

Chapter 81 : Margaret of Connaught (1882-1920).

Gusty met girls, but it is unclear if he ever had a sweetheart, mistress or even been kissed. Probably he behaved in the same way as his brother Wilhelm: Whatever the feelings, virginity would be saved to a princess of the blood. November 1904 to February 1905, he was on a combined educational and sight seeing trip with William. January 9, they split, and Gusty continued to Egypt, where he January 26 met his future wife, Margaret of Connaught. Later authors have been surprised at how quickly they found each other, but they were probably both convinced that this was it.

There are seven longer biographies (Dahlgren & Svedelius red. 1921; Knagg 1932: ss. 199-222; Lundebeck 1955: ss. 159-170; Cherneld, 1981; Fridh 1995: ss. 133-152; Rangström 2010: ss. 364-381; Magnusson & Werkelid 2020), 17 short biographies (NFB 1912; Jaya 1913: ss. 29-40; Radziwill 1916: ss. 208-210; Swahn 1930: ss. 116-126; Fjellman 1952: ss. 33-37; Ohlmarks m.fl. 1956: ss. 560-563; Samuelsson 1969: ss. 8-13; Holmgren 1972: ss. 16-21; Fjellman 1973: ss. 38-39; Elgklou 1978: ss. 175-177; Ohlmarks 1979: ss. 116-117; Alm 1985; Elgklou 1995: ss. 230-235; Heymovski 1995: s. 43; Skott 1996: ss. 127-130; Ulfsäter-Troell 1996: ss. 376-394; Sundberg 2004: ss. 253-256; Lindqvist 2010: ss. 116-118; Norlin 2015: ss. 185-188) and some special studies on her artistic career (Reutersvärd 1990; Hedin 1991: ss. 65-69; Widman 1991: ss. 67-70; Weibull 1991: ss. 116-117; Ljungström 1994: ss. 87-92), horticulture (Svensson 1997) & role as future queen (Grundberg 1999; Tornbjer 2003). Margaret has also published two photo books about Sofiero's garden (Princessan Margareta 1915 & 1917).

The narrative is based on the longer biographies and supplemented with newspapers, weeklies & whatever.

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Margaret Victoria Charlotte Augusta Norah, *Daisy* among friends, was born January 15, 1882, at the family residence Bagshot Park, Surrey, England, and died May 1, 1920, at Stockholm Castle. Her father, Arthur of Connaught (1850-1942), was the seventh child of Queen Victoria of England. Her mother Louise Margaret (1860-1917) belonged to the Prussian royal family. Daisy had a one year younger brother, Arthur Jr. and a four year younger sister, Patricia.

Her father served long periods abroad and 1886-1890 he and his wife were in India, while the children were taken care of by the grandmother Queen Victoria until they were large enough to accompany their parents. In 1888 and 1889 they were in the military camps at Poona & Bombay and during the hot season up in the Himalaya Mountains. "There is a letter from Daisy to her grandmother, in which she tells her that she while in India got her own pony called Silver. Silver was unusually mean, bit and kicked. Still, he or she was fun to ride. In a photograph in Margaret's photo collection in Stockholm, you can see Silver with Daisy on the back, led by a man in turban."¹ Her tutor described her at 11 as both shy, proud of her birth & restrained:

She was hard to figure out. She never said anything, but listened while forming her own ideas. One could call her a cautious child, obedient, conscientious to a fault, in

¹ Tjerneld 1981: s. 12.

some measure passive and downtrodden, never complaining, a peculiar, in her way touching little creature, although with time the impression was modified by the increasingly prominent single-mindedness of her character.²

Until the age of 14, Daisy was raised by French and German governesses and an English tutor, Edmund Phipps, who was also her brother's tutor. She obsessed over her own lack of abilities. It's hard to tell why. Perhaps a defence against all the demands made upon her: "It is no use. I am what I am." was her favourite expression when the tutor tried to force her into something "unwomanly" like learning the multiplication table. Daisy is also said to have followed her brother's instructions - unclear what that meant, but presumably, being almost the same age, they had the same schedule. Later she followed his military training - perhaps natural in such a military-oriented family. According to her father "She was brought up within the sound of the drum and the bugle." Daisy was daddy's girl, and she adopted all his interests, military as well as horticulture. Bagshot had a very beautiful garden that Daisy learned to like. There are reports that she practised in the household, including in the farm dairy, but the extent is unclear. It seems to have been on her mother's initiative.

I remember that a male cousin and I when children used to stray far into the woods or the meadows to pick flowers. He was then eight or ten years old, and very good at binding beautiful bouquets. We used to compete with each other, who would come home with the most beautiful bundle to set on grandmother's breakfast table. And we also competed in naming as many of flowers as possible. In this way, as a child, I learned to love flowers and their English names, often more salient and appealing to children than the botanical, which I learned but later.³

Daisy's later education was a mixture of general education for girls at King's college & study visits to the British museum. She became interested in geology & collected rare rocks. At the same time, she was drilled in piano, singing, dancing, drawing & painting. She was taught by a French artist, Madeleine Fleury. She photographed a lot. Her talent was noticeable:

She possessed an innate sense of colour, loved to observe the shifts of lights and darks over a landscape, to study lighting and colours. She had a gift for seeing. With her usual energy, she took every opportunity to study nature. She used to go out early in the morning and late at night to catch some mood or lighting. Although princess, she then deigned wear her folding chair, colour box and other painting utensils herself.⁴

Daisy's circle of friends were siblings, cousins, and classmate (one only). When she matured, she was allowed to participate in her parents' activities. She was confirmed March 5, 1898. From the age of 17 until the wedding, she had a companion, Miss Leila Milne who also monitored her conduct, and a lady-in-waiting Lady Egerton. The winter of 1897-98 the family was in Rome & Florence, the winter of 1902-03 in Normandy & Paris. Daisy shopped, painted and went to museums. Her favourite book at the time was Charlotte Yonge's bestseller *The Heir of Redcliffe*, a religiously coloured melodrama about money, social standing and happiness. Later she appreciated Edna Lyall, George Eliot, Thackeray, Browning & Tennyson. Rather chronicles than thrills or love stories. In her twenties, she

² Dahlgren & Svedelius 1921: s. 20.

³ Margareta 1918: s. 154.

⁴ Dalhgren & Svedelius 1921: s. 23-24.

was said to have appreciated Ralph Waldo Emerson's "The Conduct of Life", about personal philosophy.

Daisy was also interested in sports and in addition to long walks in the Scottish Highlands, there was swimming, cycling, skating, playing tennis, golf & field hockey. Her princess life was socially extremely circumscribed, but in connection with the hockey game she met peers who in the heat of the moment even forgot who she was.

And who was she? Daisy has been described as the ultimate Victorian. Not only because she was the niece of Queen Victoria but because of her lofty principles of life and work ethic. There is actually a forgotten notebook in that spirit with her favourite aphorisms:

- *Life intensity and labour intensity are synonymous concepts.* Ruskin.
- *Our duty is to be useful, not as we desire to be, but as we can be.* Amiel.
- *The tears of a people undermine the strongest belief.* Indian proverb.
- *Do not make life heavy for anyone.* Emerson.
- *My friends have come to me unsought. The good god sent them to me.* Emerson.
- *There is no health drink more active than happiness.* Spencer.
- *The greatest triumph of humanity is the triumph of personal influence.* Lightfoot.
- *To what use life and health if not to do good.* Carlyle.
- *Some additional smiles of silent sympathy, a few more kind words, a little more self-restraint, here lies the difference between whole and just half happiness for our loved ones.* S.A, Brooke.⁵

1901-1904, her father was stationed on Ireland as Inspector-General. Daisy travelled the country & practised charity so at least nearby children were whole & clean. It was in Ireland that she had her first experience of professional gardening. It was also here that she made her society debut - at a flower ball in Dublin. In 1905, it was part of her father's duty to inspect the British troops in Egypt & Sudan. Mother, Daisy & Patricia, accompanied him on what appears to have been an attempt to at least marry off Patricia, then 18. Both sisters were described as exceptionally appealing, chaste & reserved. There is no information about Daisy's crushes or the like, but maybe her constant relocations made it difficult.

The journey started January 2, 1905.

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One of Daisy's friends was the journalist etc. Clare Sheridan (1885-1970; b. Frewen), cousin of Winston Churchill, who in 1933 published parts of their correspondence during the Egyptian trip.⁶ Clare was later known for her communist sympathies, but in 1905 she was still uncontroversial:

We first met in Dublin in 1904, when the Duke of Connaught was the commander-in-chief. At this time, Princess Margaret and I developed a friendship that only ended with her death. The circumstances of this friendship were rather strange. There were long times when we did not meet, but the foundation was certainly laid and it did not

⁵ Dahlgren & Svedelius 1921: ss. 27-28. [Anteckningsbok från 20-årsåldern.]

⁶ Clare Sheridan. [Brevväxling med Margareta av Connaught.] I: Good Housekeeping. Okänt datum, omkring 1933; Dagens Nyheter, 1933-02-3, ss. 1,5; Vecko Journalen, 1933:9, ss. 16-18,17.

fail for a period of seventeen years, during which time we saw very little of each other. However, we maintained an almost constant exchange of letters.

This began as early as 1905, when the Connaughts aboard the cruiser Essex left England for a trip on the Mediterranean. Wherever they landed, these romantic nieces of King Edward, were received as future queens. Princess Patricia was like a perfect Greek statue and it was said of her that she was the most beautiful princess in Europe. Princess Margaret, the elder of the two, was beautiful in a less conspicuous way. She was slim, her skin was like alabaster. She looked more thoughtful and reflective and had already in her teens developed a character, reminding those who knew her of her grandmother Queen Victoria. She was determined, had good judgment and a sense of the enduring values of life at a time when most girls are vacillating and superficial. However, she was extremely shy and almost self-effacing. Her letters, even when she had matured, preserve a naive nineteenth-century pedantry that does not lack its charm. The story of her life, when it blossomed at its best, is almost completely in the letters and hardly needs any comments. The first of them is dated January 12, 1905, from H. M. S. Essex "off the Portuguese coast".

"My dear Clare!

Now we are out on the open sea again. We were so busy in Lisbon that there was never a minute left. But we enjoyed ourselves enormously. The fat king was as funny in the extreme - joked a lot and liked to be teased with. The Queen is more than friendly, very wise and thoroughly charming. The papers here and at home have written a lot of nonsense about me marrying the eldest prince, which made him very shy, I think. But he's a lovely boy, really nice. [Crown Prince Duke Luis Filipe of Braganza, died with his father King Carlos I of Portugal in an attack in 1908.] And then the younger prince, but he happens to be seventeen, so the papers are really stupid who imply such things. [Exking Manuel II, deposed in 1910, dead 1932.] I think it's terrible, don't you think so too?

We always drove around with four horses or four mules and in the evenings they always used wagons dressed with white brocade; it looks so clean and nice. Where ever we went there were always lots of people, extraordinarily courteous, who bowed and took off their hats and ladies curtsied in the streets according to all the rules of the art, slow and solemn.

The king had a castle, called Cintra, on the highest peak of a steep, rocky and high hill, where we drove with mules. It looked like a fairytale castle, I've never seen anything like it: Originally moorish, it still had minarets and fenced courtyards and stairs on the outside and all sorts of fascinating angles and crannies. All built in white stone with a wonderful view of the sea. It really resembled the castle of sleeping beauty, where it stood on the cliffs high above the world, completely isolated... We all felt sorry leaving the country.

After Portugal they visited Spain. King Alfonso was a bachelor and the entire Spanish people looked forward to his choice of bride. On a postcard from Seville, dated January 15, Margaret writes:

We've been here for two days. Cathedral magnificent - Gothic. The people are watching us, we cannot go anywhere without a long tail. All official persons are so attentive, we are almost killed by kindness,

Later aboard H.M.S. Essex.

...they showed us things in Spain, which usually must not be seen. Relics: the skeleton of Sant Ferdinand, which you never get to see as close as we did, and for the rest only twice a year at festivities, and then all the troops marched past and saluted, so that you can understand what it means. There were many other things like that as well. The order had come from Madrid that we should see everything. I suppose it was to impress either me or Patsy [Princess Patricia], we are not sure which of us they cast their eyes on. I cannot say that I am particularly pleased to be visiting the King of Spain himself in Madrid next month.

H. M. S. Essex between Tunis and Alexandria.

January 24, 1905.

I have just realized that I do not like life on board a ship. I can't stand the eternal noise. Never a minute's peace, the eternal waves to the sides of the ships, the whole hull creaks, huffs and puffs and the sailors rush about, they never stand still. In my opinion, this is not a rest. I love seeing new places and new people and beautiful things, but I wish I could do it by land!

I can't remember if I wrote to you from Spain or not, so you'll forgive me if I repeat myself. Our stay in Spain was very peculiar, because the crowds never left us. They followed us where we went, even into the churches and almost fought each other to enter the side chapels. The reporters and photographers were a real scourge - all because we were English princesses, and their beautiful ideal for a queen is Queen Victoria. So they seemed to think that one of us had to marry their little king and become a good queen - if you can imagine something that crazy. In any case, they were completely out their minds, shouting the most personal remarks and stared at us like we were some species of animal.

We travelled an entire two days by train from Seville to Granada and from there to Malaga and I assure you that on every small modest station on the road stood a small crowd of people and waited for us, often with a very bad musical corps and with bouquets of flowers. I have to say it amused me a lot, while Patsy hated it. She can't stand crowds. It was like a sort of triumphal through Spain, but what about our return home in March?

Later.

Patsy is bored by Spain. I hope she will not be accosted on our way back, but I actually find it quite appalling to return to Madrid, where we know what everybody is thinking.

But fate had other plans and due to various serious reasons the visit to Madrid in March never took place, for this is what the future had in store:

The Palace, Karthoum, February 2, 1905.

...We were at a great dinner in Cairo, given by the Khedive. Patsy and I were again mistaken for each other. It has happened in every place where we come, that they always think I am the youngest! This time it was a young prince of

Sweden, who is out here travelling. We had never seen each other before and he brought me to the table by mistake. I let half the dinner go without telling him I wasn't Patsy. It's pretty funny!

On February 10, she wrote about the marriage of Captain (now General) Hollond - he was her father's adjutant in Dublin:

I would really like him to be happy. I have always preached to him that he should marry, now I wish for a happy outcome.

The princess later in the letter again spoke about herself.

I'd just like to marry someone that I really like... that's where the rub is, when you're a princess. One's choice is so limited, there are so few princes and on balance I don't think I would be happy marrying a non-royal. I'd hate to see my husband not treated according to the same rank as myself. I couldn't endure it.

Write and tell me what you think about everything I have said. Write a short essay about your thoughts and experiences and what you think of our position in this regard.

I now know that moonlight rides to the pyramids with the "young Prince of Sweden" had already solved her problem, before my answer could reach her. The "essay" I later sent her was thus unnecessary. As I reread it, I blush with embarrassment. An author with good intentions but no skill - more thoughts than style! Bound in paper decorated with flowers in watercolours, this "essay on the position of a princess, of one who is not" was returned to me with the princess' comments. On two pages she had written the answer to my question: "Is a princess' lot enviable?"

"Yes and no. It is too substantive a question to receive a proper answer. A Princess' life doesn't have to be as hard as you depict it. If she's lucky, she can be just as happy as any other. Love, the supreme happiness of life, can come to her as fully as to anyone else, and her position has its advantages through the influence it brings. If this is used correctly, she can do much. Of course, love is not a birthright to each and every princesses, but it can be so. Influence is a great gift, almost scary for those who learn to use it, but with great, interesting possibilities.

I don't think all princesses are as ignorant of the world as you think. They just don't show how much they know. They are people versed in the art of observing, able to accumulate knowledge without experiencing everything themselves. In my opinion, it is the duty of a princess to observe and try to understand, as far as possible, other people's lives. In this way, she can become more useful and with time and experience know her duty.

It was a little unfortunate for me that my "essay" reached her in a time of supreme happiness, which she in a later letter tries to describe:

Cyprus, March 3, 1905.

Thank you very much for your letter and essay, which I read last night with great interest. I'll send it back with some comments, which will probably amuse you.

I always thought that the really difficult thing about a princess's life was the question of love and marriage, but now I know that too can succeed. If you knew how absolutely happy I am, you'd understand that nothing else matters. Wait till your turn comes and you really fall in love and your love gets more than reciprocated, so you will understand me now...

I had certainly not heard of Gustaf two months ago, when we left England. We met, as it happens, in Cairo. The next day we walked together at the race track and he followed us up the Nile to continue the acquaintance. Then we met daily in the most free and unforced manner for fourteen days, early morning horse rides, boat rides on the river, visiting temples and pyramids in the moonlight... becoming more and more intimate. We both felt an irresistible attraction to each other, The whole thing was so simple and so unintentional. As was it the will of fate. I never thought he would admit it, although I admit that I was extremely taken by him, and I could not help noticing something similar with him. He followed me like a shadow and was always beside me, prepared to fulfil my least wish.

And so it continued until a week ago, when we dined on Cromers. Then we danced and he asked me for the first dance (I can see it before me and the melody still sounds in my ears). He dances divinely and loves dancing. When we had danced a few laps, he asked me to come and sit on the porch in a quiet and secluded place, and then suddenly I knew what was going to and... and... I ended up saying yes!!!

He's so adorable and I'm sure you'll like him... he's tall, about half a head higher than me, with a good figure, dark blue eyes and thick brown hair...

We have only been engaged for a week and yesterday we had to part in Alexandria, a very sad moment, and we do not meet again until the end of month in Naples, where his mother is staying. Strangely, he is not in any way related to me, which is a miracle, because almost all princes are.

If anyone had told me, when I came to Egypt, that I would leave it as engaged, I would have laughed him in the face. I had no more thought of that than of flying. Strange how your whole life can change in a couple of weeks. We're going to get married in Windsor in June, before Ascot, but that's a maybe. We don't know what our two kings might want. Gustaf comes to London for Easter I hope, so you must see him then... I feel very proud and he already spoils me. Very beautiful bouquets of flowers every day, a delightful ring with a big diamond and a big sapphire and a brooch with four huge diamonds alternating with pearls.

You have to tell all my friends so much, that they don't think it's a marriage de convenance but a real love match. No one arranged it more than ourselves and fortunately both our families are delighted...

Forgive this sloppy, badly written, badly formulated letter, and remember that I have become very stupid from happiness. The others sit and laugh at us and say that they have never seen two people so absolutely foolishly happy.

Ritz hotel, Paris, April 10, 1905.

Clothes Clothes! And so hats all day long... we are all bored by these cloth worries...

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There is also a parallel exchange of letters with the lady companion Miss Leila Milne, more of a diary, where Daisy lets go:

[Engagement night:] "God has been very good to me ... I have fallen on my knees and given him all the gratitude I am able to but how little this is compared to the great gift He has given me in his wonderful loving kindness. Oh dear, pray with me that I will be worthy of this! I would give everything if you could be here, the only thing missing to make my happiness complete.

Ma and Papa are simply delighted, Ma is teary-eyed but it's just feelings - I have to go to bed otherwise I will be a wreck tomorrow and he wouldn't like to see me pale and tired, would he? *Good night my dearest, to think it only happened 2 hours ago.*"

[The next day:] "Never in my wildest dreams had I thought that someone could be so perfectly happy and satisfied. I smile all the time with pure joy, and it's just as bad with him, worse, he acts quite foolish. This morning before tea time he came with a large bouquet of red and yellow roses, his adjutant as well, and Baron Roban [Rålamb] greeted me as his future queen. And he ... took my breath away when - the others having withdrawn a little - Gustaf put a beautiful diamond and sapphire ring on my finger just as I bent over the roses *and we had our first kiss!*"⁷

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Daisy's biographers have had difficulty accepting that she and Gusty met by chance and there are plenty of speculations about how their parents or grandparents unknown to them pulled the strings. The most likely erroneous version is that during one of his Biarritz stays, Daisy's father agreed with King Oscar II that one of the daughters were a suitable party and that King Edward VII gave his approval. After that it was up to Gusty. It was not a forced marriage, but of course the selection of princesses of appropriate age was limited.

During the return trip, "Essex" called on Capri and Daisy visited her future mother-in-law. It seems strange that Gusty's mother did not attend the engagement on 24 February - the journey across the Mediterranean was not very long, but it is usually explained by her poor health. For a while, it looked as if she would not attend the wedding either. Daisy was nervous during the Capri visit, crawled into her shell, took out a hand work to calm the nerves and made a mediocre impression. However, by the time of the return visit, she had calmed down. Crown Princess Victoria's lady-in-waiting Cecilia af Klercker: "After a few days, 'Essex' returned, and we were then all invited aboard. I too had found the princess lacking in social grace, but now she was - as a hostess - completely changed, exquisitely polite and friendly, absolutely delightful. The Duchess [Daisy's mother] had also thawed up. After we left, Essex with all the English royals returned to England."⁸

The wedding took place in London on June 15 the week after the dissolution of the Union. I'll skip the details, but Daisy, as a princess, is said to have received wedding gifts for more than SEK 700 million in today's money. The dower residence was Ulriksdal Castle.

⁷ Magnusson & Werkelid 2020: s. 62.

⁸ af Klercker 1944: ss. 102-104.

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*As long as it is day, we must do
the works of him who sent me.*
John 9:4

Daisy's time on Earth lasted until May 1, 1920. She kept house & gave birth to five children: Gustaf Adolf (1906), Sigvard (1907), Ingrid (1910), Bertil (1912) & Carl Johan (1916). At the time of her death, she was pregnant with a sixth child, Nils Carl Oscar. With the current technology, it could probably have been saved. She kept a low profile: Devoted herself to home & family but had representation & some charity. In addition, she made herself known for her floral splendour at Sofiero & her artistic activities. At least during the war, the relationship with her mother-in-law was poor. Daisy supported the entente, the mother-in-law the Axis. Otherwise Daisy was royal in the English way - not rude, but haughty. The servants complained that they were taken for granted as part of the furniture, but the main impression was positive. Her driver in 1906 (with later additions):

I drove for Prince Gustaf Adolf and Princess Margaret. The Duchess brought her first-born, then only a few weeks old, but as the Duchess breastfed herself he must come along. She was the first of the royal consorts to breastfeed her children herself and took her responsibilities as a mother seriously. Her children were given excellent supervision and upbringing and even as minors the most polite and natural children you could see. Once later when I as a driver took them with me, they came and took me by hand and thanked me for the ride. Such a thing was unheard of at court and yet their mother had the for a subordinate humiliating habit of never answering a greeting. ... And even if Princess Margaret was stiff towards subordinates, she had the good habit of treating all servants equally and not let anyone insinuate herself with gossip.⁹

In the winter of 1906/07, Daisy's friend Clare Sheridan was invited to Stockholm Castle. She too was artistically inclined and the two lived at the Saltsjöbaden Hotell & painted outdoor motifs. Afterwards they exhibited them the castle. Daisy had big plans and intended in the same way as Prince Eugén to become the centre of a circle of artists & writers. She enjoyed her present position and did not covet becoming queen with all that it entailed. In the summer of 1909, Clare again visited Sofiero. Daisy had made great artistic progress, and the friends spent most of their time in nature in front of their easels.¹⁰

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Daisy had not had time before the wedding to learn Swedish, which meant that she initially kept quiet during the receptions. Not very polite. With the Swedish teacher PhLic. Österberg she quickly improved. From the autumn of 1907, her Swedish was as good as her French, i.e. rather than good. At home the family spoke English - perhaps so that the servants would not understand. She also learned about her new country. 1907-1910, Professor Harald Hjärne lectured her and her friends, mostly elderly ladies, about Swedish history. According to one report, she did not think her peers serious enough to hang out with, but that is not for me to say. Further lectures were given by Professor Gustaf Cassel on Social Policy & Inspector Albin Lindblom on the Poor Care organization. She kept up an extensive correspondence with

⁹ Stenson 1977: ss. 42-43. [Ur dagboken 1906.]

¹⁰ Sheridan 1927: ss. 51-55,78-80.

friends, relatives and acquaintances. In later years she used a typewriter. Possibly this correspondence is still extant.

Daisy was against entertainment & leisure for their own sake, but if they had a useful purpose it was okay. Horticulture was a form of interior design & uplifting for the soul. Skating was exercise and socializing. Skiing & long walks a way to get to know Sweden & its nature. She organized a hockey tournament and her team participated in the Nordic Games. She sailed iceboat. She bowled. She protected the Stockholm female fencing club and participated as a spectator. She danced folk dances. Daisy was always on the move.

The Crown Princess was an excellent hostess. Here in her home, no one could blame her for being stiff. Maintaining this unconscious "noli me tangere", in which the natural glory of princely manners persists, she at the same time, through the open naturalness of her being, made each one feel *à son aise* in her vicinity. She didn't entertain any brilliant conversation, in the main she listened rather than she spoke, but she understood quickly and easily.¹¹

In addition to her duties as mother, housewife, etc., Daisy in her capacity as duchess of Skåne became interested in the local handicraft and placed large orders of hems, lace & tapestry through the Malmö household association. Her first philanthropic effort was to raise money for "Vanföreskolan i Helsingborg" (schooling for disabled). Further engagements were "Kronprinsessan Margareta's Syförening" (handicraft), "Margaretainsamlingen för fattiga" (poverty relief) & "Stockholms damklubb" (women's lectures and cultural activities). She was honorary chairman of "De blindas förening" (society of the blind), "Kronprinsessan Margaretas arbetsnämnd för de blindas" (work for the blind) and "Föreningen för Husmodersskolor med barnvård" (domestic work & childcare). She was 1st Honorary Member of the Linnaeus Society. She protected the "Kronprinsessan Margaretas vårdanstalt för tuberkulösa barn" (care of tubercular children), "Vaksamheten" (a society for combating white slave trade) and "Vita Bandet" (female sobriety & moral standards). She was a regular member of the club "New Idun for Women", a forerunner of the Professional Women's Club. She was not a public figure, but she did attend inaugurations. In 1917, however, she made the appeal for poverty relief, the fund Margaretainsamlingen, herself.

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Daisy's contributions during the First World War were in the organizations "the *Landsturm* clothing" & "Help to prisoners of war". She had a subordinate position though. "The Crown Princess' Association" was a subcontractor of "The Queen's Central Committee". The *Landsturm*, the older conscripts, a kind of home guard or militia, was a government stepchild. The government provided weapons and uniform. They themselves the rest. Through the association they received a shirt, a pair of underpants, socks and a sweater. Daisy chaired the working committee that arranged the collections & voluntary work. The prisoners of war sorted under the Red Cross (i.e. Prince Carl) & American K.F.U.M. It seems to have been primarily about inspection of prison camps, information to relatives about missing persons, books, medicine & food packages. In contrast to her mother-in-law (who put people to work while she herself lay ill in Germany), Daisy wanted to make a personal contribution. However, in late 1916 she had to rethink:

¹¹ Dahlgren & Svedelius 1921: s. 42.

This work has grown over my head. I cannot go about things alone as I have done up to now and have decided to start a kind of agency under my direct supervision and without having to resort to the formation of a committee I hope to be able to solve the problem, I lead it in person, but the young ladies who will be working at the agency will give valuable help with letter writing etc..¹²

"The Crown Princess's candle collection" also became very famous. Both candles and kerosene were in short supply and the poorest had to spend their evenings in total darkness. The collection generated candles, kerosene & money. The money was used for carbide lamps. Daisy was instrumental in slaughtering her chandeliers.

Regardless of her military upbringing, Daisy detested the war, finding her mother-in-law's attitude that it purified the soul from old dross, immoral & completely incomprehensible. The conflict between the two led several times to public quarrels. After her death, it was discussed whether she had been as neutral as her Swedish citizenship required. The answer is no, but it never took such excesses as in her mother-in-law.

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Daisy photographed, practised gardening & painted. Sofiero was close to her heart, and she published two books and an article about it and its garden (Margareta 1915, -17 & -18). The novelty of her orchards was the painterly quality. "I usually spend my evenings pondering my drawings, changing them until each flower is in its proper place." She believed that beauty ennobled man, and that is of course possible. The greatest source of inspiration seems to have been the artist, garden architect etc. Gertrude Jekyll, with whom she corresponded.¹³ Sofiero was quite run down & overgrown. Daisy's first book was about cleaning it up.

At Stockholm Castle Daisy had a small studio, but mostly she painted outdoors. Her oldest surviving painting, an exterior of Blarney Castle, dates from 1899. In her lifetime she exhibited twice: 10 works at the Baltic Exhibition in Malmö 1914, where she also was responsible for planning the park & the flowerbeds. 1919 about 20 works as an "entrance test" to the society Nya Idun. Her total output was about 250 paintings (according to other data 350), of which 100 were in large format, most however sketches. Most renown are her paintings with winter motifs from Waldemarsudde circa 1910. Daisy had a small mobile studio constructed so she could stay warm, and seems to have received help in the form of good advice from friend Anna Boberg, etc. She worked in a tradition of conventional melancholy & had difficulty finding her style. Her work seems based on Monet & prince Eugen (Konstnärsförbundet; the Paris Swedes). Light & colour were more important than lines. 1949 forty of her paintings were exhibited at Waldemarsudde and received favourable reviews. Afterwards, there has been an effort to show that she was discouraged, probably her art was considered a hobby, and it took a long time before she was satisfied, and then it was too late. If she really wanted to, she had the money, like mother-in-law Victoria, to publish privately.

Daisy was churchy, but there is little to say about her religion. She wanted to sit in a corner, listen & be left alone. In 1919/1920, she contracted multiple infections. The last infection ended in general blood poisoning & cardiac arrest. Her death was completely unexpected & Gusty shocked. It was in the morning. He spent the whole day walking like an automaton

¹² Dahlgren & Svedelius 1921: s. 107. [Brev till K.F.U.M:s Tysklandsansvarige Conrad Hoffman, 1916-10-01.]

¹³ Svensson 1997.

from one church to another. A number of people, including Gustaf V & politicians, cried openly. Although Daisy was not very well known as a person, she was also mourned by the population, and a fundraising in her memory gathered more than one million. The memorial words of the Linnaeus Society are congenial: "Just as the frost ruthlessly and without ulterior motif ravages the most beautiful flowers, so in a few hours the disease broke down Princess Margaret. But she lives in the hearts of her people, and for the generations to come she shall live in her books about the flowers of Sofiero."¹⁴

Staffan Tjerneld explains her popularity by her being a fantasy in the spirit of her time - immature, more child than adult & possible to interpret according to your discretion: "She was the new woman, but not in the form of a suffragette. She was a woman content with her lot: a young girl, a good mother, a happy wife and who, despite her love for home & family, was open to other values in life, like art and nature."¹⁵ Or as the journalist Jaya experienced her at her interview in 1912: "She is a real mother for her children, a playful, happy, sensible mother, but during the hours, you are her guest, you think time and again: Such a young girl she is. It is both her appearance and form and posture. But there is really nothing immature. The charm of her is the soft and female, behind the girlish mockery."¹⁶

Her friend Clare Sheridan thought Daisy had hidden depths - that she understood more than she let notice – hard to verify though. I exemplify Daisy's interests with her library. It contained mostly fiction. About as much as her art, garden, travels, geography & children's books together. Half of it was "English". The rest spread over antiquity, the Middle Ages, Italy, France, Germany, India, Romania, etc. Much was magnificent editions that she had received in gift but not read. It was all in English. There was 1 (one!) Swedish book but in English translation, Axel Munthes *Memories and vagaries*.¹⁷ Daisy's interest in her new country was apparently low or non-existent. She was an *English* princess in the same way that her mother-in-law Victoria was a *German* princess.

Daisy stayed out of politics, which the Swedish politicians were grateful for, but allegedly influenced her husband in a liberal direction, and that is possible, if by liberal you mean English. She seems to have only had views in the "women's sphere": children's education, home decoration, hobby painting & social life. Her most lasting achievement is believed to have been to encourage photographic reports about the daily (idealized) life of the royal house, which probably had the effect that her generation of royalty was easier to empathize with than previous generations. Margaret was the ultimate weekly magazine princess.¹⁸

She stuck out of the surroundings like a piece of crystal. At one time urbane, childish, serious, thoughtful, precocious, happy, disrespectful, popular & aristocratic. But above all human.

Unknown journalist, c. 1920.

¹⁴ Müller 1920: s. 3.

¹⁵ Tjerneld 1981: s. 163.

¹⁶ Jaya 1913: s. 31.

¹⁷ Dahlström 2006: ss. 161-182.

¹⁸ Persson 1988; Grundberg 1999; Tornbjær 2002: ss. 121-164; Tornbjær 2003.