

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY
ROYAL PAUPERS

A RADICAL'S CONTRIBUTION

TO

THE JUBILEE.

SHOWING

What Royalty does for the People

AND

What the People do for Royalty.

BY

G. W. FOOTE.

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ROYAL PAUPERS.

"OUR most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria," as the Prayer Book styles her, has occupied the throne for nearly half a century, and as she is blessed with good health and a sound constitution, she may enjoy that exalted position for another fifteen or twenty years, and perhaps prevent her bald-headed eldest son from acceding to the illustrious dignity of King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India. Whether she does or does not linger on this mortal stage, and whether the Prince of Wales will or will not live long enough to succeed her, is a matter of trifling importance to anyone but themselves and their families. The nation will have to support "the honor and dignity of the throne," whoever fills it, without the least abatement of expense; unless, indeed, the democratic spirit of the age should question the utility of all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance" of royalty, and either abolish it altogether or seriously diminish its cost.

This being the fiftieth year of Her Majesty's reign, the hearts of all the flunkeys in the nation are stirred to their depths. There is quite an epidemic of loyalty. Preparations are being made on all sides

to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. Busybodies are meeting, discussing, and projecting. All sorts of schemes are mooted, but the vital essence of every one is—Cash! The arts of beggary are developed on the most magnificent scale, without regard to the Vagrancy Act; and titled ladies, parsons' wives, and Primrose Dames, condescend to solicit pennies from sempstresses and charwomen. The Prince of Wales, meanwhile, is devoting his genius and energies to floating the Imperial Institute, which promises to be a signal failure, unless the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes to its assistance, because the royal whim of fixing it in a fashionable quarter, instead of in the commercial centre of London, is a barrier to its success.

How much of the money drained from British pockets by such means will be spent on really useful objects? It may be safely predicted that a considerable portion will flow into the pockets of the wire-pullers, but will any appreciable amount go to benefit all classes of the community? Will there, in particular, be any advantage to the masses of the working people, whose laborious lives contribute more to the greatness and prosperity of the state than all the titled idlers, whether scions of royalty or members of the aristocracy, who live like gilded flies "basking in the sunshine of a Court"? Time will prove, but unless we are very much mistaken, the Jubilee will be just as advantageous to the people as loyal movements have ever been.

It is a sign of the wholesome democratic spirit which is beginning to animate the nation, that a few

towns have absolutely refused to trouble their heads, and still less to tax their pockets, with regard to the Jubilee. But the most cheerful indication comes from Wexford. The municipal council of that historic Irish city has ventured to make the following sensible suggestion :

“If the ministers of the Crown wanted to govern this country in a quiet and peaceable manner, and not by fire and sword, they would advise her Majesty to send to the starving poor of this country, to relieve their distress, the half of that eight millions which she has lying in the Funds, and which she has received from the ratepayers. By this means they would require no Coercion measure, but would make this one of the most happy, peaceable, and law-abiding countries in the world.”

This spirited though courteous suggestion implies that Royalty has done less for the People than the People have done for Royalty, that the balance of profit is not on the national side of the account, and that gratitude is not due by those who confer benefits, but by those who receive them.

During the present reign, the Royal family has obtained from the nation nearly *twenty-four million pounds*. What has the nation received in exchange for that enormous sum? I do not propose to reckon in this place the value of the normal functions of Royalty, as I intend to estimate it when I have calculated the annual cost of the institution. I simply inquire, at present, what special advantage has accrued to us from her Majesty, and not another person, having worn the crown for the last fifty years.

Ireland may be dismissed from the inquiry at once. She has no opportunity of gazing on the Queen's classical features, or even of being splashed

with the mud of her carriage wheels; and, on the other hand, the statistics of Ireland's fifty years' history show that 1,225,000 of her children have died of famine, while 3,650,000 have been evicted by the landlords, and 4,186,000 have emigrated to foreign lands.

There has, however, been considerable progress in Great Britain. Our national wealth has immensely increased, but Royalty has only assisted in spending it. Science has advanced by gigantic strides, but Royalty has not enriched it by any brilliant discoveries; for since George the Fourth devised a shoe-buckle, the inventive genius of the House of Brunswick has lain exhausted and fallow. Our commerce has extended to every coast, and our ships cover every sea; but the Prince of Wales's trip to India, at our expense, is the only nautical achievement of his distinguished family, unless we reckon the Duke of Edinburgh's quarter-deck performances, and Prince Lieningen's exploit in sinking the *Mistletoe*. Our people are better educated, but Royalty has not instructed them. Our newspapers have multiplied tenfold, but Royalty is only concerned with the *Court Circular*. The development of the printing press has placed cheap books in the poorest hands, and our literature may hold its own against the world. But what contributions do we owe to Royalty? Her Majesty has published two volumes of *Leaves* from her journal, which had an immense sale, and are now forgotten. They chronicle the smallest talk, and express the most commonplace sentiments, the principal objects on which the Royal author loved to

expatiate being the greatness and goodness of Prince Albert and the legs and fidelity of John Brown. Thousands of ladies, and probably thousands of school-girls, could have turned out a better book. And when we recollect that the Queen's diary was prepared for the press by the skilful hand of Sir Arthur Helps, we may be pardoned for wondering into what depths of inanity he cast his lines to fish up such miraculous dulness. The only son her Majesty has lost, and whose expenses the nation has saved, was "studious," as that word is understood in royal circles; but his speeches, although they were furbished up by older and abler hands, will never figure in any collections of eloquence, and it is doubtful whether a lengthy life would have enabled him to shine at Penny Readings without the advantage of his name. The Prince of Wales's sons have also put two big volumes on Mudie's shelves (it would be too much to say into circulation), yet their travelling tutor acted as their literary showman; and what parts of the exhibition were his and what theirs, God alone knoweth except themselves.

It is not one of the stipulated functions of a Queen, but it is reasonably expected, that she should produce an heir to the throne. Her Majesty, in obedience to the primal commandment, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," which is seldom neglected in royal families, has borne the desired heir, and many other children to take his place if he or his offspring should come to an untimely end. Her progeny is, indeed, remarkably numerous, if we reckon all the branches, and if they breed like-

wise it will ultimately become a serious question whether they or we shall inhabit England. As it is, everyone of them is kept by the nation, for Her Majesty, although fabulously rich, or as Johnson said, "wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice," is nevertheless too poor to maintain her own children. *We* support them, and in the most extravagant fashion. Yet they have absolutely no public duties to perform. The Queen's duties are not onerous, and still less necessary, but they are real however light. Her offspring and relatives, however, do nothing for their pensions. They never did anything, and never expect to do anything. They are the recipients of public charity, which does not change its essence because it is administered by special Acts of Parliament. Dr. Findlater defines a pauper as "a poor person: one supported by charity or some public provision." Does not this exactly apply to all our Royal pensioners? Am I not strictly justified in calling them Royal Paupers? There are paupers in palaces as well as in workhouses, and in many, if not most cases, the latter are the more honorable. Thousands of men who have worked hard in their younger days for scanty wages, hundreds who have paid rates and taxes to support the state burdens, have eked out the sombre end of their lives in the Union, and have been buried in a parish egg-box. *They* were called paupers, and so they were, for there is no disputing the fact. But are not they *worse* paupers who have never worked at all, who live on other people from the cradle to the grave, who add impudence to their dependence, and glory in their degradation?

Why should the people fling up their caps and rend the air with their shouts? They owe Royalty nothing, and they have no particular occasion for gladness. It is, however, perfectly natural that the Queen and her family should rejoice over her Jubilee. Fifty years of unearned prosperity is something to be grateful for, and if the members and dependents of the House of Brunswick wish to join in a chorus of thanksgiving, by all means let them do so; but let them also, out of their well-filled purses, defray the expenses of the concert.

Let us now estimate the annual cost of these Royal Paupers, and of the Royal Mother of most of the brood; in other words, let us reckon the yearly amount which John Bull pays for the political luxury of a throne.

When Her Majesty came to the throne, in June, 1837, it was ordered by the House of Commons "that the accounts of income and expenditure of the Civil List from the 1st January to the 31st December, 1836, with an estimate of the probable future charges of the Civil List of her Majesty, be referred to a Select Committee of 21 members." Those gentlemen went to work with great simplicity. They ascertained what it cost King William to support "the honor and dignity of the Crown" during the last year of his reign, and they recommended that Queen Victoria should be enabled to spend as much money and a little more, for they put the cost of the various branches of the Civil List into round figures, and always to her advantage. One of King William's bills was £11,381 for "upholsterers and cabinet-

makers," but they surely could not have imagined that her Majesty could require nearly twelve thousand pounds' worth of furniture every year. Nor could they really have thought that she would spend £3,345 a year on horses, or £4,825 a year on carriages. Probably they felt that the subject was too sacred for criticism. At any rate, they speedily produced an estimate of £385,000 per annum as the amount necessary "for the support of her Majesty's household, and of the honor and dignity of the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The Civil List was settled at this figure by an Act of Parliament, which received the Royal Assent on December 23, 1837. No doubt Her Majesty signed that precious document with the most cordial satisfaction.

In February, 1840, Her Majesty married. Her husband, of course, was imported from Germany. The Queen was anxious that he should be handsomely supported by Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. A desperate effort was made to procure him an allowance of £50,000 a-year; but through the patriotic exertions of a band of Radicals, headed by Joseph Hume, the sum was reduced to £30,000. On that paltry income Prince Albert had to live. It was a severe lesson in economy, but his German training enabled him to pass through the ordeal, and in time he increased his scanty income by other emoluments. He took £6,000 a-year as Field-Marshal; £2,695 a-year as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards; £238 a-year as Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade; £1,000 a-year or so in the shape of per-

quisites as Grand Ranger of Windsor Great Park; £500 a-year or so as Grand Ranger of the Home Park; and £1,120 a-year as Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. Besides these posts, he filled some which were honorary, and some whose value was a secret to common mortals. When the lucky German prince died he left a very large fortune, but how much he contrived to amass is unknown, for *his will has never been proved*.

Returning to the Civil List, we find it divided up as follows:—Her Majesty's Privy Purse, £60,000; Household Salaries, £131,260; Tradesmen's Bills, £172,500; Royal Bounty and Special Services, £9,000; Alms and Charity, £4,200; Unappropriated Money, £8,040—Total, £385,000.

The £60,000 of Privy Purse money the Queen spends as she pleases. She can say like Shylock, "'Tis mine, and I will have it." The £8,040 of Unappropriated Money appears to have been thrown in to make up a round sum, or perhaps to provide the Queen with pin-money, so that she might not go abroad without small change in her pocket. The £13,200 for Bounty and Alms is supposed to be spent on deserving objects of charity. How much of it *is* spent we know not. But the fact that the sum is voted for that purpose is calculated to lessen our appreciation of Royal benevolence. When the ladies get hold of the morning papers, and see by the *Daily Telegraph*, or some other loyal newspaper, that Her Majesty has sent so much to this charity, and so much to that, they exclaim, "What a dear good lady the Queen is to be sure." They never suspect that her

Majesty's charity is exercised with other people's money. The poorest and the most penurious might be charitable on the same easy conditions.

According to the Civil List Act, the other sums were to be rigorously spent in maintaining the Royal dignity; indeed, a clause was inserted to prevent savings, except of trifling amount, from being carried from one category to another. Yet it is well-known that many sinecure offices in the Royal Household have been abolished, while large reductions have been made in the Household expenditure. Who benefits by these savings? Can any person do so but the Queen? Would she allow them to be appropriated by others? But if she "pockets the difference" it is in violation of the Act. Whatever reductions are made, so much less is admitted to be necessary for the purposes specified by law, and it is the sovereign who makes the admission. Surely, then, these savings, these reductions in the expenditure on maintaining "the honor and dignity of the Crown," should accrue to the State, and not swell the private income of a fabulously rich old lady.

We shall peep into the Royal Household presently. Before doing so, however, we must see the full extent of the Queen's resources. Besides what she derives from the Prince Consort's will, she has the income accruing from the Nield legacy. Mr. J. C. Nield died in 1852, and not knowing a more proper object of charity, he left his poor Queen the sum of £250,000, in addition to real estate. Her Majesty is reported to have invested heavily in the Funds. She has also private estates in England and Scotland, to say

nothing of her estates in Germany. They are returned as 37,643 acres, at an annual rental of £27,995. Finally, there is the splendid revenue of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, in 1886, amounted to £45,000.

Being so enormously wealthy, her Majesty might taste the luxury of contributing, however slightly, to the expenses of government. She voluntarily undertook to do so in 1842, but never appears to have kept her word. When Sir Robert Peel introduced his Income Tax Bill, in August of that year, he made the following announcement:

“I may take this opportunity of making a communication which, I am confident, will be received by the House with great satisfaction. When in an interview with her Majesty, a short time since, I intimated that her Majesty’s servants thought that the financial difficulties of the country were such that it was desirable, for the public interest, to submit all the income of this country to a charge of £3 per cent., her Majesty, prompted by those feelings of deep and affectionate interest which she has always shown for the welfare and happiness of her people, observed to me that if the necessities of the country were such that, in time of peace, it was necessary to impose a charge of £3 per cent. on income, it was her own voluntary determination that her own income should be subject to a similar deduction.”

There is no positive proof, but there is negative proof, that this “voluntary determination” was not carried out. Mr. C. E. Macqueen, secretary of the Financial Reform Association, wrote to Mr. J. Wilson, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, on December 1, 1855, inquiring “whether her Majesty and the Royal Consort contribute their respective quotas to the income and property tax.” Mr. Wilson replied that it was contrary to practice to answer

such inquiries. He was technically right, but his official reserve would scarcely have prevented his making the statement, if it could be made, that Her Majesty had paid the tax in accordance with her promise. So much for the Queen's "deep and affectionate interest in the welfare and happiness of her people."

It should be added that the Royal estates escape all Probate Duty, and that none of the Royal Family have to pay Legacy and Succession Duties. Everything is arranged by a loyal nation for their comfort and profit.

But, strange as it may sound, we have not yet done with the cost of a Queen. There is a long list of further expenses which, for the sake of convenience, and that the reader may get a bird's-eye view of them, I print in a tabular form. The figures given are for the year 1884-5.

Pensions granted by her Majesty	£24,072
Royal Palaces, occupied wholly or partially by			
her Majesty	15,466
Royal Palaces, not occupied by her Majesty	...		19,783
Royal Yachts, etc.	39,732
Royal Escort (Household Troops, etc.)	31,150
			<hr/>
			£130,203

Here we have £130,203 expended by or on the Sovereign, in addition to the Civil List of £385,000 and the revenue of £45,000 from the Duchy of Lancaster. This makes a grand total of £560,203. What a sum to lavish on the pride and luxury of one person! The President of the United States only receives £10,000 a year. It is evident, there-

fore, unless there is no truth in Cocker, that the people of this old country fancy a Queen is worth fifty-six Presidents. The Yankees, however, have a very different opinion: they laugh at John Bull for lavishing so much wealth on a single human being, and facetiously ask him why he complains of bad trade and hard times when he can afford to fool away his money in that fashion.

Now, let us turn our profane gaze into the sacred arcana of the Royal Household. It is a pity that such a glorious Flunkey's Paradise cannot be accurately and graphically described by a master hand. What a wonderful picture of sinecure sloth and corruption it would be to posterity! Some writer, with the pen of a Dickens steeped in the gall of a Carlyle, should have a *carte blanche* commission for the task. He should have unlimited opportunity to study the ins and outs of the establishment, and the lives of its officers and servants; and he should be free to write exactly what he saw and heard, as well as his own reflections on the matter. Were that done, there would be at least one imperishable monument of "low ambition and the pride of kings."

There is no accessible account of the detailed expenditure in this Flunkey's Paradise at present, but we have a full account of the expenditure in 1836, on which the amount necessary for Tradesmen's Bills was calculated. In the Lord Chamberlain's department there is a bill of £11,381 for "upholsterers and cabinetmakers," and another of £4,119 for "locksmiths, ironmongers, and armorers." £284 is paid to sempstresses, so there must be a deal of

shirt-making and mending. The washing bill is £3,014, and £479 is paid for soap. Doctors and chemists receive £1,951 for attending and physicing the flunkeys. Turning to the Lord Steward's Department, we find £2,050 worth of bread consumed, and £4,976 worth of butter, bacon, eggs, and cheese. The butcher's bill comes to £9,472, and the amount is so great that one wonders there is not a royal slaughter-house. The flunkeys and the cats consumed £1,478 worth of milk and cream, and perhaps the cats helped the flunkeys to devour the £1,979 worth of fish. Groceries come to £4,644, fruit and confectionery to £1,741, wines to £4,850, liqueurs, etc., to £1,843, and ale and beer to £2,811. If there is as much boozing now in the Royal Household, it is high time that Sir Wilfrid Lawson turned his attention to the subject. The New River Water Company would supply Buckingham Palace, at least, with a sufficiency of guzzle at a much cheaper rate. The nation would gain by the change, and if the superior flunkeys' noses were compulsorily toned down, it might not be very much to their disadvantage either.

The Household Salaries are allotted to hundreds of flunkeys, from the Lord Chamberlain to the lowest groom or porter. All the chief officials are lords and ladies. These have to be in immediate attendance, and Royalty could not tolerate the contiguity of plebeians. Pah! an ounce of civet, good apothecary!

Chief of the flunkeys is the Lord Chamberlain. This nobleman's salary is £2,000 a year. He is the

master of the ceremonies, and has to be perfect in the punctilios of etiquette. Besides looking after the other flunkeys, he oversees the removal of beds and wardrobes, and superintends the revels, coronations, marriages, and funerals. Lest these onerous duties should impair his health, he has a Vice-Chamberlain, who is also a nobleman, to assist him at a salary of £924 a year. Under these gentlemen there is an Examiner of Plays. This person is paid £400 a year, besides fees, to decide what plays shall be placed on the stage. He is also authorised to strike out from the plays he condescends to license everything likely to contaminate the public morals, or bring the Church and State into disrespect. This official is almighty and irresponsible. There is no appeal against his fiat. Thirty-five millions of people have to be satisfied with what he permits them. He is the despot of the drama; they are his slaves; and they pay him several hundreds a year by way of gilding their fetters. The result is precisely what might be expected. While the most vulgar farces and the most suggestive *opera bouffe* are licensed for the public delectation, some of the noblest masterpieces of continental dramatic literature are tabooed, because they deal with profound problems of life and thought in a manner that might affront the susceptibilities of Bumble and Mrs. Grundy. Even Shelley's *Cenci* was prohibited, and the Shelley Society was obliged to circumvent the Examiner of Plays by resorting to a "private performance." No matter that the loftiest names in current English literature were associated with the production of this magnificent play; the

authority of Robert Browning and Algernon Swinburne was overshadowed by that of the autocrat of the Lord Chamberlain's office, who has no standing in the republic of letters, whose very name is unknown to the multitude of playgoers, who belongs to the ranks of what Shelley called "the illustrious obscure."

Among the female flunkeys, if I may be allowed the appellation, are the Mistress of the Robes, with £500 a year, and eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, with the same salary. They are required to keep Her Majesty company for a fortnight, three times in the course of each year, and when in attendance they dine at the Royal table. There are also eight Bedchamber women, at £300 a year each, to serve in rotation; and eight Maids of Honor, at the same salary, who reside with Her Majesty in couples, for four weeks at a time. It was remarked, in the days of Swift, that Maids of Honor was a queer title, as they were neither the one nor the other. But let us hope that a great improvement has taken place since then.

There is a large Ecclesiastical staff attached to the Royal Household, but it only costs £1,236 a year. The smallness of the sum does not imply that clergymen are cheap, but that many will gladly officiate for little or nothing at Court, as such appointments are always considered stepping-stones to valuable preferments.

More than twice as much is expended on the mortal bodies of the Royal Household as on their immortal souls. £2,700 a year is paid to Court

physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, and chiropodists, some receiving salaries, and others fees when in attendance.

The salaries of the Kitchen Department amount to no less than £9,983 a year, enough to excite the wonder of Lucullus. We have no space to recite the interminable list of menials. Suffice it to say that the wine-taster has a salary of £500, the chief confectioner £300, the chief cook £700, and three master cooks £350 each. There are also three well-paid yeomen in charge of the Royal plate, the value of which is reckoned at two millions sterling.

Lowest of all in the scale of payment is the Poet Laureate. His post is a survival of Feudalism. The Court used to keep a dwarf and a jester, but these have been discarded, and only the versifier is retained. His duty is to grind out loyal odes whenever a member of the Royal family is born, marries, or dies. A more wretched office could scarcely be conceived. Yet it is held by Lord Tennyson, who bestows the excrements of his genius on the Court. His latest Jubilee Ode might have been composed by a printer's devil, whose brains were muddled by two poems of Walt Whitman and Martin Tupper set in alternate lines. The salary of the Laureateship is £100 a year. Seven hundred a year to the chief cook, and one hundred a year to the poet! Such are the respective values of cooking and poetry in the Royal estimation. When Gibbon presented the second volume of his immortal history to George the Third, the farmer-king could only exclaim, "What, another big book, Mr.

Gibbon ? ” The House of Brunswick has thus been consistent in its appreciation of literature.

Having taken a rapid look at the Court Flunkeys, let us come to the great brood of Royal Paupers. Such a poverty-stricken woman as the Queen cannot be expected to maintain her children ; they are therefore supported by the State on a scale commensurate with the Civil List.

The Princess Royal, who is the wife of the Crown Prince of Germany, receives £8,000 a year. When she married the nation voted her a dowry of £40,000, and £5,000 was devoted to fitting up the Chapel Royal for the wedding.

The Prince of Wales has a pension of £40,000 a year. He takes £1,350 for the colonelcy of the Tenth Hussars, a purely sinecure office. Probably the regiment would not recognise him if they saw him in uniform. He lives rent free in Marlborough House, on which £2,120 was spent in repairs in 1884-5, and there is a somewhat similar bill every year. The revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall swell the Prince's income by £64,641. Those were the figures in the year just referred to. During his minority the revenues of the Duchy accumulated to the amount of £601,721. A third of this sum was invested in the purchase of his Sandringham estate, and the rest in other ways. Returns show that the Prince has 8,079 acres in Norfolk, and 6,810 in Aberdeenshire, the rental being given at the extremely low figure of £9,727.

When the Prince of Wales married, the nation voted him an extra grant of £23,455, and as he was

too poor to support a wife £10,000 a year was secured to her from the national purse, with a further promise of its being made £30,000 if she survives her husband. When the Prince visited India, in 1875, he was allowed £142,000 for the expenses of the trip, £60,000 being pocket money, for the exercise of generosity. The presents he gave we paid for; the presents he received are his. Evidently the Prince of Wales has much to be thankful for, and he may celebrate the Jubilee with the utmost cordiality. Even if he never becomes king, he will have had a fine old time, and his appearance shows how well it agrees with him.

The Duke of Edinburgh was voted £15,000 a-year on attaining his majority in 1866. When he married, in 1874, the amount was increased to £25,000, although a few brave and honest Radicals opposed the additional grant to the Prince "for marrying the richest heiress in Europe." His wife is the Czar's daughter; she brought him a private fortune of £90,000, a marriage portion of £300,000, and a life annuity of £11,250. Being a royal pauper, the Duke does nothing for his pension. He takes £3,102 for his post in the navy. They give him command of the Mediterranean Fleet in time of peace, but in time of war his fiddling tunes might be preferable to his shouting orders. Let us, however, be fair. There are some who say that he handles a fleet splendidly; yet there are others who believe that if the Peers took a trip round the world in one of our ironclads, under the *actual* command of the Duke of Edinburgh, there would be no need to

agitate for their abolition. We may add that the Duke has a yearly allowance of £1,800 from Saxe-Cobourg, and on the death of his uncle, the reigning Duke, he will inherit a fortune of £30,000 a year. When he comes into that windfall he will, perhaps, resign the pension of £25,000 a year he draws from us. It would be a graceful act. But, alas! the House of Brunswick has never been noted for grace.

The Princess Christian receives £6,000 a year, and £30,000 was voted to her on her marriage. The Princess Louise had a similar dowry, and her pension is also £6,000 a year. The Duchess of Albany, widow of Prince Leopold, has £6,000, the Princess Mary £5,000, and the Princess Augusta £3,000.

The Duke of Connaught's pension is £25,000. His military reputation was achieved in Egypt, where Lord Wolseley officiated as his wet-nurse. He was kept out of danger, and specially mentioned in a despatch from the field of battle. At present he is Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, a post whose abolition was recommended by the Military Commission. He draws pay at the rate of £6,000 a year. Sir John Gorst will ask Parliament to pass a Bill authorising the Duke to come home to celebrate the Jubilee without forfeiting his office. Of course the Bill will pass, but the cream of the joke is that we shall have to pay the cost of his journey. The movements of princes are expensive. The national exchequer trembles when they blow their noses.

Another Royal Pauper of the warrior caste is the Duke of Cambridge. This Prince is the Queen's uncle. His pension is £12,000 a year. His salary

and perquisites as Ranger of St. James's, Green, Hyde, and Richmond Parks are estimated at over £2,000 a year. As Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief he takes £4,500 a year. He is also Colonel of the Grenadier Guards at £2,132 a year. His military genius is renowned throughout the world, and his noble brow is circled with the deathless laurels he won in the Crimea. His corpulence makes him a commanding figure, and although his sword is not famous, his umbrella is the terror of our enemies. It only remains to add that poverty prevents him from maintaining a wife. The Duchess of Cambridge, therefore, enjoys a separate pension of £6,000 a year.

Besides the Royal pensioners, there are a few of the Queen's relatives (Germans, of course) who sponge on the British taxpayer. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar draws £3,384 a year from the Army, and his Dublin residence is worth another thousand. Prince Leiningen takes £593 a year as a half-pay Vice-Admiral. Count Gleichen receives £740 as a retired Vice-Admiral, and £1,120 as Governor of Windsor Castle.

There is always a make-weight, even in accounts. Accordingly we find a lot of extra expense in the £4,881 paid in pensions to various surviving friends and servants of George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Charlotte.

Directly and indirectly the Royal Family costs the nation the stupendous sum of £808,316 a year. The vastness of such an amount is difficult for ordinary minds to realise. Let us, therefore, analyse it, and see what it makes in detail. It would maintain

10,365 families at £1 10s. a week. It represents £2,215 every day, £92 an hour, and £1 10s. 6d. every minute. We frequently hear it said that the payment of Members of Parliament would be too expensive. But £300 a year is the outside salary proposed by Radicals; and the annual cost of the Royal Family would suffice to pay every member of the House of Commons that salary *four times over*.

Thick-and-thin loyalists sometimes urge that we have no right to grumble at the expense of Royalty. The sovereign, they say, accepts a Civil List in lieu of the Royal Revenues, and the nation gains by the contract. But this argument is unconstitutional. The Crown Revenues are not private property; they belong to the monarch, just as the crown does, by virtue of Acts of Parliament, and all Acts of Parliament can be modified or repealed. If the Crown Lands, for instance, were personal estate, they could not be alienated from the present possessor. Should the Queen, however, turn Roman Catholic, she could not continue to occupy the throne. The Prince of Wales would succeed her at once, and if *he* turned Roman Catholic, the next heir would immediately succeed *him*. In each case the Crown Revenues would change hands. It is obvious, therefore, that those Revenues are the appanage of the Crown solely by virtue of law; and it necessarily follows that the nation has the legal as well as the moral right to settle the Civil List as it pleases.

Other Loyalists urge the spendthrift objection that the cost of the Royal Family is trifling when distributed over the entire population. Why make a fuss,

they ask, about fivepence half-penny each? It is less than the price of a quart of beer, or two ounces of cheap tobacco. True, but many mickles make a muckle. The lavish expenditure on Royalty corrupts our national economy. The cost of government, the expenses of the Army and Navy, rise higher and higher every year. Since the Queen's accession, indeed, they have nearly quadrupled. A nation cannot waste its money on titled idlers without lavishing it shamefully in other directions.

There is another way of replying to this foolish objection. What good might be done with that £808,316 a year if it were otherwise expended! It would maintain museums, art galleries, and public libraries throughout the country on the most munificent scale, as the following table very clearly shows.

Towns.	Per Year.	Total.
5	at £20,000	= £100,000
10	„ 10,000	= 100,000
20	„ 5,000	= 100,000
40	„ 2,500	= 100,000
100	„ 1,000	= 100,000
616	„ 500	= 308,000
		<hr/>
		£808,000

This is only one illustration. The ingenious reader will think of many more, and he can work out the figures himself.

Now let us glance at the functions of Royalty. We have seen its cost, and we must try to ascertain its worth.

“The King reigns but does not govern,” and therefore “the King can do no wrong.” These maxims of constitutional monarchy imply that the sovereign exercises no direct power. Even Lord Salisbury, who is a thorough-paced courtier, would shrink from publicly maintaining “the right divine of Kings to govern wrong.” The Queen rules through her Ministers. What they resolve on is executed in her name. But she herself has no choice in the matter. She is nominally able to refuse her assent to an Act which has passed both branches of the Legislature, but the first time she ventured to exert that “right” the Crown would be brought into dangerous collision with the people. Nor can her Ministers act without the consent of Parliament. The monarchy has been gradually shorn of its prerogatives, until it has become a political fiction. We are really living under a veiled Republic, and the sooner the mischievous and costly disguise is flung aside the better for the welfare and integrity of the nation.

Calling one of her “subjects” to form a Ministry is the Queen’s first function. But this involves no wisdom or decision, for there is no choice. It is not Her Majesty, but the electorate, that decides who shall be Premier. The Queen simply summons the acknowledged leader of whichever party triumphs at the ballot. If the Conservatives win she calls Lord Salisbury, if the Liberals win she calls Mr. Gladstone. Her personal wishes count for less than those of the humblest ratepayer, for he has a vote and she has none.

Her next business is to open and close Parliament. This duty, however, is seldom performed. Her

Majesty rarely emerges from her widowed seclusion, except to give a fillip to a Tory government. For many years after Prince Albert's death she felt unequal to the exertion, although she had strength enough to participate in ghillie balls. If a washer-woman complained that she was so cut up by the death of her husband that it was impossible to work, and expected regular payment without sending home any clean linen, she would quickly weary her patrons, and find it prudent to return to the tub. Yet a Queen can indulge in the luxury of woe for twenty years, and her flatterers will account it a virtue. Thomas Carlyle wrote a significant little sentence on this subject. Acknowledging a presentation copy of Gilchrist's *Life of William Blake*, which Mrs. Gilchrist bravely saw through the press after her husband's death, Carlyle wrote: "Your own little Preface is all that is proper—could but the Queen of these realms have been as *Queen-like* in her widowhood!"

As for the Queen's Speech, it is a ridiculous farce. The document is drawn up by the Ministry, and its sentiments differ with the succession of parties. Generally, too, it is read by proxy. Her Majesty, therefore, neither reads it nor writes it. It is no more hers than mine.

When Parliament is opened or prorogued in the Queen's absence, the royal robes are thrown over the royal chair, and the Lords bow in passing them, precisely as though the sovereign sat there. The garments do as well as the wearer. Why, then, go to the expense of filling them out? With all reverence, I make the following suggestion. Let half-a-

dozen of our finest artists be commissioned to carve and chase a Phidean statue in ivory and gold, to occupy the royal chair instead of the Queen. The expense would be incurred once for all, and we should know the full extent of our liability. The present monarchical idol could then be discarded for the cheaper substitute, which would probably be quite as useful, and certainly quite as handsome.

Next, her Majesty signs Acts of Parliament. I would undertake to sign them all for £50 a year, and my handwriting is as good as the Queen's. As a matter of fact, it is not the Royal signature that gives validity to statutes. During one of George the Third's fits of insanity, it is said that Lord Eldon used a counterfeit of the King's signature, which was engraved for the purpose; yet the Acts of Parliament thus ratified were no less operative than those which bore the King's autograph. Under the Commonwealth the Great Seal was broken up, and a new one substituted. On one side was a map of England and Ireland; on the other, the device, "In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing restored." All resolutions and orders of the House were signed by the Speaker as nominal Chief of the State. "Mr. Speaker" is still the First Commoner, and why cannot his signature be attached to Acts of Parliament instead of an hereditary official's? The laws of a free country are the expression of the people's will, and they depend on no individual's concurrence for their validity and force.

These are absolutely all the "functions" of Royalty, though there are other reasons adduced in its favor.

While we retain a throne, filled by hereditary right, it is urged that we avoid an undignified scramble for the highest position in the State. But what scramble is there for the Presidency in France? Or what particular scramble is there for it in the United States, where the President is elected by a kind of plebiscite? Whatever scramble there is, some very good men manage to win. From Washington to Cleveland there have been many illustrious names. Have we had a single sovereign who could be mentioned in the same breath with the best of them? What is our boast? George the Third, the madman; George the Fourth, the profligate; William the Fourth, the ninny; and Victoria, whose loftiest virtue is that, being a Queen, she has lived like an honest woman. The single name of Lincoln outweighs a thousand such; nay, compared with his greatness, they are but dust in the balance.

We are further told that Society (with a capital S) must have a head. But what is this Society? Does it include the great thinkers and workers, the poets, artists, philosophers, and scientists? No; it comprises the lazy, pampered classes, whose wealth and titles are their only passports to esteem, whose highest ambition is to be presented at Court and invited to royal *levées*. These people are not a sign of national health, but a sign of national disease. Let them, if they must, pursue their idle round of foolish pleasure, but let them elect and support their own "head" without expecting the nation to countenance their frivolity by maintaining the Head of the State as the master or mistress of their foppish ceremonies.

Lastly, the monarchy is defended on the ground that a State must have a figure-head. But this is a fatal plea. When monarchy was a reality the King stood *at the helm*. If the sovereign is to be an ornamental figure under the bowsprit, why should he cost us an admiral's salary for painting and gilding? Besides, figure-heads become very expensive when they beget little figure-heads, whose maintenance in a proper state of decoration is a first charge on the freightage.

There is one function which her Majesty, ever since Prince Albert's death, has been *unconsciously* performing. She has been teaching the people that the monarchy is not indispensable. By habituating them to dispense with its forms and pageants, she has shown them how unessential it is to our political life. Without the least intention, she has been preparing the way for a Republic. A few timid Radicals, and many Liberals, may stand aghast at the prospect, but they cannot escape the result of centuries of historic tendency. From the day when the Long Parliament condemned to death "the man Charles Stuart," and established a Commonwealth, "without King or House of Lords," the fire of Republicanism has never been extinguished in the heart of England. It was allayed by Cromwell, and it almost expired under Charles the Second, but it faintly revived under his successor, and it has gradually strengthened ever since. It gleamed in many an epigram of Pope, it shone in the eloquence of Bolingbroke, it quivered in many a line of Cowper, it kindled the young muse of Words-

worth, it glowed in the songs of Burns, it coruscated in the satire of Byron, it flamed in the lyrics of Shelley, it burned with a steady light in the prose of Thomas Paine. Nor was the noble tradition lost in the reaction after the French Revolution. For two generations it survived in the genius of Landor, and since his death it has inspired the genius of Swinburne. Royalty is now moribund, and democracy is striding to the throne. After centuries of slumber the PEOPLE are at length awake, and the noble words of John Milton may be re-echoed in a later age. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." While she was asleep the privileged classes, from the monarch to the meanest aristocrat, battened upon her like vampires. But their night is over. They lurk and wait in vain for her relapse. They fancy the daylight an illusion, yet they are deceived. Democracy is like the grave, it yields nothing back; and a nation once awakened does not sleep again until she dies. The day of her freedom is the day of her life. For as the dull sense of the brute grows into full consciousness in man, so the rude instincts of the multitude grow into the conscious life of a people, widening and clearing for evermore.

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