

## PREFACE

spilt for an unworthy prince? We marvel at the sacrifice made by stout hearts to Charles I. and to his grandchildren the Pretenders; we weep when we think of the hearts broken for Louis XV., of the blood and treasure and tears lavished upon that shallow nature.

George the Third of England was a man—strong, earnest, virile, brave, loyal, kind-hearted, religious. He was a plain liver, a hard worker, and devoted to his duty. If he could not, owing to the feebleness of his generals and the party schisms at home, crush the revolt, he at least stemmed the tide of republican success in America. He prevented the continent from falling into the hands of the demagogues and the slowly disillusioned heirs of demagogues.

This is true: it is much: but it is not all. Has the day not come when it can be seen clearly that an even greater task than this he achieved in Europe? Is it of no significance in a luxurious age that the King was simple, in an age of unrest that he was steadfast, in an age of libertinism that he was virtuous, in an age of pretence that he was sterling? This it was, and the fact that the people of Britain learnt at last to reverence their ruler—this, and not the writings of Burke or the policy of Pitt, breastcd the tide of the French Revolution. Between George the Third and the "patriots"—Chatham, Fox, Sheridan, and Francis—let posterity judge which was the sincerest lover of his country, which did most by public and private example for his countrymen.