

## AN EMPRESS' FATE.

The "Living Death" of Princess Carlotta.

Surely the most mournful of all the sad stories of modern history is that of Carlotta, the daughter of that Leopold of Belgium whom the great Napoleon describes as "the finest man he had ever seen." The young Princess, when but 17 years old, was married to Maximilian, younger brother of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. This was in 1857. From 1857 to 1863 Maximilian and Carlotta dwelt, as in Eden, at the palace of Miramar, on the East coast of the Adriatic. It seems that their life there was a perfect idyl, love and literature supplying its rhythmic tones. Art in all shapes, music, sculpture, painting, words—all combined to make their brief six years of happiness one of those delightful episodes the mere reading of which suggests happiness and love to all mankind. But the tempter came. Maximilian was ambitious of worldly renown; he knew the sweets of acquisition as a scholar; he was brave, a sailor, and a Hapsburg. An empire was offered him. The titled Emperor of a great nation, the fellow who inherited a name without a particle of blood-right to the inheritance; the smaller Napoleon, before whom the Sino-Tigres kneeled for a few years, gave vent to one of his grandiloquent decrees. He would "create a Latin empire in the West to redress the balance of the East. Plagiarist, even in this rotund phrase, he blinded men's eyes to his folly, and Maximilian was seduced into becoming his instrument. Poor Carlotta, the faithful wife and brave woman, followed her Austrian husband to Mexico, where the new empire was to be founded and maintained. The scheme was skillfully contrived. Napoleon the Little had money and prestige enough pending the Civil War in the United States to buy up a party in Mexico. They were called a party, but were really a lot of stock jobbers and speculators who, with hearts absolutely cold as to humanity or patriotism, sought to make a profit out of Mexican bonds—to say nothing of Mexican blood. They went to Miramar, and in name of Mexico, offered throne and fealty to the hapless Prince. Through one of those miracles of blindness which sometimes affect the best educated men Maximilian swallowed the bait. Napoleon III. not only needed a new Latin empire in the Western world, but the prestige which a political alliance with the Hapsburgs would give him. Maximilian became his tool, and the faithful Carlotta followed her lord. But the imperial pair—to use the phraseology of the European Court journals—had not been many weeks in Mexico before the wife, with true wifely instinct, saw and understood the false position in which she and Maximilian were placed. Carlotta fled from Mexico, having besought her husband in vain to fly from the death-trap. He, haughtily declaring that a Hapsburg had better die than fly, remained. She went to France, to Paris; saw the spurious Bonaparte and begged for aid; begged for the only aid that could save her husband's life—military aid. Her answer was a cold declaration that France could not sustain the Mexican Empire, which the French Emperor had created; that a war with the United States would be certain to ensue; and that, instead of sustaining the Emperor of Mexico the French army under Bazaine would have to be withdrawn. This almost broke the poor woman's heart; but, with a woman's faith in the impossible, she sought for comfort in Rome. A Protestant herself, she deemed that the Papacy would come to the rescue of her Catholic husband—compel the Catholic Mexicans to become Maximilian's obedient subjects. She knew nothing of politics. All that she knew and all that she

considered was the danger of her husband, who was all the world to her. When her prayer was denied at the Vatican she stopped not to reason out the right or wrong of her unhappiness; she could not. Reason swooned, and from that time to within a few days past, for nineteen long years, she has been an amiable maniac—dead to the world.

## The Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea is an old and decrepit salt lake in a very advanced stage of evaporation. It lies several hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a very considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to 85 feet below the Black Sea the Dead Sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposes to build a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan Valley, connect the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday school classes. Now, when the Dead Sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineer's lake—spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, any rate from Dan to Edom, or, in other words, along the whole Jordan Valley, from the Sea of Galilee and even the Waters of Merom to the southern desert. (I will not insult the reader's intelligence and orthodoxy by suggesting that perhaps he may not be precisely certain as to the exact position of the Waters of Merom; but I will merely recommend him just to refresh his memory by turning to his atlas, as this is an opportunity which may not again occur.) The modern Dead Sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters are now very concentrated and so very salty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them, and so buoyant that a man can't drown himself, even if he tries, because the sea is saturated with salts of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which the swimmer floats, will he, nil he. Persons in the neighborhood who wish to commit suicide are therefore obliged to go elsewhere; much as in Tasmania, the healthiest climate in the world, people who want to die are therefore obliged to run across for a week to Sydney or Melbourne.

Bhasker Venayek Rajwade, a Hindoo, has been learning the art of glass making in New Jersey in order to practice it in Bombay, where he is now establishing a glass factory.

It does not follow that because a man has invested in "wild cat" stock he will make a fair purr-scent-age on his investment. We would add another clause—he oftener has hard scratching to keep even.

Mamie—"Why, Sadie, you have let your hair grow dark again. Last time I saw you it was a lovely blonde." Sadie—"Yes, dear; but you know I am in mourning now for poor, dear papa. I am not wearing light shades at all."

"Mildred"—Do not say, "Pull him up with a round turn." It is slangy and vulgar. When you feel a yearning desire to bring him to a condition of stability use the Bostonese phrase: "Interpret him, with an oracular dexterity."

## A DOUBLE EXECUTION.

Two Murderers Guillotined at Daybreak Before a Paris Crowd.

The two notorious criminals—Gaspard, who murdered the old Delaunay in the Rue d'Angouleme, and Marchandon, who cut the throat of the Creole lady, whose service he had entered, according to his custom, for the purpose of plunder—were guillotined shortly after daybreak. It was expected that the wretches would be reprieved, as Gaspard had had an accomplice, and Marchandon's friends had made energetic efforts to save him from the guillotine. Their appeals, however, were rejected, and both the criminals were handed over to the common executioner.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the Place de la Roquette, outside the prison of the condemned, was full of people, who, as is customary on such occasions, had remained up all night to witness what, in the annals of recent sensation, was an exceptional sight, namely, a double execution. The police had considerable difficulty in keeping the crowd of sightseers in their places, and the mounted gendarmes were frequently called into requisition to clear the approaches to the places of execution. The usual horseplay, low jokes, and badinage were freely indulged in by the expectant crowd in the roadway, composed as it was of the lowest strata of the Parisian rabble. Snatches of obscene songs were even sung by some of the villainous gamins and vicious girls who pressed through the crowd to obtain a view of a scene which seemed to have no terrors for them.

At 1 o'clock a moving light was seen approaching. It preceded a dark mass scarcely discernible through the enveloping darkness. This was the car conveying the terrible *bois de justice*, or guillotine, which had once more been removed from its resting place in the vicinity of the prison. It was followed by Delbier and his assistants, and was well guarded by policemen. Turning the corner of the Rue Folle Regnault, the ghastly caravan lumbered heavily into the Place de la Roquette, and stopped before the door of the jail.

The guillotine was promptly dismounted and by 2 o'clock everything was ready. Delbier, having superintended the preparatory measures, went into the jail with two of his men, and there was then a long spell of waiting and expectation, during which the day dawned on the impatient and chattering crowd that filled the Place de la Roquette. At 4 o'clock the numbers were increased by workmen and others who were obliged to be up early, and barricades were put up by the police to prevent the people from filling up the approaches to the place of execution.

A long narrow basket was now placed near the block of the guillotine, and at ten minutes to 5 the huge, heavy and gloomy doors of the prison swung open amid a deadly silence, only broken by the sharp rattling of the gendarmes' swords as they were drawn from their scabbards. Gaspard was the first of the felons led to death. Tall and muscular, he walked firmly between two priests, whose ministrations he had rejected until the approach of his term.

His face was pale and his features contracted convulsively as he neared the guillotine. Here he stooped toward the prison chaplain, the Abbe Faure, and embraced first the priest and then a crucifix held by the latter in his hand. He was now seized by the executioners, his head was placed in the *lumette*, and, after an awkward pause, during which Delbier seemed to have lost the momentary control of his instrument, the knife descended, and the headless trunk of

the criminal fell away from the *bascule*. The head was then put into the basket.

The guillotine was now washed, and everything set in order for the next execution. After an interval of seventeen minutes, during which the clamorous crowd seemed to have lost its grotesque gaiety, the doors of the prison again opened, and Marchandon looking like a pale boy of 17, tottered feebly out, supported by the Abbe Faure and the other priest who had assisted Gaspard.

The criminal was evidently more dead than alive. He still wore the patent leather boots with pointed toe caps which he had on when arrested in his country house at Compiègne. After having convulsively embraced the priests he was caught sharply by Delbier and thrust into the *lumette*. The knife again refused to work, and nearly four seconds elapsed before it fell on the criminal's neck. When it did so a double jet of blood spurted out for nearly two yards, and sprinkled the adjacent ground. The bodies were then taken, escorted by mounted gendarmes, to the Ivry Cemetery for mock burial, after which they were handed over to the School of Medicine for the usual experimental purposes.

## Fifteen Wives.

George Neville, is known as a "much-married man." He seems to have been one of that fascinating class to whose charms womankind yielded with indiscriminate haste and, with noble Russian blood coursing through his veins, attained probably an unparalleled record.

Beginning when young, he wooed and won maiden after maiden in a manner known best to himself. With each of these he married but briefly. Marriage with him followed quick upon courtship, and the honeymoon waned before it was fairly begun. Poetry, music, statuary, and the finer arts—for he seems to have been an accomplished scoundrel—added for a day to his own and his latest bride's happiness, and then each of them awoke to find him gone. They called, but he came not, and sought to follow, but he eluded. Fifteen wives in all laid their loving cheeks upon his breast.

Philosophers have pondered ere this on how some men elude the just penalty of their many misdeeds, and pessimists have insisted that wrong-doers often escape scot-free. It is not true. As Webster once said, crime is its own detector. It may be concealed for a time, but it will run the door down at last. While the Count, for so he styled himself, was pillowing his head upon number fifteen's breast and wondering which would be the best direction to take in search of the sixteenth, the law's strong hand tore him ruthlessly from his enviable place. The loved and deserted appeared in court against him and conviction followed. Away from his fifteen brides, or at least from the fifteenth, he pined and grew dreadfully thin. His loving, trustful nature could not endure such lonely imprisonment. In its solitude he sickened and died.

Let us hope that his sleep will be sweet. He erred and suffered—what man with fifteen wives may escape that fate—but death seals the lips of scorn and lays the much-married by the side of the man who isn't married at all. Perhaps his mission here was to serve as a warning to other men. Perhaps it was to be a warning to silly women not to wed until the bridegroom was known. Too many of these are abroad looking for Russian and other Counts upon whose breasts they may fall, and if anyone shall be saved from making a fool of herself the Ohio much-married man will not have lived and died in vain.