

strations of joy and loyalty were for their beloved new Queen Elizabeth.

The conciliation between prince and people was complete. So was also that between Francis Joseph and his wife. They continued to reside for some time in Buda-Pesth, where on April 2, 1868, Princess Marie Valerie, their last daughter, was born. All over the country the child was lovingly called the "conciliation baby."

Austria began to recuperate. Trade and commerce revived. The Emperor interested himself in every possible way in the material and intellectual development of the people. Educational and industrial reforms received his cordial support, and the means of intercommunication have been greatly increased. Buda-Pesth, which in 1867 was more like a great Asiatic village, has become one of the finest capitals of Europe. Vienna, which in 1858 was an antiquated fortress, possesses the most magnificent street in the world—the Ring Strasse. Like Augustus, the Emperor can claim that he found his capital a village, and left it a city of palaces.

More and more has it become evident that the greatest leader of Liberalism in Austria has been Emperor Francis Joseph himself, and by far its greatest statesman in fifty years has been its own Titular Head. Seldom has a monarch in history ever lived to see such widespread and beneficent changes in his dominions, and so largely attributable to himself, and at the same time had such numerous and terrible sorrows in his own family.

In one of the most joyous years of his reign, 1867, came the news that his brother, the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, was shot by order of a court-martial in Mexico. His wife, the Empress Charlotte, became hopelessly in-

sane, and so still remains at the chateau of Lacken, near Brussels.

Ten years ago the Crown Prince Rudolf, his only son, died under the most humiliating, mysterious, and distressing circumstances. The Prince, who was married to the daughter of the King of the Belgians, had formed a liaison with the Baroness Marie Vetsera. "The Prince addressed a letter to the Pope asking for a dispensation to enable him to get divorced from his wife. The Pope sent the Crown Prince's letter and his own reply direct by special messenger to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Emperor sent for the Crown Prince, and handed the Pope's letter to his son, and demanded his word of honour that he would give up his liaison. The Prince fell upon his knees, and gave the promises. Deeply touched, the Emperor conducted his son to the Crown Princess. In her joy she sent on the same day the following telegram in cipher to her father: "I send a triumphant hallelujah to heaven. Your daughter is happy again. Happy beyond measure.—Stephanie."

But the Crown Prince wanted to bid farewell to Marie Vetsera. Next day, all Vienna was horrified to hear that the two were found dead—Marie Vetsera with a bottle of strychnine by her side, and the Crown Prince with his skull smashed. The details of their awful end, whether by suicide or murder, have been wrapt in mystery ever since.

Only two years ago the Empress Elizabeth's sister was burned to death at a charity bazaar in Paris. And in September last, the Empress herself came to her tragic end, at the hand of Luccheni, an Italian assassin. The anguish of this last blow may be faintly imagined when we recall the words of the heart-broken Emperor, after the funeral of the Crown