage in the flying army, and when the sun rose again above the distant ridges the broad plain was strewn with stiffened and distorted corpses.

While the two Eastern Bulgarian army corps had thus broken up the enemy and driven him within the protecting lines of Tchataldja, the remainder of the Army continued the siege of Adrianople, which was now entirely cut off. The Crescent still waved over the double ring of twenty-five forts, some of them strong, and the garrison was made up of particularly efficient Redif battalions and Anatolian regiments, but from the experience of the recent battlefields no

very obstinate or prolonged resistance was to be expected, especially to such reckless assaults as those of the Bulgarians. It was soon to be proved, however, that the best qualities of the Turkish soldier are shown in the defence of strong positions. Not only here, but at Yanina and Skutari, the Ottoman officers and men gave proof of such courage and endurance as to some extent made up for the disgraces in the open field.

While the Bulgarians were storming the works of Adrianople time after time in vain, and the cold and storms of winter subdued their spirit and diminished their zeal for fighting, their opponents awoke again from the nightmare of defeat and flight.

Nazim Pasha exerted all his energy and administrative capacity, and succeeded with his handful of zealous officers in rallying the remnants of the beaten Army that poured into the Tchataldja lines; from Mesopotamia, Erzerum, Kurdistan and other provinces new regiments arrived at the front, fresh and well armed; supplies became regular, ambulances and hospitals commenced operations —in short, the old warlike spirit of Turkey asserted itself again in Stamboul and the poor corner of Europe that still remained to the Crescent. It was clear to every faithful Moslem that so long as the line of forts between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora could be held there

was still hope for the Empire. Had they not the whole of Asiatic Turkey behind them with over 25,000.000 of Moslems? Could not the Holy War be proclaimed and the Arabs persuaded to come to the aid of the Caliphate? Had not Austria and Rumania mobilised and massed their troops on the frontiers?

There was hope of many kinds. All that was needed was to check the enemy and gain time. Not even the frightful epidemic of cholera that raged among the crowded masses of troops was able to destroy the new-born hopes. Nazim Pasha pushed forward the work of improving the defences with the utmost vigour. The fleet was summoned and battleships anchored to the north and south of the lines to support the defence with their heavy guns.

Work was also going on in Constantinople. Hundreds of patrols scoured the city, dragging fugitives from their hiding-places and sending them to work on the lines; corpses of cholera victims were thrown into lime-pits, the sick were taken to hospital, and all arms to be found among the civilian population were confiscated, to counteract the danger of a massacre of Christians in revenge for the defeats of the war.

Had the Bulgarians still possessed the activity and zeal which they showed in the early days of the war, all the efforts of the Turks would have been in vain. But it seemed as if King Ferdinand's

Army had expended a disproportionate amount of energy in the forced marches, fierce assaults, and prolonged fighting at Kirk Kilisse and Lule Burgas. The troops were not even in a state to pursue the flying enemy; the immense price the Bulgarians had had to pay for their first victories made it impossible for them to turn their success to account.

The time had arrived for the soldiers to rest and for the diplomatists to negotiate for peace. An armistice was arranged between Turkey on the one hand and Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro on the other.

Greece alone continued the war without interruption.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREEK CAMPAIGN

King George was spending an autumn holiday in Denmark, as he had so often done before, when the war-clouds began to darken the sky of the Balkans. The King returned to Athens by Vienna, arriving on the evening of October 9th.

Warlike excitement was then at its height, but was of a very different character from that of fifteen years before, on the eve of the last war with Turkey. It was evident to every one who witnessed the behaviour of the Greeks in the autumn of 1912 that the intervening half generation had matured the people in a remarkable way. There was no sign of the fanatical, noisy, bellicose spirit, the somewhat distasteful childishness, with which on the former occasion the mob in the streets of Athens had hailed the coming war, as if it were a game or a public holiday. Seriousness and a profound understanding of the uncertainty of the issue characterised the crowd which now received the King on his arrival; but there was also present a firm determination

to carry on the struggle to an honourable conclusion and vindicate the rights of Hellas, if fortune so willed it.

An immense mass of people followed the King to the Palace and filled the great square. A few minutes after his arrival King George appeared on a balcony and addressed his people:

"From my inmost heart I thank you for the welcome you have given me. I feel convinced that the Hellenic nation, whose patriotism I have recognised since the very first day of my long reign, will once more do its duty. Your calm and manly attitude is worthy of the seriousness of the moment. I have the greatest confidence in the patriotic feeling of my people and my Government. May Almighty God protect and bless our beloved country."

Early on the morning of October 12th the Crown Prince, accompanied by Prince George and his whole staff, left Athens for Larissa to take command of the Army of Thessaly. He must have taken leave of the King and of the enthusiastic crowds with very different feelings from those with which he had set out for the former war. It was now an efficient and well-trained Army that awaited him on the Turkish frontier—army corps of respectable size and fully-equipped, with commissariat, transport and every requirement for active service in the best possible order. The plan of campaign was settled and

all dispositions made. And this time it was not a question of a struggle hopeless from the start against a superior enemy. Probably the force with which Turkey would be able to oppose Greece was quite as numerous as the Crown Prince's Thessalian army corps; in any case the conditions were about equal. Bravery, efficiency and perseverance would this time decide the issue.

The mobilisation had proceeded satisfactorily; about 100,000 men were already assembled at Larissa, and during the following week 25,000 more could be sent north. Volunteers by the thousand were flocking to the colours, from Crete, from the islands, Egypt and Asia Minor, from every country in Europe and in even greater numbers from America. It was hoped that before long the effective force would reach the total of 200,000 men.

While Greece was putting on her heaviest armour for the approaching struggle, the Government took a step which, so to speak, was a necessary result of the situation.

Crete had long been actually governed from Athens, although the incorporation of the island with the kingdom was not yet officially accomplished, out of deference to the Powers. Every executive act in this little "autonomous" community took place in the name of the Greek King, while at the same time a solitary Turkish flag was hoisted every morning on a bastion in a desolate spot

of the rocky coast—a laughable act of deference to the powerless Sublime Porte. On October 14th, the Greek Chamber of Deputies met, and on this occasion the Cretan deputies marched into the hall in a compact body and took their places in the legislative assembly. Amid a storm of cheering Crete was declared an integral part of the Greek kingdom.

Four days later the Foreign Minister, M. Coromilas, announced to the Chamber, amid wild enthusiasm, that war was declared. Turkey had done her best to induce Greece to leave the counsels of the other Balkan States; but the Greeks were determined to stand by their allies, whatever might be the result of the war. The Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, then read a message from the King, and concluded with the announcement that the Crown Prince had already crossed the frontier, occupied the Turkish village of Damassi, and captured the famous Pass of Meluna. The die was cast.

Prince Constantine had given the order to advance on October 17th. In the course of the night the advanced guard took possession of the border pass, driving the small Turkish force before it. On the following day Elassona was reached, the Turkish headquarters just north of the frontier. After four hours' sharp fighting, in which the young Prince George received his baptism of fire, the

garrison was repulsed and fled northward to join the Turkish army corps, which was now entrenching itself in all haste in the mountain Pass of Sarandaporos, about half-way between Elassona and the little town of Selfidje or Servia.

Sarandaporos, the capture of which marks the first heroic achievement of the Greek campaign, is an extremely narrow pass, in front of which lies a gently sloping plateau four and a half miles long. No position could be more naturally fitted for defence. The Turkish artillery could sweep the whole plain; a frontal attack must have seemed almost impossible. The abandonment of the frontier line was easily comprehensible, since the Turkish Commanders could count upon inflicting a decisive defeat on the advancing enemy at Sarandaporos—and a defeat which should cost the defenders but little loss.

As soon as the Greek advanced guard reached the plateau, the Turks opened a murderous fire. The Greeks had only a few mountain guns, which were brought into position and answered the fire with astonishing precision. The Greek infantry advanced at once, without waiting for the support of the artillery, which was on the way. Across the four and a half miles, without cover of any sort, the Hellenes went steadily on. "*Embros! Embros!*" (Forward!) was the cry; and forward they went, in spite of immense losses.

The Turks, who had not had a moment's

doubt of being able to check and crush the enemy before he was half-way across the plain, began suddenly to waver and lose courage. Their aim was less sure, and in the meantime the Greek artillery had come up, and took part in the action. Then the leading Greek battalions advanced at the double and stormed the trenches with the bayonet. For a short time the battle raged round the narrow opening of the Pass; then the Turks fled, terrified at the all-conquering onslaught of the Greeks.

The Pass of Sarandaporos consists merely of a narrow winding path between precipices and sheer mountain-sides; at almost any point a handful of determined men could oppose a hostile advance. But the Turks were already so completely demoralised that they only thought of flight. The Greeks advanced almost without opposition through the whole length of the Pass.

Farther north a bridge crosses a small mountain stream. Here, where the ground is more open, the Turkish division had encamped. The fugitives streamed in, and began to break up the camp in feverish haste. Then the rumour spread that Crown Prince Constantine, simultaneously with his frontal attack on Sarandaporos, had detached two regiments, with orders to make a forced march to the west, cross the ridge, descend into the Vistritza valley, and cut off the retreat on Selfidje. The rumour was true, and the effect of it proved overwhelming. The Turkish division

—over 20,000 strong—fled panic-stricken towards Selfidje, abandoning clothing, arms, transport, ammunition—everything, in fact—and only thinking of saving their lives. The French war correspondent, M. Jean Leune, who immediately on the Greek advance rode from Elassona to Selfidje, gives the following description of the sight that presented itself:—

"Along about seven miles of road the hoofs of our mules hardly touched the ground. Everywhere they trampled upon traces of the Turks, consisting of uniforms, caps, knapsacks, cartridge-belts, shirts, stockings, fezes, overthrown tents and endless other things. Here lay a box from which the records of a regiment had fallen; there were scattered piles of ammunition cases, thousands of loaded shells, immense quantities of bandages, stretchers, field kitchens and telegraph material. All the enemy's artillery, 24 Krupp field guns with their ammunition, fell into the hands of the Greeks.

"But very different and terrible surprises awaited the brave victors when the advanced guard reached Selfidje. On each side of the narrow main street ninety heads were arranged in rows, with their features distorted by terror. All about, in yards, in wells and across thresholds, lay the headless bodies. The mob of Turkish soldiery had massacred every Greek—man, woman, or child—who had not been saved by flight, and had left this devilish welcome for the advancing enemy."

The army advanced, with continual fights and skirmishes, until Kozhani was reached. From here two roads branch, one going north and north-westward to Monastir, the other turning north-eastward round the foot of the Kara Dagh, past Veria to Salonika. No one in the whole Army was acquainted with the plan of campaign of the silent Crown Prince, except his Chief of the Staff, General Danglis. Would the march be continued northward to attack the hostile force that was concentrating on Monastir, or had the Commander-in-Chief other plans in the direction of Salonika?

From Kozhani the Crown Prince detached the fifth division under Colonel Matthiopoulos to the north. The duty these 6,000 men had to perform was to cover the left flank of the Army, to hold the western Turkish army corps and to prevent its marching to the east, so that the main Greek Army might be free to advance on Salonika.

It was an almost impossible task that was laid on the brave Colonel's shoulders, for the enemy's strength could not be far short of 30,000; besides which, the Greek troops were in an exhausted state when, two days later, they came in touch with the enemy. But the Crown Prince had no choice. The plan of campaign that he and General Danglis had sketched out was in itself a most adventurous one. The aim was to reach Salonika in as few days as possible, clearing aside all

obstacles, and to take possession of the town before the southern Bulgarian army corps, whose objective was precisely the same, had time to arrive.

It must have been with some quickening of the pulse that the Crown Prince, figuratively speaking, burned his boats at Kozhani. He abandoned his former base, leaving all his supplies far in the rear, in order to be free to dash forward, trusting to the phenomenal rapidity, endurance and courage of his troops. Not often has the history of war recorded such a forced march as that which lay before the Greek Army. Experienced strategists, who sat at home calculating the chances of the belligerents, shook their heads over the foolhardiness of the Crown Prince. They omitted to take one factor into account. The Greek Commander knew his troops ; he knew what they were capable of doing, so long as he retained their confidence—and it never failed him.

Colonel Matthiopoulos proceeded to carry out his orders with great courage and energy. In spite of having been obliged to leave detachments in various villages to secure the inhabitants against Turkish reprisals, he went forward with his reduced force against the vastly superior numbers of the enemy. The result could only be defeat. The Turks captured six guns and drove back the Greek division in some disorder ; but the Colonel reassembled his force three miles

north of Kozhani, and established himself in a strongly fortified position, from which he was not dislodged. On receiving reinforcements he advanced again and drove the enemy northward from one position to another, taking revenge for the reverse he had suffered.

While Colonel Matthiopoulos was thus carrying out his task of keeping the enemy occupied and covering the rear of the Army, the Crown Prince moved on Veria, which he occupied without much opposition. From here detachments were sent to the north and north-east, while the main body marched directly to the Vardar. After various small encounters the main Greek Army once more found itself opposed to a Turkish army corps, which had taken up a strongly fortified position at Yenidje, the "holy city" of the Mussulmans.

The Turkish force amounted to 25,000 men with 30 guns. The battle began on November 1st, and lasted for nearly forty-eight hours. The Greek left wing attacked the strong Turkish positions with the greatest impetuosity, and was quickly seconded by the centre. Towards evening the fighting died down, but burst out again with renewed force at daybreak. The Crown Prince, under cover of darkness, had carried out an enveloping movement of his right wing, and as soon as the Turks saw their line of retreat threatened, they lost heart. Towards evening

the battle was won; the Turks fled towards the east and north, hotly pursued by the Greek cavalry. Fourteen field guns, four machine guns, and a great quantity of prisoners and war material fell into the hands of the Greeks. And, more important than all, the Turks did not succeed in destroying the strong iron bridge which spans the River Vardar on the railway line between Veria and Salonika. The way to the goal lay open.

It would be beyond my purpose to give any detailed account of the three weeks' campaign which brought the Army of Thessaly from the frontier to Salonika; but I may point to a few facts which will give an idea of what the Greeks accomplished under the command of their Crown Prince in that short time.

Over a country consisting of wild mountain ranges and swamps, across rivers and torrents, where bridges had to be built, the centre of the Army covered a distance of 190 miles, which gives an average day's march of 9 miles. It must also be remembered that the weather was without intermission stormy, wet and cold — the worst possible climatic conditions in these usually sunny regions. Night after night the troops had to bivouac under the open sky; their clothes never had time to get dry, and provisions were very scanty from the moment the transport had to be left behind. Day after day the men had

nothing but dry bread to eat. And during this march of 190 miles in the most unfavourable weather not a single day passed without fighting. If we take the whole campaign of two months from the outbreak of war, the Crown Prince's Army during this time marched 370 miles, fought 30 battles or minor engagements, crossed three great rivers and countless small ones, took 45,000 prisoners and captured 120 guns, 75,000 rifles and a vast quantity of war material of every kind.

After the decisive victory of Yenidje the Crown Prince marched his Army across the Vardar bridge and established his headquarters at Topsin. On the 7th and 8th the advance was continued towards Salonika, the Army crossing the little river Axios. On the latter date the Consuls - General of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Austria - Hungary arrived at Topsin, together with a representative of the Turkish Commander - in - Chief, Tahsin Pasha, to negotiate with the Crown Prince for the surrender of Salonika. The Turks asked that their Army should be allowed to withdraw freely and with all its arms, on condition that it remained neutral for the remainder of the war. The Crown Prince, who had given orders to stop the advance while negotiations were going on, refused to continue the discussion on any other basis than the unconditional surrender of the town and Army. He

gave the Turkish envoy six hours' grace, and ordered the whole line to advance. At six o'clock the next morning the Commandant arrived with an offer to surrender all arms, with the exception of 5,000 rifles, which were to be used for "drilling recruits." The Crown Prince refused the offer, and gave the Turkish General two hours more to think it over. The time elapsed without any resumption of the negotiations.

By four o'clock in the afternoon the Greek advanced guard had reached the Turkish outposts. The fight was just going to begin when an officer, with a flag of truce, rode out of the west gate of Salonika. He was the bearer of a letter from Tahsin Pasha, who now agreed to all the Crown Prince's conditions; whereupon the town of Salonika, the fortress of Karabournou, and the whole of the besieged Army of 25,000 men surrendered at discretion.

On November 9th the Crown Prince, at the head of a part of the Greek Army, made his entry into the conquered town; at the same time the fortress of Karabournou, which commands the entrance of the bay, was occupied. The Turkish Army was disarmed the same day, and the Greek flag waved for the first time over the ancient city, which, after so many centuries, was at last Greek again.

A short time after the departure of the troops, King George had left Athens and gone north in

the track of his victorious army. Of all the journeys he had made in his eventful life, this was certainly the one that filled the King's heart with the greatest joy and pride. Accompanied by Prince George, and afterwards by Princess Alice, the King visited the different battlefields. He crossed on foot the broad plateau before the Pass of Sarandaporos, the capture of which had cost the lives of 2,000 brave Hellenes, and followed with the greatest astonishment the narrow path along the mountain-side, the scene of the Turkish rout.

One of the places where the King passed the night was a little town to the south of the railway line. The postmaster's house became the King's quarters. So headlong had been the flight of this official—and of the whole Turkish population—that everything in the house was left as it stood. The King here passed the evening in writing letters—amongst others, to a man in Copenhagen who enjoyed his confidence. The notepaper bears the stamp of the Turkish postmaster, and the King says that on his arrival he found the keys left in the desks and the remains of an interrupted breakfast still standing on the table; in a little side room were child's bricks and tin soldiers—Turkish and Greek—set up on the floor; the children had been hurried off in the middle of their play by the terrible news of the Greeks' unexpected victory.

At the railway station of Gida the King received a telegram from the Crown Prince, announcing the fall of Salonika, and a special train was quickly got ready. At 8 A.M., on November 12th, this train steamed off, but was stopped several times by the King to take up wounded men who were making their way along the line. At ten o'clock the train came into Salonika station, where the Crown Prince was waiting with his brothers, the Staff and the Metropolitan. The King mounted a horse, and accompanied by his sons, his aides-de-camp and the whole Staff, made his entry into the ancient city. The greater part of the Army was drawn up in double rank along the quay and the long street that skirts the bay.

Although the rain poured down on that historic day, not many of the 100,000 inhabitants of Salonika sought shelter at home. With feelings that may be imagined the Turks and Jews listened to the deafening *zitos* of the Greek population as the procession made its way along the principal streets; guns thundered in the bay, rifle volleys crackled incessantly, and everywhere the blue and white flag took the place of the Mohammedan crescent, while the façades of the houses were hidden in garlands and decorations.

It was a day of triumph throughout Hellas and in every Greek community of the Levant. And the fervour of rejoicing was due not so

much to the splendid conclusion of the first part of the campaign, nor even to the re-conquest of Greek territory that had lain for 470 years under the hand of the Turk; it had a deeper meaning. We know how painful and humiliating to the Greeks were the doubts that foreign nations still harboured of the worth and honour of their race. The confidence of Europe had not yet been won. It is true that generations of incessant political dissensions had been succeeded by unity and strength; that the desperate state of the finances that dated from the first day of independence had given place to sound economic conditions, and that the nation which had emerged weakened and despised from the war of fifteen years before had spent the interval in seriously and energetically preparing its Army and Navy for the great task that lay before them—but still the proof was lacking that all this labour was of value.

And now all these doubts were suddenly removed. The sun had risen on a new people and a new country. Who could now deny the right of Greece to a great future, or refuse to acknowledge the triumph of her arms?

Such were the feelings that animated every Greek on that 12th of November when the three protagonists of the national drama of renascence —King George, Crown Prince Constantine, and the Premier, Venizelos—rode through the cheering crowds of Salonika.

Splendid and memorable as the day was, it was not to pass without a jarring note. The discord was due to one of the Allies, Bulgaria. The event to which I refer cast a shadow over the mutual relations of the Christian States of the Balkans; and was felt as an omen of approaching dangers, just when there seemed to be every promise of future peace and good-will.

Although it had been agreed before the war that the work of the Bulgarian Army should be limited to clearing Eastern Macedonia and Thrace of the enemy—a task which, it will be remembered, it failed to accomplish, even when two Servian divisions came to the help of the Bulgarians—a whole army corps was nevertheless held back for operations in the south and south-west of the Peninsula.

This army corps, commanded by General Theodoroff—on whose staff were the Bulgarian Heir Apparent, Prince Boris, and his brother, Prince Cyril—was encamped a few days' march to the north-east of Salonika when the result of the battle of Yenidje placed the town in a position of extreme danger. The Turkish General, Tahsin Pasha, saw at once that he could do nothing against the victorious Greek Army. He therefore availed himself of the proximity of the Bulgarian army corps to seek a way out of the difficulty.

It was obvious that both Bulgaria and Greece

had hopes of being able to annex this important commercial centre, and the Turkish General calculated that a split would inevitably occur between the Allies, if it could be managed that the two Armies found themselves simultaneously before the walls of the city negotiating for its surrender.

While the Consuls and Tahsin Pasha's representative were negotiating terms of surrender with Prince Constantine, and the Turks were trying to gain time by making counter-proposals—such as the ridiculous request to be allowed to keep 5,000 rifles for training recruits — another envoy was riding to the Bulgarian headquarters with offers to surrender the town to General Theodoroff.

The Bulgarians lost no time. The army corps came south by forced marches, with the cavalry far in advance. But great was their disappointment when from the heights above the town they saw the Greek flag flying on the walls and from the top of the White Tower. Exactly forty-eight hours too late the Bulgarian force marched from Guvezna, by Aivali and Arakli, to the coveted city. And, strange as it sounds, at the moment when General Theodoroff was applying to Crown Prince Constantine for permission to enter Salonika with part of his Army—as guests of the Greeks—in order to rest after their fatigues, he sent the following telegram to King Ferdinand:—

"From to-day Salonika is subject to your Majesty's sceptre."

Thanks to this foolish bravado, and to various other circumstances—such as an attempt of the Bulgarians to seize the Customs by force—dissensions soon arose between the two Allies, which were afterwards to lead to open rupture. Whereas the relations between Servians and Greeks, not only in Salonika, but wherever they met on conquered territory, were as cordial as possible, the Bulgarians soon made themselves as much hated by the other Balkan nations as the Turks and Albanians had formerly been. The time was not far off when King Ferdinand and his Government would throw off the mask and try to usurp a predominant position over their Allies, claiming not only the territory won by Bulgarian arms, but some of the conquests for which Greece and Servia had sacrificed blood and treasure—and first of all Salonika. Seldom, indeed, can history have shown so severe and just a Nemesis as that which destroyed the exaggerated hopes of the King of Bulgaria.

Before continuing the story of the campaign I must in justice mention the circumstances which in no slight degree facilitated the Government's difficult task of providing the means of carrying on the war, and the men required to swell the ranks of the Army and take the place of those who fell.

The patriotism and self-sacrifice which have

always characterised the Hellenic race when the country was in danger did not fail on the outbreak of the Balkan war. As before, collections were made wherever a Greek community was found, and also, of course, in Greece itself. The total sum raised has never been officially announced, but those in a position to know have mentioned figures between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 drachmas. I think I may say with certainty that the firm of Ralli Brothers, of London, alone contributed 25,000,000 drachmas, and M. Zacharo, of Paris, gave a like sum, or one-fourth of his fortune. From these immense sums to the few drachmas of the poor labourer is a big jump, but the sentiment was the same; it is not too much to say that *every one* contributed, each according to his means.

But money was not all: never in the history of modern Greece have so many volunteers offered themselves for service. It is computed that the number of Greeks who have emigrated to America is about a quarter of a million. Of these—poor labourers and artisans for the most part — over 40,000 sailed for their native land and enlisted. The total number of volunteers far exceeded 100,000. Not all of these, of course, were already trained to arms like the Cretan contingent of 20,000, so that they could be immediately enrolled and sent to the seat of war; but it was due nevertheless to the influx of volunteers that the Army

could be brought up to the surprising total of 230,000 men.

As usual the ladies of the Royal Family took the lead in assisting the sick and wounded, and their example was followed, one may say, by the whole of Athenian society. Queen Olga and the Crown Princess Sophia opened subscriptions for the establishment of hospitals in the capital, and in the towns adjacent to the theatre of war, and they inspected and personally directed most of these institutions. Princess Helen established an ambulance train for the transport of the wounded, and travelled untiringly up and down the line with a constant stream of wounded friends and foes, who were treated with the same care and sympathy.

Princess Marie had also her special department, in which she performed extremely useful service. The Princess had the steamer *Albania* fitted up for the transport of wounded. She herself had her cabin, from which she personally directed the whole staff of ship's officers, doctors, nurses, and Sisters of Mercy. Each time a battle took place in Macedonia or Epirus, the *Albania* made for the nearest harbour, and became a floating hospital for the victims of war. During the whole campaign Princess Marie conveyed something like 10,000 sick and wounded.

Nor was Princess Alice behind the other members of her family in personal sacrifice. Accompanied by her lady-in-waiting and two or three young

Photo] [*Böhringer*

QUEEN OLGA.

doctors, she crossed the frontier immediately on the outbreak of hostilities, followed the rapid and adventurous march of the main Army, and wherever the fighting had been hottest the Princess and her assistants turned churches, inns and peasants' huts into hospitals, where they worked night and day in giving first aid to the wounded.

It will be remembered that one of the results of the military crisis at Athens in 1910 was that the King's sons resigned their positions in the Army. As soon as the outlook became threatening the Princes placed themselves at the disposition of the Ministry of War, and resumed their rank in the Army: Prince Nicholas as Lieutenant-General, Prince Andrew as Lieutenant-Colonel, while Prince Christopher was gazetted Captain. Prince George, who left Paris for Athens on the outbreak of war, placed himself at the disposition of the Ministry of Marine, and with his knowledge and experience of naval warfare was of great service to his country. After the fall of Salonika Prince Nicholas was appointed Military Governor of the city, a very difficult position — especially on account of the high-handed conduct of the Bulgarians—which he filled with the most admirable tact and ability.

While the Army of Thessaly under the command of the Crown Prince, was marching north, the western force—the Army of Epirus—proceeded to carry out its share of the campaign.

This army corps was commanded by General Sapoundzakis, who had been chief of the Crown Prince's general staff during the war of 1897.

The bridge of Arta was crossed with slight opposition; and almost at the same time the western division of the Greek fleet came into action. As the battle fleet had to operate in the Ægean, Greece could only afford to detach the older corvettes, gunboats, and a few torpedo boats to the Ionian Sea to enforce the blockade and support the Army.

On October 17th two small gunboats ran into the Gulf of Arta to prepare an attack from seaward on the Turkish forts about Preveza. This attack was carried out on the 26th, but without result.

Meanwhile General Sapoundzakis was marching overland against Preveza, while sending detachments northward to Philippiades and Strebitza. After sharp fighting the Greeks succeeded in repulsing the enemy.

Close to Preveza the Turks had strongly entrenched themselves in the fortress of Nikopolis. The attack began on October 31st and continued the following day, supported by the Greek squadron. Nikopolis was stormed, and the garrison, which consisted of Turkish Albanians and Bashi-Bazouks, fled to the northward, hotly pursued by the Greek cavalry. The town surrendered the next day. About 1,000 of the enemy were taken prisoners, and a vast quantity of war material—including a

Turkish torpedo-boat destroyer — was captured. The whole of the important Gulf of Arta was henceforth included in Greek waters.

The joy with which the news that the national flag floated over Preveza and Nikopolis was received in Greece is easily understood, since both places stand on classic soil. Near to the narrow entrance to the Gulf was fought the famous battle of Actium, named from a tongue of land on the southern shore. The name of Preveza was originally Berenicia, called after the mother-in-law of Pyrrhus, on his founding a colony here. Nikopolis, the strong Turkish fortress commanding Preveza, is famed from the victory of Augustus over Pompey. The last fight at Preveza hitherto recorded in history took place on the day war was declared between Italy and Turkey, when the Duke of the Abruzzi bombarded the town.

As the objective of the eastern Army was Salonika, so were all the operations of the western directed against Yanina.

The way was long and difficult; the Turks offered vigorous resistance, and the Greeks had to fight many sanguinary engagements before the siege of the strongly fortified mountain town could be begun in earnest.

Halfway between Arta and Yanina the enemy had entrenched themselves around the town of Pente Pigadia. It took four days' hard fighting

to drive the Turks from their positions, after which they fled to the north.

Winter had now set in with exceptionally cold weather, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the Greek Army continued its march northward. Heavy rains made the roads almost impassable, and in the mountain districts the passes were blocked with snow. In spite of all difficulties the advance continued steadily, until the investment of Yanina commenced with the engagements at Metsovo, Drisko, Bizani, and Aetoralis.

As Greece was the only one of the Balkan Allies that possessed any sea power of importance, it was necessary to make the utmost possible use of this power, and to entrust it to the right man. The command was given to Rear-Admiral Kondouriotis, an extremely able and energetic officer, who possessed the full confidence of the Navy. In reality the only objection that could be raised against this commander was his indomitable daring, which on one particular occasion proved to be a danger. But as even here fortune followed the brave Admiral, his critics were silenced.

In order to strengthen her naval power, Greece took over at the end of September three destroyers that were building in Germany, besides four more built in England for the Argentine Government.

On October 1st the whole fleet was mobilised

and formed into two divisions, the smaller of which—a quite unimportant force—was sent to the Ionian Sea, while the real fighting division had the Ægean as its field of operations. The naval reserves for five years were called up. On October 17th the fleet steamed out with sealed orders and anchored in the Gulf of Salamis; from there it proceeded to the Bay of Mudros in the Island of Lemnos. The island was captured and made the base of operations, for which it was admirably adapted owing to its position off the western entrance to the Dardanelles. From that moment until the close of the war Turkey was paralysed in the Ægean. The transport of any considerable body of troops along the coast of Asia Minor or from Syria was rendered impossible, and the Greek blockade—not very strictly maintained — could not be opposed by force or raised.

All the Turks could do was to guard the Gulf of Salonika and the entrance to the Dardanelles with the greatest vigilance; but no serious attack on the defending forts could be carried out, as it was above all important to avoid exposing the fleet to unnecessary damage.

An uncommonly bold and successful attack was made, however, on the coast-defence iron-clad *Fethi-Boulent*, stationed at Salonika. It was Lieutenant Votsis—like Kondouriotis a descendant of one of the naval heroes of the War of

Independence—who carried out this exploit with torpedo boat No. 11.

On the evening of November 1st he ran his boat past Karabournou, in spite of the search-lights continually directed upon the entrance. He then went at full steam for the ships anchored in Salonika harbour and soon discovered the Turkish guard-ship at the western end of the breakwater. At the range of 150 yards Votsis fired three torpedoes in quick succession. Two of them hit the mark between stem and funnel, the third exploded against the breakwater. The *Fethi-Boulent* heeled over and sank almost immediately. Lieutenant Votsis again put on full steam, ran over the mine-field, and sent the fortress a shot from his quick-firer before regaining the Ægean and disappearing in the darkness.

Besides keeping the Turkish ships shut up in the Dardanelles, maintaining the blockade and supporting the Army wherever opportunity occurred, the fleet captured all the islands that were not already occupied by the Italians. Troops were landed, forcing the Turkish garrisons to surrender one after another, and soon the Greek flag waved over Lemnos, Thasos, Samothrace, Mytilene, Tenedos, Chios, Psara, Strathi, and a great number of smaller islands. On 2nd November Kondouriotis occupied Mount Athos, the promontory of the famous monasteries.

All these movements were carried out without the Greeks being in the slightest degree molested by the no less powerful fleet of the enemy. On the other hand, they were often hindered by the unusually severe weather, and both men and material suffered during the long campaign.

But this business of capturing islands, transporting troops, and searching merchant vessels was not the sort of thing to satisfy the ambitious Greek sailors for long, and every one, from Admiral to cabin boy, was chafing at the cowardice of the Turks, which made any real trial of strength impossible. Time after time the flagship *Averoff* sent wireless challenges to the enemy, but for a long time these had no effect.

At last, on the morning of December 16th, when the Greek ships were cruising off the island of Imbros, a Turkish squadron, consisting of the armourclads *Haïreddin Barbarossa*, *Turgut Reis*, *Messoudieh*, *Assari Tewfik*, the cruiser *Hamidieh*, and eight destroyers, was seen to leave the Straits with a westerly course. At 9.25 A.M. firing began at a range of 12,000 yards. Immediately afterwards the Turks altered their course to the north-east and the *Averoff*, followed by the three small battleships, *Psara*, *Spetzai*, and *Hydra*, bore down upon the enemy until the range become 3,000 yards. Admiral Kondouriotis then attempted, with the far superior speed of

the *Averoff*, to place the enemy between two fires. He manœuvred independently of the rest of his squadron, ran in upon the whole Turkish division at full steam, and opened fire at close quarters.

It was indeed a daring stroke, and if the Turks had only had a spark of courage and efficiency this was a grand opportunity for their four armourclads to settle the account of the Greek flagship. Besides which, Kondouriotis's manœuvre hindered the other three Greek battleships from making full use of their guns. But the *Averoff's* excellent practice took the heart out of the Turks; the whole squadron turned and made for the Dardanelles at full steam and in the most lamentable disorder. It should be noted that the Turkish flagship, which on the way out had occupied the rear position in line ahead, took the leading station during the flight, and contrived with great dexterity to be always covered by the other ships.

On the Greek side the result of the sea fight was the loss of five men and some slight damage above the waterline on the *Averoff*. The Turks lost a Rear-Admiral and four officers, besides a number of killed and wounded among the crews. Their four ships all suffered considerable damage; the *Barbarossa* so much that she was almost put out of action. From a moral point of view the victory was an important one for Greece. Her

sea power had again established its superiority over that of the enemy, and the Porte would now have to abandon the hope of making up for the disasters on land by the help of its fleet.

Twice again the Turks made a show of giving battle, under pressure of public opinion in Constantinople, which loudly demanded that the fleet which had cost the country so much money should do something in return. The demand was rendered more reasonable by the fact that the Turkish Ministry of Marine had blazed abroad the fight of December 16th as a complete and glorious victory for the Crescent.

The Turkish Admiral therefore received orders to go out again, cost what it might. The orders were carried out on December 22nd, when the battleships that were still fit for service and three destroyers ran south along the coast to Tenedos, a small island, entirely unfortified. The three destroyers opened fire on the town, while the larger vessels steamed between the island and the entrance to the Straits. As soon as news reached Lemnos of the Turkish sally, the Greek fleet proceeded eastward. A thick fog then came on, and the Turks hurriedly withdrew under the guns of the forts. The cruiser *Hamidieh* alone did not reach the Straits. She probably lost her way, overshot the entrance, and did not venture to return, but continued her course to the north,

and afterwards to the west. For some time the *Hamidieh* was a menace in eastern waters; she showed herself in the south of the Ægean, at Alexandria, went through the Suez Canal and back again, appeared at Malta and afterwards in the Ionian Sea. In several parts the cruiser harassed undefended island towns and Greek transports and caused a good deal of trouble, but no great damage.

Once again the Turkish fleet was seen outside the Dardanelles, exchanged a few shots with the enemy, and then disappeared, never again to offer the Greeks battle.

The Greek Navy deserved a worthier foe.

CHAPTER XV

THE ARMISTICE AND RESUMPTION OF HOSTILITIES

THE Powers of Europe had followed the course of the war with intense interest, and even at an early stage proposals for an armistice were raised in various quarters. That these were in most cases an echo of Turkey's urgent cries for help is obvious enough. But it was not till Bulgaria's energy was to a great extent shattered and its funds almost exhausted that the Government of Sofia agreed to discuss the question of an armistice. So urgently did the Bulgarian Army need a rest that a temporary suspension of hostilities was really as convenient to King Ferdinand as to the Sultan.

It was at the beginning of December that King Ferdinand appointed a meeting of delegates from his Allies at the Bulgarian headquarters in front of Tchataldja. While both Servians and Montenegrins quickly agreed with the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief as to the terms upon which an armistice could be granted to Turkey, Greece held back. The Government of Athens considered

that the moment was unfortunately chosen, and that the conditions were unacceptable.

It will be remembered that at this juncture three of the most important centres of Turkish power in the Balkan Pensinsula were being besieged: Adrianople, Yanina, and Skutari. In all human probability the surrender of these three places was only a question of time. Greece demanded that the surrender should take place before Turkey was granted the armistice, which should be the preliminary to a final conclusion of peace. That the Greek attitude was the right one is now easy to see. How much loss of life and useless expenditure might have been avoided if the Allies had followed the advice of the Greek Government, and forced the Porte to submit! Above all, Greece refused to raise the blockade, since this would give the enemy too welcome an opportunity of supplying his forces with provisions and ammunition.

In spite of the protest of Greece the armistice was signed on December 3rd. On the invitation of Sir Edward Grey, the belligerents agreed to send delegates to London; the negotiations were to be opened at St James's Palace on the 13th, and at the same time the Ambassadors of the Powers in London had agreed to meet and draft proposals for a final peace, and in the first place to draw the line of frontier between the future Turkey in Europe and the Balkan Powers.

The situation was somewhat curious, as there was now an armistice between Turkey and three of its opponents, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro, while war proceeded without interruption between Greece and Turkey. Greek delegates, nevertheless, took part in the peace negotiations.

It is scarcely worth while to dwell upon these negotiations; as we know, they led to nothing. The conference of Ambassadors was continued long after the Balkan delegates had gone home without effecting their object; the future will show what its value was. Both from a practical and a theoretical point of view Greece was the only far-sighted and clear-thinking Power among the four Allies. This has been unanimously acknowledged by the diplomatists and the Press of Europe.

The Crown Prince Constantine allowed himself and his Army no very long rest after King George's entry into Salonika. Great tasks still remained to be performed. As yet the power of the Turks was far from being broken: to the north-west the Servians, after the taking of Monastir, were still opposed by a whole army corps, and from that point southward to Kozhani, where a Greek division still lay in an entrenched position, the country was in the hands of the enemy. Finally, Yanina still kept Sapoundzakis's besieging army at bay. Until the Turks were completely

driven out of Epirus and the western part of Macedonia, or taken prisoners, the time had not arrived for the Greek Army to rest on its laurels.

A few days after the King's arrival the Crown Prince again took the field with four divisions. The weather was as bad as it could be, with pouring rain day and night, and the troops had not had sufficient rest after their exhausting march from the frontier to Salonika. The road from here to Monastir was almost impassable, but a rapid march was kept as far up as Vertekop, where the Commander divided his forces. The right wing marched by Vodena to Tehovon, an extremely difficult and mountainous road; while the left went by Grammatikovon. The centre followed the cart road that leads through the valleys by Vodena. This road was thought to afford a passage for the artillery, but proved to be almost impracticable.

These movements were planned in connection with a simultaneous advance of the 5th Division from Kozhani, the object being to drive back all the Turkish forces and then collect the five divisions before the mountain passes by Gornitzovon and Banitsa.

In spite of bad weather and an exceedingly difficult country this combined movement was carried out with the greatest precision, the Turks meanwhile defending their ground stubbornly. On November 16th the 5th Division fought a

sanguinary engagement at Komano, and on the same day the 6th and a part of the 4th Division drove the enemy out of strong positions on Lake Ostrovo. After further fighting the advance began by Gornitzovon and the Pass of Kerli-Derven. Everywhere the enemy took to flight after suffering heavy loss.

While the Greek Army was thus advancing victoriously, the Servians fought a three days' battle to the north-east of Monastir by Lake Prespa. The two allied armies now got in touch with each other through cavalry outposts.

The Turks, seeing their line of retreat cut off, tried to concentrate on the little town of Florina. They still retained a section of the railway line, on which they transported great quantities of material, provisions and ammunition. The Turks were still under the impression that they had to deal with only one division of the Greek Army; but when they discovered their mistake and saw that the Crown Prince with five divisions had already taken the Passes of Gornitzovon and Kerli-Derven, they realised the danger of being surrounded. The Turks gave up any idea of offering battle. Their hasty retreat degenerated into a rout, in the course of which the Greek cavalry made 3,500 prisoners in three days. Immense quantities of rolling stock and war material, ammunition and provisions fell into the hands of the Greeks.

Such was the demoralisation of the Turkish troops that when, on November 23rd, a Greek lieutenant with a handful of mounted men showed himself before Kastoria, the Commandant, Mehmed Pasha, who had 1,800 men at his disposal, instantly entered into negotiations for surrender and availed himself of the approach of darkness for a headlong flight to Biklista.

After this campaign, as short as it was successful, the Turkish power was broken in the whole of the western part of Macedonia.

At the opening of 1913 the situation was as follows: the Crown Prince with the eastern Army retired to Salonika, the capture of Koritza having brought the operations in western Macedonia to a close. In the Ægean Sea the fleet and landing-troops had forced the strong garrison of Mytilene to surrender, and shortly after the Greek flag waved over Chios. In this quarter also nothing more remained to be done. Only Yanina had still to be reduced, before the Greek arms could be said to have discharged to the full all the tasks they had undertaken at the beginning of the war.

Yanina had proved too hard a nut for old General Sapoundzakis to crack. He had succeeded in partly investing the town, but not so effectively as to prevent the reinforcement of

the garrison by scattered bodies of troops from the north and east. There were signs of impatience in Greece, and all looked to the Crown Prince as the only man likely to bring the siege to a prompt and successful conclusion.

And the Crown Prince made no delay. As soon as he had his hands free in Macedonia, he went with his staff to Epirus and took over on January 31st the command of the besieging Army, General Sapoundzakis retiring and being allotted the command of the right wing — the 6th and 8th Divisions. In the course of the next four weeks the Crown Prince had carefully studied the situation, altered the previous dispositions, tightened the girdle of iron about the town and its forts and cut off all supplies, so that the besieged were demoralised by hunger and sickness. This being accomplished, the time was ripe for action — at the beginning of March.

The ancient capital of Epirus stands high above the Lake of Yanina, and is surrounded by steep and rugged mountains. As the most important centre of Turkish power in the western province, Yanina had long ago been strengthened by a line of forts, forming a semi-circle to the south of the town and of the southern shore of the lake. On the west the forts of St. Nicolas, Sadovitza and Dourouti defend the approach to the town along the broad road running south

to Arta and Preveza. A little to the east of this road and due south of the lake lies the main fortress of Bizani—Great and Little Bizani —two extraordinarily strong forts, which entirely command both the lake and the level country about Yanina. Farther to the east are situated the two last forts of Gastritza and Drisko.

General Sapoundzakis had set himself the task of reducing the two strongest forts of all, Great and Little Bizani, but had only sacrificed time and lives to no purpose. The Crown Prince's plan was entirely different, and consisted in taking the western positions by a very wide enveloping movement, while distracting the enemy's attention by an extremely energetic feint on the Bizani forts.

The dispositions for the attack were as follows: The right wing was to take up a position on March 4th along the ridge of Aetorachi and carry out the feint against Bizani with artillery and infantry; this attack was to be continued till noon on the following day.

The centre—2nd Division—was to move simultaneously from the heights of Canetta towards the plain and send its cavalry forward on the 5th along the road to Yanina.

The left wing was divided into three columns:

The first column—4th Division—had orders to take part in the feint of the 4th; on the 5th it was to take possession of the heights to the

west of the road and then to advance together with the other columns.

The second column—2nd Battalion of Evzones and 2nd Regiment of infantry—had orders on the 4th to make an enveloping movement, covered by the heights, and on the 5th at daybreak to attack and capture Fort St. Nicolas.

Finally, the third column of the left wing—9th Infantry Battalion and two mountain batteries—was to hold itself behind Mount Olitsika on the 4th, to march during the night to the heights of Tsouka, to take this fortified position early the next morning and detach a force to the attack of St. Nicolas from the north, while the rest of the column turned its attention to the weaker forts of Dourouti and Sadovitza. When these were taken the second and third columns had orders to assemble on the plain and march against Yanina.

From Canetta, where the bulk of the Greek artillery was posted, the attack was opened on the 4th with a storm of shell and shrapnel directed against Bizani. The cannonade lasted the whole day and night, was interrupted an hour or two before sunrise and resumed with the same energy at 7 A.M. on the 5th. At the same time the infantry kept up a lively fire with rifles and machine-guns. The extreme right wing moved forward from the monastery of Tsouka past Losetzi, while the cavalry of the centre deployed over the northern slopes of Canetta.

The Turks, of course, could only suppose that an attack in force was in progress from the south and south-east, and while holding his fire till the enemy were within closer range, the General in command, Essad Pasha, hastened to draw reinforcements from the western positions to the points apparently threatened.

The Crown Prince's tactics were entirely successful. The garrisons of the three western forts had no idea that the Greeks had carried out the nocturnal enveloping movement described above, and when at daybreak on the 5th the Evzones and line battalions charged forward, and the mountain batteries opened a murderous fire in the enemy's rear, the surprise was so great that the battle was already half won.

But the assailants, nevertheless, had their work cut out, for the Turks fought bravely. The third column in particular, which had first to storm the steep hill of Tsouka, then move down to the bottom of the valley and finally rush up again to carry Fort Dourouti at the point of the bayonet, suffered extremely heavy losses.

It must be said that the plan of attack, which involved many difficulties, was carried out with admirable precision. Greek officers and men of all arms went about their work with a vigour and a contempt for death impossible to surpass. The losses were heavy on the attacking side, but far heavier on that of the Turks. Especially after the

capture of Forts St Nicolas and Dourouti, when the Moslems were flying headlong to Yanina, they were simply mowed down by the well-aimed shrapnel and machine-gun fire of the Greeks.

As soon as Essad Pasha saw how the attack had been planned, and that he had been deceived by a feint into making a false move, he had no doubt of the issue. And when the Greek flag floated over all the western positions, he found that the moment had come for abandoning the long and plucky defence. He asked to be allowed to march out freely with his troops, but the Crown Prince refused to negotiate. In reply he fixed the time for the renewal of the attack at 5 A.M. on the 6th.

Essad then abandoned all resistance; he surrendered the town, the forts, himself and his Army unconditionally.

With such surprising rapidity did the situation develop that the extreme right wing of the Greeks, following its orders, reopened the battle at daybreak and became hotly engaged with the force opposed to it, which was equally ignorant of the fall of Yanina. Gallopers from Essad Pasha and the Crown Prince only succeeded in stopping the fight after it had been in progress for a good half hour.

If the Greek nation rejoiced over the capture of Salonika, their enthusiasm was no less when the telegrams announced the fall of Yanina. The

feeling of relief almost eclipsed that of joy. For over four months the struggle had lasted around the capital of Epirus, whose forts—designed by Von der Goltz himself — were regarded by the Turks as impregnable. And the longer the siege went on, the more sceptical did the Greeks become as to the issue. Their troops had endured greater hardships here than anywhere else during the campaign. The cold in these high mountain regions was at times so severe that the thermometer sank to zero. Besides the gaps made in the ranks of the besiegers by the enemy's bullets, there were the ravages of sickness, due to the harshness of the climate. Between 700 and 800 cases of mortification necessitating amputation occurred in the course of the winter.

But the Turks had fared still worse. When the Crown Prince entered the gates of Yanina at the head of his Army he found a starved and exhausted garrison; for the last month hardly one of the soldiers had had a full meal. The wounded lay in open barracks, exposed to rain and cold, and in the most filthy surroundings. The supply of doctors and of medical stores was altogether insufficient, and towards the end of the siege even the dead were not buried.

It is worth noting that as soon as the surrender had taken place all feelings of enmity vanished between Greeks and Turks. This was partly due to the knowledge that both sides had done

their duty to the utmost as brave men, and partly to the work of mercy which now occupied the victors and which vanquished their opponents for the second time.

I will conclude the account of this chapter of the war by quoting the utterance of an officer of very high rank among the prisoners of Yanina, to the French war correspondent, M. Jean Leune, who was present during the siege and the final battle :—

"Greece has found the general she wanted in her future King, and in her Premier, Venizelos, she has one of the greatest statesmen of our time. If only we poor Turks with the help of Allah could find such a general, such a Grand Vizier! . . ." And he added: "Our most terrible opponent in this war was not Bulgaria—whatever people may say or write. It was *Greece*, whose Army took first Salonika and now Yanina, and whose fleet has captured all our Ægean islands and prevented our bringing to Europe the 250,000 men who are ready to be embarked at Smyrna and in Syria. . . . Ah, the Greek fleet! What a decisive part it has played in this war! Without it, I can assure you, we should long ago have been in Sofia."

CHAPTER XVI

KING GEORGE'S DEATH

THE war was nearing its end in the early part of last March — no other conclusion could be drawn from the rapidly changing scenes in the Balkan Peninsula. All the Turks' strategic points had fallen — Salonika, Yanina, Adrianople, and Skutari. The power of the Crescent was broken; west of the Tchataldja lines there was hardly a handful of Ottomans in fighting trim with the heart to continue the hopeless struggle. Peace negotiations were being carried on in London with every prospect of a favourable result. Bulgaria, it is true, still faced the other Allies with her impudent claims, but no one at that time could imagine it possible that King Ferdinand and his Government, till then lauded to the skies for their breadth of vision and sagacity, would suddenly reveal themselves as reckless gamblers who, blinded by arrogance, swayed by extravagant ambition, would stake all their hard-won victories, their glory and their power, on the hazard of a die, and force the four Christian Balkan Powers into a fratricidal war.

Thanks to the strict censorship of the four Balkan Powers and to the hard-handed way in which all war correspondents were kept at a distance from the actual events, it was almost impossible to form a clear idea of what had been happening on the stage of this stern drama of the "Crusade." I came to the conclusion that if I wanted to get at the facts for the concluding chapters of my book, there was only one thing for me to do, and that was to go straight off to Salonika, the headquarters of the Greek Army, and ask the King to help me to obtain the necessary information about the course of the war.

Having made out the quickest route — *viâ* Berlin, Buda-Pest, Belgrade and Nish—I took the train on the morning of March 13th and travelled south.

In Buda - Pest, where the spring was just announcing itself along the banks of the glittering Danube, I saw the first indications of warlike unrest. Soldiers were everywhere in evidence. In the city and on the grassy plain outside, which was one vast camp, whole army corps stood ready to march southward to the Servian frontier. A still larger Hungarian force was encamped at Semlin, on the north side of the gigantic iron bridge which divides the two countries.

In Belgrade I was for a moment completely checked in my race to the south. The station-

master absolutely refused me permission to proceed.

"You can go as far as Nish, if you like, but beyond the frontier all passenger traffic is stopped. A state of war, my dear sir, marauding bands of Turks and cursed Albanians—they infest the hills and shoot down on the trains—perfectly impossible!"

That was pleasant! Should I really have to turn back, go by Vienna and Trieste, take a steamer to Athens and then to Salonika? That might take ten days, and from Belgrade it ought not to be more than two. . . .

A quarter of an hour later I stood in the anteroom of the Military Governor of Belgrade and asked for an audience. Soon after I was shown in to a white-bearded General, who received me with an ill-omened frown on his bushy black eyebrows.

But I was provided with ammunition for a brush with this mighty man: first I produced an imposing passport from my pocket-book and spread it out before his irritable brown eyes. The man's expression seemed to soften a little already. Then I brought my heavy guns to bear on him: letters to the King of Greece—Servia's Ally—from Royal relatives and friends in Denmark. Five of them I had—letters of the greatest importance — must be delivered as quickly as possible — serious responsibility for

any one who delayed their reaching the King. . . .

The frown on the General's face gradually faded away. A moment later he had put his name to a pass, which gave me the right of travelling by any military train that would serve for my journey to Salonika.

"On your own responsibility, Captain, don't forget that." He planted the end of a ruler on the map that hung on the wall, just where the name Küprylü was printed. "A week ago a train rolled down the slope just there—those blackguards had torn up the rails. . . . *Bon voyage et au revoir, monsieur!*"

With incredible slowness the train dragged itself along the line—seventy carriages and only one engine. To say the train was crowded would be using too feeble an expression. I suppose no fewer than 2,000 men besides a good quantity of military stores were being transported with me to the south — part of the Servian division which a week later sailed in Greek steamers from Salonika to the coast of Albania.

We were twelve passengers in my compartment —a Colonel and some of the officers of his regiment. There were seats for eight; the rest had to stand. These four were relieved every half-hour — the Colonel kept the time to a minute—so we had an hour's rest and then half-an-hour's standing.

This went on all through the afternoon and

night; it was impossible to close one's eyes. The officers were in excellent humour, chatting incessantly; innumerable pungent Servian cigarettes were consumed, and it was difficult to breathe.

Excellent fellows, the Servians, enthusiastic friends of the Hellenes, bitter enemies of the despised Bulgarians. And when they found out that I was on my way to the front from the fabulously far north to describe the Balkan War, their communicativeness knew no bounds. The whole night long and far into the next morning I was supplied with pictures of the war, with instances of Turkish cruelty, of Albanian duplicity, of Servian and Greek bravery.

At last we reached Uskub, and the train went no farther.

I was deadly tired and longed for a bed, a sofa, even a floor, on which I could stretch my aching limbs. My friends the Servians offered to find me a lodging, and I should be able to continue my journey the following morning.

I was already on my way from the station to Uskub, which raises its unsightly length above the muddy banks of the Sitnitza, when I suddenly changed my mind. Some mysterious force within me turned my thoughts irresistibly towards King George and Salonika, the goal of my journey. I hurried back to the station, followed by the astonished youth in a fez who was carrying my hand baggage, showed my pass, and was assigned

a place in an ancient compartment, the velvet seats of which hung in rags and reeked of bad tobacco—my prison for the next twenty hours.

By degrees the train — which looked even longer than the last — was filled with soldiers, officers, field guns and mountain guns, horses, cases of ammunition, tents, telephone-poles and apparatus, and again we jolted away over mountain-slopes and down river-valleys. At Küprylü, a little to the south of Uskub, I saw the wrecked train of which I had been told. The engine and sixteen carriages lay 60 feet below us, at the bottom of a steep slope, a mass of twisted iron and splintered wood.

When night came on men were posted with loaded rifles on all the platforms of the train. Now and then volleys or single shots rang out, aimed at the rocks above us, and an electric searchlight on the engine showed up the track, along which we proceeded at a funeral pace.

Next morning we rolled at last into the station of Salonika, and half an hour later I went up the steps of the Grand Hotel Olympus Palace and found myself before a most luxurious bed, which irresistibly suggested immediate rest.

I undressed, half-asleep and too tired to think of food, but just as I was getting into the delightful, springy bed, the same mysterious force which had so pitilessly driven me out of Uskub began to make itself felt again. I tried to reason with

myself—it would be far better to announce myself at the Palace when I had had a rest—the afternoon would be quite early enough to deliver the letters and messages. My arguments were of no avail; I *had* to go on. It then occurred to me that an ice-cold bath was the best cure for my mortal tiredness. I felt like a martyr, but I owe it to that cold bath that I was able to see King George again while he was yet alive.

At 10 o'clock I drove from the hotel through the long street that runs round the head of the bay and passes outside the town, where it is bordered by villas and country houses.

The town was still in a jubilant mood, the fall of Yanina having renewed the rejoicings that began with the capture of Salonika and the entry of the King. From hundreds of houses, from the old Turkish mosques and from innumerable white minarets, the blue and white flag with its shining cross floated gaily in the breeze.

Never have I seen a town so packed with soldiers; there were at least 60,000 Greeks under arms, a whole division of Servians and some 10,000 Bulgarians, swarming in crowds all over the place. Seen from the roof of the hotel, the principal street looked like a muddy, yellowish - brown stream, which gave off unpleasant exhalations. We generally imagine the predominant colour of war to be red, the colour of blood, and its smell that of gunpowder, as it hangs in thick clouds over the

battlefield. This is quite wrong; at least I have found that war acts in a totally different way on the senses. Its colour is khaki, mustard colour in every possible irritating shade, according to the taste of the nation concerned. And its smell is the most disgusting of all smells—that of unwashed humanity.

King George had taken up his residence in a Turkish villa with a garden running down to the shore. There was not much room in the "Palace," as the place was officially designated, but its situation was quiet and pleasant, with a view over the magnificent gulf, and there was a good landing-place for boats from the *Amphitrite* and the men-of-war.

I caught sight of the King the moment my carriage turned from the road into the long avenue that led to the front door of the villa. He was standing outside the verandah, talking to some German naval officers, who were just taking their leave. It was Admiral Trumler, of the battleship *Goeben*, who had come to invite the King to visit his ship. The Kaiser had given orders that on this occasion the Greek flag was to be saluted in the conquered city—an extremely gratifying official acknowledgment of the new state of things.

King George had gone in, but outside the villa stood old General Pallis, Chief of the King's Military Household, as his title runs, and Count Zernovitch, Master of the Horse, both of whom

welcomed me with outstretched hands. Five minutes later I was shown into the King's study.

The last time I had spoken to the King of Greece was in his little summer - house at the Palace in Copenhagen, the day before he left for Athens. His look was then that of an old, care-worn man. His face was scored with deep lines on each side of the mouth, and his clear blue eyes, usually so lively, were veiled in the deepest gravity, almost in melancholy. Now I saw before me a slight, active figure, with the elasticity of youth, dressed in a tight-fitting khaki uniform ; the face beamed with pleasure, the eyes sparkled with life, and about the mouth, half-hidden by the fair moustache, played the smile I remembered so well, in which kind-heartedness, humour and a hint of good-natured mockery were wonderfully combined. As he stood there, leaning against his writing - table and receiving the letters I had brought and all the congratulations on the fall of Yanina and the triumph of the Greek arms, from the King of Denmark, the Queen Dowager, Prince Valdemar, and from friends and admirers in Denmark—so will King George always live in my memory, with his warm smile and his little nod of encouragement. The radiant expression with which the King began to talk of his eldest son and the exploits of the Greek Army under the Crown Prince's command, was assuredly a true reflection of his emotions. Never

can King George's mind have been so full of happiness, triumph and pride in Greece, in his people and his dynasty, as at that moment.

We sat down, and then — from eleven to nearly one—I read the last chapters of my book. But from the time I finished reading until we got up, it was almost exclusively the King who spoke.

Whereas hitherto he had referred to his approaching Jubilee with a feeling somewhat akin to repugnance, he now looked forward to the event with joyful anticipation.

"The situation is entirely changed, you see. What pleasure should I have had in keeping my Jubilee while Crete was not yet Greek, and while the memory of the war of 1897 still cast a shadow of discredit over the efficiency of my Army and over my son's capacity as a general? And your book, too—however well it is written and however much appreciation of me and of Greece you have put into it — how were you going to finish it? Oh, I remember well enough what you said about brilliant prospects, founded on the progress and development of the nation——" The King laughed. "Who believes in prospects? No; now you can use *realities* for your final chapters; my son has had his revenge, my people have had reparation. Now every one can see what Hellenism has done. Now I look forward to my Jubilee, and I look forward to your book too.

Providence has been good to me. My people have advanced in enlightenment and culture, my country has doubled in size since I came to it—as a boy of seventeen; I was no more than that in 1863."

The King rose and stood by the window. He was visibly moved. Then he turned with a gay smile and glanced at the clock.

"Now we'll have lunch, it's one o'clock. You shall have a good Danish beefsteak and onions. Are you hungry?"

The ground floor of the villa was planned in the form of a cross, the long arm of the cross representing the large central apartment with a window at each end; in the four corners were rooms leading into the hall. The King informed me with a smile that the big room had been occupied by the Turkish Pasha who built the house, and that his four wives had lived in the adjacent rooms.

One of the corner rooms was used as the dining-room; the King sat at the head of the table, Prince Nicholas on his right hand, and I on his left. General Pallis, the Master of the Horse, two aides-de-camp, the private secretary, and a doctor were present at the lunch, all wearing the convenient, unostentatious khaki uniform.

I have always admired the playful ease with which King George showed himself at home in half a dozen languages. Without any sign of an

effort he jumped from one language to another —from Greek to Danish, German, French or English, just as it suited him best. With some of his family he spoke Greek, with others English. Evidently Prince Nicholas belonged to the latter category, and it was in English, which none of the Greek officers understood, that the King in the course of the meal let fall the sensational remark that his fifty years' Jubilee in October was to mark the end of his reign.

The Prince gave a serious nod, as though this decision was already familiar and accepted as a matter of course. I must have shown some surprise, as the King went on:

"Don't you think I may allow myself a holiday?"

"Certainly, your Majesty, but——"

And the King continued in Danish:

"Yes, I'm going to abdicate. It is quite time for my son to take charge. He has reached the right age, and he possesses a vigour that I can no longer boast of. His popularity is now immense, and he has gained for himself a position—abroad as well as at home. His time has arrived."

No one except the members of the Royal Family knew anything of King George's resolve. In the course of the conversation it became clear to me that the abdication was to take place on October 26th, 1913, immediately after the festivities in connection with the Jubilee.

The King then addressed himself to Prince Nicholas; their conversation turned upon the visit to the *Goeben* on the following day, and I exchanged some remarks with General Pallis, who was next to me.

We were talking about Salonika, and of how the King and his suite longed to be back in the beautiful city of Athens. I forget what words they were that occasioned the following remark of the General's, intended in reality as a mild reproach for the King.

"His Majesty does not know what fear is. The King absolutely refuses to acknowledge that there is any danger in walking about Salonika just as freely as if we were in Athens. And yet the town is full of all kinds of characters, who——"

"My dear General," the King interrupted, "don't let me have that sermon over again. I am a fatalist," he continued, with a bright smile. "When my hour comes it will be no use, even if I immure myself in my house and put a thousand Evzones on guard outside."

He nodded to right and left and rose. The luncheon was at an end.

For half an hour longer I had the opportunity of being alone with the King. We strolled after lunch, smoking our cigars, up and down the open space by the landing-stage. We now talked of how things were going in Denmark: the state of

politics, the private affairs of friends and acquaintances, the Danish Royal Family. Chaffingly, but with a touch of seriousness, King George complained of his loneliness at Salonika for the time being. The Queen, with most of the Princes and Princesses, had gone to Epirus, to see the famous city of Yanina, which after so many centuries had now become Greek again.

"The Queen, by the way, has not gone farther than Philippiades," the King explained. "She wrote to me to-day that she did not wish to see Yanina until we could go there together. It will not be very long now before they are all back here."

How tragically true was this utterance to be.

At about half-past two the aide-de-camp, Colonel Frangoudi, came hurriedly out of the Palace with a letter for the King; this brought our conversation to an end. The King gave me his hand.

"Come and have lunch with me to-morrow. And I hope you won't be very bored in the meantime—we are not in Athens, you know."

With the King's cheerful laugh ringing in my ears I left the Palace and drove to my hotel.

King George was always fond of fresh air and exercise; long walks were part of his daily habits. At Salonika he used to leave the Palace at about three, and take a walk of at least a couple of hours in the company of one of his

aides-de-camp. And he did not depart from this habit on that fatal day, the 18th of March.

At a little after three the King left his villa and went towards the town in lively conversation with Colonel Frangoudi. After going about three-quarters of a mile they passed a small café, the "Pasha Liman," frequented by Turkish Albanians. Immediately afterwards a ragged-looking man, a miserable drunken wreck, came out of the café and stood on the pavement, staring after the King. He then went on a few steps, to a place where a short alley runs from the principal street down to the shore. The corner is formed by a garden wall, against which there is a stone seat. Here the man sat down, took some dried figs and dates from his pocket, ate them and smoked cigarettes, while now and again turning his head to look round the corner, as though expecting somebody.

The King and Frangoudi had meanwhile reached the end of their walk, the ancient White Tower, and turned to go home. As usual, they were followed at a distance of a dozen yards by two Cretan gendarmes—the only precaution the King could be persuaded to take, and one that was of no great use in a street always crowded with pedestrians, vehicles and tram-cars, with a pavement hardly two yards broad.

On the way back the King talked of his coming visit to the German warship, and of the Kaiser's

marked friendliness to Greece, which had shown itself in the well-known telegram he sent to his sister, the Crown Princess Sophia, on the occasion of the capture of Salonika. It contained only three words: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

With his rapid and elastic step the King approached the fatal corner; the time was 5.20. He then led the conversation to the book I am now concluding. Colonel Frangoudi told me an hour later the last words that left the King's lips:

"Thank God, Christmas can now finish his work with a chapter to the glory of Greece, of the Crown Prince and of the Army."

When the King had spoken these words, he had reached the middle of the little side-street. The man on the bench had risen and taken a step or two forward; he put his hand to his breast pocket, drew a heavy revolver and fired it at the King's back at a distance of less than a yard. The bullet entered at the left side of the spine, penetrated the heart, and was afterwards found in the linen.

The King collapsed as though struck by lightning, fell on his knees and then on his face. Colonel Frangoudi rushed at the murderer, who was going to fire again, seized his throat and his weapon, and held him fast while the two gendarmes ran up. Then the aide-de-camp turned to the King.

A crowd quickly collected. The King was

raised from the ground and taken in a carriage to the hospital of the great home for orphans called Papaphi. The examination could only show that death had taken place—an instantaneous and entirely painless death, as the result of the heavy revolver bullet having perforated the heart.

I had reached the hotel in the happiest frame of mind: my journey was completely successful, the King had approved of the most delicate chapter of my book, his kindness and friendliness to me were extreme — in short, my spirits were so high that I did not even think of rest. Nor had the time for rest arrived. At six o'clock I was to be back at the Palace, where an officer of the General Staff, who had been through the whole Macedonian campaign, was going to give me its details. I had time to write a few post-cards, and then got into a carriage again and went at a brisk trot through the town.

It was then half-past five. As the carriage was passing the White Tower I had the first impression that something unusual had happened. Groups of soldiers and townspeople were standing with anxious and excited faces, officers hurried along the street, motor cars and orderlies raced past at a furious pace. Suddenly I caught sight of a familiar face; it was the son of the Danish Consul, Walter Blunt, and he rushed to my carriage.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the King."

"Haven't you heard? The King has been murdered! Shot from behind—by a Turk——"

He hurried on, and I sank back in the carriage, completely overwhelmed.

The King murdered! At first I was quite unable to grasp that anything so inconceivable, so impossible, had happened. The King, whom I had left three hours before, light-hearted, happy, in splendid spirits—had been murdered—he was dead.

The carriage stopped at the gates of the Palace. Some twenty officers and a couple of hundred men stood there—the place itself was deserted.

The captain in command knew me; he told me in a few disjointed sentences what had happened. Then he put up a corporal by my driver's side, and we went at a gallop up the steep streets to Papaphi.

It was not easy to make one's way through the crowd of officers that filled the broad marble steps and the hall of the building. In the middle of one of the groups stood Colonel Frangoudi; he came towards me with outstretched hand, his features convulsed by despair.

"What could I do?—he stole up behind, the scoundrel—*mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

I went into the great lecture-room, where Prince Nicholas was sitting at a long table with officers on each side of him, filling up telegraph

forms. A pair of branch candlesticks threw a flickering light upon the white paper and the pale, sorrowful face of the Prince. The rest of the room was in gloomy twilight. Dark figures stood to right and left, silent as statues ; I recognised General Pallis, the Master of the Horse, and a few more. I tried to brace myself to address a few words to the Prince, but not much came of it beyond a pressure of the hand—and in truth words were useless.

The body of the King was embalmed, as rapidly and as well as it could be done, by the chief surgeon of Papaphi, and by half-past nine it was laid upon a bier, wrapped in the Greek flag. Prince Nicholas, the officers of the Household and two Generals carried the bier in the darkness to the little Palace on the outskirts of the town.

I joined the mournful, bare-headed procession that followed the bier. The whole way we passed between dense crowds of silent human beings; sobbing and weeping were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

My mind was full of the deepest sorrow. A King whom I had always admired, a man whom I had regarded from my earliest youth with the greatest devotion, had died in the full joy of life, just as we had seen the long and arduous work of his reign crowned with success—just as we all wished to see him enjoy the fruits of half a century's

unswerving efforts on behalf of his country and his people. And then to fall by the hand of a degenerate wretch—it seemed so unjust, so utterly meaningless.

All at once I felt a touch of gladness in the midst of my sorrow—the last greetings King George received in this life came to him from the country he loved best, next to Greece—Denmark. The letters and messages from home gave him the last pleasure he was to feel—this was some consolation in the crushing sadness of that day.

Consternation, anger, and despair spread throughout Hellas when the news arrived.

Never had the nation understood how much King George meant to Greece until the day he closed his eyes. It was truly a whole people in mourning. But there was a strong blending of anger with their sorrow, and from every class of society the cry for revenge arose.

The object of this vengeance was not the murderer himself, Alexander Skinas. That miserable dipsomaniac was of course only a tool in stronger hands; it was thought that either the Bulgarians or the Young Turks must be behind the atrocious deed, and suspicion fell upon the former. For King George had placed himself in the most exposed position—Salonika—for the very purpose of doing his share in keeping the city for Greece. His presence must certainly have interfered with Bulgarian plans; therefore . . .

I scarcely think there is any necessity to go into the hateful suggestion that one of the Allies of Greece should have sought to promote its ambitions by getting rid of the King. The result of the examination points to the assassin alone. But the myth that immediately came into existence still lives, and it undoubtedly contributed to strengthen the ill-will that was felt for the Bulgarians long before the murder. And the growth of the myth was encouraged by the circumstance that Alexander Skinas avoided further investigations by suicide.

The Royal Family arrived at the Palace of Salonika in rapid succession. The Queen and the younger Princes were on the way from Epirus to Athens on the 18th; the Crown Prince received the news at Yanina; Princess Helen had started for Russia, and the telegram reached her in Belgrade, at a reception given by King Peter in her honour.

In a short time the dead King's family was collected about his bier.

In the little bedroom on the first floor of the villa the King lay on his bed, dressed in uniform. The hands lay folded upon the breast over a golden crucifix. The face was wonderfully beautiful, but about the lips there still lay a hint of the characteristic smile, half sceptical, half sad.

There was no sign of Royal pomp in the little palace—only a sorrowing family, who tried

Photo] [*Böhringer*

THE CROWN PRINCE AND CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE (NOW KING AND QUEEN) WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

to conceal their boundless despair at the loss of the one they all loved best, and who tried to console each other with the poor arguments of reason, which afford no relief.

It cannot be denied that the everyday life of Royal personages is so arranged as to make existence easy and pleasant; but on the other hand there comes a moment now and then, when they long in vain to be able to disappear into commonplace obscurity.

The Greek Royal Family were now to go through one of these periods. However painful it might be to exhibit a genuine grief through funeral pageants lasting for hours, where thousands of eyes critically examined the faces and bearing of the mourners—it had to be done. For now the long Royal funeral began. The coffin was borne on a gun-carriage from the Palace through the whole city to the quay where the *Amphitrite* lay moored. Some 100,000 soldiers lined the streets, and behind them was packed the whole motley population of Salonika.

Then came the voyage to the Piræus, during which the Royal yacht was escorted by the warships of five Powers. Then, again, the procession from the port to the Cathedral of Athens, where the King's body lay in state for three days, while an endless stream of silent Athenians, in deep mourning, passed through the church to obtain a last glimpse of the dead King, whom in their inmost hearts they had always loved and admired.

At last the day of the funeral arrived — April 2nd.

From an early hour the nave of the church was filled with diplomatists, officers, court officials, ministers and functionaries of high rank. Then came the foreign princes and envoys with their suites, who had come from most of the countries of Europe to pay the last respects to the dead King. As a background to this brilliant crowd, which gradually filled the whole floor of the church, a whole army of bishops and prelates stood in a semi-circle round the altar. All were in gold and silver vestments with lofty gold tiaras on their heads—a golden radiance shone from these highest and most reverend clerics of the Orthodox Church, which had an altogether dazzling effect.

And in the centre of all this worldly and ecclesiastical splendour was a modest wooden coffin, covered with the Greek and Danish flags, upon which lay King George's faded uniform cap and his old, worn cavalry sword.

On the appearance of the Royal Family the service began; and extremely impressive it was with the pompous antiphonal effect of the old Metropolitan's prayers, chanted in a deep and sonorous voice, and answered by the splendid tones of the powerful choir behind the altar. The music rose and sank, now in the gentlest *pianissimo*, now swelling into a volume of sound that filled the whole church, and rang out like the trumpets of judgment.

About half a mile from the summer residence of Tatoï stands a round hill known as Palæokastro. It was a fortified place in ancient days, and played its part in the Peloponnesian War; it still has the remains of a rough circular wall, which can scarcely be less than three thousand years old.

This hill was a favourite spot of King George and Queen Olga, who used often to stand here and watch the sun set over one of the most wonderful panoramas in the world.

On the north the view is bounded by lofty mountains, which form a magnificent background for the buldings of Tatoï, its vine-planted slopes and green meadows. On the east rises the majestic Pentelikon, whose deep purple sides are scored by the shining cliffs of the marble quarries. And, turning to the south, the eye embraces in one revelation of beauty the whole plain of Attica, with Athens, Phaleron and the Piræus, and the heights of Lykabettos and the Acropolis. Farther in the distance gleams the Saronic Gulf, with Ægina and a hundred other lovely islands, and beyond it are the faint outlines of the mountains of Argolis.

Many years before a handsome Byzantine chapel had been built upon the hill; but it had never been completed. The Queen had a belief that, if once the mausoleum were finished, death would soon claim an occupant for it.

At the foot of Palæokastro the funeral procession halted. For the last time the King's sons raised the coffin and carried it to the tomb.

The obsequies were at an end. The soil of modern Greece had received the body of a King —for the first time.

But over the grave the restless movement of life began again. The nation, which for a moment had bowed its head in reverence and gratitude, now hastened on towards its goal.

The King is dead, long live the King! Constantine XII. stood ready, invested with power and authority—the right man to take up King George's task. A proud and victorious warrior had succeeded to the cool-headed and experienced diplomatist.

Happy was Greece, to find the very King she needed in the difficult and dangerous time of her rebirth. Happy the King, who died in the full vigour of manhood, rejoicing in the triumph and dawning greatness of his country and his dynasty.

Few monarchs will leave a fairer name. Courage, perseverance, prudence and loyalty were the qualities that marked King George's rule. In the most intimate agreement with his people he went through the most bitter disappointments, the greatest national disasters, the most threatening crises. But never did he abandon the hope of better times; never did he avoid responsibility or grow weary in his exertions for his people and his country.

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