

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF AUSTRIA AND ITS MURDERED EMPRESS.

ONCE again tragic calamity has overtaken the house of Hapsburg. The measure of its grief seemed full to overflowing, for violent death had visited the family many times. The Emperor's brother Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, was condemned and shot at Queretaro in 1867, Archduke Ladislaus was shot in the hunting-field, Prince Louis of Trani and Archduke Johann were both drowned, in 1889 the Crown Prince Rudolph died by his own act, and only last year the sister of the Empress, the Duchess d'Alençon, perished in the Paris Charity Bazaar fire. But a heavier blow was to fall on the aged Emperor. On Saturday, Sept. 10, while the Empress was proceeding from the Hôtel Beau Rivage at Geneva to the steamer, she was assassinated by a ruffian named Luccheni, who professed himself an Anarchist. He had no motive save his own criminal enthusiasm for a cause of which his conceptions were ill defined. The irony of the occurrence is all the stronger that the victim was so entirely blameless, so undeserving of such a fate. On the Emperor, in this the year of his jubilee, the blow falls with terrible severity. Like his consort, he, too, lived only to benefit his people. The story of their lives, briefly told in the present article, is singularly romantic.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and Hungary, was born at Stockholm on Aug. 18, 1830. His father having renounced

the succession, Francis Joseph succeeded his uncle—who abdicated—in December 1848. In 1854 he married his cousin Elizabeth Amelia, a daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. Their Majesties have had three children, one son and two daughters. One daughter is married to Leopold, Prince of Bavaria, the other to Francis Salvator, Archduke of Austria. The son—the ill-fated Prince Rudolph, was married to Stéphanie, Princess of Belgium, in 1881; their only child, the Archduchess Elizabeth, was born two years afterwards. As by the Salic law she cannot succeed to the throne, it passes to a nephew of his Majesty, Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Este. Next December the Emperor will have reigned in Austria fifty years — years that have brought many changes, and more than the usual amount of trouble. Still, there have been many bright spots, even amidst the heaviest cares and sorrows. He was only about twenty-four years of age when he made a marriage which was much more romantic than imperial alliances usually are, and was most certainly a love-match. The nation was anxious that he should take a wife, and he had a mother who was a true match-maker; so a Princess was found for him, and like a knight of old the Emperor set out for the castle where the lady dwelt. The eldest daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria was the Princess designated; but the best laid plans go awry, and half-hearted suitors

have a knack of suddenly asserting themselves if another face takes their fancy, even at the eleventh hour. Francis Joseph was proceeding through the park which surrounded the Bavarian ducal castle when his attention was suddenly attracted by a young girl in a short dress, whose extraordinary beauty fixed his attention, and straightway won his heart. From that moment his resolve to wed no other was taken. It was not brought about without opposition, though; not from the Bavarian family, for the Princess selected by the nation was not the least in love with the Emperor, and the Duke did not at all mind which daughter became Empress; but his Majesty's own family and the Austrian aristocracy opposed the match in the most emphatic manner: Princess Elizabeth was only a younger daughter, and all but penniless. To all the protests made the Emperor turned a deaf ear; and thus it came to pass that instead of marrying the elder Princess he married her younger sister.

The Austrian Court is stiff now, but it was doubly so at the period of the Emperor's accession and marriage, and it was, moreover, much under the influence of the Jesuits; they were, in fact, all-powerful at the Hofburg. With the advent of the young Empress, however, an entire change set in; the circle became gay and bright, and much of the old Spanish etiquette was relegated to the background. Both here and at Schönbrunn brilliant assemblies were the order of the day, and Vienna became one of the most fashionable capitals of the period. Since then, events dire and disastrous have overtaken the Hapsburgs; the imperial

lives have been hopelessly shadowed, and it is only on rare and not to be avoided occasions that the Court resumes its former gaiety. But although it knows how to be gay, there is discipline in the Hapsburgs' Court. The late Crown Prince Rudolph seems to have had an extremely rigid training, being over-crammed and over-disciplined; his brain was, indeed, subject to such intense strain that there is very little doubt the whole of his after life was affected by it. With parents absorbed by State and other duties the boy was entirely

in the hands of martinetts and pedagogues. The military men had the precedence, and as they were rigid disciplinarians of the old Austrian school, they were more than exacting in their methods. Themselves insensible to fatigue, they compelled the young Prince to rise at an abnormally early hour, to bathe and swim in cold water, regardless of weather, to go through all sorts of stiff drill and field exercises, and generally comport himself as a hardy man instead of a child of tender years. He survived the ordeal, however, and



THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

grew up a well informed—nay, really a brilliant man, with a perfect knowledge of a dozen languages, a genuine love of poetry and art, and a literary reputation.

The actual daily life of both Emperor and Empress was as free from ceremony as they could make it. Each of them early risers, they managed to get through a great deal of work during the day in their own respective directions. For a long time the troubled state of the country has caused his Majesty much anxious thought, and afforded him but few spare moments. He is still one of the most noticeable figures amongst European



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY

Born August 18, 1830; Ascended the Throne December 2, 1848.



Photo by Pictner, Vienna.

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA-ESTE, HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

Royalty; the head of a family which is one of the oldest and wealthiest. His Majesty is tall, with snowy-white hair and deeply furrowed features, on which is generally seen an expression of great sadness. His manner is wonderfully attractive and sympathetic, and is distinguished by an utter absence of affectation. If he is ambitious for anything, it is for the political eminence of his country and for the welfare of his poorer subjects. Every year he contributes largely to institutions and societies for the benefit of the poor, and to celebrate his Jubilee, which takes place at the end of this present year, he intends giving a large sum of money to be used for the erection of artisans' dwellings. The favourite pastime of the Emperor is hunting, and at Ischl, in the Tyrol, he has a small and plainly furnished lodge, where perhaps some of his happiest moments are spent.

The Empress was far better known in England than is the Emperor on account of the frequency with which she was formerly accustomed to hunt with English packs. Almost from a child she enjoyed the reputation of being one of the fastest and most daring riders on record. A few years since a bad accident incapacitated her for the time being, and although she was able to resume her riding it was

only to a limited extent. Another exercise the Empress was much addicted to was walking. She would rise at an extremely early hour, and cover miles of ground before ordinary people were up. Any one of her Majesty's maids-of-honour trembled at the thought of having to accompany her, although they were often indulged by mounts being provided for them to cover a part of the distance. On one of these occasions, a peasant, who was well acquainted with the neighbourhood the Empress wished to traverse, was engaged as a guide. After walking a number of miles without showing the least sign of fatigue, the man was so astonished that he turned to the Empress and said: "Your Majesty walks very well for a woman of your age," much to the amusement of the latter. With all this, her Majesty's daily diet would scarcely content many a peasant woman, for she seldom touched meat, her staple support being really milk. Yachting, too, the Empress delighted in; she had a most beautiful yacht named the *Miramer*, well



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

known at all the Mediterranean ports. The cargo brought off when the yacht finally put in was worth seeing, for curios were brought from all parts, and lately her

Majesty had been in the habit of adding live-stock in the shape of cows to the collection. Not long ago her Majesty was staying at Naples, and as she generally travelled under the name of Countess Hohenembs, very few of the round and were regarding the various playthings with longing eyes. Seeing this, the Empress, in her kindly impulsive way, bought up the entire stock, and then and there herself distributed it amongst the children. Often she would enter a



Photo by Türk, Vienna

PRINCESS STÉPHANIE, WIDOW OF THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

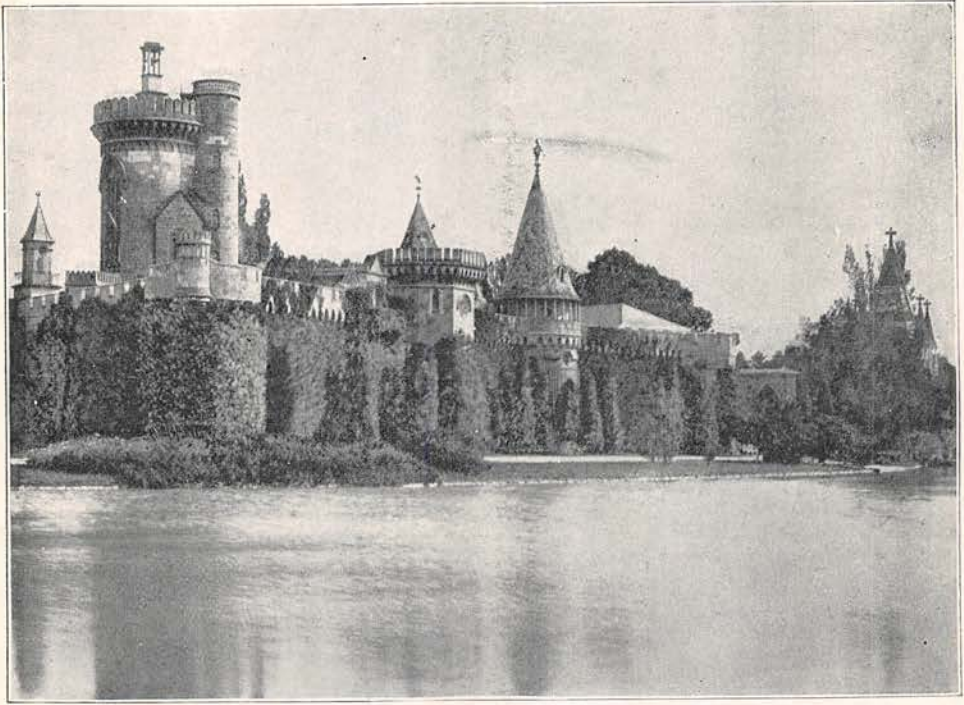
inhabitants knew of the presence of the royal visitor. One day she had a desire to visit one of the pretty Italian fairs being held, and taking with her only one lady companion, she made the round of the booths and shows. One toy-booth had proved itself particularly attractive to a crowd of children, who had gathered

church for mass or vespers, and worship quietly amongst the poor there assembled, utterly unknown, and then on leaving bestow various sums of money on these same poor, who, Continental fashion, await the visitor's charity on the church steps. Her Majesty had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and was continually

studying some new language, Greek being the last to be added to the list. Some years ago she built a beautiful residence on the island of Corfu; both the palace and the hills surrounding it were veritable dreams of beauty. It cost an immense sum, but for some reason is now in the market.

Thirteen miles out of Vienna is a charming little château known as Laxenberg. It is built in the fashion of a fortress of the Middle Ages, and contains

The most beautiful residence of all belonging to the Austrian royal family is at Schönbrunn: this is an immense palace, containing some eleven hundred apartments. It is beautifully situated outside the city of Vienna, and is surrounded by magnificent and far-reaching gardens and park. Within the park enclosure, and but a stone's-throw from the palace, there are both botanical and zoological gardens. The grounds of the former are lavishly



LAXENBERG PALACE.

a beautiful collection of rich carvings and Gothic furniture, much of which came from convents which were suppressed, or from old ruined castles. It has a beautiful private Gothic chapel, which was built by Duke Leopold in 1220 at Klosterneuburg; and was afterwards taken down piece by piece and removed hither. This toy castle—for as such it appears—was a favourite retreat of Maria Theresa and other monarchs, and was also much used by the Emperor and Empress. Their eldest child was born there.

stocked with every known variety of plant suitable for open-air production, and the contents of the many glass-houses are lovely beyond description. Amongst the zoological collection there is every known species of bird and beast. The terraces and gardens immediately surrounding the palace are very fine. Here I saw lemon-trees in all their beauty, amidst the groves of which fountains were playing and flowers blooming. Shady walks and winding avenues stretch away in every direction, the latter flanked by what

appear at first sight to be high walls, but which on a nearer acquaintance I discovered to be foliage, cultivated with an effect that is at once striking and unique. The number of sculptured marble groups is prodigious; the fountain-piece in the

hundred feet, and the view from it is simply magnificent. Everything is laid out altogether in French style, and it says much for the kindly generosity of their Imperial Majesties that the entire grounds and gardens are open to the public each



Photo by Türk, Vienna.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS STÉPHANIE.

central avenue is particularly fine: it is a colossal representation of Neptune with sea-horses and Tritons. This, and the majority of the other groups, was the work of Beyer. The "Gloriette," which is a special feature, is on an eminence at the far end of a long sloping walk; the graceful erection rises to a height of eight

day at stated hours; here both the aristocracy and the democracy of Vienna may enjoy themselves as they will, ample seating accommodation being provided in every direction.

It is curious to watch the King's employés at work in the gardens: men and women are hoeing, raking, digging,

and sweeping side by side, and no particular attention is directed to the women sharing this work, unless it is on the part of English and American visitors. But even *this* was outvied by what I had seen outside the park, where a new road was being constructed, and quite as many women as men were engaged in the arduous work entailed. All over Vienna one sees this sort of thing; there seems to be just about as many of the fair sex

may be specially admired or preferred: the artist without doubt would spend the most time in the saloons remarkable for their paintings—Gran, Rottmayr, and Salvator Rosa all being seen here at their best. Collectors of curios would be enchanted with antique timepieces, rare old inlaid cabinets, and priceless porcelain. The Emperor's saloon and the reception-room of the Empress are, of course, very interesting, as they are more personal;



SALZBURG.

engaged in building, road-making, and gardening as there are men, and they seem to get through it with just the same ease.

The fine old Palace was originally commenced for the Emperor Matthias, and was finished by Maria Theresa. Its interior is remarkable for the grandeur and wealth of its decoration. Suite after suite of rooms, all of wonderful brilliance, may be traversed; and nearly all of them show something fresh and wonderful. It is all in accordance with one's taste as to what

and each of them contains memoirs of the shooting and hunting for which their Majesties are respectively famed.

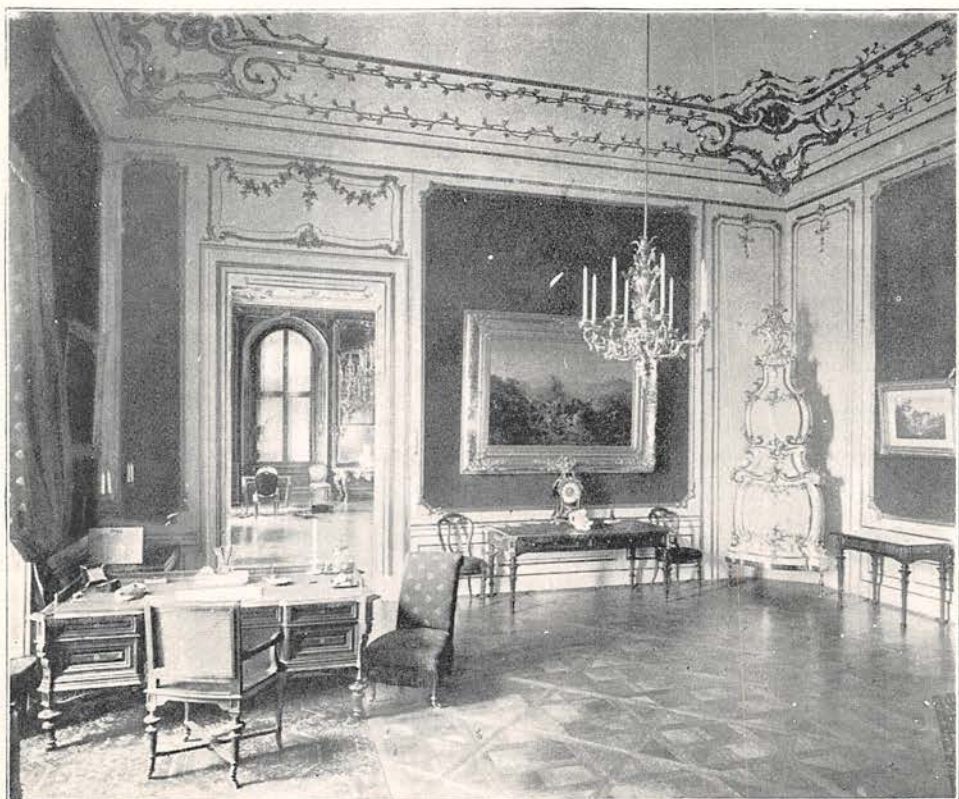
I must, however, devote a small space to mention of the Hofburg, the town palace. This is an immense building or collection of buildings; for while some of it dates from the thirteenth century, the newest part of all was in course of erection when I saw it somewhat recently. There are numerous entrances, leading to an endless number of apartments, all of which are exquisitely decorated and richly



THE SCHÖNBRUNN.

furnished with artistic productions of all periods. The private apartments are in the Amalienhof. In what is known as the Emperor's Writing-room of this suite, his Majesty passes much of his time. Here he receives visitors and holds consultations with the chief of his Ministers: numerous and trying these conferences have been of late. There is a fine

collection of family portraits here, and also some battle-scenes in which the Austrian Imperials have taken part; and although the furniture is richly carved and the entire fittings of the costliest description, yet at the same time the room presents a thoroughly business aspect by reason of the various writing-tables, desks, and numbers of books of reference. There



THE EMPEROR'S WRITING-ROOM, SCHÖNBRUNN.

is also a carved cherry-wood coffer, which plays a very important part. The Emperor uses it not only for stowing away books containing his private accounts, but he has also a knack of putting into it any petition which has been presented to him that he does not particularly want to sign: when such a document disappears, Ministers understand what it means. It is well known that Francis Joseph is very averse to capital punishment. When a death-warrant is placed before him for his signature he will find every imaginable excuse for refraining from signing it. More than once, after reading the paper through and finding nothing to excuse the offender, he has quietly observed, "I cannot sign," and torn it up. Occasionally the Cabinet meetings are held in the Conference Hall; this by reason of its dimensions being more suitable for the presence of a larger number on business intent. This hall contains fine paintings of the former Emperors of the country, a bronze equestrian statue, a sword of State surmounted by the Imperial Eagle, and a fine alabaster bust of the Empress.

The throne-room, ball-room, dining-hall, State drawing-rooms, etc., are highly effective in appointments, and are all of immense size; the dining-hall, when prepared for a banquet, is regally grand—the Austrian gold plate is so superb and the quantity so large. It is all kept in the

Treasury, a wing which contains all the State jewels and regalia, one of the most ancient and most costly collections in Europe. The royal library contains between four and five hundred thousand volumes and upwards of twenty thousand valuable manuscripts. One has to go back centuries for the period of their production.

Outside the Palace there are some very beautiful groups of marble statuary. That erected to Maria Theresa is generally considered to be the finest group of modern days.

The City of Vienna is a stately aristocratic capital, made beautiful by its magnificent thoroughfares, flanked by handsome buildings of immense size and height, together with much architectural beauty. The Imperial Museum, the Opera House, the Burg-Theater and the Municipal Buildings may be quoted as



MARIA THERESA MONUMENT, HOFBURG, VIENNA.

leading examples; and the city is also enriched with numerous sculptural masterpieces in monuments and statuary. Only the wealthiest of the Austrian aristocracy can reside in the capital, however, for rents are so fabulous, and every article of clothing and food also excessively dear. Nevertheless, in rather less than thirty years the population has nearly trebled itself, much of the city's prosperity being due to the untiring efforts and personal expenditure of the Emperor himself.

MARY SPENCER WARREN.



Photo by Adele, Vienna.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.