

**IMPERATOR ET REX,
WILLIAM II. OF
GERMANY. [1904]**

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Imperator Et Rex, William II. Of Germany. [1904] by Marguerite Cunliffe-Owen

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MARGUERITE CUNLIFFE-OWEN

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William J
F.R. 1903

IMPERATOR ET REX
WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE MARTYRDOM OF
AN EMPRESS"

ILLUSTRATED



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1904

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TO
EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

WHO

—moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."

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Helmed and tall, on Baltic sands,
Gray as the gray steel in her hands,
A Valkyr waits, and, piercingly
Roving the mist-clad, weary sea,
An answer her blue glance demands.

Comes the sad Twilight? Shall the strands
Of Fate enmesh in litter bands
The Gods—O thou in panoply
Helmed and tall?

Ah, never, never, while she stands
To glimpse the flash of hostile brands!
This cup, Germania, to thee
I drink. Be ever strong and free,
And guard thou royal, loyal lands,
Helmed and tall!

M. M.

IMPERATOR ET REX

CHAPTER I

THE pretty, placid little city of Bonn was sunning itself in the brilliant morning light, where it nestles beside the deep, blue Rhine. The broad river danced and gurgled as it sped away, with shoals of diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires flashing on its gleaming surface wherever the sun caught its ripples; and on the Esplanade and the Promenade the chestnuts had just burst into pink-and-white bloom, while in the "*Hofgarten*" there were some delightful bits of greensward, with fountains splashing here and there melodiously above beds of begonias, geraniums, and heliotrope. Now and again clumps of rose-laurel, of pomegranate, dotted with their crimson flowers like crumpled silk crêpe, and of sulphur-hued mimosa brought from the Royal Conservatories, raised their more ambitious heads beneath fine old lindens and Italian poplars in all the glory of their spring livery.

It was almost noon, and the cloudless splendor of the intensely blue May sky bathed every nook and corner, while in the distance the strains of a military band were faintly audible above the ringing laughter of some golden-locked, blue-eyed Teuton babies, running after flocks of pale tinted butterflies, and the noisy quarrels of countless rowdy sparrows tumbling one another in the