

spirit, and she had had the highest honors in the world's gift, but she went her simple way unspoiled. She knew all ranks, and won them all, and made them her friends. An English fisherman's wife said, "When a body was in trouble she didn't send her help, she brought it herself." Crowns have adorned others, but she adorned her crowns.

It was a swift celebrity the assassin achieved. And it is marked by some curious contrasts. At noon last, Saturday there was no one in the world who would have considered acquaintanceship with him a thing worth claiming or mentioning; no one would have been vain of such an acquaintanceship; the humblest honest boot-black would not have valued the fact that he had met him or seen him at some time or other; he was sunk in abysmal obscurity, he was away beneath the notice of the bottom grades of officialdom. Three hours later he was the one subject of conversation in the world, the gilded generals and admirals and governors were discussing him, all the kings and queens and emperors had put aside their other interests to talk about him. And wherever there was a man, at the summit of the world or the bottom of it, who by chance had at some time or other come across that creature, he remembered it with a secret satisfaction, and MENTIONED it--for it was a distinction, now! It brings human dignity pretty low, and for a moment the thing is not quite realizable--but it is perfectly true. If there is a king who can remember, now, that he once saw that creature in a time past, he has let that fact out, in a more or less studiously casual and indifferent way, some dozens of times during the past week. For a king is merely human; the inside of him is exactly like the inside of any other person; and it is human to find satisfaction in being in a kind of personal way connected with amazing events. We are all privately vain of such a thing; we are all alike; a king is a king by accident; the reason the rest of us are not kings is merely due to another accident; we are all made out of the same clay, and it is a sufficient poor quality.

Below the kings, these remarks are in the air these days; I know it well as if I were hearing them:

THE COMMANDER: "He was in my army."

THE GENERAL: "He was in my corps."

THE COLONEL: "He was in my regiment. A brute. I remember him well."

windows of the Krantz, Vienna's sumptuous new hotel. We came into town in the middle of the forenoon, and I went on foot from the station. Black flags hung down from all the houses; the aspects were Sunday-like; the crowds on the sidewalks were quiet and moved slowly; very few people were smoking; many ladies wore deep mourning, gentlemen were in black as a rule; carriages were speeding in all directions, with footmen and coachmen in black clothes and wearing black cocked hats; the shops were closed; in many windows were pictures of the Empress: as a beautiful young bride of seventeen; as a serene and majestic lady with added years; and finally in deep black and without ornaments--the costume she always wore after the tragic death of her son nine years ago, for her heart broke then, and life lost almost all its value for her. The people stood grouped before these pictures, and now and then one saw women and girls turn away wiping the tears from their eyes.

In front of the Krantz is an open square; over the way was the church where the funeral services would be held. It is small and old and severely plain, plastered outside and whitewashed or painted, and with no ornament but a statue of a monk in a niche over the door, and above that a small black flag. But in its crypt lie several of the great dead of the House of Habsburg, among them Maria Theresa and Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt. Hereabouts was a Roman camp, once, and in it the Emperor Marcus Aurelius died a thousand years before the first Habsburg ruled in Vienna, which was six hundred years ago and more.

The little church is packed in among great modern stores and houses, and the windows of them were full of people. Behind the vast plate-glass windows of the upper floors of the house on the corner one glimpsed terraced masses of fine-clothed men and women, dim and shimmery, like people under water. Under us the square was noiseless, but it was full of citizens; officials in fine uniforms were flitting about on errands, and in a doorstep sat a figure in the uttermost raggedness of poverty, the feet bare, the head bent humbly down; a youth of eighteen or twenty, he was, and through the field-glass one could see that he was tearing apart and munching riffruff that he had gathered somewhere. Blazing uniforms flashed by him, making a sparkling contrast with his drooping ruin of moldy rags, but he took not notice; he was not there to grieve for a nation's disaster; he had his own cares, and deeper. From two directions two long files of infantry came plowing through the pack and press in silence; there was a low, crisp order and the crowd vanished, the square

save the sidewalks was empty, the private mourner was gone. Another order, the soldiers fell apart and enclosed the square in a double-ranked human fence. It was all so swift, noiseless, exact--like a beautifully ordered machine.

It was noon, now. Two hours of stillness and waiting followed. Then carriages began to flow past and deliver the two and three hundred court personages and high nobilities privileged to enter the church. Then the square filled up; not with civilians, but with army and navy officers in showy and beautiful uniforms. They filled it compactly, leaving only a narrow carriage path in front of the church, but there was no civilian among them. And it was better so; dull clothes would have marred the radiant spectacle. In the jam in front of the church, on its steps, and on the sidewalk was a bunch of uniforms which made a blazing splotch of color--intense red, gold, and white--which dimmed the brilliancies around them; and opposite them on the other side of the path was a bunch of cascaded bright-green plumes above pale-blue shoulders which made another splotch of splendor emphatic and conspicuous in its glowing surroundings. It was a sea of flashing color all about, but these two groups were the high notes. The green plumes were worn by forty or fifty Austrian generals, the group opposite them were chiefly Knights of Malta and knights of a German order. The mass of heads in the square were covered by gilt helmets and by military caps roofed with a mirror-like gaze, and the movements of the wearers caused these things to catch the sun-rays, and the effect was fine to see--the square was like a garden of richly colored flowers with a multitude of blinding and flashing little suns distributed over it.

Think of it--it was by command of that Italian loafer yonder on his imperial throne in the Geneva prison that this splendid multitude was assembled there; and the kings and emperors that were entering the church from a side street were there by his will. It is so strange, so unrealizable.

At three o'clock the carriages were still streaming by in single file. At three-five a cardinal arrives with his attendants; later some bishops; then a number of archdeacons--all in striking colors that add to the show. At three-ten a procession of priests passed along, with crucifix. Another one, presently; after an interval, two more; at three-fifty another one--very long, with many crosses, gold-embroidered robes, and much white lace; also great pictured banners, at intervals, receding into the distance.

A hum of tolling bells makes itself heard, but not sharply. At three-fifty-eight

a waiting interval. Presently a long procession of gentlemen in evening dress comes in sight and approaches until it is near to the square, then falls back against the wall of soldiers at the sidewalk, and the white shirt-fronts show like snowflakes and are very conspicuous where so much warm color is all about.

A waiting pause. At four-twelve the head of the funeral procession comes into view at last. First, a body of cavalry, four abreast, to widen the path. Next, a great body of lancers, in blue, with gilt helmets. Next, three six-horse mourning-coaches; outriders and coachmen in black, with cocked hats and white wigs. Next, troops in splendid uniforms, red, gold, and white, exceedingly showy.

Now the multitude uncover. The soldiers present arms; there is a low rumble of drums; the sumptuous great hearse approaches, drawn at a walk by eight black horses plumed with black bunches of nodding ostrich feathers; the coffin is borne into the church, the doors are closed.

The multitude cover their heads, and the rest of the procession moves by; first the Hungarian Guard in their indescribably brilliant and picturesque and beautiful uniform, inherited from the ages of barbaric splendor, and after them other mounted forces, a long and showy array.

Then the shining crown in the square crumbled apart, a wrecked rainbow, and melted away in radiant streams, and in the turn of a wrist the three dirtiest and raggedest and cheerfulest little slum-girls in Austria were capering about in the spacious vacancy. It was a day of contrasts.

Twice the Empress entered Vienna in state. The first time was in 1854, when she was a bride of seventeen, and then she rode in measureless pomp and with blare of music through a fluttering world of gay flags and decorations, down streets walled on both hands with a press of shouting and welcoming subjects; and the second time was last Wednesday, when she entered the city in her coffin and moved down the same streets in the dead of the night under swaying black flags, between packed human walls again; but everywhere was a deep stillness, now--a stillness emphasized, rather than broken, by the muffled hoofbeats of the long cavalcade over pavements cushioned with sand, and the low sobbing of gray-headed women who had witnessed the first entry forty-four years before, when she and they were young--and unaware!

A character in Baron von Berger's recent fairy drama "Habsburg" tells about the first coming of the girlish Empress-Queen, and in his history draws a fine picture: I cannot make a close translation of it, but will try to convey the spirit of the verses:

*I saw the stately pageant pass:
In her high place I saw the Empress-Queen:
I could not take my eyes away
From that fair vision, spirit-like and pure,
That rose serene, sublime, and figured to my sense
A noble Alp far lighted in the blue,
That in the flood of morning rends its veil of cloud
And stands a dream of glory to the gaze
Of them that in the Valley toil and plod.*

Assassination of Empress Elizabeth

Mark Twain to Rev. Jos. H. Twichell:

"The Empress is killed by a madman and I am living in the midst of world history again. . . . This murder will still be talked of and described and painted a thousand years from now."

D.T. follows this up and gets to read an unpublished manuscript by M.T.:

The more one thinks of the assassination, the more imposing and tremendous the event becomes. The destruction of a city is a large event, but it is one which repeats itself several times in a thousand years; the destruction of a third part of a nation by plague and famine is a large event,

but it has happened several times in history; the murder of a king is a large event, but it has been frequent.

The murder of an empress is the largest of all events. One must go back about two thousand years to find an instance to put with this one. . . . The assassination of Caesar himself could not electrify the world as this murder has electrified it. For one reason, there was then not much of a world to electrify; . . . the news traveled so slowly that . . . by the time it reached the remoter regions . . . It was no longer a fresh event. . . it was history. But the world is enormous now, and prodigiously populated—that is one change; and another is the lightning swiftness of the flight of tidings, good and bad. "The Empress is murdered!" When those amazing words struck upon my ear in this Austrian village last Saturday, three hours after the disaster, I knew that it was already old news in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, San Francisco, Japan, China, Melbourne, Cape Town, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and that the entire globe with a single voice was cursing the perpetrator of it.

. . . And who is the miracle-worker who has furnished to the world this spectacle? All the ironies are compacted in the answer. He is at the

bottom of the human ladder, as the accepted estimates of degree and value go; a soiled and patched young loafer, without gifts, without talent, without education, without morals, without character, without any born charm or any acquired one that wins or beguiles or attracts; without a single grace of mind or heart or hand that any tramp or prostitute could envy him; an unfaithful private in the ranks, an incompetent stone-cutter, an inefficient lackey; in a word, a mangy, offensive, empty, unwashed, vulgar, gross, mephitic, timid, sneaking, human polecat. And it was within the privileges and powers of this sarcasm upon the human race to reach up—up—up and strike from its far summit in the social skies the world's accepted ideal of Glory and Might and Splendor and Sacredness! It realizes to us what sorry shows and shadows we are. Without our clothes and pedestals we are poor things and much of a size; our dignities are not real, our pomps are shams. At our best and stateliest we are not suns, as we pretended, and teach, and believe, but only candles; and any bummer can blow us out.

And now we get realized to us once more another thing which we often forget—or try to; that no man has a wholly undiseased mind; that in one way or another all men are mad. . . . There are no healthy minds, and

nothing saves any man but accident—the accident of not having his malady put to the supreme test.

One of the commonest forms of madness is the desire to be noticed, the pleasure derived from being noticed. . . . It is this madness for being noticed and talked about which has invented kingship and the thousand other dignities. . . it has made kings pick one another's pockets, scramble for one another's crowns and estates, slaughter one another's subjects; it has raised up prize-fighters and poets, and villages' mayors, and little and big politicians, and big and little charity-founders, and bicycle champions, and banditti chiefs, and frontier desperadoes, and Napoleons. Anything to get notoriety; anything to set the village, or the township, or the city, or the State, or the nation, or the planet shouting, "Look—there he goes—that is the man!" And in five minutes' time, at no cost of brain, or labor, or genius, this mangy Italian tramp has beaten them all, outstripped them all, for in time their names will perish; but by the friendly help of the insane newspapers and courts and kings and historians, his is safe and will thunder all down the ages as long as human speech shall endure! Oh, if it were not so tragic, how ludicrous it would be!

Among the madmen who are to blame for the assassination, we
have already high rank in the group which have attributed it to "madness"
"above above." I think this verdict will not be popular "above." If the deed
was indeed done above, there is no rational way of making this person
even partially responsible for it, and the Governor could never condemn him
without manifestly committing a crime. Logic is logic, and by disregarding
in fact, even the most gross and stupid tradition may be regarded into
sustaining charges which should not be entered upon except in the shelter
of some of lightning-bolts.

Among the inadequate attempts to account for the assassination, we must concede high rank to the many which have described it as "ordained from above." I think this verdict will not be popular "above." If the deed was ordained from above, there is no rational way of making this prisoner even partially responsible for it, and the Genevan court cannot condemn him without manifestly committing a crime. Logic is logic, and by disregarding its laws, even the most pious and showy theologian may be beguiled into preferring charges which should not be ventured upon except in the shelter of plenty of lightning-rods.

B

237

He ~~left~~ ^{was} ~~sent~~ ^{sent} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~Austria~~ ^{to} ~~Switzerland~~ ^{where} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~I was occupied~~ ^{I was occupied} ~~for the next few months in~~ ^{for the next few months in} ~~overseeing the transmigration~~ ^{overseeing the transmigration} ~~of a petty criminal (who saw~~ ^{of a petty criminal (who saw} ~~himself as a philosopher!)~~ ^{himself as a philosopher!)} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~a wholly determined assassin.~~ ^{a wholly determined assassin.}

Naturally, given the variety of
~~clients~~ ^{before} ~~with~~ ^{had} whom I
clients left behind who
had to be in greater or lesser
degree were also a part of my
responsibilities, I was back in
Austin several times last month
and to acquaint myself with the
conditions of my business and
efforts on the clients I was
left with my small cohort of
devils, ~~and~~ ^{to} ~~it~~ ^{be} ~~soil~~ ^{devils} in
+ ~~training~~ ^{and} ~~so~~ ⁱⁿ the course
of that, did keep up with even at
the grain-mill in Cambridge, and
will close to summarizing them

Assassination of Empress Elizabeth

Gharat
page

120 tales

Mark Twain to Rev. Jos. H. Twichell:

"That good and unoffending lady, the Empress, is killed by a madman and I am living in the midst of world history again. . . . This murder will still be talked of and described and painted a thousand years from now. To

have a personal friend of the wearer of two crowns burst in at the gate in the deep ^{dark} of evening and say ^{in a voice broken with tears}, "My God! The Empress is murdered!"—why, it brings the giant event home to you. . . it is as if your neighbor Antony should come and say, 'Caesar is butchered—the head of the world has fallen!'

"Of course, there is no talk but of this. The mourning is universal and genuine, the consternation is stupefying. The Austrian Empire is being draped with black."

Type this

#

D. T. follow this up and get to read an unpublished ms by M.T.

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~~We use to write about it. (use pres.)~~

pp 2-6 double
Hsu

The more one thinks of the assassination, the more imposing and tremendous the event becomes. The destruction of a city is a large event, but it is one which repeats itself several times in a thousand years; the destruction of a third part of a nation by plague and famine is a large event, but it has happened several times in history; the murder of a king is a large event, but it has been frequent.

The murder of an empress is the largest of all events. One must go back about two thousand years to find an instance to put with this one. The

oldest family of unchallenged descent in Christendom lives in Rome and traces its line back seventeen hundred years, but no member of it has been present in the earth when an empress was murdered until now.

It is an event which confers a curious distinction upon every individual now living in the world: he has stood alive and breathing in the presence of an event such as has not fallen within the experience of any

~~traceable or untraceable ancestor of his for twenty centuries, and is not likely to fall within the experience of any descendant of his for twenty more.~~

~~Time has made some great changes since the Roman days. The~~
assassination of Caesar himself could not electrify the world as this ^{murder} ~~murder~~

has electrified it. For one reason, there was then not much of a world to electrify. ~~It was a small world, as to known bulk, and it had a rather thin~~

~~population besides, and for another reason,~~ the news traveled so slowly that...

~~its tremendous initial thrill wasted away, week by week and month by month on the journey, and~~ by the time it reached the remoter regions, there

was but little of it left. It was no longer a fresh event, ~~it was a thing of the far past; it was not properly news,~~ it was history. But the world is enormous

now, and prodigiously populated—that is one change; and another is the lightning swiftness of the flight of tidings, good and bad. "The Empress is murdered!" When those amazing words struck upon my ear in this Austrian village last Saturday, three hours after the disaster, I knew that it was already old news in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, San Francisco, Japan, China, Melbourne, Cape Town, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and that the entire globe with a single voice was cursing the perpetrator of it. ~~Since the~~

telegraph first began to stretch itself wider and wider about the earth, larger and increasingly larger areas of the world have, as time went on, received simultaneously the shock of a great calamity; but this is the first time in history that the entire surface of the globe has been swept in a single instant with the thrill of so gigantic an event.

And who is the miracle-worker who has furnished to the world this spectacle? All the ironies are compacted in the answer. He is at the bottom of the human ladder, as the accepted estimates of degree and value go; a soiled and patched young loafer, without gifts, without talent, without education, without morals, without character, without any born charm or any acquired one that wins or beguiles or attracts; without a single grace of mind or heart or hand that any tramp or prostitute could envy him; an unfaithful private in the ranks, an incompetent stone-cutter, an inefficient lackey; in a word, a mangy, offensive, empty, unwashed, vulgar, gross, mephitic, timid, sneaking, human polecat. And it was within the privileges and powers of this sarcasm upon the human race to reach up—up—up and strike from its far summit in the social skies the world's accepted ideal of Glory and Might and Splendor and Sacredness! It realizes to us what sorry

shows and shadows we are. Without our clothes and pedestals we are poor things and much of a size; our dignities are not real, our pomps are shams. At our best and stateliest we are not suns, as we pretended, and teach, and believe, but only candles; and any bummer can blow us out.

And now we get realized to us once more another thing which we often forget—or try to; that no man has a wholly undiseased mind; that in one way or another all men are mad. . . . ~~All the whole list of desires, predilections, aversions, ambitions, passions, cares, griefs, regrets, remorses, are incipient~~ ^{incipient} ~~madness, and ready to grow, spread, and consume, when the occasion comes.~~ There are no healthy minds, and nothing saves any man but accident—the accident of not having his malady put to the supreme test.

One of the commonest forms of madness is the desire to be noticed, the pleasure derived from being noticed. . . . It is this madness for being noticed and talked about which has invented kingship and the thousand other dignities. . . it has made kings pick one another's pockets, scramble for one another's crowns and estates, slaughter one another's subjects; it has raised up prize-fighters and poets, and villages' mayors, and little and big

politicians, and big and little charity-founders, and bicycle champions, and banditti chiefs, and frontier desperadoes, and Napoleons. Anything to get notoriety; anything to set the village, or the township, or the city, or the State, or the nation, or the planet shouting, "Look—there he goes—that is the man!" And in five minutes' time, at no cost of brain, or labor, or genius, this mangy Italian tramp has beaten them all, outstripped them all, for in time their names will perish; but by the friendly help of the insane newspapers and courts and kings and historians, his is safe and ^{will} ~~live and will~~ thunder ~~in the world all~~ down the ages as long as human speech shall endure! Oh, if it were not so tragic, how ludicrous it would be!

Infant prodigy

Among the inadequate attempts to account for the assassination, we must concede high rank to the many which have described it as a "~~peculiarly brutal crime~~" and then added that it was "ordained from above." I think this verdict will not be popular "above." If the deed was ordained from above, there is no rational way of making this prisoner even partially responsible for it, and the Genevan court cannot condemn him without manifestly committing a crime. Logic is logic, and by disregarding its laws, even the most pious and showy theologian may be beguiled into preferring charges which should not be ventured upon except in the shelter of plenty of lightning-rods.

From Wikipedia

*25 at time of
assass in Feb 199*

Luigi Lucheni April 2, 1873, Paris-October 19, 1910 was an Italian anarchist who assassinated the Austrian Empress Elisabeth of Bavaria (commonly referred to as Sisi) in 1898. Lucheni believed in propaganda by the deed, a philosophy advocating spreading beliefs through actions. Born to a poor family, he worked odd jobs before joining the Italian Army for three and a half years. After his stay in the military, he immigrated to Switzerland.. During his life in Switzerland, he developed his anarchistic ideas. However, other anarchists considered Lucheni inept at understanding the philosophy of anarchy and often referred to him as "the stupid one." *il estúpido chuch the Italian*

Lucheni sought to kill a member of what he felt was an elite and oppressive upper class, and he did not care which member of it he killed. In his diary, Lucheni penned, "How I would like to kill someone — but it must be someone important so it gets in the papers."

At first Lucheni decided that he would kill Philippe, Duke of Orleans, but later settled for taking the life of Elisabeth. Elisabeth traveled with few bodyguards, as she was adored by the populace in general. It is generally held that Elisabeth believed that the approaching Lucheni was an admirer seeking her autograph.

Lucheni walked to her left and stabbed her. At his trial, he openly admitted to his crimes, and at the age of 25, was sentenced to life in prison. After his memoirs were confiscated by prison guards, he was found hanged in his cell by his belt, apparently from suicide.

Although it was a leading figure, in the autumn of 1933, the 25-year-old assassin was not a French national. Marie Veltova, known by the more well-known pseudonym Auguste, a native of the French city of Lyon, where she had been, and was ready to do anything for him. It was almost certainly not the great passions of 1914, but it still did have feelings for her, and was crushed by her death, almost certainly from the love.

According to official reports, their deaths were a result of Louis Auguste's demand that the couple and the relationship, the "Carnegie House", as part of a suicide pact, that his mistress in the house, then himself, should be an officially declared to have been in a state of "mental affliction" in order to enable burial in the hospital Crypt (Cryptography) of the Capuchin Church in Vienna. Marie's body was smuggled out of Magering in the middle of the night, and secretly buried in the cemetery of Holy Cross Abbey in Innsbruck, and the Emperor had Magering transferred into a psychiatric hospital of Capuchin monks.

Suicide or murder?

Many people however doubted the truthfulness of the report. Before her death in 1938, Empress Zita, widow of the last Austrian emperor, Rudolf (1918-1919), requested the police that the young couple had been mentioned as part of a conspiracy to assassinate Kaiser after he had refused to take part in a French plan to depose his own German conservative father and replace the emperor as a pro-French liberal Austrian emperor. Empress Zita did not offer any new evidence and her claims, however widely reported, were not given much credence during her lifetime.

In December 1938 the remains of Emperor Victor's were taken from the cemetery at Heiligenbrunn. When the visiting committee were brought down, the police, to ensure they were the correct remains, asked the Viennese Medical Institute to examine them. While they did confirm that they were the correct remains, the institute noted how the skull contained "an evidence whatsoever of a bullet hole, the suggested manner by which Victor had been killed by the assassin prince". The official report suggested she may have been killed by a series of violent blows to the head. Surprisingly, evidence came to light in the form of a report on the remains of the assassin prince, made at the time of the double death. His body showed evidence of a major violent struggle. A report at the time had also noted that all six bullets had been fired from the gun, which it was revealed did not belong to the assassin prince.

The official story reported the assassin claimed that the crown prince shot Victor before shooting himself with the same gun. It made no mention of the facts subsequently revealed, leading to the conclusion that he very much a covering up of the actual manner in the deaths had taken place. It is difficult even to be that far as to what really happened. Two theories have been proposed. One is that the couple had a violent argument and that the assassin prince continued his love by shooting her before shooting himself, in other words, a case where a man kills before than the expected double suicide. However, that Marie had been given the bullets of the prince to fire the gun, she would as he killed himself, or asked where the gun came from, given that it was not his weapon. The other theory is that some third party entered both, helped Victor to death, and shot the assassin prince. The latter theory does have some credence in the theory postulated for eighty years by Empress Zita, who as Crown Princess from 1918 to 1919 had been a confidante of Rudolf's father, Emperor Franz Josef, and so may have known his secrets.

In contrast with his deeply conservative father, Crown Prince Rudolf held distinctively liberal views that were closer to those of his mother. Nevertheless his relationship with her was strained and contained little warmth. On May 10, 1881, he married Princess Stéphanie of Belgium, a daughter of King Léopold II, in the Augustinian Church in Vienna with all the pomp and splendour of a state wedding. Rudolf appeared to be genuinely in love, but his mother regarded her new daughter-in-law as a "clumsy oaf." By the time their only child, the Archduchess Elizabeth, was born on September 2, 1883, the couple had drifted apart, and he found solace in drink and female companionship.

In 1887, Rudolf bought Mayerling and adapted it into a hunting lodge. In the autumn of 1888, the 30-year-old crown prince met the 17-year-old Baroness Marie Vetsera, known by the more fashionable Anglophile name Mary. From the start, Mary adored him, and was ready to do anything for him. It was almost certainly not the great romance of his life, but Rudolf did have feelings for her, and was touched by her limitless, almost fanatical, love for him.

According to official reports, their deaths were a result of Franz Josef's demand that the couple end the relationship: the Crown Prince, as part of a suicide pact, shot his mistress in the head, then himself. Rudolf was officially declared to have been in a state of "mental unbalance" in order to enable burial in the Imperial Crypt (*Kapuzinergruft*) of the Capuchin Church in Vienna. Mary's body was smuggled out of Mayerling in the middle of the night, and secretly buried in the cemetery of Holy Cross Abbey in Heiligenkreuz and the Emperor had Mayerling converted into a penitential convent of Carmelite nuns.

Suicide or murder?

Many people however doubted the truthfulness of the report. Before her death in 1989, Empress Zita, widow of the last Austrian emperor, Karl (r. 1916–1918), repeated the claim that the young couple had been murdered as part of a conspiracy to silence Rudolf after he had refused to take part in a French plot to depose his pro-German conservative father and assume the control as a pro-French liberal Austrian emperor. Empress Zita did not offer any new evidence and her claims, however widely rumoured, were not given much credence during her lifetime.

In December 1992 the remains of Baroness Vetsera were stolen from the cemetery at Heiligenkreuz. When the missing remains were tracked down, the police, to ensure they were the correct remains, asked the Viennese Medical Institute to examine them. While they did confirm that they were the correct remains, the institution noted how the skull contained no evidence whatsoever of a bullet hole, the supposed means by which Vetsera had been killed by the crown prince. The evidence instead suggested she may have been killed by a series of violent blows to the head. Separately, evidence came to light in the form of a report on the remains of the crown prince, made at the time of the double death. His body showed evidence of a major violent struggle. A report at the time had also noted that all six bullets had been fired from the gun, which it was revealed did not belong to the crown prince.

The official state report of the deaths claimed that the crown prince shot Vetsera before shooting himself with his own gun. It made no mention of the facts subsequently revealed, leading to the conclusion that for some reason a cover-up of the actual manner of the deaths had taken place. It is unlikely ever to be clarified as to what really happened. Two theories have been postulated. One is that the couple had a violent struggle and that the crown prince murdered his lover by battering her before shooting himself; in other words, a clear case of murder rather than the suggested double suicide. However, that theory fails to explain the ability of the prince to fire the gun six times as he killed himself, or indeed where the gun came from, given that it was not his weapon. The other theory is that some third party attacked both, battered Vetsera to death, and shot the crown prince. The latter theory does bear some resemblance to the theory postulated for eighty years by Empress Zita, who as Crown Princess from 1914 to 1916 had been a confidante of Rudolf's father, Emperor Franz Josef, and so may have heard his theories,

and those of other members of the Austro-Hungarian court, as to the manner of the death of Crown Prince Rudolf.

However, it must be understood how difficult it was for the emperor to admit that his son and heir had killed the girl and himself in a state of "mental unbalance". If there had been any way to claim that the two had been murdered by a third party, that version would have been infinitely preferable. There would have been no need to accuse someone in particular; it would have avoided the public admission that the crown prince was a mad killer and that he had committed suicide.

...and to kill and turned on Elisabeth instead
as she was walking along the promenade of Lake
Geneva about to board a steamship for Montreux. As
Ludwig afterwards said, "I wanted to kill a royalty. It did
not matter which one." Bleeding to death from a
gunshot wound to the heart, Elisabeth's last words
were "What happened to me?"

On September 10, 1898, in Geneva, Switzerland, Elisabeth, aged 61, was stabbed to death with a file in a pointless act. Reportedly, her assassin, a young man called Luigi Lucheni, had failed to encounter the man he really wanted to kill and turned on Elisabeth instead as she was walking along the promenade of Lake Geneva about to board a steamship for Montreux. As Lucheni afterward said, "I wanted to kill a royalty. It did not matter which one." Bleeding to death from a puncture wound to the heart, Elisabeth's last words were "What happened to me?"



---The town that Twain was in when the assassination happened was a small town called Kaltenleutgen. *Check the spelling* ✓

---The company that Twain invested in was the Farnham Company. They were making a linotype machine called the Paige Compositor. The machine was made up of 18,000 parts. The Mergenthaler linotype machine was the standard and, in the end, won out and the Paige Compositor failed. ✓

--I can only find reference that they were married in the Spring of 1854. ⁸⁸
~~34~~ ✓

---The river through Geneva is the Rhone. I cannot find reference to the name of the bridge she was assassinated on. ✓

Per NY
on
Wed.
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FAX

pp 2-5

Extra Roof
Accessories

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②

Pr. 2-8
Cute rhyol

was met after. I relate the ~~most~~ ^{temporal} purposes and the success of my (dis)appointment to Geneva, to those readers who have become weary of my occasional explications of the other narrative matters, I would add, that it is no need to fear that I will be away from forming ideas for so long a period that truly no, not a word, just an interesting chapter.

~~be concerned that~~
to some small degree, if
convinced that Twain
my client — I would not have dared
to make that attempt. ~~He is not~~
In truth, if ~~he~~ had been a possibility ~~of~~
~~of that order~~, the ~~hearing~~, ~~perhaps~~
have taken ~~the~~ given his large
claimant for the poem kept ~~most~~
novelists — "they do take us so much" by way of a
novelists, might have looked to
bring off that seduction ~~himself~~
In any event, Twain was very
naturally a most complex man,
was not suitable material. Some of
his close associates were, however, and

(3)

so I knew enough about him
to respect his credentials for
writing well about the assassination
of the Empress ~~Elisabeth~~ ^{Eliz} Elisabeth.
~~Austrian~~ of the Austro-Hungarian
~~Empire~~ of Austria. Wife to Franz-
Josef, Emperor of the Austro-
Hungarian Empire. She had been
for fifty years (CR) the most
beautiful queen in Europe, and
was renowned in many liberal
~~admirers~~ and cosmopolitan centers
as the most cultured and
pious monarch of the century.
Indeed, her favorite poet ~~was~~ ^{had remained}
Heinrich Heine. She ~~was~~ ^{had remained} dressed
always in black after the ^{double} ~~tragic~~
^{of her beloved son,} ~~of the Crown-Prince~~ Rudolf and
his beloved young mistress, ~~at~~
~~playing in 1882 (CR), a combination~~
~~of romance, tragedy, shock~~ an event
at which I had played no small
part (which may have been a
prime reason for my selection

(K) 2881 in

at May 1882

~~(*)~~ ~~are the same as~~

4

a general

⑤ If in any event, I succeeded, Lucheni, born poor and remaining so, became an anarchist after he had immigrated to ~~the~~ Switzerland, ~~and proceeded to live in Geneva.~~ In Geneva, where he came to live, he found fellow-anarchists who, with many misgivings, did succeed in converting him. They thought him inept as an anarchist, and his fellow-Italians called him Il stupido (which doubled the daily compression of his ^{spirit} ~~petite~~ and (concomitant expansion of his ego) since he was not only destined (as I convinced him) to put an end to the life of some very high-member of the highest and most oppressive class, but there he was being ridiculed by those who should have been ready to applaud him. "Spread belief by way of your actions," I kept telling him through the deflations and in-spiriting of his ego, and indeed, he brought it off. ~~It was~~ Poor Empress Elisabeth,

(6)

She was so proud and so polite that she allowed only a few body-guards to escort her, and then at a removal of ten paces they had learned not to come nearer when strangers approached. She accepted such intrusions on her thought for invariably the request was for an autograph. So, as she stood by the ~~last~~ ^{entrance} at the entrance of a bridge in Geneva Luciani approached, took out his book and stalked her.

It was immediately subduely arrested, his quarters searched and his diary examined. Soon all the world knew that he had written (during a period when I was dictating ~~some~~ ^{some} phrases to him as a species of ~~new~~ ^{new} vernacular) "How I would like to kill someone — but it might be someone important — so it gets in the papers."

He might have chosen Pitt-Rivers, Duke of Orleans who was in Geneva then on a visit but he chose the beautiful Sisi, ~~the~~ — Empress Elizabeth. She, I know, would count for

more. Even as I had ⑦
directed the ~~fire~~ and the water
priest with the long nose
to the gateway where ~~Arthur~~ Add
was smoking, so did I steer
the ~~detour~~ penitential intensives
of my much-influenced ~~assess~~
Penitential ascension toward the
bridge where Elizabeth was
looking at the water (C.R. river)
and mourning Rudolf her son.

I ^{have to be} ~~was~~ most impressed with
myself. The ~~effect~~ immediate
effect of the deed was
exceptional. I will however
leave the description of that
to Mark Twain himself.

Chabano? 5? 6?

At the time he was living in a
small Austrian town forty
miles from Vienna. Bankrupted
in America by the failure of his
investment in a new kind of
typewriter machine, he had left
Hartford, and travelled through
Europe giving lectures to pay
for some of his debts.

~~A woman who~~

Insertion

~~It is~~

If it is a matter of discomfort to the reader that I ~~can~~ can, on the one hand, seem a calm, reasonably sane and perceptive observer, ~~with~~ capable of a balanced narrative and yet am also able to aid and abet the most atrocious acts without a moment of regret, ~~but~~ but that came as no surprise, like most good devils, I am possessed of two natures. ~~One~~ A part of me is highly civilized. ~~the other~~ ~~regret~~ What much less visible on most occasions is that I am a servant to the Maestro, and his name as we may have gathered is to destroy civilization.