

GUARDING THE WORLD'S RULERS IS A HARD TASK: They Chafe Under the Care ...

By a Veteran Diplomat.

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GUARDING THE WORLD'S RULERS IS A HARD TASK

They Chafe Under the Care for Their Safety and Are Watched Without Being Aware of It.

By a Veteran Diplomat.

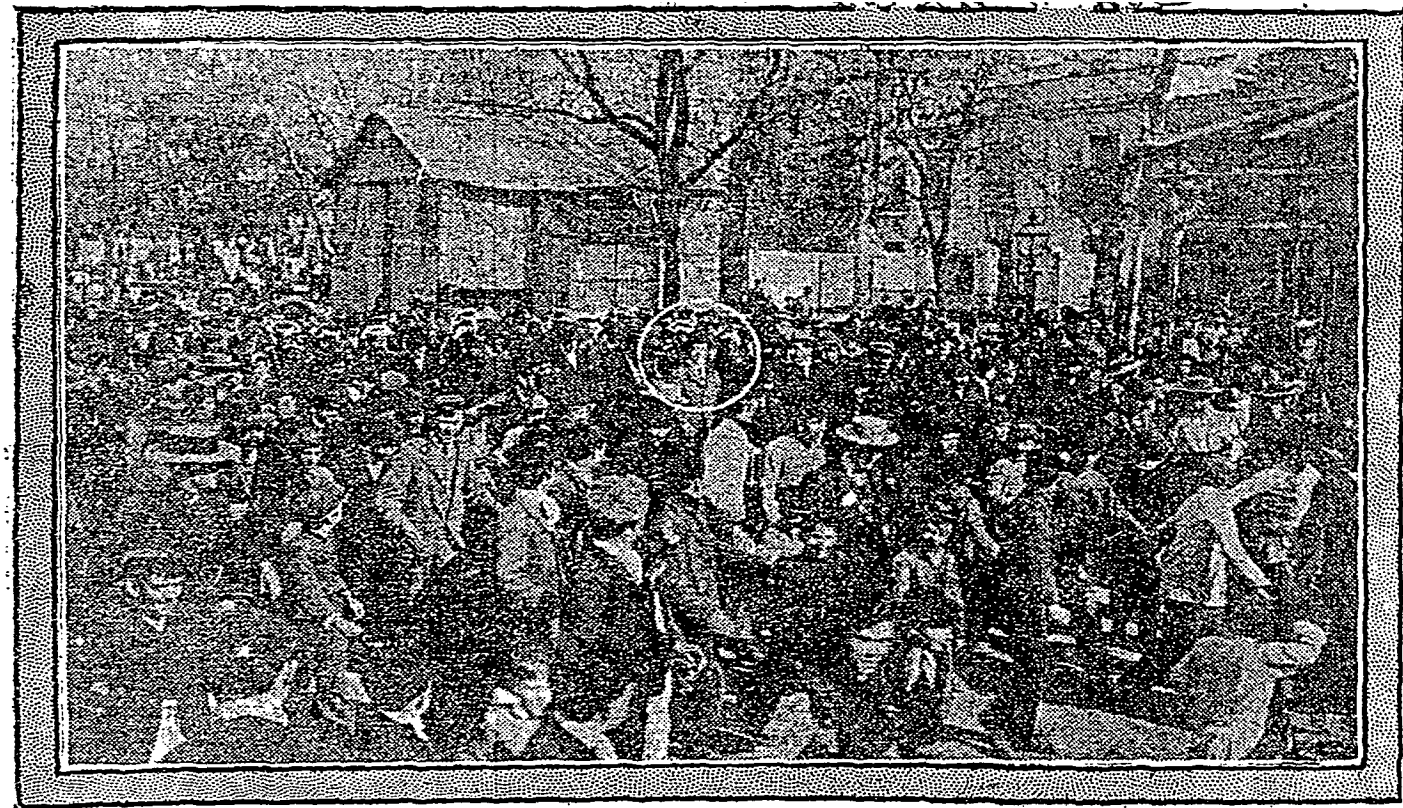
CRIMINALS are not the only persons who have to be shadowed. Royalty in general, and monarchs in particular, are subjected to a far greater amount of attention by the police, and object to it quite as strongly as those who by reason of their jail records are justly regarded as suspicious characters.

How much the anointed of the Lord chafe under the feeling that they are scarcely ever free from the scrutiny of

The "Reminiscences" of M. Paoli, now in course of publication, and who for more than a quarter of a century was charged by the French Government with organizing the necessary safeguards for visiting monarchs and royal personages during their sojourn in France are full of characteristic little stories showing how much his illustrious charges resented the idea of their being constantly followed and watched by his detectives. Some of them would content themselves with chafing him about the matter, while



The King of Greece at the Races Without Apparent Guards.



King Alfonso of Spain Walking Among His People in the Very Heart of the Anarchist District.

agents to whom is confided the responsibility of their protection from harm, is feebly shown in some letters written by the late Queen Victoria at the time of the Fenian scare in England some forty-five years ago.

They are addressed to the late Lord Cranbrook, who was Secretary of State for the Home Department at the time, and are printed with the permission of the Crown, in the memoir of that statesman which has just been published in London.

The Government of the day had received what purported to be authentic information from Canada, to the effect that some Fenian attempt was about to be made to either kidnap or assassinate the Queen during her stay at Osborne, and had accordingly considered it prudent to surround her with even more safeguards than usual.

This she resented, and after ridiculing the idea of any attempt on her life or liberty by a party of men while staying at Osborne, she goes on to say:

"Windsor the Queen does not consider nearly so safe, for there are a great many nasty people always about there. While the Queen will submit to being almost a State prisoner, which to herself is more dreadful than to any of her subjects, who do not know what the irksomeness of constant gene and being constantly watched and surrounded are, she cannot have it clearly understood that she must continue these great precautions for very long. The Queen is anything but foolish—quite the reverse—but she does value her quiet liberty as much, and far more for standing on such a pinnacle of lonely grandeur as any of her subjects."

And in another letter bearing on the same matter, she writes again to Lord Cranbrook as follows:

"The Queen has now reigned nearly thirty-one years, is 48 years old, has lived in troubled times, '48 especially, when the troops were under arms every night, and when the Queen was laid up during her confinement with Princess Louise, the mob was heard shouting in the streets every night; she has been shot at three times, once knocked on the head, threatening letters have over and over again been received, and yet we never changed our mode of living or going on."

A little further on in the same letter she mentions the fact that her health has been "very much affected through the annoyance and worry" which these extraordinary arrangements for her protection have entailed.

The letters of the Queen were not written for publication, but they make it thoroughly clear how intensely she was exasperated by the irksomeness of feeling herself constantly watched by uniformed police, and especially by detectives, that is to say, by strangers.

Col. Roosevelt when President used to take sort of boyish delight in giving the slip to the squad of Secret Service men entrusted with the duty of shadowing him everywhere, in order to preserve him from the fate that overtook McKinley, Garfield, and Lincoln.

others would complain vigorously that their one idea in coming to France was to secure a holiday and freedom from the everlasting police espionage to which they were subjected at home.

Nearly all of them seem to have expressed to Paoli their conviction that his precautions were superfluous, and some of them died ignorant of the very serious dangers which they escaped through the agency of his detectives, who adopted all sorts of disguises.

Thus, on one occasion at Cannes, the late Empress of Austria—it was only a few weeks before her assassination at Geneva—returned from a long walk in the neighborhood, and, meeting Paoli at the entrance of the hotel, boasted of having for once managed to elude his "Limiers," and then to prove to him how superfluous were his precautions, described to him her trip, and how it had been entirely free from any molestation, and what an interesting talk she had had with an old road-mender whom she had encountered at his work, and with whom she had stopped for a few minutes to chat.

Paoli did not tell her what he has since revealed in his memoirs, that the road-mender in question was one of his cleverest men, who, with several others, had never left the Empress out of their sight from the time that she left the hotel until she returned from her walk.

King Alfonso is perhaps one of the most difficult monarchs in the world to watch, owing to the fact that he is so impulsive, so restless, and so quick in his movements.

When he takes his departure from England or from France, after one of his periodical visits, he leaves the detectives assigned to watch over him during his stay in a state of complete exhaustion. They are under strict orders never to leave him out of their sight, and yet to conduct themselves in such a manner as to never attract his notice.

No matter whether he is visiting a picture gallery in London or strolling about in Hyde Park or shopping in the Rue de la Paix at Paris or "flanant" along the boulevards, there is always a horde of detectives around him, ready to pounce upon any suspicious character who approaches him.

A photograph familiar to most of the readers of THE TIMES is that portraying Edward VII. just after winning his last Derby and watching his horse being brought in. He is standing on the racecourse, with an immense crowd surging around him, a crowd in which his son, the Prince of Wales, Lord Marcus Beresford, Prince Frank of Teck, and those with him were almost entirely swallowed up.

He seems wholly without protection, yet of the populace around him, possibly a score of those nearest to him, perhaps even some of those who are patting him familiarly on the back, as if beside themselves with enthusiasm, are picked men from Scotland Yard, always at hand to do their duty.

One thing is absolutely certain, namely, that monarchs, and even royal and im-

perial personages of minor rank, are never beyond the ken of the police. From the time that they leave their home they are always being shadowed, always being watched, no matter whether in their own country or abroad.

The knowledge that one is thus being perpetually spied upon, even for the sake of protection, ends by getting on to the very strongest of masculine nerves, and in the case of a delicate woman one can readily understand that it should produce in the long run a feeling of exasperation calculated to affect the health.

It will be seen from this that the task of protecting royalty and in republican countries the chief magistrate is by no means a sinecure. It is of all offices of responsibility the one in which faithful, zealous, and efficient service obtains the least recognition and reward—not that rulers are ungrateful to those who guard them properly, but because the men who do this sort of work best are naturally those who make the least fuss, and, above all, who are most unobtrusive.

Thus, a detective whose sagacity and intuition may over and over again have quietly averted danger to his illustrious charges by the timely arrest of some anarchist or crank, bent on harm, will be less noticed and receive infinitely less commendation than the more demonstrative servant who perhaps once in his life has had the good luck to stay the arm of the would-be assassin, as the pistol was fired, instead of nabbing him beforehand.

The first aim of these secret guardians of royalty is to protect the latter from even the possibility of harm, by nipping the peril in the bud, before it has time to reach maturity.

Their second object is to hide as far as possible from their charges the fact that there is or has been any risk at all; while the third obligation impressed upon them is the necessity of keeping out of sight as much as possible, at all cost to avoid everything in the shape of publicity and fuss, and yet to be ever on hand in moments of trouble and danger.

There are some of these men, and they are the best and most efficient of their kind, who are not even known by sight to the very monarchs and princes over whose safety they may have been secretly watching for years and years.

If the detective makes any attempt to push himself forward so as to attract attention his usefulness is immediately terminated. The most successful work of this kind is that which passes unnoticed and unknown by the very people for whose sake it is undertaken.

Not a week passes without the arrest in England, in Germany, and, indeed, in every monarchical country, of individuals, mostly cranks, for offenses connected with the royal family, no intimation of which ever reaches the ear either of the latter or of the public.

Madmen and mad women, without number, endeavor to obtain interviews with the sovereign, or with his consort by either calling at the royal residences, or



The Emperor of Germany Often Walks Unattended Through the Streets.

by trying to waylay the Anointed of the Lord when they are walking or driving out.

The male cranks are mostly in love with the monarch's consort and profess to be her son or husband; while the women either allege that they are the daughters or sisters of her Majesty, or else that they have been secretly married to the ruler, or to his heir-apparent.

Then, too, there are any number of crazy inventors, authors, and poets, who are determined to attract royal attention to their unappreciated genius. Besides these there are the homicidal lunatics, male and female, of whom there are such an alarming number at large.

Finally there are the notoriety-seeking, fanatic Anarchists, who believe that they can serve their "cause" and win lasting fame by assassinating the occupant of some throne.

It is for the purpose of protecting royalty from encounters with people such as these that the detectives are ever on the watch, from the moment that their wards leave their palaces until they return. Whenever it is possible to secure information in advance of the itinerary of the royal personage in question police in plain clothes take up their station at various points along the route, and do not hesitate to quietly arrest at once and to remove without fuss any stranger whose actions and appearance are in the least suspicious.

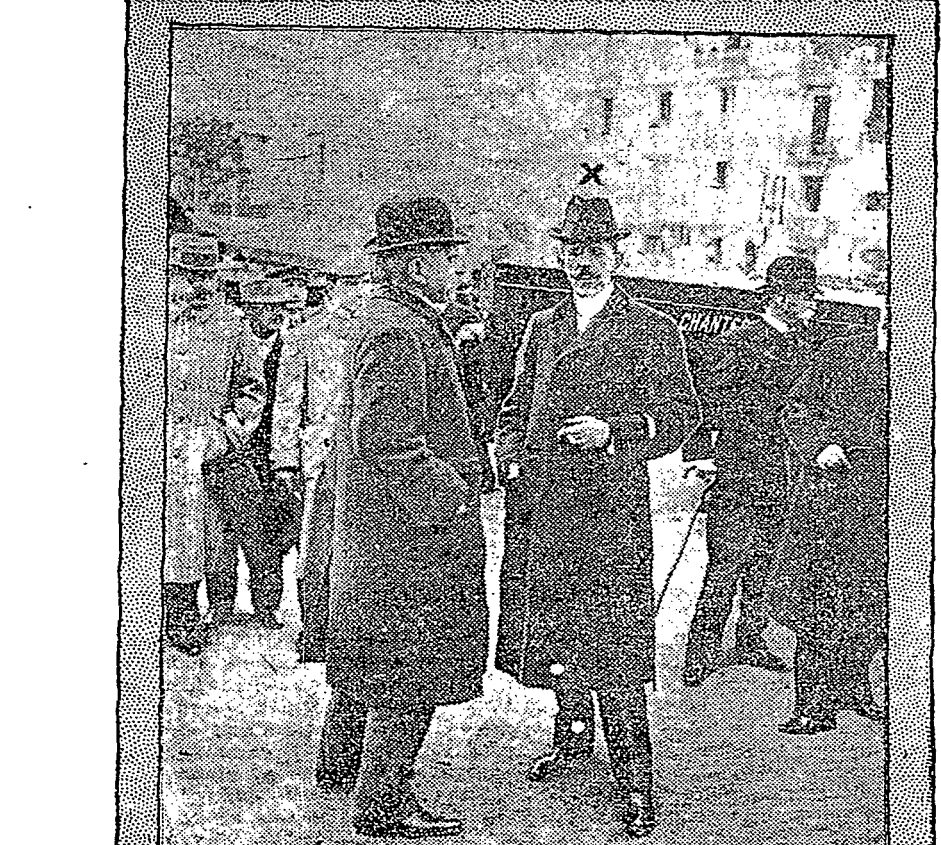
The people thus taken into custody, if aliens, are deported; if natives, are warned out of the district, and if cranks are consigned to the State or county asylum for the insane for observation.

Queen Victoria had so bitterly complained of the irksomeness of being watched and had insisted so strongly on her absolute security when staying at Balmoral that for a time the authorities, deferring to her wishes, neglected to organize the same precautions for her safety when she was at her Scottish home as those which were enforced at Windsor, at Osborne, and when she was in town.

The country for miles around the castle at Balmoral was her private property, and as such supposed to be inaccessible to strangers. A few years, however, before her death a young Highlander of Craithie, while walking along the Balalor Road, had his attention attracted to a



King Edward Sitting On a Bench Where Anyone Could Sit Beside Him.



The King of Sweden at the Motor Boat Show a Few Weeks Ago. There Are No Guards Visible.



King Haakon and the President of France Sightseeing.

well-dressed stranger with a somewhat wild look in his eye.

Something about the visitor caused the villager to accost him, whereupon the man immediately pulled out a large army revolver, which he commenced to flourish.

The Highlander at once grappled with him, and, reinforced by another Craithie lad who happened along, they disarmed the man and dragged him, kicking and struggling, into the keeper's lodge at the Gate of the Balmoral grounds. There he was searched by the Sergeant of Police and by the lodge keeper, with the assistance of the two men, while the aged Queen passed through the gates on her afternoon drive, in complete ignorance of what was going on within.

In his pockets was found a letter addressed to her, assailing her with the most bitter and savage reproaches, and also another document directed to W. K. Vanderbilt, whose daughter the writer expressed a desire to marry.

The man was subsequently discovered to be an escaped lunatic, afflicted with homicidal mania, and there is little doubt but what he would have shot at the Queen as she drove along the Balalor Road, had he not by mere chance been encountered and seized ten minutes or so beforehand by her two Craithie villagers.

He was at once consigned to the State asylum for the criminal insane at Broadmoor, where he is detained to this day by virtue of a warrant of the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

After this incident at Balmoral the same precautions were adopted there as at Windsor and at Osborne. It is understood that the late Queen was never informed of the affair. No mention was made thereof in the press at the time, and had it not been for the inevitable gossip that permeates the atmosphere of every royal court nothing would probably have become publicly known about the matter, even after her death.

France's President is subjected to at least as much watchfulness on the part of

not seriously affecting himself, nevertheless placed in jeopardy the name of another, whom he felt bound in honor to protect—is now known; and, finding the situation under the circumstances intolerable, he resigned the Presidency of the French Republic without any warning, in order to regain not only his privacy, but also his freedom from espionage, declaring, without vouchsafing any other explanation at the time, that it was impossible for any man of honor and independence of character to continue at the Elysee under the circumstances which had been created for him by his principal constitutional advisers.

The persecution which President Casimir Perrier declared it impossible to bear is one to which every monarch or royal personage is exposed who is an object of special protection on the part of Secret Service agents.

These detectives are always under the direction of some statesman or high official, and there is naturally the risk of his using the information obtained from the detectives as a means of influencing the personage it concerns.

Information of this sort—that is to say, of the kind obtained by President Casimir Perrier—may be turned to unscrupulous account, for purposes that are political or of a more selfish character.

There are at the present moment certain politicians and former officials in France, who are immune from punishment, no matter what they may do or have done in the past, solely and entirely in consequence of the possession which they have obtained through the detective police of secrets in the lives of the great.

A notable instance in point is that of Daniel Wilson, whose shameful complicity in the Legion of Honor scandals, that brought about the downfall of his father-in-law, Jules Grévy, from the Presidency of the Republic, remaining unpunished, though his accomplices were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Moreover, some years ago, a lawsuit at Munich between Baroness Irma von Schmalde and Herr von Müller, former Minister of Public Worship, resulted in bringing to light the fact, printed in all the Bavarian newspapers at the time, that while Chief of Police he had availed himself of the pretext of providing for the safety of the members of the reigning family by means of a specially organized corps of detectives, to subject all the Princes and Princesses of the royal house to the most searching system of espionage, keeping track of their associations, their entanglements, their habits, their shortcomings and, above all, what the French euphoniously describe as their "petit vices."

It appeared from the correspondence, some of which was reproduced by the newspapers in facsimile, that Herr von Müller did this with the object of possessing himself of such compromising secrets as to render himself safe from disgrace and dismissal, and his astonishing promotion to the post of Cabinet Minister, at the head of the Department of Public Ownership, for which he was in no sense fitted by his mode of life, his education, his antecedents, and his birth, was ascribed, not without some show of reason, to the fact that he had been able to turn to account the useful information obtained while Chief of Police.

All rulers do not lead such wholly blameless lives at that of the late Queen Victoria, and it is easy to understand, under the circumstances, that there are a number of reasons why they should find it "very irksome" to be "constantly watched."