

THE GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF THE TRAGEDY

A MID the many columns I have been reading during the last couple of weeks on that tragic story which is being enacted at Geneva, these remarks by Mrs. Crawford, the famous correspondent of the Daily News in Paris, particularly attracted my attention:

The Crown Princess of Saxony intends to come shortly to Paris, and, perhaps, to make it her permanent home. She claims to have been brought up on French lines by her mother, the Princess Alice of Parma, niece of the Comte de Chambord, and daughter of a Bourbon of Parma and of a Bourbon of France. The count, after the death of his sister, the Duchess of Parma, took her two sons and two daughters to live with him at Frohsdorf. The princess who is at Geneva is thought by her family to resemble her great-grandmother, Marie Caroline of Naples, Duchess de Berri, and to have her good qualities and defects. She is bright, spontaneous, and to say the least, impulsive, and the kind of princess who would be extremely popular with all classes in France. Her levity is more apparent than real.

Like most Saxons, princess, says my informant, the actual heir-apparent to the Crown of Saxony is a man of coarse grain and sensual tastes. The Crown Prince is only happy when shooting, exercising troops, eating, or drinking, and he is never at the trouble to hide his amours. His want of sympathy made his unhappy. Her standard of a well-bred husband is derived through her mother from the little Count of Frohsdorf. The Comte de Chambord set there an example of chivalrously delicate fastidiousness, and most of all to the Comtesse de Chambord, though she was twice his height, had a disfiguring diagonal scar across her mouth, the figure of a skeleton, and features of masculine strength; but a pair of the most benevolently sweet and lambent eyes that ever shone in a woman's head. The taste of the Crown Prince of Saxony were in some degree formed by this French prince, her great uncle. He saw in her the image of the Duchess de Berri, and treated her as a darling grand-niece. Indeed, he helped to spoil her. The little court at Frohsdorf seemed to all well acquainted with her. It was a poetic sentiment in the nineteenth century.

II.

AN OLD WORLD COURT.

At the court of Dresden all was material and the last refuge of the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses of the royal factory. Militarism had poisoned civil life. The only gentlemen were her figures. The princess felt attracted by the American because Americans know how to treat ladies. She wished to be of her age. But the strict etiquette of the court forbade her. It seemed to her a courtier to see her on the stage as a courtesan or cycling in the park in a smart costume bought at the Paris Exhibition. She was to be once more pushed by a special functionary, brought down remonstrances and led to domestic scenes. Her beautiful, little figure, her grace, and her spirit, and spirits when angry, and by exercise commanded the admiration of her future subjects, but exposed her to the censure of the fossilized court. She must not go out riding unless to reviews as a colonel.

One day, visiting a portrait painter, she said to his wife, "What a happy woman you must be to be married to an artist who has a high standard, and tries to make his life square with it. Then you are free to do as you please, to dress as you like, to wear your clothes as I have often to dress six times a day." The lady, looking surprised, the Princess said "six" then counted six on her fingers, and specified the occasions on which these sumptuary changes had to be undergone.

III.

TEMPERAMENT AND HEREDITY.

I quote this passage merely, and indeed not principally, because it throws an interesting light on the inner history of that painful wreck of the royal house of Saxony, but because it recalls to me one of my favorite characters in history—the Duchess de Berri. And agree with Mrs. Crawford that the Crown Princess resembles in many respects her great-grandmother. Her lot had been cast in different times, but human characters can always make picturesque adventures, and doubtless if the Crown Princess of Saxony had belonged to the times of her grandmother she would have found a career equally dramatic, but worthier than the perilous and sinister adventure on which she has now embarked. However, let her for the moment pass; my business today is not with her, but with the ancestors, whose weaknesses and whose temperament she plainly inherits. The study of the two women—the great-grandmother born more than a century ago, and the great-granddaughter, even now a young woman—will be a wondrous example of that dominating spirit of heredity which is the explanation of the temperament and destinies of most of us.

IV.

THE OLD REGIME.

The court of Louis XVIII. was not a joyous one. Despite all the efforts of the old families of France to reconcile the young generation that had grown up since the execution of Louis XVI. and the reign of Napoleon, to accept the old Bourbon traditions, young France turned aside with some impatience. When Louis XVIII. on the day of his restoration, passed one of the bridges of Paris which was

guarded on each side by some of the old soldiers of Napoleon, the sight of this monarch—obese, gouty, double-chinned, a mass of amorphous and feeble flesh—produced such a feeling of revolt in the young men who followed the Little Corporal through blood and flame and glory over all the battlefields of Europe that they were with difficulty prevented from rising in revolt there and then; it was too steep and rapid a descent to the abyss of the commonplace from the Olympian heights to which the young captain of the new times had raised his country.

V.

THE GENIUS OF BEAUTY.

Suddenly there entered upon this old-world, sombre, almost sinister scene a being of beauty, light, and joy, intoxicating in her vitality, her frankness, her mixture of the simplicity and capriciousness of a child and yet of the only-felt suggestions of a bravery and romance of disposition equal to the emergencies where people play with their heads as stakes. Marie Caroline, daughter of the King of Naples, was just eighteen when she married the Duc de Berri and entered France. Her husband, several years her senior, and already somewhat jaded from many adventures, who had never seen his bride until she had already legally become his wife by proxy in the cathedral of Naples, and who doubtless had his unpleasant anticipations of what fate reserved for him, was delighted when this fair vision rose from the horizon of his destiny, and fell in love with his wife at the first sight.

Paris had soon reason to rejoice in the new presence. At once the whole tone of the court underwent something of a change; there succeeded to the tepidity a fervent loyalty to the reigning house; and in short it was that once more entered into and conquering the musty realms of archaic survivals of men and women and things.

VI.

WIDOWHOOD.

Four years after this the Duc and the Duchess de Berri went one Sunday night to the opera. The young duchess was already enceinte, and the heat of the ballroom together, her husband asked her husband to take her to her carriage so that she might go home early; he was to remain behind. They went to the carriage together, but the husband returned to the opera, and she asked her husband to take her to her carriage so that she might go home early; he was to remain behind. They went to the carriage together, but the husband returned to the opera, and she asked her husband to take her to her carriage so that she might go home early; he was to remain behind.

VII.

EUROPE'S CHILD.

And now there came, not only for her, but for all France, seven months of a terrible suspense. Was the house of Bourbon to end for want of a male heir? Was France to be once more torn by the roots from the ancient dynasty which alone gave chance of steady and historic development, and to be broken up by the horrors of revolution and conflicting pretensions, and the weary round of anarchy? The seven months came to an end, and the child was born, a relief and almost frenzied joy, it was announced that the young duchess had brought forth a male child, and that the succession to the throne was assured. I cannot pause to describe the delicious things which were done to celebrate the event; suffice to say that the great-grandmother poured water taken from the River Jordan on the head of the infant as it was baptised, and that the child was described by some as "The miraculous child," and by others as "Europe's child."

VIII.

THE SUPREME ROMANCE.

Eight years later the child and the mother were exiles; the folly of Louis X. and the duplicity of Louis Philippe had brought them down. It was then that the greatest romance of the life of the duchess began. She imagined a France as full of chivalrous devotion to her son, the rightful heir, as she herself was, and almost alone with a few adherents, made an invasion of France, starting at Marseilles. But dissensions came fast upon her, the insurrection of Marseilles did not come, and the duchess was forced to fly. But she fled—most of the time disguised as a boy, and what a beautiful boy she made!—to La Vendée, that historic land where frenzied devotion to the Bourbons and to the Old Order still remained. But again the chiefs of the Legitimist Party were timid, thought the moment inopportune, begged the duchess to go back and wait for better times and more auspicious stars. She vacillated, but ultimately he, her son, brave, fearless spirit carried the day, and appearing to all the chivalrous and brave men with appeals to the claim of her boy, to the last of his race, with the splendor of her beauty, her charm, and, above all, her fearlessness, she dragged them into an insurrection. But it was put down in a few hours. For a while the poor duchess, in her peasant-boy clothes, wandered, hungry and cold, through woods, lay in farmhouses, trembled often as she lay in a ditch covered with snow, and the soldiers of Louis Philippe looked everywhere for her; and finally, after a series of incredible adventures, reached a hiding-place in Nantes.

IX.

THE JEW.

There for five months she lay con-

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cooled, and as secure apparently as the Humberts in their Madrid retreat. But she had taken into her confidence a man named Deutz, a renegade Jew. He wrote to Thiers, then minister of the interior, offering to sell the secret. Thiers met the traitor at midnight, armed with two pistols and alone. Thiers was a plucky little fellow, and the two men, the traitor and the duke, and one day the house at Nantes was surrounded with soldiers and the duchess was entrapped. But even yet she was not caught. When the troops entered, they looked for her everywhere in vain. But they were ordered to camp there, and finally, after fifteen hours of waiting, they took it into their heads to light a fire. The fire was lighted; stifled cries were soon heard, then knocks, and the duchess, with two companions, came forth, half-burned, and were taken from a hidden place behind the chimney-piece.

X.

A SINISTER TRIUMPH.

She was put in prison at Blaye, and then the troubles and perplexities of the Government began. They did not want to have the principle of royalty shaken enough already further weakened by the trial of one of the Bourbons; the smirched title and history of Louis Philippe was a story not to be brought back to the public mind. The trial of one of the Bourbons was the trial of the Republic; the Republic called out that blood had been shed; that as Republicans were tried and convicted, so also should the traitor. Marie Caroline of Naples, even though she was Bourbon and a princess. Relief in these perplexities came in an unexpected way. It was observed after some weeks that the young princess seemed to show signs of being enceinte. The King and his ministers were almost beside themselves with joy. This was the end of the old Bourbon legitimist dream and legend. It was vulgar and a sort of end; and to make it public was to bring a niece of the reigning queen and several royal families into disgrace; but politicians, who were used to say, has no bowels, and it was resolved to make the secret of the poor little duchess public.

XI.

THE BOURBON'S PITY.

Then began a series of performances that one almost blushes to write. Great medical experts were appointed to examine the poor duchess, and report upon her condition, and when that was made manifest beyond any doubt, she was persecuted with proposals that witnesses should be present at her accouchement, men of letters, and amounting to little short of a crowd. In the presence of this crowd of strangers the fallen princess was expected to bear the hour of agony and shame. Lest there should be any mistake about the great event, soldiers lay outside her door, who were to come immediately with the governor of the jail, while elaborate methods, including the firing of cannons and the ringing of bells, were to summon the municipal authorities and the other witnesses; and, in short, there was every preparation to make public, tumultuous, and affrighting, an occasion that would, even in the case of a drab, have been tranquil, secret and sacred.

Up to the last the secret of the maternity of the child was not revealed. It was only after the accouchement that the friendly doctor who had rushed to the side of the princess was permitted by her to announce that she had been married to Count Luchesi Pulli, a gentleman of the chamber to the King of the Two Sicilies.

When at last the poor princess was released she was sent back to Palermo, and then, and then, practically, her life came to an end.

Substitute for her name the name of great-granddaughter and for Count Pulli, the name of M. Girou, and the two stories have a strangely curious resemblance.—T. P. O'Connor in T. P.'s Weekly.

The annual consumption of wine in France averages 23 gallons for each person.

The latest Socialistic project in Zurich, Switzerland, is to tax every inhabitant over 16 years old 20 cents a year, the state adding 20 cents. This would yield about \$118,000, which would be used to secure the services of 40 physicians, who would take care of the whole population of the city.

A PORTRAIT WHILE YOU WAIT

By W. R. ROSE

The clock on the mantel chimed 9.

The young man arose.

"You will permit me to make my adieu," he said as he faced the young girl. "I am well aware of your father's prejudice against young men, and I realize that I was very rash in calling here tonight. Luckily—for me, at least—he has not yet returned, but I have a premonition that he will be back very soon."

The young girl arose and came a little forward.

"I admire your discretion, Mr. Bancroft," she said, "and only regret that you find it necessary to exercise it. Father is the dearest and most indulgent father in the world, but he is a little peculiar about a waiter in a macaroni restaurant. I have an idea. He shall paint my portrait. Yes, this very evening. He must require him, to finish it, but he must make a start."

The youth started at the word. So did the girl.

"I have a ze important—" he began, but the old man interrupted him. "Your engagement will have to wait," he sharply remarked.

"But I have not ze ze tools, ze br-r-rush, ze palette."

"That's all right," said the old man. "Everything will be provided." He turned to the girl. "When your father Jim hurried away to accept that consulate he left all his painting apparatus in his little studio upstairs. Has it been disturbed?"

"I think not," said the girl faintly.

"Come on," cried the old man, and ushered the youth to the foot of the stairs. "You go first, Alice, and I will bring up the rest."

So they passed up the broad stairway, the girl reluctantly leading, and the old man grimly following close behind, and the youth's eyes were fixed on the old man's face.

When they reached the room on the third floor that had been the studio, the gas was lighted and the tools of the painter and within easy reaching distance. There was even a clean canvas on the easel.

The old man motioned the youth to the low painting chair and himself took a seat a dozen feet away.

"Never mind the pose," he said; "just paint me in any fashion that comes handy. And don't lose any time. The youth picked up the palette and spread a little color upon it. Then he seized the brush.

"You like ze flattering portrait?" he asked.

"Certainly not," growled the banker.

"Paint me as I am," said the youth.

"Not for ze public exhibition," said the youth, as he made a dab at the canvas.

"Eh? Of course not. Do you think I want a lot of silly fools commenting on my appearance?"

The youth dabbed again at the canvas and then cast a furtive glance at the old man. He was sitting on one side of the room on a low stool with his elbows on his knees and his chin resting on her hands, and his expression was a comical combination of amusement and anxiety.

"Zee new school of painting is deserting from ze old," said the youth, as he smeared the white surface.

"Is it?" growled the old man. "You surprise me. Still, it seems very possible."

"Ze old artist used to glorify ze curved line, and the unabashed painter. Now eet ees ze straight line. Zee ees no skeel in using ze curved line. Anybody can do it. But when you take ze straight line, and use ze straight line alone, ah, zat ees ze real art."

"Are you going to use the straight line alone on my face?" demanded the old man.

"It ees my intention," replied the artist. "It gives ze square and upright expression. Ze signor has ze vary straight face."

"Oh, I have, have I?" grunted the old man, and his sharp eyes suddenly turned toward the artist. "You are studying the ceiling."

"How you like ze nose?"

"My nose? Why, just as it is, of course."

"A little pale, signor?"

"What?"

"You lika ze countenance in repose?"

"Yes."

"Ze eyes shut?"

"No! Is that your idea of repose?"

"So the artist, painted on, and the old banker glowered at him. The youth held her position and furtively watched them both.

"I breaka ze record," he said.

"The record?" the old man demanded.

"Ze record for ze finished portrait while you wait."

"You mean to say you have it all done?"

"All except one ear, signor," replied the youth. "I desire to complete Ah! divina art! I can see ze lovely daughter's locks in ze father's face! Zee!" And he pulled the easel around, and the old man came forward slowly.

The old man came forward slowly. Then he shrank back.

"What?" he gasped. "Is that me? Why, you unmitigated dabb, I've seen better portraits than that on a child's face! It's villainous! You make me look like a tramp in a fog. I ought to hang you over to the police. Horrible!"

"The youth drew a little nearer the door and folded his arms.

"You would have me over to ze police because you cannot understand ze new school of ze artist?" he said, with withering emphasis.

"My child," said the old man, "we have been cruelly imposed upon."

"Yes, father."

"No."

The old man turned suddenly to the youth, who had gradually reached the door, and who had gradually reached the door.

"Do you hear me?" he cried. "You are no artist, Arthur Bancroft."

"What?" exclaimed the youth. "Do you know me?"

The old man suddenly chuckled.

"Of course I know you. I have had my eyes on you for some time. In addition to that, I've got a letter here in my pocket from Senor de Jesus concerning you. You're a pretty pair, you two."

And he glowered at the girl. "Trying to deceive a trusting old man. I'm grieved at your conduct. But there, we've had our little comedy, and I've got a matter of business to propose to Mr. Plates. Come down in the library and smoke a cigar with me, my boy."

And he laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder. Then he looked around at the girl. "Better have this fair deceiver drop round to dinner to-morrow night, and I'll be glad to see her."

The girl blushed and smiled.

"Yes, father, she said, 'If you wish it.'—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Plates," said the girl, "and it has, clung to him ever since."

The old man looked from the girl to the youth.

"That's very interesting," he said. "But how do I know anything about his ability. Because a man has been a waiter in a macaroni restaurant is no sign he can paint portraits. Here, I have an idea. He shall paint my portrait. Yes, this very evening. He must require him, to finish it, but he must make a start."

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A Gilbertian state of things obtains at Tenby in Pembrokeshire, England, where the parish clerk, by six votes to five, has been elected mayor. As a result of this the rector of the parish becomes chaplain to his own clerk.

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ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

The Wildcat Has Not a Good Memory for Traps.

Our almost extinct wildcat is a beast which for want of memory has not been able to hold its own. While the fox and the badger, especially the latter, are adepts at avoiding traps, the wildcat seems quite unable to keep out of them. Yet the glutton, another carnivore of the northern forests, without any apparent brain endowment of the positive kind, has learned the whole art of trapping so successfully that it will follow along a whole line of forty miles of traps, break into every one from behind, and carry off the baits without being caught. In the same way the baboons of Africa, whether north or south maintain themselves in a locality in their full numbers long after most other creatures of their size have disappeared. The part of the Mapotopos Hills in which Mr. Rhodes' tomb is cut in the rocks is deserted by the Matabels, because, as they are now disarmed, the baboons carry off all their corn and pumpkins in the country.

The rat and the rabbit are not very different in point of fecundity. But while the rabbit, except on very favorable soil, disperses in a cultivated country like England, where it is not afforded any protection, the rat is practically master of the situation, so greatly does his power of individual experience and probably also of communication, exceed that of the other rodent. It can hardly be an accident that the grey parrot, one of the cleverest and most thoughtful of birds, is by far the longest-lived. There is an undoubted instance of this bird surviving for a century, and half that time is quite a long time for a bird. It is not so many other considerations than those of brain intervene in determining what leads to longevity that very vague generalizations are possible. Size, food and species all have their known results on the duration of a bird's life. A gamnet has been known to live for 40 years, Spanish imperial eagles to nearly that age, an Egyptian vulture to 42, ravens for 20 years, and swans for nearly as long. But it is a fairly safe inference that the life of birds is, in proportion to their size, longer than that of mammals. Comparing the general average of brain power, that of birds is much higher than among the mammals. It is in the line of probability that it is this excess of brain vitality which gives the birds an excess also in bodily vitality.—London Spectator.

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