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TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE.

BY THE

PRINCESS FELIX SALM-SALM.

1877

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PREFACE.

MY poor husband published some years ago his 'Diary in Mexico.' I contributed to this work some leaves of mine, promising to publish more whenever I should find leisure. Encouraged by many friends and the kind manner in which the above-mentioned fragment was received, I shall carry out my promise now.

World-stirring events have taken place since 1868. History has turned another leaf in her eternal book. The French period has come to a close, and the German era has commenced. The old German Empire has risen, like the phoenix from its ashes, in richer glory than ever before, and from its radiating throne a fresh and wholesome current is sweeping over our globe. Much antiquated dust has been kicked up; time-honoured prejudices and generally admitted principles are fluttering in the air; old people look at them regretfully and bewildered, prophesying the end of all things and howling a *Miserere*, whilst the young generation rejoice, full of hope, and breathe with delight the spring air of rational liberty. The genius of the age looks smilingly from its sunny height upon flying superstition, carrying tyranny on its back.

Though it seems to be a law of nature that even the most beneficial political or social changes must be ushered in first with bloodshed and tears, it is also natural that the feelings of those who saw flow the hearts' blood of their fathers, husbands, or sons, and who with their tears and ruined lives in reality paid and still pay alone for the national hopes bought by such sacrifices, are not quite in harmony with the feelings of the great majority.

Though well aware that the late cruel war made, alas, too many sufferers like myself, and that our grief is felt like a dissonance in the general concert of rejoicing, who is cruel enough to blame a poor woman because she mourns her little flower-garden changed by that storm into a wilderness? Who is unjust enough to accuse her of selfishness, or want of patriotism, or narrowness of mind, if she cannot suppress a shudder on hearing the marches of triumph or the rejoicings of the crowd? Alas! in my ear is still resounding the din and roar of battles, and in my heart are still lingering the cries of the wounded and the heartrending whispered words of the dying, sending their last greetings and blessings to their bereaved mothers, wives, or children. And above all, before my mental eye is still a maddening vision—the gory body of a dear, kind husband.

Yes, yes; I know he died a most glorious death for his beloved king and the independence and glory of his dear Germany, and his remains are enshrined in a princely tomb,—but alas, he is dead, dead, gone for ever,—and I have only a poor weak woman's heart.

Indulgent readers, I am sure, will forgive me if now and then a melancholy or bitter tone vibrates through the following pages ; but I am less sure of being forgiven by another class of readers, who, on the contrary, will be indignant and accuse me of want of feeling, or of levity, because I am not *always* melancholy.

As I am afraid that amongst them might be persons whose opinion is of very great value to me, I shall say a few words in self-defence.

Those who have never experienced great losses or troubles, and know grief as it were theoretically, who are living quiet and happy under the protection of a kind and beloved husband, surrounded by a crowd of healthy children, often imagine that they could not survive the loss of one of their beloved, or at least never smile or feel happy again. That is an error. The Almighty, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has ordered time and reason to blunt the edge of grief ; the desire or attempt to perpetuate it is unreasonable and sinful and not worthy of a sound-minded person. I consider it to be a duty towards myself and the world, in which I may have to live still many years, to try my best to conquer this morbid inclination, and if I succeed partially in doing so it would be hard and unjust to accuse me of levity, for that I am not devoid of feeling may be proved by the fact that my hair has become grey since then,—and I have scarcely passed my thirtieth year.

In writing the following pages it is not my intention to write my biography. I shall only relate what I have seen and observed since 1862, the year in which I was married to Prince Felix zu Salm-Salm. This time of ten years is one of the most memorable in history, including the great American civil war, the catastrophe in Mexico, and the fall of the Napoleonic empire. During the American war I was almost always with my husband ; I followed him also to Mexico, and was not only a mere spectator in the great and sad tragedy enacted there. During the last French war I was with the army from the commencement to the end, and afterwards I visited Rome and Spain. Everywhere my position enabled me to become acquainted with the leading persons, and to be an eyewitness of the most important events. It may therefore be supposed that I have something to tell. Supported by a very good memory and a carefully and regularly kept diary, I shall try my best to make my account as interesting as possible, and if my book may be insignificant as a literary production, I hope it will not tire the patience of the reader.

AGNES ZU SALM-SALM.

Bonn on-the-Rhine.

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BOOK I.

IN THE UNITED STATES.



CHAPTER I

Some Words to the Reader—The War Excitement in the United States—The falling and the rising Military Stars—McClellan Commander-in-Chief—Organizing the Army—His first Review—Visit to Washington—Visiting the Camp—General Louis Blenker—German Refugees—Prince Felix zu Salm-Salm—What happened to him and to me—The old, old Story—End of the chapter, and turning a new leaf.

I SHALL not follow my diary day for day. Such a proceeding would only produce tedious repetitions, and extend my book to an unjustifiable length. I do not pretend to write history; I shall give only my personal experiences, and though trying my best to judge persons and events impartially, I am doubtful whether I shall succeed, as very wise philosophers assert that in women subjective feeling prevails over objective reason—in a word, that their heart is always running away with their brain. As I cannot help being a woman, I beg the reader to excuse, on the ground of this deplorable fact, opinions and views perhaps differing from his own.

I am not writing my biography either, and I am therefore dispensed from the necessity of describing my cradle, the emotions I experienced in admiring my first pair of shoes, and of dissecting my soul for the amusement of some curious people. I confess it affords me even a malicious pleasure to disappoint, in this respect, a number of persons who for years have taken the trouble of inventing the most romantic and wonderful stories in reference to my youth, taxing their fancy to the utmost to take revenge on me for my silence.

There are, indeed, people who resent it as an offence if a person who, by chance or peculiar circumstances, has been raised on the platform of publicity, does not choose to show herself in the garb of an antique statue; and who, as a cause for such disinclination, attribute to her some physical or moral

deformities. May they do so; their benevolent suppositions will not induce me to dispel by plain and dry reality the romantic cloud in which they have wrapped my youth. It would, indeed, be cruel and ungrateful to novelists and dramatic poets who have made me the heroine of their most wonderful and fanciful works, to disenchant their public! I therefore shall jump right into the middle of my narrative.

The great American civil war had commenced, the first battle of Bull Run had taken place, and the whole American world was in an incredible fever of excitement. It was in the Fall of 1861, and having returned from Cuba, where I had lived several years, I was with a married sister in New York. Her husband was an officer in the army, and all occurrences connected with it and the war were eagerly discussed in our family.

Old General Scott, who once had earned cheap laurels in Mexico, and was thought a very great general, had proved that he was none, and the hopes set on McDowell had collapsed at Bull Run. The people had, however, already found a new idol in General McClellan, who was placed at the head of the forces of the Union. Before having had an opportunity of doing much he was praised and worshipped as if he had won a hundred battles, and whoever would not believe that little Mac was an American Napoleon was in danger of being called a 'copperhead.' When he really had done much, and shown himself to be the best amongst all the *dilettante* generals of the Northern Union, *he* was called a copperhead himself.

At that time I am speaking of he was, as said before, the great military star of the North, and was engaged in organising an army, having discovered after Bull Run that an undisciplined, enthusiastic, though radical, army is nothing but an armed mob. Recruiting was briskly carried on in New York; everywhere the goose-step was practised under the superintendence of officers whose faces one had seen quite recently behind counters and bars. The centre of public interest and curiosity was, however, Washington, and the trains between that capital and the metropolis were always crowded.

McClellan hurried his organisation as much as possible, and knowing very well his sovereign people, he resolved to offer them some military spectacle to satisfy their impatience and curiosity. A great review of newly-formed cavalry was to take

place near Washington, and great numbers of New York people were anxious to witness such rare show. I was as eager and enthusiastic as the rest, and arrived with a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen in Washington.

That city was not yet what it is now. It is called 'The city of magnificent distances,' and with very good reason. It was laid out for a million of inhabitants, but had, however, only about eighty thousand, though this number was then more than doubled by a floating population. The city, notwithstanding some splendid public buildings, most of them still in construction, like the Capitol, resembled a very big village, and Pennsylvania Avenue, the principal street, which is wider than the Linden in Berlin, was still in possession of pigs and cattle, which during the night slept on the sidewalks, even near Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, 'Father Abraham's' residence. The tramway was not laid until much later, and along the street there still rolled a most primitive omnibus.

Military enthusiasm was paramount in Washington. The ladies, of course, were not left untouched by the prevailing epidemic; in fact, they were more excited than the men, and not being permitted to enlist themselves they did their utmost to encourage the nascent heroes. Civilians had then little chance with them. Apollo himself would have passed unnoticed if he did not wear shoulder-straps. He who has not witnessed this military fever will scarcely believe it. All laws of society seemed suspended, and what in peaceable times would have been considered very improper and shocking was then the order of the day. Both sexes seemed to have changed places.

The review had an immense success, though it was, in fact, a pitiful affair—as I am enabled to judge now after having seen Prussian Uhlans and Hussars. The Union cavalry that time were worse than useless. The poor fellows did not know whether their horses or their swords were more in their way, and I saw them fall from their saddles even at a walking pace. Of all these deficiencies we were not aware. I was quite bewildered by the perfectly new spectacle, for I was as favourably disposed towards the uniform as other ladies.

To visit the camps around Washington was then the fashion, and one day after the review our party set out for such an excursion. The camp of the German Division was at that

period the principal point of attraction. This division was commanded by General Louis Blenker, who was then a great favourite with all the authorities and the people. The 'Dutch' did not at that time take the position in America which they now occupy. They were looked upon with a half-shrug of the shoulders, and a not very flattering half-smile. True Yankees despised them, and the military commanders were not much inclined to allow them prominent places. When McDowell was leading his armed mob towards Bull Run he placed the German Division in the rear, far from the field of his supposed glory. When the panic commenced, which 'Bull Run Russell' has described too graphically and truly for the American taste, the stolid Germans, and especially Blenker, could not discover any sensible reason for running away. He let the panic-stricken Americans pass and stood his ground, waiting for an attack. This did not take place, for though the much-dreaded 'Black Horse' of the Confederates appeared in view, they did not like the attitude of the 'Dutch' and retired, leaving behind some forsaken Union artillery, which was quietly taken back by Colonel von Steinwehr of Blenker's division. Washington was saved, saved by Blenker and these confounded Dutch!

The Americans exaggerate everything, and so it was in this case. The danger had been too evident, and it served them as a measure for Blenker's merit. The General himself did not overrate it, but was sensible enough to profit by this temporary tide of popular favour. President Lincoln, who understood nothing of military matters, but much of the danger which he escaped, felt extremely thankful towards the General and the Germans, whom he already had good reason to like well, as they had done a great deal to raise him to the place which he occupied. McClellan, who liked the military *chic* of Blenker and the discipline in his division, was very favourably disposed towards him, and a frequent visitor in his hospitable quarters, which made American generals jealous.

The German division, consisting of about twelve thousand men, had been removed from the environs of Rodgers' Mills to the Virginian side of the Potomac, and was encamped between that river and a place called Hunter's Chapel.

It was a fine day when our party drove over the Potomac Bridge, which at that time was for miles the only communica-

tion between Virginia and the District of Washington. It is exactly an English mile long, built of wood, and rather narrow. From the bridge one looks, towards the right, on Georgetown, a suburb of the capital, and on Arlington Heights, on the Virginian side, a hill on the top of which is picturesquely situated the stately-looking former residence of General Lee, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederates. To the left are, projecting into the lake-like Potomac, the Arsenal and Navy-yard, and on the Virginian side, nearly out of view, is the town of Alexandria.

To the left, not far from the bridge, we noticed a striking monument of old General Scott's military imbecility, one of the three blockhouses which he had built on the Virginian shore of the rivers, and which he thought sufficient for the defence of Washington! The blockhouse, not larger than a peasant's house, was roughly constructed of logs, and altogether a most miserable and ridiculous concern, which might have served as an abode for a company sent out against the Indians in the Western wilderness. McClellan had already commenced the construction of numerous forts around the city, and that next the bridge which we had to pass was called, I think, Fort Albany.

Not far from it, to the right and left of the turnpike-road leading to Fairfax and Centreville, extended the camp of the German division. It was laid out in the German fashion, the tents standing in rows, each regiment separated from the other. The lanes between them were ornamented with recently planted fir or cedar trees, and the whole made a very friendly and even grand impression, especially to us, who had never seen a similar thing before.

The General received us in the most cordial and polite manner, surrounded by his splendid staff.

He was a man about whom I heard, both in Europe and America, the most unjust and undeserved judgments, and I am anxious to profit by this opportunity to pay a debt of gratitude to this most excellent man, though his noble and kind heart was broken long ago, and my endeavours will avail him nothing.

Louis Blenker was, I think, from Worms; I know, at least, that he was domiciled there before the breaking out of the German revolution in 1848. After having served in the Bava-

rian army and in Greece, he became a wine merchant. He took part in the German revolution, and with a corps of his own he made an attempt against the fortress of Landau, in which he was wounded. When, in 1849, the Bavarian Palatinate made common cause with revolutionized Baden, he commanded, as colonel, a corps, and retired like Sigel and the rest of the popular army to Switzerland, whence he emigrated to America. He bought there a farm near Rockville, in the State of New York, and when the American war broke out he made up a regiment (the 8th of New York) and commanded it as colonel.

When I became acquainted with the General he must have been near his fiftieth year. He was a fine man, about five feet ten inches high, broad in the shoulders, and with an elegant figure and bearing. His weather beaten face must have been handsome once, and was still agreeable.

Though a democrat, he had decidedly aristocratic inclinations, and a foible for noble names. In his staff were many noblemen of well known families, and it was noticed that he treated them with more reserve than others, never using offensive language to them. His officers, however, overlooked his unpleasant peculiarities for his sterling good qualities; he was very generous and liberal, and a reliable, self-sacrificing, disinterested friend.

His military experience was not great; he knew very little, if anything, of higher tactics or strategy; but he was extremely brave, and nobody understood better than he how to represent a military chief—surrounding himself with all the military pomp of a high commanding general as he had seen it in Europe, and resembling half a Prussian commanding general, half a Turkish pasha.

In this he differed much from the American generals, whose free and easy manner and indifference in regard to outward dignity formed a striking contrast to Blenker, whose deportment, however, pleased the Americans, as something new.

It is astonishing how many German noblemen found it necessary to go out of the way of European difficulties, and seek a refuge in the United States. The Prussian and Austrian army furnished a considerable contingent of shipwrecked officers, who mostly had to run away before their creditors, or who escaped the consequences of some duel, breach of disci-

pline, if not of some less pardonable sins. The salt water flowing between Europe and America was, however, supposed to wash off all European impurities. Nobody cared how one had sinned in the old country as long as he behaved in a manner which was thought proper in America.

New York and other large cities were teeming with characters of that kind, and their position before the war had been a very precarious one. Their military knowledge was not of the slightest use to them in America; and the social prejudices, pretensions, and views which they brought with them were the principal impediments to their success. Many perished miserably because they could not renounce them; others only commenced to get on when the direst necessity had compelled them to work. Those acted most wisely who at once resolved to earn their living, in whatever honest manner, not considering whether their occupation was in accordance with the position they had held in Europe. Work does not dishonour in America, but a life of idleness does.

The revolutions of 1848 and 1849 brought numbers of refugees from Germany to America, and they were found not only in the cities of the East, but almost everywhere in the United States; and it cannot be denied that this emigration had a great and, I think, salutary influence on the German element in America, for amongst these refugees were many distinguished men, though also a great number of blackguards, who are always to be found in the wake of revolutions. New York especially was crowded with this latter class of people.

The outbreak of the war was a godsend to most of the shipwrecked Germans, especially to those from Prussia, as all of them had been soldiers, and even the most imperfect knowledge of military things was then of the highest value to the Americans, who understood nothing at all of them. 'In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king.' Prussian corporals became high officers, and those who understood how to strike the iron whilst it was red-hot could rise to the highest military honours.

The military chiefs of the German revolution, whose importance and military talents were greatly exaggerated and mostly overrated by their countrymen, rose at once to high places, as the American Government acknowledged the military rank they had held in the revolution, as had been done also in

England at the breaking out of the Crimean war. General Sigel had a command in the West, and Blenker commanded the German division in the East.

I shall have later an opportunity of speaking of the persons belonging to Blenker's staff and corps, and return from this digression to the tent of the General.

We had not been long there when we heard the sentinels present arms, and the curtain at the entrance of the tent was thrown back. An officer entered, returning from an inspection of the outposts, reporting to the General, who then presented him to the ladies as the chief of his staff.—*Colonel Prince Salm.*

The Prince was then a man of thirty years. He was of middle height, had an elegant figure, dark hair, light moustache, and a very agreeable handsome face, the kind and modest expression of which was highly prepossessing. He had very fine dark eyes, which, however, seemed not to be very good, as he had to use a glass, which he perpetually wore in his right eye, managing it with all the skill of a Prussian officer of the guard.

Though the movements of the Prince were elegant and pleasant, he could not get rid of a certain bashfulness or embarrassment, which, however, did not make him appear awkward, but which prejudiced the ladies in his favour far more than boldness and assurance in his demeanour would have done. In speaking, even to gentlemen, the Prince had always a smiling, pleasant expression, and one could see at once that he was an extremely modest, kind-hearted man.

I felt particularly attracted by the face of the Prince, and it was evident that my face had the same effect on him. He addressed me in his polite, and smiling manner, but, alas, he did not speak one word of English, and as I did not understand either German or French, and only very imperfectly Spanish, of which he had some superficial knowledge, our conversation would have been very unsatisfactory without the assistance of the more universal language of the eyes, which both of us understood much better.

Prince Felix zu Salm-Salm was a younger son of the reigning Prince zu Salm-Salm, whose now mediatised principality is situated in Westphalia, belonging to Prussia. The capital of this principality is Bocholt, but the family are now residing in the town of Anholt, where they have a very fine old castle.

The Salms belong to one of the oldest dynastic families of Germany. Of its many branches that of Salm-Salm is the principal line.

The father of the Prince was a very kind and excellent man, whose memory is still blessed by his former subjects. He was also a very indulgent father, and as Felix was rather his favourite son he was always very generous to him, and perhaps too lenient. Being rich, he supplied him always with ample means, and the consequence was that the young Prince became rather extravagant in his habits, never learning the value of money.

Still very young, Prince Felix was made an officer, and served in the cavalry. In the Holstein war he distinguished himself by his bravery, especially in the battle of Aarhus, where he was left with seven wounds on the battle-field, and made in that state a prisoner by the Danes. The King of Prussia rewarded his bravery by sending him a sword of honour, which distinction he rated higher than any other he received afterwards.

The family of Salm-Salm are Catholics, and though they have become subjects of the Crown of Prussia, they, like other Catholic princely families of those parts, observe the practice of sending their members not only to the Prussian but also the Austrian army.

Though his gracious Majesty, the present Emperor of Germany, kindly tried to dissuade Prince Felix from taking such a step, other influences unfortunately prevailed; he resigned his place in the Prussian army, and entered that of Austria.

The old Prince zu Salm-Salm died, and his eldest son Alfred, the present reigning prince, became his successor. Prince Felix was handsomely provided for, but being very young and improvident, he lived in Vienna in an extravagant manner, which very soon exhausted his means, and delivered him over to the tender mercy of sharpers and money lenders, who always are very eager to oblige young reckless and thoughtless noblemen belonging to families reputed as rich. Not used to penury, the Prince, accustomed to satisfy all his wishes, signed every paper laid before him, even without reading it, if he only got some money; and he told me that he not rarely accepted bills to a large amount which were presented and paid, though he had never received a penny for them.

The family of the Prince was of course not willing to pay such recklessly contracted debts. The position of the young spendthrift in Vienna became at last too hot ; he went first to Paris, and at last to America, where he arrived in 1861, after the outbreak of the war, provided with letters of recommendation from the Crown Prince of Prussia to the Prussian Minister at Washington, Baron von Gerolt zur Leyen.

Baron von Gerolt had been in Washington, I believe, since 1846. He was well acquainted with all leading American men, who all respected him highly, both as a diplomatist and gentleman. No minister of any Power had at that time more influence than the Baron, who was the intimate friend of Mr. W. H. Seward, the American Secretary of State. Baron Gerolt is a very kind-hearted man, and many Germans, not only Prussians, whose ministers or chargés d'affaires were too indifferent to trouble themselves about poor people, obtained advice and help from Baron Gerolt, who even assisted political refugees, though he was very far from approving their political views.

The Baron, following his instructions, and still more the prompting of his kind heart, did all he could for the Prince, and in consequence of this he found everywhere a very kind reception. Though republicans, the American people were no enemies to princes ; and knowing them only from fairy tales and novels, they entertained about them the most wonderful ideas. A live prince was an object of great interest to both gentlemen and ladies, and though pretending not to care for titles, American ladies make always a great fuss about a prince, a count, or a lord.

The modest Prince was quite terrified when he was offered the command of a brigade of cavalry, which he, however, declined, because he did not understand the language, which was indeed a great drawback. He expressed a wish to serve with his countrymen, and General Blenker was glad to receive him as the chief of his staff. Maybe that the old German Freischärler felt flattered to have a German prince under his command.

I need not tell a love story. Everybody has experienced similar emotions, and my affair did not differ from the usual course. When I left General Blenker's camp I left behind an enamoured Prince, whose feelings were far from being indifferent to me. We saw each other again ; the sweet malady increased, and the Prince proposed.

'That you are a prince shall be no impediment to your success with us,' said President Lincoln, with a smile to Salm, when he expressed his fear that this hereditary imperfection might be prejudicial to his progress in a republic; with me it certainly proved no impediment. An ample fortune to gild the noble escutcheon would have been none either; nor was it his poverty, for I did not love the Prince, I loved the lovable man.

Some poets say that love is a madness, and as I believe in poets I suppose they are not far wrong, for in this state things are done at which common sense smiles, if it does not frown: sensible people, therefore, will not blame the Prince for proposing a private marriage, and that I did not resist too hard his entreaties.

We were married on August 30, 1862, in St. Patrick's Church, F Street, Washington, by Father Walter, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, for both of us were Catholics.

Witness to this holy ceremony was our intimate friend Colonel von Corvin, whose name is well known in Germany, England, and America. He had been one of the military leaders in the German revolution of 1848 and '49, and having bombarded the town of Ludwigshafen and defended the fortress of Rastatt against the Prussians, assisting the Grand Duke of Baden, thus covering the retreat of the revolutionary army into Switzerland, he was condemned to be shot, but saved by a concurrence of favourable circumstances. He was, however, confined for six years in a solitary cell of a penitentiary, and, when he was still persecuted after his liberation in 1855, he retired to England, where he lived as a refugee until 1861, when he went to America as a special correspondent of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *London Times*. When General Blenker learnt the arrival of his much-tried old comrade from Baden, he paid him at once a visit at Willard's Hotel in Washington, accompanied by his whole staff. On this occasion the Prince became acquainted with Corvin, who was then forty-nine years old. As the autobiography of the Colonel has been published, both in the German and English languages, I need not say more about him now. Salm felt great confidence in the Colonel, and liked him very much. Both became much attached to each other, and remained true friends all these years.

Summer and autumn passed among events of some importance, and Salm was still in Washington. Several officers of Blenker's staff had been dismissed already; and one day we were told by knowing friends that the dismissal of the Prince had been resolved on by Stanton, and that he might expect official notice every moment.

Under these circumstances prompt action was required. The only step that could save him was to procure at once the command of a regiment in the field from some governor before this official notice was given, and for this purpose we started directly for New York and Albany.

CHAPTER II.

Who governs the United States?—How it is done—Trying my wings—Senator Harris—Albany—Governor Morgan, the woman hater—My first battle—Victory—Salm, Colonel of the 8th N. Y. Regiment—Arrival in Aldy—Breaking up a camp—Ride to Chantilly—The country-seat of a Royal Stuart.

DURING the absence of my husband in the field I had remained in Washington, to which place my sister had removed, whose husband was employed there. Salm and I kept up a most lively correspondence, of course in English, of which he had acquired some knowledge. In fact we wrote to each other every day, but, owing to the irregularity of the mails, and the frequent interruptions of communication, we remained sometimes very long without any news from each other. I received once sixteen of his letters at the same time.

It is said that ladies have a very great influence in the United States, and I think it is so. I suppose, however, that it is more or less the case everywhere, for everywhere men are at the head of affairs, and everywhere the strong sex are weak.

I might say a good deal about this influence, and the manner, means, and ways in which it is gained, maintained, and used; but for what purpose should I do so? The ladies are in the secret, and if the men do not know it, they may be satisfied with the frequently quoted saying that 'ignorance is bliss.'

A reason why the influence of ladies in America is even greater than in other countries may perhaps be that they are as a rule very pretty and clever, and that they understand better how to control their hearts than is said to be the case in other parts of the world. To keep the heart cool is, I suppose, the key to the American ladies' secret.

Ten Years of my Life.

These have, however, an advantage over their sisters of other nations which is of the greatest weight ; for, to outbalance the disadvantage that American gentlemen are not quite so foolish as those of the French and other European people are reputed to be, they are not only extremely generous, but also very discreet in reference to ladies, and even if tricked and deceived by them, perhaps in the most cruel manner, they do not revenge themselves by exposing their perhaps imprudent fair enemies. An American gentleman—of course I speak only of *gentlemen*—would never betray the secrets of a lady, and one that should sin against this sacred law would not only be morally lynched by the ladies, but lose caste with the gentlemen.

I have frequently had an opportunity of noticing and wondering at the audacity with which American ladies put this gentlemanly virtue to the test, and of admiring the stoical composure of men who have not even smiled or showed their astonishment when ladies in their presence ventured protestations and assertions the falsehood of which none knew better than they did.

I soon became aware that we could never progress or succeed much in America without the help of influential friends, and whilst my husband did his duty in the field I tried to win the good opinion and kind interest of men who might be supposed to be able to assist him. For this purpose nowhere was offered a better opportunity than in Washington, where Congress was in session and all the ministers resided. Congress, and especially the Senate, was the spring of grace, and whoever had friends in that august body was sure of success. In consequence of this many people who wanted some favour from the Government crowded into Washington, and amongst them the fair sex was strongly represented. In fact, there were lady-politicians and lady-lobbyists, who made it a business to exert the influence which they gained by their coquetry over influential men, for the benefit not only of their husbands or friends, but even for strangers and for ready cash ! Of course these ladies were neither old, nor ugly, nor very prudish, and not much respected ; but as society at that time had more an eye to gain than to virtue, these ladies in Washington were not aware of the contempt in which they were held in other parts of the Republic. Washington was then reputed as a most wicked and dissipated place, and ladies that could not

afford to pay it a visit shuddered at its wickedness, whilst it was the highest desire of all the rest, especially if good-looking, to pass a season in this abominable place.

Amongst the friends I made in Washington was the Senator of the State of New York, Mr. Harris, who had his wife and daughters with him for the season. He was a most excellent man, and a great friend of the Germans, whom he assisted frequently.

Senator Harris was a tall, rather heavy man of about fifty-five, with a serious but very kind face, the expression of which became still milder from the manner in which his rather long hair was arranged, somewhat à la Franklin. Like many of the American prominent men, he had risen from a humble position. Lincoln when young had earned his living by working with his hands; President Johnson had been a tailor; Senator Wilson, of Massachussets, the present Vice-President, was once a shoemaker; and Senator Harris had been a printer's devil.

When I heard that Salm's dismissal was already resolved on by Stanton, we both agreed that very prompt action was required. After having consulted with some of our friends, we resolved to go at once to Albany, the seat of the government of the State of New York, where we hoped that Senator Harris, who was then there, would procure me an audience with Governor Morgan; for as Salm could not speak English enough to do so for himself, I was to induce him to give my husband the command of some vacant regiment.

Arrived in Albany, I went alone to see Mr. Harris, for we thought it best that the presence of my husband in that city should not be known, and he therefore remained in the hotel.

When I told dear old Mr. Harris for what purpose I came and what I wanted of him, he shook his head, and said he was afraid he could serve me but little, for Governor Morgan was a man who did not admit any influence, and on whom even the entreaties of a lady would not make any impression. That was discouraging indeed, but I was full of hope because I was so eager, and I requested Mr. Harris to accompany me at least, and to present me to his Excellency, to which he agreed most readily.

Dear me! how my heart was beating on the way. I had to win my spurs, and against a man who had the reputation of being a woman-hater. I wonder how he could ever have been

elected governor with such a reputation. Harris had even expressed a doubt whether the Governor would receive me at all, and I waited with great anxiety for the return of the aide-de-camp who announced us to the dreaded man. The titles of Senator and Princess exerted, however, their influence, and we were admitted. A Senator of the United States, I will mention here, ranks before any governor or minister, and is equal to the President, therefore a very high personage.

Governor Morgan was a tall, square-built man, of about forty-five, with greyish hair and a handsome but severe face. On looking at him my heart fell into my shoes, for I saw little hope of success in that calm, stern eye.

With a faltering voice I commenced pleading for my husband. I spoke of his ardent desire to serve the cause of the Republic, and described his despair at his being kept inactive when his comrades won honour in the field; I praised his military qualities, and dwelt on the proofs which he had given of them. I became warmer and warmer, I spoke for about a quarter of an hour, and he never helped me with a word.

At last the Governor spoke. He said he did not know whether any regiments were vacant, and called a colonel, his secretary, to inquire. There were several free, mostly American regiments. As my husband did not speak English well enough yet, I expressed his desire to be placed, if possible, at the head of one of the German regiments. Yes, there was one free—the 8th New York.

Seeing that I had won the battle, joy made me very lively and bold, and when Governor Morgan seemed still to waver, I said that I would not go away without his favourable decision: and when he relaxed into a smile at my eagerness, which seemed to please and amuse him, and ordered the colonel to appoint my husband, I pleadingly insisted on my having his commission made out and signed at once, that I might be able to carry it to him immediately. That was an important point; for if, meanwhile, the dismissal of the Prince had been made officially known, he might not have got the place after all. I gained my point; the Governor ordered the commission to be made out at once, and he signed it. I thanked him with the warmest words, on which he replied that the best manner in which I could show my gratitude would be to remain always as true and faithful to my husband as I was then. When I left

the government building I felt more happy than I have ever been in my life.

Senator Harris congratulated me, but shook his head wonderingly, for he never could have believed in such a success of a lady with Governor Morgan. When I entered the room in the hotel where Salm was waiting in great anxiety for my return, I assumed an indifferent look, and with a sad face he said I had not been successful. I could not stand it any longer, and taking out my precious document, I said, 'Here, dear, is your commission as colonel of the 8th Regiment.' He would, at first, not believe it; but on unfolding the paper the nightmare oppressing his heart was taken away, and we both shed tears of joy.

We at once left Albany, for Salm had to make preparations to join his regiment, which was still in West Virginia.

At the end of October Salm started for West Virginia, to take the command of his regiment, which, in the commencement of November 1862, stood in the most advanced position in Aldy, a place about six miles from General Stahl's headquarters; and a short time afterwards it was arranged that I should pay him a visit under the escort of Colonel Corvin.

On a night soon after my arrival at Aldy, we received news that the enemy were advancing, and towards morning the order to retire to Chantilly, a place about ten or twelve miles from Aldy.

The soldiers regretted having to leave, for they had established themselves rather comfortably. Most of them had improved their tents by means of boards and doors, using the canvas as a roof. Many of these huts had even a window and stoves. The breaking up of the camp was a new and stirring scene, and I was much amused notwithstanding a fine rain, which did not make the November morning more pleasant. Our tent was of course packed also, and whilst the preparations were going on I was sitting on a chair on its wooden flooring, warmed by a roaring fire close by. The soldiers not willing to leave to the rebels all their elaborate commodities, burnt every piece of board or furniture they had.

It was arranged that I and Colonel Corvin should ride in advance of the brigade to Chantilly. The drizzling rain had become a most abundant one, and our sharp ride was no pleasure party especially for the colonel, to whom I had con-

fided a large and fine red ostrich plume for my hat, which I did not want to have spoiled, and which he, half laughing and half grumbling, sheltered under his waterproof.

We arrived in good time at Chantilly, and were surprised at finding here quite a princely establishment, with a mansion, which would be called in France or Germany a château, and with a magnificent stable buildings, justifying somewhat the name of Chantilly, borrowed from the far-famed seat of the Princess of Condé near Paris, and renowned for its palace-like stables. The splendid estate belonged to the famous rebel cavalry-general Stuart, who derived his origin from the Royal Stuarts, I do not know with what right.

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CHAPTER III.

Returning to Washington—Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg—Returning to the camp—Our birthday—How the soldiers celebrated it—A curious birthday cake—Aquia Creek—Our canvas palace—General Hooker commanding the Potomac army—Our factotum, old Groeben—General Sickles—His sumptuous festival—How Uncle Sam cared for his soldiers—Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln visiting the camp—The President's wife—Portrait of President Lincoln—Salm's regiment mustered out—Returning Home—Reception in Washington—In New York—A festival in Hamilton Park—Salm presented with a sword of honour—A soldier's ball—I must attempt a speech—Turning another leaf.

WHEN the Confederates advanced, some fighting took place near Chantilly, and our troops received orders to fall back towards the Rappahanoc River. I accompanied my husband for a while, after which he thought it better that I should go to Washington, until the troops should have arrived at some place where they would remain perhaps for the winter. I went away in company of Colonel von Amsberg's wife, and stayed a few weeks in the National Hotel in Washington.

These short separations from my dear Felix were not without charm, for I could quietly reflect on and enjoy my happiness. I was then happy, as I have never been again in my life. My husband was in the position he desired, and perfectly contented, and we loved each other very much.

When the Potomac army arrived at the Rappahanoc, there were no means ready to cross that river, and General Burnside had to wait eight precious days, which were not lost by the Confederates. Corvin wrote to Europe, that if Burnside crossed the Rappahanoc we should experience a second edition of the Berezine battle, no miracle preventing such a disaster. He was right. Burnside crossed that river; the bloody battle

of Fredericksburg was fought in December, 1862; and had Burnside not been wise enough to profit by an unusually stormy night, and to recross the river, the whole army would have been lost, as it was standing on a plain surrounded with hills which were occupied by the Confederates. Salm was not in that battle.

The 8th New York Regiment, and Stahl's whole division, halted at a place near the Potomac, and Salm sent word for me to come. I went down the river on a gunboat, and drove from the landing to the camp in an ambulance. Salm's regiment was encamped in a pine grove, on the slope of a hill not far from a village where Stahl had established his head-quarters. It was a beautiful spot, and the weather was extremely mild and fine on December 25, Salm's and my birthday. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing in the grove.

In the commencement of the war, each regiment had its band; but this was found superfluous, and afterwards only each brigade or division had one. Stahl sent one of these bands to serenade us in the morning, and the soldiers of the regiment had prepared a surprise for us. They had laid out a little garden with much taste, in the old Italian style. The beds, into which it was divided, were surrounded with stones, of which also figures were formed. Little shrubs and trees were planted, and on one bed was standing what looked like an enormous birthday cake. It was a soldier's joke, for a real cake being out of the question, they had made one of mud, and ornamented it as is done by the confectioners in Germany, with green leaves, coloured sand, and stones representing fruit.

We were then very badly off for food in the camp, for the enemy had succeeded in capturing several provision trains. For many days we had, indeed, nothing but salt pork—and not much of it—and hard tack. The soldiers soaked the latter in water, and fried it with the salt pork; they prepared a dish which was at least eatable. The officers had nothing else, for the roads in Virginia were at that time bad beyond all description, and provision vendors were not permitted to come to the camp at that time, for fear of being intercepted by the enemy, and the regiment sutlers were long ago exhausted.

When the officers came to congratulate us, we wished, of course, to offer them some refreshment; and with the utmost difficulty Salm procured four bottles of very vile whiskey, for

which he had to pay eight dollars a bottle. Sugar and some lemons were procured also, and we could treat our guests with a punch which found immense favour with them, though it was a most abominable, abundantly watered stuff. We were, however, as merry and happy as could be.

After a time, in January, 1863, we received orders to march to Aquaia Creek, where a good number of troops were assembled. The march there was very difficult and disagreeable, for the roads were, as mentioned before, beyond description. The soldiers sunk up to their knees in the mud, and the waggons and guns were often not to be moved by a whole herd of horses or mules.

This state of the roads made war nearly impossible for both parties, and we expected that we should remain a good while, perhaps the whole winter, at Aquaia Creek, and arranged ourselves accordingly. Salm procured a large hospital tent, which was decorated very tastefully and even gorgeously; for amongst the soldiers of his regiment were workmen of all trades; upholsterers, carpenters, &c. The tent was made less transparent by doubling and decorating it with white and red woollen damask, arranged in festoons, between which were fastened flags. The board floor was covered with a carpet, and our *salon* was provided with a splendid sofa, which the soldiers had very skilfully made. Though the cushions were only straw, they were well made, and covered with damask. The admiration of everybody was, however, a large mirror which Salm, with great trouble, had procured from a neighbouring village, imagining that no lady could be happy without a looking-glass. I had, however, little need of it, as my toilet in the field was as simple as possible. I had a black and a grey riding dress—I must have a change, as we not rarely got drenched in our excursions on horseback—and two uniform-like costumes, which I adopted for the whole war-time in the field, consisting of a petticoat falling to my ankles, and a tight-fitting jacket, both of cloth.

Our bedroom looked also splendid; for the soldiers had made of boards a large bedstead, and provided it with a straw mattress, over which was spread a buffalo robe, and another, together with blankets, served as a coverlet. Over our heads arched a canopy, decorated with white and red damask, and the whole looked quite grand.

We possessed, also, a tin service for six persons, not to forget half a dozen of knives and forks, so that we were enabled to entertain a guest or two. Behind our canvas palace was a smaller tent, which served as a kitchen and a dormitory for my negro servant girl, whom I had brought with me from Washington, and a shed was used as a stable for our horses.

Starvation was at an end now, for victuals of all kinds were abundant. We had our own caterer, who provided us with all the delicacies of the season, and our wine cellar, which was dug in the ground, contained bottles of the most different shapes and contents.

When it became certain that we were to stay all the winter where we were, the camp assumed soon the aspect of an improvised town. General Hooker, who commanded the corps, and of whom I shall speak directly, permitted the families of the officers and soldiers to visit and stay with them, and the whole camp was teeming with women and children. In fact there was scarcely one officer who had not his wife, mother, sister, or cousin with him, and beside the tent sprang up like mushrooms one shanty or blockhouse after the other. The country around was fine, the weather mostly mild and pleasant, and everybody only thinking how to amuse himself and others. I felt as happy as could be, and remember still with delight that time.

Whilst we were there we were joined by a relative of my husband, Mr. v. d. Groeben, a former captain of the Holy Father's army, for whom Salm procured a captain's commission. Old Groeben, as we called him, though he was not old, became much attached to us, and contributed immensely to our comfort. He installed himself as our major-domo, managed all our affairs, and arranged all pleasure parties and the like. He was a somewhat pedantic, queer man, who grumbled always and at everything, though he was by no means saturnine or of bad temper, but, on the contrary, rather full of a quiet good humour. He was everywhere with us, though it cost him many sighs and groans to follow us across the country, for he was a very indifferent horseman, and, warned by numerous tumbles, he preferred whenever he could a seat in a boat or ambulance to one in the saddle.

As we had to do nothing but amuse ourselves, and kill the time agreeably, scarcely a day passed without some excursion,

pleasure party, dinner, or ball; and for the entertainment of the soldiers care was taken likewise.

Some of these festivals were indeed sumptuous, and I especially remember one given by General Sickles, in a hall improvised from canvas by uniting a dozen or more large hospital tents in a convenient manner.

This immense tent was decorated inside and outside with flags, garlands, flowers, and Chinese lamps in great profusion, and offered a fairy-like aspect. The supper laid under the tent for about two hundred persons, ladies and gentlemen, could not have been better in Paris, for the famous Delmonico from New York had come himself to superintend the repast, and brought with him his kitchen aides and batteries, and immense quantities of the choicest provisions and delicacies, together with plate and silver, and whatever was required to make one forget that it was a camp supper. The wines and liquors were in correspondence with the rest, and no less, I suppose, the bill to be paid.

It is true it was an unheard-of luxury displayed on this occasion, and had such a festival taken place in a German camp it would have created throughout the country a bad feeling, and the press would have commented on it in no pleasing manner. It was, however, far different in America. Soldiers and people liked and approved such display; they would have blamed parsimonious generals, whilst they did not control too closely those who freely spent what they perhaps made in consequence of their position. Moreover, many of them were very rich. The soldiers did not grudge the generals their luxurious habits either; they found an amusement in such festivals, and were sensible enough to understand that they could not all partake in them. It would have been different if the Government had been stingy towards the army, but that was by no means the case. 'Uncle Sam' opened his strong boxes, and the army was paid and supplied with provisions in a manner quite unheard of in Europe. If accidents inseparable from such a war prevented the arrival of provisions for a time, there was always plenty, and not only the main necessities of life, but things were furnished which never appear in the stores of a German army, and which would be there considered as preposterous. Though the immense distances and the bad state of the roads made this branch of the

service extremely difficult, the practical sense of the Americans surmounted all difficulties, and soon after the commencement of war things in the commissariat of the army went like clock-work. The rich American people did not care if some hundreds of millions were perhaps squandered ; trade in the North States was as brisk as ever ; nay, on the contrary, war, instead of hindering, seemed to increase it. Money was circulating more freely than ever, and instead of suffering, the country, and especially the cities, seemed to improve by the war.

The soldiers lived well, for they were paid well. Everything was furnished to them liberally by the Government ; nothing was deducted from their pay, which amounted even for private soldiers to fourteen dollars a month. Everything was done for the soldiers of the nation by the National Government, the utmost care taken to procure for them all possible commodities, and private industry speculating in that direction was never hindered except by the requirements of discipline. The connection between the army and home was carefully considered, and the postal arrangements were wonderfully regular, notwithstanding the enormous distances. Virginia alone is as large as all Germany, and the distance from the Mississippi to New York as great as the whole length of Europe.

It was indeed interesting to observe the wonderful celerity with which the Americans proceeded. 'Adams's Express Company' and the telegraph were institutions which I might say followed the skirmishers. At the same time, with the first tent generally grew up a shanty with the firm of 'Adams's Express,' which conveyed parcels of every size to the army and throughout the Union. In America it was thought desirable that the soldiers should know what their comrades were doing hundreds of miles off. One of the first things done was therefore the arrangement of a very regular newspaper service. Stations were established between the camp and the next railroad or steamship landing, and newsboys on horseback, nearly disappearing between papers, came in full gallop and brought the welcome sheets to the soldiers, who bought thousands of copies, paying with pleasure double prices and more.

A department highly important for the comfort of the soldiers is that of the sutlers, and I frequently wondered how miserably this branch was arranged in the German army, which in other respects is so far superior to any other. I shall speak

of this and many other things in their place, but only mention here that the care for the extra and private comfort of the soldiers was in the American army not left to such low and destitute wretches as we have seen disgracing the German by their rapacity. The sutlers were regularly appointed and enrolled, and wore uniforms, and many of them were very substantial people, kept well-supplied stores, and had many subordinates and agents. Of abuses and other inconveniences in this respect, I shall have occasion to speak later. Liquors were prohibited in the American army, which would appear quite intolerable to German soldiers; but with Americans it was necessary; especially in regiments where the Irish element prevailed. Germans are reasonable in the use of liquor; Americans, I am sorry to say, are in general not; and besides it must be considered that discipline in an army formed like the American could not be maintained in the same manner as in the German army.

Of the sanitary arrangements I must speak more at length later; I shall drop the subject, and return to our delightful camp life near Aquia Creek, which was a string of amusements.

In the daytime we went about visiting our neighbours, amongst whom were very pleasant people. And every evening we had receptions in our tent. We played a rubber of whist, whilst Groeben was brewing punch or eggnog for our guests, who retired always at midnight.

There were, of course, plenty of newspaper reporters in our camp; and as they had not much to write about the war, they described our sports and festivals, which descriptions tempted many people to pay us a visit; and even Mr. Lincoln, or perhaps Mrs. Lincoln, could not resist. The announcement of this visit caused, of course, great excitement; and preparations were made to entertain them as well as possible. They were to stay at General Hooker's head-quarters; but the real *maitre de plaisirs* was General Sickles, who had been in Europe, and who knew all about it. He wanted to introduce even some novelties of a monarchical smack, and proposed to appoint for the time of the visit some ladies of honour to attend on Mrs. Lincoln. This plan, however, was not to the liking of the American ladies, each of whom thought herself quite as sovereign as the wife of the President.

President Lincoln's features are well known. People said that his face was ugly. He certainly had neither the figure nor features of the Apollo of Belvedere ; but he never appeared ugly to me, for his face, beaming with boundless kindness and benevolence towards mankind, had the stamp of intellectual beauty. I could not look into it without feeling kindly towards him, and without tears starting to my eyes, for over the whole face was spread a melancholy tinge, which some will have noticed in many persons who are fated to die a violent death.

A German author, I think it is L. Tieck, says somewhere that one loves a person only the better on discovering in him or her something funny or ridiculous, and this remark struck me as very correct. We may worship or revere a perfect person ; but real warm human affection we feel towards such as do not overawe us, but stand nearer to us by some imperfection or peculiar weakness provoking a smile. President Lincoln's appearance was peculiar. There was in his face, besides kindness and melancholy, a sly humour flickering around the corners of his big mouth and his rather small and somewhat tired-looking eyes.

He was tall and thin, with enormously long loose arms and big hands, and long legs ending with feet such as I never saw before ; one of his shoes might have served Commodore Nutt as a boat. The manner in which he dressed made him appear even taller and thinner than he was, for the clothes he wore seemed to be transmitted to him by some still taller elder brother. In summer, when he wore a suit made of some light black stuff, he looked like a German village schoolmaster. He had very large ears standing off a little, and when he was in a good humour I always expected him to flap with them like a good-natured elephant.

Notwithstanding his peculiar figure, he did not appear ridiculous ; he had of the humourous just as much about him as the people like to see in public characters they love. Lincoln was beloved by the Americans more than any other man ; he was the most popular President the United States ever had, Washington and Jackson not excepted.

I need not say that everything was done by the commanding-generals to entertain Mrs. Lincoln and the President, who on reviewing the troops was everywhere received with heart-felt cheers.

After having lived now for a number of years in Europe, I can well understand the astonishment of Germans newly arriving in America on seeing the simple and unceremonious manner in which the President is treated.

Though standing at the head of 40,000,000 of people, and having during their reign more power than any European king, neither Lincoln, nor Johnson, nor Grant behaved with half the conceit that we notice in a Prussian 'Regierungsrath.' The title of the President is 'your Excellency;' but it is only used by foreigners. Americans call him Mr. President, or simply by his name. There were before the White House no sentinels, not even a porter; everybody could enter the residence of the nation. There were one or two officials in citizens' dress in the house to answer questions; but no crowd of gorgeously liveried footmen was to be seen, and even at great public receptions everything went off as simply as possible, only such arrangements being made as were necessary for preventing confusion. There was no particular dress required, and soldiers coming directly from the camp in their cloaks went simply in and shook hands with their highest chief.

Such a reception, for instance, at New Year's Day was very hard work for the President, especially for Lincoln, whose receptions were always excessively crowded, because people loved him. All visitors entered a certain door, and passed—as they came—in a single file to the President, to whom a marshal called out the names. The President shook hands with everyone, saying, at least, 'How do you do?' if not having occasion for a few words more. The file passed out through a window on a kind of bridge constructed of simple board. This hand-shaking was a most fatiguing exercise, for it had to be repeated several thousand times, and President Lincoln's shoulder was always swollen after it, so that he could scarcely use his arm for a few days.

Notwithstanding this absence of ceremony, the President is respected as much as any king. Outward pomp is not required with a free people. An Asiatic despot would be nothing without his guards, his throne, and gorgeous dresses, &c. The real power of a prince is based on the love of his nation, and the comparative simplicity with which our august empress and emperor appear now always in public is a very significant token.

I explained before that the American soldiers were engaged only for a certain time, and that the commission of the colonel and other officers expired when the regiment was disbanded ; they became then again simple citizens, receiving neither pay nor pensions, if not disabled in the service. Did they want to serve again, they had to look out for a new commission, and it happened frequently that they accepted one of a lower degree ; that is, former colonels became perhaps captains or lieutenants. Nay, I know a case where a colonel entered as a private soldier in a regiment, which was commanded by a colonel who had served before as a private in his former regiment.

When the war commenced it was expected to last only a short time, and the 8th New York Regiment, which was one of the first formed, was engaged only for two years. Its term therefore expired in the spring of 1863, and Salm was, of course, to be dismissed with his men. He was therefore anxious to procure a new colonel's commission, which was not so very difficult for him, but a colonel was only accepted as such by the War Department of the Union if he brought with him a regiment, or, at least, 700 men of it. Had the men of the 8th Regiment chosen to enlist for another term, everything might have remained as it was, but the men wanted mostly to go home for a time, and only about a hundred remained.

Salm tried hard to arrange everything so as to make it possible to remain with the army, as heavy fighting was to be expected very soon ; but he did not succeed, notwithstanding the goodwill of the commanding generals. He had to lead his regiment back to New York, where it had to be disbanded.

I was at that time in Washington, very busy in behalf of my husband. The 7th and 8th New York Regiments, on their way to their city, had to pass Washington, whose citizens prepared for them a reception. Accompanied by Colonel Corvin, who rode Blenker's most beautiful thorough-bred Victor, and several other officers, we proceeded to the landing on the Potomac, where the regiments were to arrive in large transport steamers. They were received with much cheering, and after having formed, the whole procession, headed by myself and a numerous cortége, marched across Washington to the New York railroad depot. The 7th regiment had been commanded by Colonel von Schack, a very brave and popular officer, who was formerly a chamberlain of the Princess Charles of Prussia,

and who for similar reasons to Salm's had come to America. In his regiment had been, as a captain, another Prussian officer, who had served in the Gardes du Corps, Von Buggenhagen. He was severely wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, and died in Washington on the New Year's night.

He was buried with all military honours through the care of the Colonels Corvin and Radowitz, and Mr. Gau, Secretary of the Prussian Legation, in the senatorial churchyard, where he lay at the side of Captain Schwenke and Lieutenant-Colonel Gerber, who was murdered by mistake, a jealous lover taking him for another man.

We went to New York, where the regiment was disbanded. The returning soldiers were received by their fellow-citizens with great rejoicing, and all contributed to do them honour. On the 2nd of May, Mr. Landmann and Mr. Edinger entertained at their expense the whole regiment in Landmann's 'Hamilton Park,' and on this occasion the soldiers presented Salm with a testimony of their love and respect, consisting of a magnificent sword of honour, with a solid golden scabbard and hilt with silver ornaments bearing the following inscription: 'The Soldiers of the 8th regiment, N.Y.S.V., to their Colonel Felix, Pr. Salm.' Salm thanked them in some deeply-felt appropriate words, and the whole festival gave general satisfaction.

In the evening we had a ball, where all the soldiers appeared with their wives or sweethearts, whom they presented to me, and I held quite a reception. I scarcely recognized the well-known faces of the soldiers, who appeared in their citizen dresses. It was a very pleasant party, and I felt quite affected by the kind and confident manner in which I was treated by these good Germans. At supper I was of course toasted, and when Salm rose to answer, he was silenced by the clamorous demand for a speech from me. I had to comply, and my efforts to express myself in German were received with thundering applause.

Thus ended a very pleasant, rather too short, period of my American life, and one of trouble and anxiety commenced.

CHAPTER IV.

Our New York life—In a Methodist's house—Salm, Colonel of the 68th Regiment N. Y. V.—*In partibus*—Recruiting difficulties—Salm authorised to raise a brigade—His and Corvin's recruiting plan favoured by Secretary of State, W. H. Seward—An audience with President Lincoln—Secretary of War Stanton opposing—A visit to Blenker's farm—The battle of Chancellorville—Defeat of Hooker—Superseded by General Meade—The glorious battle of Gettysburg—General Sickles severely wounded—The New York Riots—Mrs. Bennett—Mr. James Gordon Bennett—His Son—Fort Washington—The first appearance of Master Jimmy—Mrs. James Speier—The Spiritualist Excitement—Mrs. Anna Sugdon, a pretty knocking, and Mrs. Heath Adams, a writing medium—Spiritual *seances* at my house—At Mrs. Bennett's—The flying music-book—At Mrs. Speier's—A table knocked off its legs—A detected tipping medium—Bad state of affairs—I go out recruiting to Washington.

We took private lodgings in 32, Bond Street, New York, in the house of Rev. Baldwin, a Methodist preacher. Every Wednesday and Saturday night prayer meetings were held in a large room adjoining ours, and we were much astonished by the clamorous devotion of the congregation. The spirit moved them vehemently, and those who did not know what they were about would have believed that the inmates of a madhouse had broken loose. Their ecstasies were wonderful, and the longer the thing lasted, the louder and wilder and more piercing became the shrieks of the devoted. Dozens of voices cried out, 'Jesus Christ, come down, come down, that we can touch your garments!' or 'Glory, glory, glory! Many fainted or fell down in fits, kicking and beating the ground.

One of these nights, when some particular occurrence must have moved the saints in an unusual manner, the police knocked at our shutters—we lived on the ground-floor—and

told us to stop that fighting and shrieking, which alarmed the whole street. They were much astonished on hearing that the Methodists were only fighting with the devil, and having no desire to hinder such holy contests, they disappeared awe-struck. We afterwards always went out on those evenings.

Salm succeeded in his endeavours to get a new colonel's commission from the Governor of New York, who appointed him colonel of the 68th Regiment N.Y.V. That regiment was not yet disbanded, and figured still on the list of regiments in the service, but it had dwindled away to scarcely one company who stood in the field. Salm had to reorganise the regiment, and opened a recruiting office in Broadway, No. 619, at Mail-lard's Hotel. He was very sanguine in his hopes, and, being ambitious also, he wanted to raise a whole brigade, for which he procured the authorisation and the promise of several colonels *in partibus*, to serve under his command.

Things had, however, changed very much since 1861. The immense losses sustained in McClellan's peninsular campaign, on the many battle-fields and the swamps of Chickahominy; the hardships which the soldiers had to undergo, the incompetence of most generals, and the barbarous manner in which the soldiers were still treated in the army, had considerably cooled down the military enthusiasm of the nation. When the war commenced most people imagined that it would be soon and gloriously ended, and, excited by the political orators, and attracted by the novelty of military life, of which the dark and appalling features were not known yet, an immense number of volunteers rushed to the recruiting offices. In fact, the whole first army consisted of volunteers. That was at an end now, and the Governments of the different States had to resort to all kinds of inducements, which, however, did not induce many, and the advantages and promises granted to soldiers had to be made more alluring every month. The Government of New York offered a bounty of three hundred dollars to everyone who enlisted for three years; and patriotic societies throughout the United States, and the General Government itself, provided means to increase this bounty, which at the end of the war amounted in several states to nearly one thousand dollars. This bounty was, of course, not to be paid at once and in advance, but it was sure to be paid at the end

of the war, or after three years, or sooner if the soldier should be killed, or die when in service, to his heirs.

It was very natural that the attention of sharpers, and all sorts of people who wanted to make money in an easy manner, was soon directed to this recruiting business. Promises, however great and sure, have not much attraction for common men; they prefer a hundred dollars in cash to a thousand to be paid after three years, and there were plenty of people ready to furnish such cash, well satisfied with the certainty of getting six or ten times the amount after three years. A colonel raising a regiment, and desirous of reaching as soon as possible the number required for his acceptance by the General Government, could not succeed without the assistance of agents, who hunted out people willing to enlist on payment of a small sum, and to cede all their claims to them.

The agents were, however, not the only persons who had an eye to business; the men on whom they speculated were just as sharp as themselves, and amongst them were precious rogues who liked the money but not the service. Knowing that most of these recruiting agents were sharpers, and not particular in regard to the honesty of their transactions, they did not think it a crime to cheat them. Circumstances favoured their fraudulent intentions, and they had hundreds of means to carry them out. In European States everybody is, as it were, labelled by the police as soon as he is born, and in the books of this institution is to be found his biography. That is not so in America, where the police only take notice of a person when committing some breach of the law. Many persons enlisted under a false name, and deserted, after having received money, to a neighbouring State, where they repeated the same trick. Those who practised this business were called 'bounty-jumpers,' and they were severely punished—if caught.

Poor Salm, though a very brave soldier, was very little fit for this kind of business, and became utterly disgusted with it: necessity compelled him to go on as well as he could, but he made indeed but little progress.

It was natural that he reflected on some more effective manner of raising men for his brigade, and as so many people came from Europe attracted by the war, his eyes were longingly directed towards that country where recruiting under such favourable terms would have been the most easy work in the

world. There were thousands of young men who would have liked to emigrate if they could only find the means to pay their passage, and being compelled to serve in the armies of their native countries for a very low pay, and no bounty at all, they would most willingly serve in that of the United States, on receiving free passage, a round sum of money, fourteen dollars a month, and after the expiration of their time a grant of a considerable number of acres from the Government.

The subject was frequently discussed between him and Colonel Corvin, who was much in favour of emigration. Corvin had arrived in Washington with very good recommendations to President Lincoln, who introduced him to the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, in whose house he was very kindly received. He passed many evenings, sometimes alone, with that eminent statesman, who conceived a very favourable opinion of the military talents of the colonel. He offered him repeatedly the command of a regiment, but the colonel declined, not liking the state of military affairs in the United States, and preferring his position as a war correspondent to the influential papers with which he was connected. Mr. Seward even had the intention of making him a general, and employing him in the organisation of a great general staff, which was an utterly unknown thing in the United States. He caused him to confer on that subject with Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, who was at the head of the military commission of the Senate. The affair ended, however, in nothing, as it was impossible to make people understand the utility or necessity of a general staff. 'The generals had all their staff, and staffs were nuisances; they required practical field officers.'

When the difficulty of raising men was once spoken of, Colonel Corvin suggested the above mentioned idea to Mr. Seward, who was rather pleased with it, and thought it practical. He promised to speak about it to the President, and one day Salm and the colonel had an audience.

The colonel, who speaks English quite perfectly, explained to the President his and Salm's plan, requiring from him authority to raise twenty thousand men for the army of the United States.

President Lincoln, his knees drawn up, his head in both hands, and his elbows resting on his knees, listened attentively for about a quarter of an hour. When the colonel had finish-

ed, Mr. Lincoln remained for a time silent, then at once he threw up his long arms, calling out in his peculiar manner, 'Well, gentlemen, that's a very great affair! But mind, I do not promise you anything for certain, I must first speak to the Secretary of War!'

In the ensuing conversation he touched on the difficulties into which his Government might get with the European Powers, on which Colonel Corvin said, that if he gave Salm and him authority to raise twenty thousand men it did not include the authority to raise them in Europe, and what they thought expedient to do for the purpose would be done on their own danger and responsibility.

'Bring the men,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'you know they will be welcome, and no questions asked.'

'Yes, Mr. President,' answered Corvin, 'but I cannot get them without money, and cannot get money without your signature, under the requested authorisation.' Mr. Chittenden, then 'Register of the Treasury,' to whom Corvin had communicated the plan, had said that his bankers would be at the colonel's disposition if Lincoln would give such authorisation.

The negotiations ended, however, in nothing, for Mr. Stanton, who was utterly disgusted with foreigners, and besides averse to anything supported by Mr. Seward, would hear nothing of such a proposition, and opposed it decidedly. I will only mention in reference to this affair a circumstance which is rather characteristic. The Prince and Corvin signed a paper promising an influential person twenty thousand dollars if the President would sign the requested authorisation.

While Salm was busy all day with his recruiting affairs, my life in New York was by no means agreeable, especially as it was midsummer and the heat overpowering. I accepted, therefore, with pleasure, the invitation of General Blenker to pass a few weeks on 'Blenker's Farm,' near Rookville, in the State of New York.

Dear old Blenker's home was a place which I remember with great pleasure and affection. I have seen grander country seats, but nowhere have I been received with such heartfelt kindness and hospitality, and nowhere I felt more at home.

It was a delightful time, Poor Blenker died, I think, in December of the same year. I am glad that I have had an opportunity of doing justice to his memory, for he has been

reviled much by his enemies, who treated him most unjustly and shamefully.

I mentioned that heavy fighting was expected to take place soon when my husband's regiment and himself were disbanded. These expectations were more than fulfilled by 'Fighting Joe,' as General Hooker was called, who crossed the Rappahanoc at Kelley's Ford above Fredericksburg, and took up a position near Chancellorsville.

Hooker, whose design was said to be to attack the rebels in flank and rear, was attacked himself on the 2nd May, 1863, by Stonewall Jackson, who appeared on his right flank. The right wing, consisting of the 11th Corps, composed only of German regiments, was rolled up like a sheet of paper. Fighting was continued the following days with no better success, and Hooker, profiting by an opportune storm of heavy rain, recrossed the river on the 8th of May at night, having lost in these days above twenty thousand men.

Hooker was a great favourite with the Americans, and as they did not like to lay the fault of this great disaster on his shoulders, the poor Germans had to serve as a scapegoat. They were accused of cowardice, and everybody was wroth against them except those who understood things better. These said that neither Napoleon's Old Guard nor the best Prussian troops would have been able to resist this flank attack of Stonewall Jackson, placed as badly as they were.

I am no military critic, and only repeat what I heard from some who were supposed to understand war, and also from German officers who took part in that battle.

Some of these feeling uneasy at the position of their corps, had reconnoitred on their own account, and discovered in time the approach of Jackson's army on their flank. Seeing the imminent danger, they reported it at once to General Howard, a very devout man and zealous abolitionist, with only one arm and no military head; but the general treated their news with contempt, and answered—like a Chinese—'that he expected to be attacked in front.'

Lee's victorious army advanced rapidly, again with the decided intention of transferring the war to the territory of the Union; part of his forces crossed the Potomac on June 14th, and entered Maryland—just as they had done a year before; and towards the end of the month Lee took his head-quarters

at Hagerstown, only a few miles from the glorious battle-field of Antietam.

The consternation at Washington beggars description. The President called out a hundred thousand men more, to serve for six months, and to be levied from the next threatened States—Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, which State was to furnish seventy thousand men.

Many sighed now for McClellan, for they discovered that their favourite, 'Fighting Joe,' though a very brave man and good commander of a corps, was no strategist. At the eleventh hour he was relieved by General Meade, who at once attacked the rebels, the 11th (German) Corps and the 1st being in advance. Howard had to fall back before an overwhelming force, to a position near Gettysburg, of which the centre was the cemetery, waiting for reinforcements. A great battle ensued on the 2nd of June, and the Germans fought gloriously, well supported on their left by the 3rd Corps, under General Sickles, who here lost one leg by a spent cannon-ball.

The battle was renewed on the 3rd; the rebels were everywhere repulsed, and retired on the morning of the 4th, pursued by the victorious troops. Though Meade did not succeed either in annihilating Lee or in preventing him from recrossing the Potomac, and retreating towards the Rapidan, he was not blamed and treated as a traitor as McClellan had been, but praised deservedly as the saviour of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Washington, though he had lost not less than twenty-three thousand men in dead, wounded, and missing. The Potomac army took their old position on the Rappahanoc.

I judge it necessary to give a short sketch of these important events, as there resulted from them others which occurred in New York, and in which Salm and myself were involved.

The military enthusiasm of the people had, as said before, much abated, and recruits were not to be had, notwithstanding the enormous bounties which were paid, Soldiers the Government, however, must have, and a draft was ordered. This measure was very obnoxious to the people, and became still more so to the poorer classes, in consequence of a most foolish law, which permitted drafted people to buy themselves off by paying three hundred dollars.

The Republican¹ Government had many enemies in New York, where the democratic party was exceedingly strong. The above-mentioned measure furnished them a welcome means to work on the lower classes, especially on the very numerous Irish element, favourably inclined towards the democrats because they hated the negroes. The cause of this hatred was envy and jealousy. The now free negroes arrived in great numbers in New York, and became rivals to the low Irish, who until then had furnished most house servants, hotel waiters, &c. They were highly indignant that the negroes should have the same rights as themselves, that they should be permitted to ride in the same cars as the white people, and no longer be looked upon as biped cattle.

New York was then utterly void of soldiers. All militia regiments had been sent to Pennsylvania to resist the invasion. The police force was not numerous, and the forts were garrisoned only by a few hundred men. The opportunity for the bad designs of the enemies of the Government was very favourable, and they were not slow in using it.

I have not seen the Irish at home, and cannot judge about them in general. I have become acquainted with well-educated Irish gentlemen and ladies, and found them most intelligent and agreeable people, but the low Irish rabble of New York are the most degraded and brutish set of human beings I know; I shudder to think of them, and in my opinion they stand far beneath the negroes. They may, in many respects, be more highly gifted and talented than those, but their behaviour is always meaner and rougher; and the negroes have besides the great advantage over the Irish, that they are sober; a drunken negro is a rarity, whilst drunkenness is the prevailing state amongst the American descendants of Erin.

When the draft commenced on Saturday, July 11, in New York, everything seemed to pass off with unexpected quiet; but on Sunday mischief was brewing, and on Monday, the 13th, a storm broke loose, which only found its parallell in the events taking place during the reign of the Commune in Paris.

¹ The position of the 'Democrats' in America corresponded to that of the 'Conservatives' in Germany; their extremest Democrats were called Copperheads, and were in favour of secession and slavery.

The riot commenced with an attack by the mob on a drafting office, which was destroyed and burned. The excitement spread throughout the great city, and a sudden fury seized the whole low Irish population. Its only object seemed murder and plunder, and the attacks were directed especially against all persons connected with the draft, republican officials and negroes, but also against wealthy people in general. The fury increased next day ; it was indeed as if hell had been let loose on the unfortunate city. The political hue of the riot disappeared ; murdering and plundering became its chief objects. Not only men took part in it, women were to be seen everywhere foremost, and even children ; and the ferocity of the Irish surpassed anything I ever read of. Wherever negroes were discovered, they were hung or otherwise barbarously murdered, and women stuck their knives into still palpitating bodies, and made cruel fun of them. A coloured orphan asylum, containing several hundreds of coloured children, was burned, and children thrown into the flames. Horrid-looking men patrolled the streets in troops, searching houses and plundering them.

For four long days and nights these scoundrels terrified the city. No decently-dressed persons dared to show themselves in the streets, but locked themselves up in their houses, fearing every moment to be visited by the rioters. Poor negroes hid themselves in cellars, where they remained without food for many days. The courage of the mob was increased by the evident inability of the authorities to suppress the riot, and also by their want of decision. Governor Seymour seemed not to be well disposed towards the General Government, and disapproved of the draft. Not wishing to lose his popularity with the Irish element, he acted with blameable leniency and want of energy. The police and the few troops were checked and restricted in the use of their arms. They, by order of their superiors, had to use only blank cartridges, which of course had the same pernicious effect as experienced everywhere. When the *Tribune* office was attacked, some guns were placed in position ; a few shots with canister would have been sufficient to drive the cowards howling away ; instead of that, the firing with blank cartridges encouraged them. The building was, however, saved by the efforts of the police force.

Among the better classes of Irish were some who disap-

proved much of these horrors, and amongst them was Colonel O'Brien. When a troop of rioters approached his house, he stepped out and addressed them in a conciliatory manner, exhorting them to desist from their wickedness. He was answered by cries of 'Down with him ! he is a traitor—kill him !' He was horribly beaten and stabbed, and sunk down on his threshold. Then he, still alive, was dragged through the mud. All entreaties of his wife and children were in vain ; the unfortunate man died after having been tormented for twenty-four hours.

The fury raged in all districts of the city. If the mob had finished with the house of one abolitionist, some persons cried out, ' Off to the Seventh (or any other) Avenue, to the house of Mr. X.'

The regiments called from Pennsylvania in the greatest hurry, who did not fire with blank cartridges, succeeded in mastering the riot. They killed a great many people, but sustained also heavy losses.

Salm placed himself at once at the disposition of the City Government, collected some troops from among his recruits and others, and led them against the rioters. During his absence, and whilst such excitement prevailed, I could not stay at home and tremble. I wanted to see and to do—but what, I did not know. To go in the street in my usual dress would have been madness, and I resolved therefore to put on a dress of my servant girl, Ellen, who was to accompany me as a kind of a safeguard, for she was an Irish girl, and her brogue was then the best *laisser-passer*.

The scenes I witnessed were horrible and disgusting at the same time. All the lowest passions were unfettered, and showed themselves in their vilest nakedness. The danger in the streets was great, for the few troops and police were scarcely to be noticed in the surging crowd, and they were, moreover, mostly employed in protecting the public buildings and offices. The rioters had it all their own way, finding no resistance from the citizens, who locked themselves up in their houses, happy if they were not noted for abolitionist principles or riches, or were unconnected with the draft. The poor negroes darted about like hunted hares—men, women, and children ; and it was heart-rending to hear their frantic cries and look into their horror-struck faces if caught by the pursu-

ing foe. To interfere would have been useless and dangerous, as was proved by the sad fate of Colonel O'Brien, though his name was one of note amongst the Irish. Seeing that I could do nothing, and not wishing to see any more, I was glad when I was home again.

Though Governor Seymour opposed it, the General Government remained firm, and the draft was enforced, and strict measures taken to prevent the return of such disorders. New York soon resumed its usual aspect.

During my stay in New York I received much attention from many families. I cannot mention all whom I remember with heartfelt gratitude. I must not pass over that family who contributed most to making my rather troublesome sojourn in New York agreeable; it was the family of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the late well-known proprietor of the *New York Herald*. I was a frequent guest at his magnificent country-seat at Port Washington, and at his palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Bennett was a very distinguished and extremely kind lady, who, having lived abroad, had adopted and acquired the tastes and manners of the European ladies. In possession of a very ample fortune, she knew how to employ it in the most appropriate and generous manner. Her husband, on marrying her, presented her with one or two advertising columns of the *Herald*, of which the revenue grew with that paper, and amounted then to annually thirty thousand dollars.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett was a tall, thin, square-built Scotch gentleman, of great energy and talent, which was rewarded by the almost unheard-of success of the *New York Herald*, the most enterprising paper in the world. At his recent death all papers published his biography, and I may presume that he is generally known. The last expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone, in which the *Herald* vied uniformly with even the English Government, is only one of the many samples of the enterprising spirit in which that great cosmopolitan institution, the *New York Herald*, was conducted by its creator. He was besides a very good man, and extremely kind to us. His memory will always remain sacred to me.

His son and heir to the many millions he left is James Bennett, who was then a nice dashing young man. Young Bennett was, and probably is still, an eminent sportsman, who

had the finest horses on the turf, and who excelled especially in yachting. His daring and wonderful trip in his yacht across the Atlantic will still be remembered.

Port Washington was a magnificent estate in the English style, with fine grounds and an extensive park. Being a lover of dogs, I was much interested in the live museum of these animals kept by Mr. James. He had not less than fifty of different kinds, all kept in various fine kennels. I was presented with a pup of a particularly fine breed, a black and tan long-legged terrier, with a wonderful head, large clear eyes, and a skin like velvet. As it became a most important member of my household, tyrannising over everybody, and myself most of all, and accompanying me everywhere like my shadow, I owe it to his dignity to say something more of this distinguished four-legged gentleman. The promising pup was solemnly christened 'Jimmy' over a bowl of punch, and taken home in my pocket. After having been submitted to a bath in my washing-basin, to remove all reminiscences of the kennel, the interesting infant was nursed alternately by Salm and myself. We tried to appease his well-developed appetite by means of the milk-bottle, but he despised milk, and we were in despair, for he whined all night. How happy we were on discovering that the little darling took kindly to fried oysters and the yoke of hard-boiled eggs, which refined taste was a sure proof that he was no common dog. On this simple fare he was raised until he learnt how to appreciate roast veal, which latter meat is still his favourite food. His meals agreed exceedingly well with him; he grew soon out of my pocket, and became a beautiful well-sized dog, and even now, though in his thirteenth year, looks like a canine youth. His name will occur frequently in this book.

Another lady from whom I received much kindness, and whom I remember with great pleasure, was Mrs. James Speirs, the wife of a wealthy broker. She was an English lady of very good family, and I became much attached to her. She was very lively, and at that time an enthusiastic spiritualist.

The spiritualistic epidemic was then commencing to rage in America. One heard of nothing but of spirits and of mediums. All tables and other furniture seemed to have become alive, and you could not sit down upon a chair without a spiritual suspicion.

When I became acquainted with Mrs. Speirs she was still in her first flush of enthusiasm, and most anxious to convert every one to her new creed, which upset our long-entertained notions, and was in direct contradiction with the teachings of my religion. I therefore treated spiritualism as heresy, and defended myself against its contagious power. The more I doubted, however, the more eager became Mrs. Speirs to convince me. Her husband being, like most brokers, more of a materialist than of a spiritual turn of mind, treated these new-fangled things as deception and humbug, but being also a well-trained husband he let Mrs. Speirs have her way, comforting himself with the hope, supported by experience, that this fashionable fancy would die out with time, and give place to some other less dangerous to the brain.

I have been told that spiritualism originated in Germany, like mesmerism, which has been connected with it. Though this belief seems to have died out in Germany, it is still in full bloom in America and in England, where spiritualism, in all its many different shades, counts its believers in thousands, in spite of common sense and religion.

It would be almost impossible, and lead me too far, to describe all the *nuances* of this sect, which includes mesmerism, somnambulism, free-love people, &c. The leading feature of this creed is, however, at least as I understand it, the belief that the spirits of the dead do not pass from this earth, but that they remain here amongst us unseen, occupying different spheres, and fulfilling more or less high duties according to their more or less virtuous life in the body. Some who did evil have become bad spirits and oppose the good ones. Which duties are allotted to all these spirits of the different spheres, I could not exactly make out, for I cannot think that making strange noises, causing tables to dance and performing all kinds of useless and childish tricks, should be their only occupation. Though I, as I said before, resisted this epidemic on the ground of religion and common sense, I could not help becoming interested in this strange aberration, and feeling tempted to witness some manifestations of spiritualism. The Prince, however, tried to dissuade me from such an attempt, as he was afraid that the excitement would act too strongly on my imagination. I therefore abstained from visiting some of those public exhibitions of professional spiritualists, but did not resist

the entreaties of Mrs. Speirs to have some spiritual entertainment at home, against which good Salm had no objection.

Mrs. Speirs had presented me to several great mediums. One was a 'knocking,' another a 'tipping,' and a third a 'writing' medium. The knocking medium—that is, the one which communicated with the spirits by means of knocks, answering her questions by a certain number of them, meaning yes or no—was a very pretty girl, of the name of Anna Sugden. I have forgotten the name of the 'tipping' medium, a lady who made the spirits tip tables and other heavy pieces of furniture for purposes I could not fathom. The 'writing' medium was a Mrs. Heath Adams. She caused her friends amongst the spirits to induce others to answer questions in the same handwriting they once wrote when living in the body on this earth.

This Mrs. Heath Adams made herself quite notorious. She afterwards went to the Potomac army and converted the soldiers to her belief. She created amongst them such an excitement and confusion, that the generals could not tolerate it, and expelled her from the camp as a dangerous fanatic, whose place would be better in a lunatic asylum.

One evening, Mrs. Speirs, three mediums, and many other ladies assembled for a spiritual entertainment in my lodging. We were sitting round a table in a large room full of expectation. The gaslights were turned down, leaving only a dim light which seems to agree with spirits. The spirits were rather slow in coming, and the knocks, manifesting their presence, were very faint and timid. Miss Sugden explained that the table was 'not yet charged sufficiently,' and requested us to be patient. We were patient, and the excitement and fear of some of the ladies increased every moment. At last the knocking became louder, and the spirits made such a noise that I really was afraid my table would be knocked to pieces. Now the medium proposed to put mental questions to the spirits, on which they would answer by knocks meaning yes or no, which was done to general satisfaction.

Though I could see the ladies, and observe their movements, I could not help connecting these knocks with them, and asking whether the powers of the spirits extended only to the table; the medium answered that I might wish, only in my thoughts, to hear the knocking anywhere else. I did so, and scarcely

had I wished to hear it in a far off corner of the room, when at the desired place a tremendous noise commenced. Still remaining suspicious, I wished to transfer the knocks to the ceiling and had scarcely thought it, when the ceiling resounded with such knocks that I was afraid it would come down. That was too much for some of the party; they shrieked and became faint, and the gas had to be turned up again.

When their minds had been calmed sufficiently by persuasion, the gas was turned off altogether, and we were sitting all in the dark. At once lights flitted through the room, shining against the wall or ceiling, as if produced by a dark lantern. We felt as if something was blown into our faces, and even some small bodies like fine sand were thrown against them. In the lights, flickering about, we saw spectre-like hands, and the excitement and fear became so great with some of the party that the gas had to be re-lit.

The mediums declare that their strength was exhausted, and the spiritual entertainment ended. Notwithstanding all I had seen, I remained a disbeliever, but dear Felix, who was afraid of the impression the whole proceeding would make on me, was quite excited and converted himself.

Mrs. Speirs exulted, and was rather angry that I was such a disbeliever. She regretted nothing more than that she was no medium, and that the spirits would have nothing to do with her. I seemed to be more favoured; the medium at least, declared that I was a 'seeing medium.' But notwithstanding their assurances, I could see nothing, though I tried very hard to please them, and even invented visions for this purpose, which they, however, soon discovered accordingly, and resented as being only fun. They said that the spirits were offended at disbelief, and unwilling to perform in the presence of scoffers.

We had several of such private spiritual entertainments, which amused me much. Though I did not believe in anything supernatural, I was puzzled as to how the things I had witnessed were produced, for what I had seen and heard was indeed surprising and wonderful, and well calculated to turn weak or imaginative brains.

Sometimes things would not go on in the regular way. The questions were answered all wrong, and the whole spiritual world seemed thrown into confusion. The mediums were not at a loss to explain this state of things. They ascribed it to the

influence of the evil spirits who counteracted the doings of the good ones, and we were requested to assist the latter in their struggle with our magnetic influence. We succeeded; the evil spirits were driven from the places they had usurped, and things went on in the regular spiritual manner.

It was most curious to observe the writing medium, Mrs. Heath Adams. When communicating with the spirits she was almost in a fit; her hands moved convulsively, and before one could find out how it was done answers to mental questions were written in strange hand-writings on the paper, often signed with the name of the dead person addressed.

As everybody was more or less excited about these spiritual manifestations, Mrs. Bennett was no exception, and became curious to witness some of them. She therefore invited a noted professor of spiritualism, whose name I have forgotten, to perform before a company in her house. We were sitting in her front parlour, the folding door of the back parlour being closed. The spirits were not slow in obeying the summons of the professor. We saw again the lights and also the mysterious hands. On being requested to form some mental wish to be executed by the spirits—the lights being turned down and shining dimly, Mrs. Bennett wished to have a very large music book, which was near the piano in the back parlour, under a whole pile of other books. She had scarcely formed that wish when the heavy book fell with a great noise right before her on the table around which we were sitting. Mrs. Bennett was so frightened that she fainted. She afterwards would not have anything to do with spirits, and never assisted at one of our entertainments.

Mrs. Speirs, however, became more and more believing, and more and more anxious to convince me. For this purpose she proposed a private meeting at her house, at which only herself, Miss Anna Sugden, and myself should be present. I accepted, and we were sitting one evening near a very substantial black walnut table with heavy legs, the gas nearly turned off. The spirits obeyed Miss Sugden, and awaited her orders. She requested me to wish for something more difficult to perform than usual. I complied, and having noticed the solidity of the table at which we were sitting, I wished that the spirits would break that table, that is break one of its heavy legs. Miss Anna Sugden consulted with her familiar spirit, whose name she said was Seth, and on being asked whether he could do what I wished, he answered that it was difficult, but that he would try.

Very soon we heard a sound like one produced by distant rapid sawing, intermixed with the muffled knocks of a hammer. This strange noise lasted for nearly half an hour, when suddenly the table lost its balance and fell against my legs. On examining it at the light I found that one of its legs had been sawn off. The cut was quite smooth, as if produced by a sharp knife or an extremely fine saw ; but all my most careful search for any sawdust was in vain. Mrs. Speirs was triumphant, and quite angry with me that I still did not believe.

I tell the facts as I saw them. They are indeed strange, and I cannot explain them, but these knocking and noisy and sawing spirits are too absurd. When I soon afterwards went to Washington, Miss Sugden gave me a letter of introduction to a celebrated tipping medium, and once when Salm visited me there we invited that lady to entertain the company with her spiritual performance. The lady sat down to play at a very heavy piano, which, after some time, commenced moving, two of its feet being lifted some inches from the ground. We were astonished, but the gentlemen present laughed, and Salm said that he was also a tipping medium, and could perform the same feat without the spirits. He sat down, and after having run over the keys, the piano moved in the same manner as before. He had simply pressed his knees under it, and lifted it on one side an inch or two. The detected medium received her five dollars, and retired somewhat confused.

The affairs of Salm did not progress meanwhile. The disinclination of the people to military service became more and more decided. The drafted men were employed in filling up old regiments, but to form new ones by voluntary enlisting was impossible, notwithstanding the liberal bounties which were offered. Poor Salm was in despair, for he could not bring together the required seven hundred men, and had only heavy expenses. I felt extremely sorry at his troubles, and puzzled my brain to find a way out of that maze. Having assisted him once, I thought it possible to do so again. I consulted with my *spiritus familiaris*, dear old Senator Harris, who suggested the idea of trying with the Provost-Marshal General in Washington, whom he knew to have a good number of men at his disposition. I eagerly caught at that idea, and without telling Salm what I intended to do, I got leave from him to go to Washington, under the pretext of visiting my sister, who was living there.

CHAPTER V.

The Provost-Marshal General U. S., General James Fry--My success—Governor Yates, of Illinois—Lovers of spirits among high-spirited gentlemen—I become a captain, commanding a company—Life in Washington—Madame von Corvin—Sanitary arrangements in the United States—The Sanitary and Christian Commissions—How the Government honoured dead soldiers—National cemeteries—A hospital city—Salm again on the war-path—My journey to Nashville, Tenn.—Returning to Washington.

I DO not exactly know how it happened that the Provost-Marshal-General of the United States had men at his disposition who were not enrolled in any regiment, but it was so, and that was sufficient. This important position was occupied during the whole war by Colonel J. Fry, a man of about thirty-five, who was a great favourite of Mr. Stanton. I was not personally acquainted with him, but I heard that he, though very strict in his service, was also a good and kind man, who was not only much respected, but also beloved by his subordinates. It was some comfort to me that he was a married man, but still my heart was very heavy when I entered the War Department and sent in my card to Colonel Fry, who only some time afterward became a general. I was admitted at once.

Colonel Fry was a tall, very elegant and handsome fair-haired man, with a rather serious face, though with a kind expression. He was very quiet and measured, rather sparing of his words, but an attentive listener to all I said. I stated the difficult position of my husband, mentioned the services he had rendered, and his grief and disappointment on account of his being prevented from taking part in the important events going on in the theatre of war. I said that I had been in-

formed by Senator Harris that he had men at his disposition ; and as they had to be placed somewhere, I requested him to give my husband the preference.

The colonel did not interrupt me. When I had finished he said that he had a few hundred men, but did not know yet whether he was able to give them to the 68th New York Regiment ; he promised, however, to let me know as soon as possible. With that he bowed politely and I left, not knowing whether I had any hope or not, for the face of the colonel was like a book sealed with seven seals, and did not in the least betray his thoughts.

After many hours of anxiety, having received no answer yet, I became quite despondent and doubtful, for it may be imagined that there were, under the circumstances, many competitors for these recruits. I was, therefore, electrified and buoyant with hope when at last the card of the colonel was sent in, for if he had to bring me an unfavourable answer, I reasoned, he would not care to communicate it to me in person.

I was not mistaken. The colonel was not so stolid as he at first appeared, and rather pleased with the zeal I showed in the behalf of my husband, and he promised to give all the men he had for the 68th Regiment. I was overjoyed at my success, and as *l'appetit vient en mangeant*, I tried to get still more men, for even with those he could give me the required number was not made up yet.

Though the colonel had not more at his disposal at that moment, he promised his assistance, and for this purpose introduced to me his friend Mr. Yates, Governor of Illinois, who at that time was present in Washington.

Having occasion to confer frequently with General Fry and Governor Yates, we became good friends, and I passed many agreeable hours in the company of these distinguished men. Society was at that time somewhat out of joint in Washington, for nearly all the leading families were closely connected with the rebels, and had left the city and closed their houses, of which many were seized by the Government, and were used for public purposes, like that of Mr. Corcoran, who had not joined the rebels, however, but lived in Europe, like many persons who would not openly side with any party. The old Virginian families who generally passed the winter in Washing-

ton, stayed away also, and the whole population had changed its character. The hotels were then the centres of the rather mixed and motley society. Washington people kept far from it, and the temporary inhabitants amused themselves as well as they could amongst themselves. The elegant and spacious drawing-rooms in Willard's, the Metropolitan and National Hotel, were always crowded, and so were the frequent balls there, called 'hops' in America.

I of course took part in these entertainments, for never losing sight of the purpose which brought me to Washington, I had to visit places where I had an opportunity of seeing those persons who could assist me. General Fry was very kind in this respect, and interested Governor Yates in my behalf, and not without success. The Governor promised me a company from Illinois, but said that he would not have it commanded by any 'New York pumpkin,' and proposed that he should make me captain of that company. He kept his word, and I received from him a captain's commission and captain's pay, which, he said, would assist me in defraying the expenses I incurred in assisting the sick and wounded soldiers, in whose treatment I was much interested.

During my sojourn in Washington at that time, I became acquainted with Madame de Corvin, who had come from London to stay with the colonel, her husband. She was well known from the 'Colonel's Memoirs,' and I have only to say that the favourable impression produced by that book, in reference to that kind and amiable lady, was fully justified on nearer personal acquaintance. Salm was much prejudiced in her favour, and very much pleased when we became friends. During the revolution in Germany, Mrs. Corvin had gone through a course of surgery, and was as much interested as myself in everything concerning the treatment of wounded soldiers and hospitals.

The American Government and people did their utmost for the welfare and comfort of their soldiers, and their liberality for this purpose was unbounded. I have already mentioned how the Government provided for them in the field, and how they tried to conquer the great difficulties caused especially by the great distances, the bad state of the roads, away from the railroad lines or navigable rivers, and the insecurity, especially in the revolted States.

The greatest attention was paid to the care of the sick and

wounded soldiers, and although it was difficult to find as many competent surgeons as were wanted for the army, amounting to nearly a million of men, scattered over a space as extensive as Europe ; though experience was wanting in the commencement, the practical sense of the Americans, and the utter disregard of expenses in this respect, conquered all difficulties in such a manner, that their sanitary arrangements became noted throughout the world, and foreign nations sent competent men to study them.

During the late French war I was exclusively occupied with this branch, of which I shall have to speak more amply in its place. I am, therefore, well enabled to make comparisons, and to judge what is practical or not.

In comparing the sanitary arrangements in Germany and in America, one must not forget that Germany is not larger than many an American State ; that the whole United States have not more inhabitants than Germany, and that scarcely half of them were on the side of the Union. It must further be taken into consideration, that in Germany and in France towns and villages are close together, whilst they are very few and far between in those States which were the principal seat of the American war. Great and admirable as were the noble efforts of the German nation in behalf of their soldiers, the Americans had the great advantage over them of being far wealthier, and that they without difficulty could raise sums which could never be brought together in Germany. The Germans made up this disadvantage as well as they were able to do by their personal exertions, of which there was far less in America, not for want of enthusiasm or self-sacrificing desires, but for reasons caused by local circumstances already mentioned before, and besides by some American peculiarities.

In the French war an immense number of ladies were employed in the charitable work of nursing the sick and wounded in the field, and their self-sacrificing endeavours cannot be appreciated and praised sufficiently. Their assistance would have been all the more desirable in America, as all able-bodied men were required for active service. Ladies were, however, not permitted to attend the wounded on the field, and I think that this measure was wise and considerate, as they would have been exposed to hardships beyond their strength.

The convenience of ladies' assistance in hospitals has been

discussed frequently. We shall see later how it worked in the French war, and have to speak of its advantages and disadvantages, and say now only a few words in reference to the manner in which some of the latter were lessened by the practical Americans. It cannot be denied that the attendance of fine ladies is often more embarrassing than comforting to the wounded soldiers, who mostly belong to the lower classes of society, however much they may appreciate the gentle ways and the soft hands of female nurses. In an elaborately and fashionably dressed lady a wounded soldier will rarely have confidence; the appearance of such a nurse makes him always uncomfortable. This feeling was much lessened by a rule in force in America. All female nurses in hospitals, paid or voluntary, servant girls or ladies, had to wear the same simple dress, resembling very much that of the Sisters of Charity. This was very important. The soldiers saw in them only female nurses, whose duty it was to provide for their wants, and not ladies above them in station who condescended to interest themselves in their behalf.

The two great societies which did most in supporting the sick and wounded soldiers were the 'Sanitary Commission' and the 'Christian Commission,' whose activity extended over the whole vast theatre of war, and whose efficacy can never be praised sufficiently. At every station and military port were to be found agents and depots of these two benevolent associations, each of which had many millions of dollars at their disposal. No railway train, no transport steamer was to be found, on which were not to be seen immense piles of boxes, addressed 'Frederick Law Olmstedt,' or 'Christian Commission.' Mr. Olmstedt stood for a long time at the head of the Sanitary Commission, and he had the merit of setting the immense machine going. He was still a young man, but his exertion in behalf of humanity exhausted his strength, and when he retired he had grown old in these few years. He added this fresh merit to that by which he distinguished himself in New York, for that city is mostly indebted to him for its world-renowned Central Park.

These commissions provided the soldiers, especially the sick and wounded, not only with medicines and what was required for their necessities or comfort, but even with superfluities and luxuries. It is true they had immense means, and could afford

to be liberal. They always gave with pleasure and with full hands, and wherever there was want it was not their fault, but that of those persons who were too lazy or indifferent to ask. Very often, when the provisions of the Government failed by some accident, these commissions opened their stores for the needy healthy soldiers, and when we were in Alabama, cut off by the enemy from all communications, we were literally supported by them. We had fine potted victuals of every kind coming from thousands of miles. I still remember our astonishment on opening in Alabama a tin box containing the most delicious asparagus, preserved in Brunswick, in Germany.

The agents of these commissions did not wear fine uniforms, nor live in sumptuous quarters, nor drink claret and champagne; they did not inspect the hospitals with glass in eye, and perfumed handkerchief to nose; though mostly gentlemen used to all the luxuries of life, they had no other thought but how best to fulfil their voluntary duty, and often I saw them with their own hands, accustomed to the finest kid-gloves, carrying boxes and bales like common workmen. They did not do so in hope of promotion or gain, or of a decoration; their names were scarcely known, and if known soon forgotten; but seeing all this, I learnt to love and respect the Americans.

In mentioning this I will not infer that we had no good and self-sacrificing men to assist us in our duty in the French war, and I shall do justice to them at their proper place, but not forget those gorgeous drones who were stigmatised by the nickname of Battle Loafers.

The American people were never satisfied of having done enough, and all possible means were employed in collecting money. Great sanitary fairs were held in all great cities; merchants and manufacturers sent in their gifts, some ladies their work, and other ladies attended to the sale of these articles, which were paid for extravagantly, and for weeks these fairs were crowded to excess by visitors. One fair in New York, lasting for about five weeks, brought about five millions of dollars, and comparatively small Washington contributed one million and a half.

The Government, in justice to this spirit, showed themselves not less liberal and careful. Though bound by duty to save as much money as was possible, it was never done at the expense of the soldiers, and especially not at that of those who

had become sick or crippled in the service of the country. There were no students or other young men forming voluntary companies to assist on the battle-field, as we had them in France, for, as I said before, young men were rare ; but notwithstanding this, the wounded on the battle-fields were more promptly attended and far better cared for than was the case in the French war. Each battalion—about equal to a Prussian company—had a number of portable bedsteads or stretchers, and two conveniently and practically built ambulances ; and whenever a battle was imminent hundreds of these vehicles were brought together ready for use. The wounded were not thrown into rough peasant cars, and jolted to death before they reached the next hospital. Those that were in a state to be transported at all were laid in a covered ambulance, which rested on soft springs, was provided with a good mattress, a cask of water, and one of wine, and everything else which might be required. Those that had to be operated on were placed in large hospital tents, each of which had room for twelve or more persons. These tents were built upon the battle-field itself, or, circumstances not permitting, as near as possible. They were airy and most convenient, and their use has been adopted in many European armies. They are preferable to any other arrangement which possibly could be made for severely wounded men, and especially to those low, narrow, and most abominable houses to be found in small German or French villages. The luxury of cleanliness seems to be utterly unknown there, and the smell of dozens of years together, with a stratum of filth, covers the walls and ceilings, for whitewashing is never thought of. Country people who live much in the air prefer the close atmosphere of a musty room as a holiday recreation, and even in the finest weather one may see them, on Sunday afternoon, sitting close together in some country inn room enveloped in a cloud of bad tobacco-smoke. To sit warm in winter seems to be their only desire. The windows are generally as small as possible, and they scarcely think of ever opening them to let in air. The wounded, placed often on mouldy straw on the filthy or partly-rotten flooring, are as badly off as possible.

In America, where there are not so many villages as in Europe, necessity compelled the sanitary authorities to provide for them otherwise, and this was done extremely well in spacious

tents, which gave shelter against the rain and permitted the perfect airing so necessary to people wounded or ill with typhoid fever. Though placed now and then on straw or corn husks on the ground, they generally lay on the portable bedsteads, called stretchers. In the French war we often regretted the absence of such tents.

The many navigable rivers in America were also a great convenience, and of the greatest importance in the war. There are very few rivers in Germany or France which would carry such large transport steamers as I saw in America, even on streams of which the names are scarcely known in Europe. These rivers were highly important for the transportation of troops and provisions, and they were so for sanitary purposes. Large steamers, such as run on the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Hudson, or on the Northern Lakes, were arranged as floating hospitals, offering all the conveniences of a great hotel. It is difficult to give Germans an idea of such ships, for thousands of them have never seen the sea, and think a Rhine steamer a most wonderful concern. What would they say to ships four or five hundred feet long, on which stand two-storied buildings reaching nearly from one end to the other, surrounded with verandas and balconies, containing hundreds of small bedrooms, and halls in which three or four hundred people can sit very comfortably to dinner? Where the shipping on such rivers is interrupted by rapids or rocks the practical Americans have built canals alongside of them, as in the case for instance with the Upper Potomac and the Susquehanna, and many other rivers.

What revolted me frequently in the French war was the manner in which the dead were treated on the battle-fields. To a philosophical mind it may seem very indifferent what is done with the cast-off coat of our soul; it is, I think, without doubt indifferent to the dead, but the surviving are not all philosophers, and have a reverence for their dead, and not the form of their soul, but that of their body remains in their memory. It is true that the nations whose state of civilisation is still on a very low step make the most of their dead, but civilised as the Germans may be, I do not think that it is indifferent to the mothers amongst them whether the bodies of their beloved children are treated as unceremoniously as cattle. Even if it speaks unfavorably for the civilisation of the Ameri-

cans, I prefer the manner in which they treat their soldiers, who shed their blood for their country.

It is true that in the American war it occurred not rarely that the wounded had to be left behind, that they perished miserably, that the dead could not be buried at all or only in haste, so that the bodies were dug out by pigs, as I have seen happen here and there ; but such cases are not to be avoided, and are exceptions ; wherever there was a possibility, the dead were treated with respect and love.

After a battle the dead were collected and their names identified by their comrades, or from letters, &c., found upon them. They did not wear badges with a number round their neck like the Prussian soldiers, which is indeed a good means to recognise even much mutilated dead, but which was intended only to keep the military lists correct. The American soldiers were not thrown indiscriminately into one common pit ; they were buried one beside the other, and a stick with a board was fixed at the head end, on which was written the name, State, and regiment of the soldier. These tablets were respected by everybody, and I have seen them a year and longer after a battle. They made it easy for the parents to find the bodies of their beloved, and give them at home a decent grave. Oh, how many fathers have I met on such an errand !

Only the love of the Americans for their departed made such institutions possible as were established in the neighbourhood of great camps. Whoever thought in the German army of an embalming establishment? They were, however, not exceptional in America, and nobody seemed surprised on seeing near a large tent a signboard with the firm ' Messrs. Brown and Alexander, Embalmers to the Government.' The business they did was very extensive, they embalmed thousands—privates for thirty dollars, and officers for eighty. The embalmed bodies were placed in long boxes lined with zinc, on the lid of which was written the full name of the dead, and the address of his parents. In the box, at the side of the dead, were placed the papers and other things found upon him or known to belong to him. Many of these boxes were to be seen on all trains or transport ships.

But not only private piety was at work. Those who had no rich parents to pay for embalming, or relatives who cared to have the body home, were not forgotten either. The noble

Government of that noble nation paid the last debt of respect to their dead. I think the idea came directly from good President Lincoln, a man than whom none better could be found in the world. The dead were carefully collected from all battle-fields, and carried often long distances to public graveyards, established in different parts of the country. These graveyards are large beautiful gardens, kept up most carefully at the expense of the Government. They are surrounded with walls, provided with gates and good buildings for the superintendent and gardeners, and with a finely-decorated memorial hall. The graves of the soldiers are placed in rows, and at the head of each stands a gravestone, on which is inscribed each man's name, State, regiment, and company, together with the place where the brave soldier died for his country, and underneath is written always an appropriate sentence or verse of the Bible. Of such graveyards several are to be seen near Washington, and on the confiscated estate of the rebel General Lee, Arlington Height, which has been allotted for this purpose, rest nearly one hundred thousand dead soldiers! Thus America knows her citizens who died for the Union.

Hospitals were, of course, near all cities, and the most extensive were in the neighbourhood of Washington. The public hospitals in Washington were not sufficient, and between that city and the President's summer residence, called 'Soldier's Home,' was to be seen a whole city of neat barracks, which differed very much from many of the would-be imitations I have seen in Germany.

This city of the sick and wounded, though standing in a nearly treeless plain, had not the appearance of a vale of sorrow, but made a rather cheerful impression. There were tents and houses built of wood, forming a rather extensive town with wide streets. The tents, which were still preferred for certain classes of patients, were arranged still more comfortably than those in the field, which provided only for the most urgent necessities; they were half tents, half houses, having all the advantages of the tents without their inconveniences, for they were not *passagère* structures like field-tents, which might have to be packed up for transport at a moment's notice. I have seen such so-called tents in the Holy Ghost Hospital in Frankfort, in which the essential conditions are all to be

found in combination with an elegance and comfort which not only shows that that hospital is richly endowed, but that it is conducted by men who combine knowledge with real love for the suffering. They form indeed a pattern which deserves to be imitated everywhere, as does the whole magnificent hospital.

The wooden houses were not very large, and none of them contained a great number of wounded. They stood on posts, and their flooring was raised one foot and a half or two feet above the ground, leaving space enough underneath to keep out the wet of the earth, and to permit the air to circulate without producing a draught, which would have been the case if they had been more elevated. They were all whitewashed and provided with windows, and gave the impression of little friendly country cottages.

Their interior corresponded with their outside. There was not the chilling, half-barrack, half house-of-correction-like appearance, which struck one not rarely on entering such places in Europe, especially if built under the direction of the military authorities. Though they were kept scrupulously clean, and everything went on with military regularity and order, it was not exaggerated into pedantry. The wards looked cheerful, and made an agreeable impression on the minds of the wounded or sick, who all lay on beds provided with white light hangings (mosquito nets), protecting them against the importunity of the flies. The ventilation was perfect, and so was the heating in cold weather. In these places the soldiers felt comfortable and home-like.

In a hot climate like that of Washington, where the thermometer shows in summer not rarely 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, strict cleanliness is most necessary, and the greatest attention was paid to it. The wards were whitewashed every four or six weeks, and the dust taken up from the floor every day. It was not done by swamping the floor with cold water and permitting the wet to enter the boards, by which, especially in cold or rainy weather, a chilly and damp air is produced, but the washing of the boards was done in a more practical manner with hot water, which dried almost immediately after the cloth had passed over it.

Lady nurses were not employed in these hospitals, and I must confess that they were not much missed by the American soldiers, who generally preferred to be attended by men,

mostly convalescent comrades, who fulfilled their duties in an excellent manner. The Americans are a very intelligent nation, and I frequently wondered at the ease with which they adapted themselves to all kinds of occupations. This may be noticed throughout the whole country, and in all branches. Young men, who have attended, perhaps for years, a shop, are made Government clerks in the Treasury, or the Interior Department, or War Office, and after a few weeks they understand their duties quite as well as men in Germany who have visited for six years a college, studied as long at some university, and served for as many years without pay in some public office before being thought fit to occupy the place of an auscultator or assessor. The proof of this is that affairs in the Ministries at Washington are carried on quite as well and regularly as in any office in Germany. An *employe* in Germany who loses his place considers himself, in most cases, ruined for life, whilst an American Government *employe* in such a case—which, in fact, occurs very frequently—thinks very little of it, and looks out at once for some other occupation. Nobody is tied for ever to a certain trade or branch; in this respect Americans are very versatile.

Rough as the men sometimes appeared, I found them to become soon very good and careful nurses, and I preferred them greatly to the coarse and selfish women I saw sometimes employed in German hospitals.

I know very well that good discipline is most essential for an army, but in reference to hospitals it often acquired in Germany the character of pedantry. Though military surgeons stood in America under the command of their colonels or generals, they were far more independent in their province, and were not annoyed or harassed by martinets, who wanted to enforce the strictness of the drill-ground even in the sick room. Nor were there high-born snobs interfering with the doctors, always hindering them by their pretentious ignorance. Battle-loafers were a species of bipeds not known in America. There did not exist any object for them. If men did not find a reward for their voluntary activity in themselves, they did not find it anywhere else. It was of no consequence whether it was favourably noticed by some generals, or senators, or the President himself; they could not give them sinecures for life, or a place at court, nor even a decoration, for all these things do not exist in that country.

The principal causes why the sanitary institutions of America were so good and effective are—the practical good sense of the people, the wealth and the liberality of both the people and the Government, the fact that military principles do not rank there before those of humanity, and the absence of all objects alluring flunkeyism.

The 68th Regiment N.Y.V. consisted now of nearly one thousand men, and on the 8th of June, 1864, Salm was appointed to the regiment in Nashville, Tennessee, belonging to the army of General Sherman.

In July I travelled to Nashville, accompanied only by my maid and Jimmy my dog, who had become my inseparable companion. I did not find my husband, for his regiment had marched south to Alabama, and it was not possible to join him, though I tried everything for that purpose. The country between Nashville and the Tennessee river was in a very insecure state, bands of guerillas making raids everywhere, and destroying the railroad. I had therefore to wait patiently, and not liking to live in an hotel in the much-crowded Nashville, I found lodging and board in a nice family living in a neighbouring village, where General Charles Schurz had his headquarters.

Salm managed to pay me an eight days' visit at Nashville, riding all the way on horseback, and not minding the dangers of the road. I wanted to run the risk and accompany him back on horseback also, but he would not hear of it, and I suppose he was right. The guerillas were very ferocious, and I really believe that my being a lady would not have protected me against their outrages.

Salm desired me to return to Washington until he should send me word to come, and a short time after he had left Nashville I started for the capital of the Union.

CHAPTER VI.

Madame von Corvin and I travel from Washington to Bridgeport, Alabama—American railroads—Pittsburg—Meeting Charles Schurz—How he was received there—Louisville, Kentucky—Nashville, Tenn.—The St. Cloud Hotel—Travelling with a military train—Why I stop the train—Arrival in Bridgeport—The camp on the Tennessee island—The hospital—Traffic with the rebels—Salt serving instead of money—Neighbours—Expecting a rebel surprise—Bridgeport—Colonel Taylor—Rev. Gilford and family—Dangerous roads—Fort Prince Salm—Life on the island—Excursion to Chattanooga—Major-General J. Steedman—The Match-bridge at Whiteside—Lookout Mountain—Fighting Joe's rock—The rebels advancing—Salm leaving the island alone—Cut off from Nashville by General Hood—How we passed our time—Visits received and paid—Generals Brannon and Granger—Rather dangerous—Pleasure trips to Stevenson—Victories—The 68th Regiment leaving the island—The deserted camp—Dangerous position—Nightly disturbances—Meeting Salm and Steedman in Stevenson after the victorious battles—Christmas in Alabama—We leave all for Nashville—Colonel and Madame von Corvin return to Washington, and I go with Salm to Bridgeport—He is commander of the post—His raids against the rebels—His staff—Captain Johnson and his wife, my sister, arrive—Difficulties in reference to promotion—To remove these I am sent to Washington.

TRAVELLING alone was in those times, for a young lady, neither very easy nor safe. I was therefore very much pleased when Mrs. Corvin accepted my proposition to accompany me to Bridgeport, Alabama, where Salm's regiment was encamped on an island formed by the Tennessee river.

We left Washington on the evening of October 1, and had the good luck to secure a state-room in a sleeping car. These sleeping cars are an American peculiarity which I would wish much to see introduced in Europe. The sleeping cars are not wider than the usual travelling cars. On both sides of the way

in the middle the seats are constructed in such a manner as to be transformed for the night into tiers of beds, each provided with curtains, and at least as convenient as those in an Atlantic steamer. At the end of every car is a room with looking-glass and toilet accommodations. In each car are four or six so-called state-rooms, which deserve that name as much or little as the narrow boxes so named in ships. These state-rooms contain in the daytime four seats, and are separated from the middle way by a large door. At night-time the beds are arranged with wonderful celerity, and blankets, sheets, and pillows emerge from the most unexpected hiding-places. The state-rooms have sleeping accommodation for four persons, the lowest bed on the floor having room for two persons. For travelling families these state-rooms are a great convenience, and they are not expensive either, costing for a night only four or five dollars above the usual fare. Whoever has tossed about a night in a railroad car and remembers his feelings in the morning will understand how to appreciate these sleeping cars, strange as they may appear at first sight, especially to persons who never have been on board an Atlantic steamer.

I was used to travelling in America, and acquainted with all those things which astonished Mrs. Corvin, who was now for the first time in that country. The woods which we saw on our way commenced to show here and there those brilliant tints which are a peculiarity of American foilage in the fall. Bright yellow and burning red are prominent, and a European artist who should paint such a wood would be accused of exaggeration, and lose all his credit.

Railroads in Europe seem to be considered a kind of luxury. In the commencement not so much importance was ascribed to them in America as they have acquired of late; they were chiefly valued as means of connection between the water courses, which were principally used for the transportation of goods. Though these ideas have experienced a change, railroads are still in America only roads, and to create them as fast as possible and put them in working order is the principal object. It only the rails are properly laid and the rolling-stock in good order, everything else is of little consequence. Therefore we do not see in America depôts as we see them in Europe, costing millions; not rarely a simple shed, offering

shelter for passengers and goods, is thought sufficient.¹ The building of magnificent bridges absorbs also vast sums in Europe ; in America they are mostly built in the most simple manner, but answer their purpose as well as the most expensive structures. Bridges are in existence which lead over several miles of wide waters, consisting simply of two rows of solid poles on which beams are laid for the rails. Banisters are not to be seen on such bridges, for they are not of the slightest use ; and looking out of the window of a car one sees neither the rails nor the poles on which they rest, and the train seems to be gliding right over the surface of the water.

At breakfast-time on Sunday morning we arrived in Altona, Pennsylvania, where we had the pleasure of meeting Major-General Charles Schurz, who remained our travelling companion until we reached Pittsburg, where he was expected to make a speech in favour of the re-election of President Lincoln. He was received at the depôt by a deputation, and the hotel where he alighted and procured rooms for us was dressed out with garlands.² In the evening he made a great speech before an immense crowd, who cheered him lustily. After this great exertion he remained more than an hour with us, entertaining us with playing on the piano, which he did in a masterly manner.

The train went, leaving only at two o'clock, P.M. We had time enough for a run through Pittsburg. It is a peculiar city, resembling an immense forge—everywhere high chimneys topped with clouds of dark and dense smoke. The view from the splendid chain-bridge along the river is interesting ; for huge steamers, resembling immense floating houses, overtopped by the turret on which is placed the helmsman, dart to and fro. Mrs. Corvin said that the appearance of Pittsburg reminded her of Manchester in England.

On Monday morning we arrived in Cincinnati, a fine city, which we saw, however, only when crossing it in an omnibus. All foreigners visiting America for the first time are amazed at

† The reader will remember that I am speaking of thirteen years ago. Now I hear things have changed much, and they have in America depôts and bridges surpassing any built in Europe, even in architectural splendour.

A sovereign in Europe could not be received with more pomp and ceremony than was this renowned citizen in Pittsburg.

The monster steam ferries, with which I was, however, familiar from New York. Mrs. Corvin was quite in ecstasies about them, and they are indeed very remarkable vessels. To the right and left are extensive halls for an immense number of passengers, with all the accommodations of a ship, only on a larger scale, and between these passenger-halls is a free space large enough for several omnibuses. The whole immense structure is overtowered by an open kind of steeple, crowned with an immense gilt eagle or Columbia, or Goddess of Liberty. There is placed the conductor of the vessel at the wheel, his elevated position permitting him to overlook the whole ferry and everything before him.

Louisville, the capital of Kentucky, where we arrived in the afternoon, is a lovely city. The streets are wide, and before the houses are neat gardens, most of which are laid out tastefully, and ornamented with all the vegetal luxury favoured by a mild climate, permitting pomegranate trees to grow and bear fruit in the open air.

We left Louisville next morning at six o'clock. The railroad passes through a very fine and romantic country, sometimes up steep hills, two locomotives dragging the train with great difficulty. The tints of autumn made the woods appear quite gorgeous, the sun heightening the orange and red to utmost brilliancy. To the right and left we saw whole fields covered with tall blooming thistles, and between their fine red flowers were sparkling others of a brilliant yellow. At other places the ground was covered with white flowers so densely that it seemed like snow.

We had a narrow escape, for an hour after we had passed one of the stations the rebels stopped the train which we had met on our road, and burnt it. Nashville, the capital of the State of Tennessee, very romantically situated on the deep and swift Cumberland river, and a pleasant town, looked rather dismal on our arrival, for it rained as hard as possible. The St. Cloud Hotel was crammed with officers, and we were the only ladies in it. I had been there before, and was known by the landlord, who managed to procure a room for us. The whole hotel, which in time of peace might have been nice and comfortable, was in the utmost disorder, and disgustingly dirty.

There was nothing that could detain us in Nashville, but it was not so easy to leave it. Trains were going now and then

south to Stevenson and Bridgeport, but the road was full of danger. Guerillas were scouring the country, and the most appalling reports about their cruelty were circulated. The war had assumed a quite unusual ferocity; the Southern people were exasperated, and prisoners who fell into the hands of the guerillas were mutilated and murdered in the most atrocious manner. We were however, resolved to run the risk, and after having procured a pass, which was rather difficult, we went to the depôt next afternoon, when a military train was to leave. We were fortunate enough to meet a captain who had been presented to me in the hotel, and was on his way to Chattanooga. With his assistance we found a good place, and congratulating ourselves on our good luck, we made ourselves quite comfortable, when we were turned out by the guard, who cried, 'Women must get out,' and would not listen to reason. Standing amongst a crowd of soldiers and lamenting women, who had been turned out like ourselves, we had little hope of finding a place, when I fortunately discovered some officers who knew me, and smuggled us into the last of the cars, where we were seated on a narrow wooden bench, the only women in the train. It was the most fatiguing and disagreeable journey I ever made, for we had to remain full twenty-four hours in that situation. The weather was very disagreeable, and we felt faint with hunger, having nothing with us but a little cake. In the evening the captain, who was on his way to Chattanooga, brought us some coffee, which was accepted very thankfully.

Our journey was rather exciting, for the conversation turned only on the outrages the rebels had committed quite recently in localities which we passed, and we had to pass frequently through dense woods or near overhanging rocks, where guerillas might be concealed, meditating our destruction. The train stopped frequently without cause, and what we saw from the windows was not calculated to calm our apprehensions. Everywhere up the road-side were half-destroyed cars or locomotives lying on their backs, or burnt-down houses. We became, however, soon used to this state of affairs, and I managed to sleep. I was aroused by Mrs Corvin with the distressing news that my Jimmy had jumped off the train. That was a calamity worse than the rebels. Our carriage was the last, and from its platform I saw along the road and at a great distance a dark point moving; it was poor Jimmy, striving in vain to come up with

the train. The ring to which the cord is attached, running above all the cars to the locomotive, hung temptingly right over my head, and knowing the use of the cord I pulled at it lustily. The train stopped, and the captain who was in command ran anxiously to ask what accident had happened. On hearing it he was inclined to be angry, but seeing my distress, and probable being a lover of dogs himself he relaxed; the train stopped until my pet arrived panting from such an unusual exertion, and amid the good-natured laughter of the soldiers the dear deserter was restored to me.

We arrived at last at Bridgeport station, which was about a mile and a half from Salm's camp. The soldiers of the port, on hearing my name, procured at once an ambulance, and at the same time a breakfast, which we needed very much. We arrived soon in the camp, and I was happy to be again with my dear husband.

The regiment was encamped on an island in the noble Tennessee river. The railroad going to Chattanooga crosses this island by means of two bridges. That next to Bridgeport is a remarkable structure. The banks on both sides are high, and connected with beams on which run the rails, and about thirty feet below is the rather long bridge for horse cars.

The island was not large, but contained two or three farms, and was mostly covered with beautiful trees, enlivened by a great variety of pretty birds. The ground being rather flat, the island was not rarely overflowed by the river, and large tracts of the wood were always under water. In rainy weather it was by no means pleasant, but when the sun was shining a more delightful place could scarcely be found anywhere. Right opposite the camp, on the southern bank of the river, some distance off, rose a rather high wooded ridge, the slopes of which were always haunted by rebels, who thence could look right into our camp.

This camp was extended on a meadow not far from the northern bank of the river, and was skirted by the wood. It was not laid out with much regularity, on account of the condition of the ground, and looked quite romantic. As it was expected that we would remain there a good while, the soldiers had made themselves as comfortable as possible. There was plenty of wood and a saw-mill in Bridgeport; boards were therefore not wanting, and many shanties rose amongst the

tents, serving either as bureaux or as quarters for officers. At a beautiful place from which the camp could be overlooked, Salm had built quite a stately building. It was about thirty feet long, stood somewhat above the ground on poles, like a sanitary barrack, had in front a verandah, and contained three compartments. The largest was our saloon, and to its right and left were two smaller apartments, one serving as a bedroom for me and Salm, and the other for Madame von Corvin. The saloon had in front a glass door and two windows, and contained also a fireplace of rather primitive construction, for when it rained hard the fire was frequently extinguished by it.

The building had scarcely been finished when we arrived, and the weather having been very bad during its construction, it was still extremely damp. Behind our palace was built a kitchen, and near to it was put up a large tent, which served as an officers' mess-room. Farther back amongst the trees were some buildings for the commissariat, and a barrack serving as an hospital.

To visit this hospital was one of the first things I did. I found it in a very miserable state, for the doctor whom my husband found on his recent arrival with his regiment, was a rather careless man, and thought more of his own comfort and profit than of that of his patients. The steward and nurses were not better, and it was found that they frequently appropriated the good things furnished for the sick. These were, of course, not wanting in a locality such as described, most of them suffering from ague or malignant fevers. I was indignant at this state of affairs, and at once took care to remedy it. The next thing to be done was to procure warm clothes, blankets, &c., and also wholesome food for the patients, of whom I had those who needed it most transferred to the larger hospital in Bridgeport. In that place I found agents of the Christian Commission, and on applying to them I was at once provided with a good supply of clothes and eatables, which were the more valuable as the provisions for the soldiers had at that time run very short. The war had exhausted the country; cattle were extremely rare, and fresh meat was not to be had at all. The soldiers had to be satisfied with salt pork and hard tack, for bread was not to be had either. The officers, were not much better off, for in the commencement the inhabitants of the country were very shy, and did not like to come

near our camp in order to sell their chickens or butter. Salm dined with his officers, and if some fish, bird, or fresh butcher's meat had been procured, it was reserved for our dinner.

It was a fortunate circumstance that we had plenty of salt, for we could procure as much as we liked above our allowance from the commissariat at Bridgeport for about two cents a pound, and that salt was the article most desired by the rebels around, for they required it very much for their pork, especially in warm weather. Before our arrival salt had been sold at one dollar a pound. The news that we had a surplus of this precious article spread, and very soon we saw many rebel women arrive who were eager to exchange their produce for salt. Though they charged exorbitant prices we did not mind it much, as we could charge for our salt more than what we paid for it, and still they found it extremely cheap.

These poor rebel families came frequently from a distance of ten or twenty miles in search of salt. They were generally on horseback, riding miserable animals, as all good horses had been taken for the army. These poor people looked very unhappy, and though we knew well enough that their feelings towards us were far from being friendly, we could not help pitying them: they were pale and thin, and covered only with rags. Even women who were still well-off and ladies, appeared in the most wonderful costumes, for the supplies of goods from the Northern manufactories had not arrived since the commencement of the war. Those looked best who wore homespun clothes. One could not see anything more melancholy than such a Southern family in our camp. They felt humiliated that necessity compelled them to apply to us, and we never heard one laugh, nor even saw them smile. They all behaved, however, with a certain dignity which did not fail to produce a favourable effect on our soldiers, who generally treated them with kindness.

Not far from our camp a man, of the name of Hill, had a good farm, but as Mrs. Hill had made herself suspicious by saving her brother from the rebel recruiting officer, their house had been destroyed, and the whole family, consisting of six or eight persons, lived in a one-roomed, most miserable log-house, which scarcely afforded any protection against the inclemency of the weather. They had, however, succeeded in preserving a few horses and cows, and Mrs. Hill, a rather pretty and

merry young woman, sold us with pleasure some welcome milk.

There lived in the neighbourhood a few farmer-families, who submitted to circumstances, and entertained a more friendly intercourse with our officers. We sometimes paid them visits, which were not without danger, and had to be made always in company and under arms. Guerillas were lurking about in the woods, and it happened not rarely that single soldiers were caught or even killed by them.

Orders had been given to act with great severity against such houses as were reputed to serve rebels as a shelter, though it was only natural that the guerillas now and then ventured to visit their families. Salm had to burn down several rebel houses, though he did so with great reluctance. The inhabitants of these houses were, however, rarely to be found at home; they had their spies, and were generally warned beforehand. In one of such doomed houses was found only a rather fat pointer, which was taken prisoner and appropriated by Salm, who christened him Gerber, which was the name of his rebel master.

Our position was much exposed and full of danger. The island and the bridges were well guarded, but there existed fords which were better known to the rebels than to us, and if there had been an able leader amongst them they might have surprised us without much difficulty, as they from their mountains could observe everything we did on the island. Before assistance could have arrived even from Bridgeport they might have killed us all, and a few thousand men might even have taken that place, notwithstanding its fort, before succour could come up from Stevenson, about ten miles off, where a great number of troops were assembled.

The pontoon bridge laid over the Tennessee for army purposes was guarded by a picket, and protected by two good blockhouses provided with guns; and on the southern side of the river, on a commanding eminence, was built a fort called Fort Prince Salm. Though it was considered to be rather strong, it was overtopped by neighbouring hills very favourably situated for rebel batteries.

Under these circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that frequently reports about intended attacks were circulated in the camp, and that arrangements were made in case of a

surprise. We were to fly at once to the blockhouse, commanded by Captain von der Groeben, which was about a gunshot from our quarters. These alarming reports were sometimes so positive that they somewhat interfered with our sleep.

Bridgeport, situated on the high northern bank of the Tennessee, consisted originally of only a few houses and a saw-mill standing near the river ; but in war time it had become much enlarged by a spacious field hospital and many other military wooden buildings, mostly serving as magazines for the provisions and as dwellings for the officers. connected with the commissariat. In a house on the highest point the commander of the post, Colonel Taylor, commanding a Kentucky regiment, had established his head-quarters.

The only family unconnected with the troops living at Bridgeport, was that of a clergyman of the name of Gilford. Their dwelling-house stood on the top of the before-mentioned ridge, but being there right in the midst of the rebels, and not feeling safe amongst them on account of his Union tendencies, he had left there and was living now in a wooden house, which he had made rather comfortable with the furniture carried over from his dwelling on the hill. His wife and grown-up daughters were very agreeable persons, and we passed with them many pleasant evenings. They were, however, not the only ladies in Bridgeport, for a Captain Armstrong, of the commissariat, had his wife with him, and two other ladies were attached to the Christian Commission.

Though Bridgeport was not far from our camp, a visit, and especially our return home, was not without danger. Roads scarcely existed, for what might have been called so had been changed by the heavy rains into an unfathomable quagmire. We had therefore to drive always over firmer ground ; but notwithstanding its being made dangerous by the many stumps of trees projecting, we had never an accident, though our heads were frequently knocked against each other. The most dangerous part of the road was, however, the descent to the bridge, and I still wonder that we never rolled down into the river.

We had frequent visits also, attempted even to give dinners, and in the evening we had generally company. We played a rubber of whist, and Groeben brewed a very acceptable egg-nog or punch, for the wine furnished by our sutler, though

charged three dollars a bottle and provided with flourishing labels, was a miserable compound.

The weather had become extremely fine, and we made many parties on horseback and in carriages. The rebels kept quiet, and none of our apprehensions were fulfilled.

Now in fine weather the sojourn on the island was highly agreeable. We were nearly all day in the fresh air and walking in the woods, which were made lively by a great variety of birds with brilliant plumage. There were some small scarlet birds, which looked in the sun like a ball of fire ; others were beautifully blue and very tame. I noticed also several fine varieties of woodpeckers, one with a brilliant yellow tail tipped with black, and another light grey with a crimson head. There were also partridges on the island and wild pigeons, affording good sport and an occasional addition to our bill of fare. The meadow in front of our camp swarmed with a kind of plover, called, from its cry, a killedie, which cost my husband a good deal of shot—rather an object, as he had to pay for it at the rate of a dollar a pound.

We received now and then visits from the generals stationed at Stevenson or Chattanooga. On Sunday, October 23, Major-General Steedman dined with us, and invited us to come and see him in Chattanooga. Our party, consisting of Mrs. Corvin, Salm, Groeben, and myself, started on the Thursday following for this excursion. The accommodation in the train was very imperfect. We sat in a transport waggon, the ladies on bottomless chairs and the gentlemen on some boxes. The road to Chattanooga is very romantic, leading through a fine but rather wild-looking mountainous country, and over bridges which make me still shudder in thinking of them. The rebels had destroyed the good and solid ones, and they had provisionally been replaced by others, built in the greatest haste by the soldiers.

There was especially one, known under the name of the Match-bridge, which surpassed anything I ever saw or heard of. It crossed a deep and wide gorge, and was built of wood—trellis work—several hundred feet high, in three stories. When the train passed over it the whole flimsy fabric swayed in the most alarming manner.

There were to be seen here and there small houses in the midst of a patch of cultivated land. The fields were all fallow

for want of hands, many of the poor houses empty, and only in some of them lived some wretched-looking aged men or women, who scarcely sustained life, having been cut off from the rest of the world for many long months. The trains were only used for military purposes, and where passengers were admitted they had to secure passports, which were not easily to be had.

We required some eight hours to reach Chattanooga, where we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening, where we were received by General Steedman, with whom we remained together in the hotel until clear.

General Steedman had been born in Canada. He was a man of about fifty years, tall, with an agreeable, open, bold-looking face. He had become an orphan when still very young, and gone as such through a great deal of hardship, which made him feel very kind whenever he met children in a similar position. He was in general a kind and soft-hearted man, who liked to hide his weakness under an assumed roughness, in which, however, he was not very successful. When still a youth he had taken part in some revolutionary movement in his country, which made him remove to the United States, where he studied law, became an influential politician, and was even elected a senator. When the war commenced he made up a regiment, and was major-general before we in the East had heard anything of his military exploits. He was, however, a practical man, and had studied war with great advantage, and whenever he had an opportunity he behaved not only with great courage and energy, but also very judiciously from a military point of view.

On Friday, 26th October, at nine o'clock, our party was ready for an excursion to Lookout Mountain. Madame von Corvin and old Groeben were in an ambulance, all the rest on horseback. We were waiting for General Steedman, when he sent a message, excusing himself on the ground of a bad cold and important business, General Sherman having telegraphed him orders to send off troops for the reinforcement of those stationed at Decatur. Colonel Moy, the general's first aide, went however with us, acting as a guide.

The weather was wonderful, and the sky without a cloud. We passed through part of the camp. Everywhere we saw destroyed houses, and round them assembled herds of oxen and mules, which latter did such excellent service in that war.

They followed the army in droves of several hundreds, guided by men on horseback, whose skill was remarkable. It was a pleasure to look at these mules, with their fine deer-like limbs. They endure as much and more than horses, and are far more frugal, keeping in good condition with food which would disable their more pretentious half-brothers.

Lookout Mountain is an enormous rock, rising like a citadel from the valley of the Lookout Creek, and from it one has a view over Chattanooga and all the wide surrounding country. It had been used as a signal station, and after the battle of Chickamauga it was thought necessary to attack this formidable position, which interfered with the connection of General Grant's advancing army. The honourable but difficult task of storming that rock fell on 'Fighting Joe.' He attacked it on the 24th November, 1863, with ten thousand men, and though the rebels were protected by breastworks, and assisted by a dense fog enveloping the high summit, they were driven down the eastern slopes. The fog preventing Hooker from following them into the valley, he remained on the top of his stormed citadel, and the thunder of his guns proclaimed his glorious victory 'above the clouds,' as poetical reporters said. I must not speak of the succession of battles around Chattanooga, which terminated the campaign in that district in 1863, lost the rebel General Bragg his place, and relieved General Burnside, who was in a rather awkward position in Knoxville.

The slopes of the mountain ridge are covered with timber, which on a fine day shone in all the brilliancy of the American fall, most agreeably contrasting with the soft blue of the far-distant landscape. After a quarter of a hour's ride we arrived at the foot of the steep mountain, two thousand six hundred feet high. The soldiers had, with a great deal of labour, made a road leading to the top. Many rocks had to be removed, trees to be felled, and the road to be carried in zigzag to the long stretched top, ending with Lookout rock, which falls off nearly perpendicularly. The platform on the highest part was wide enough for our small company, and we looked with delight on the beautiful landscape at our feet.⁴

During the French war I often regretted the absence of photographers, who generally arrived too late, when the scenes had already much changed. In America they were always on the spot, and we owe them many views taken immediately

after a battle. ' Yankee industry is never asleep. ' There, on Lookout rock, we found of course also a photographer, who photographed groups of visitors and sold views taken from the rock. I still have one representing that rock itself, with General Hooker sitting on it.

After having feasted our eyes to our hearts' content, we selected a most beautiful spot, and lay down on the moss to enjoy the exquisite breakfast which General Steedman had sent up, together with a good supply of champagne, which made us all very merry.

We returned to Chattanooga at seven o'clock P.M., and found a great company assembled at our hotel, but retired early.

Though amusing myself as well as I could. I did not forget our sick people in the hospital, and next morning Mrs. Corvin and myself paid a visit to the Sanitary Commission, from whom we received a great quantity of highly acceptable things. Though the hospitals around Chattanooga, which were mostly on the healthier hill-side, required a good deal, the provisions of the Commission seemed inexhaustible, and they never grew tired of giving with full hands.

Having attended' to this duty, we paid General Steedman a farewell visit and took lunch with him, after which we said good-bye to him and returned to the hotel, where several of the generals were presented to us. They were all rather busy, for we saw five thousand men passing our window on their way to the railroad; they were the reinforcements for Decatur. We left Chattanooga at four o'clock P.M., and arrived in Bridgeport without accident.

Bad weather set in, and the ground around our house became very soft. We felt rather chilly, for the wet damped our clothes and beds, and warm punch in the evening was very acceptable. We had always a few guests, and the commander of the port, Colonel Taylor, came frequently, and we had a rubber. On Sunday we went to church in Bridgeport and heard rather prosy sermons, and on the other days we had enough to do with our hospital, which had already assumed quite a different aspect.

Towards the end of November news was received of the injudicious move of the rebel General Hood, who wanted to attack Tennessee, and perhaps Kentucky and Ohio, in order to compel General Sherman to give up his dangerous plans. This

most able general had, in September, conquered Atlanta (Georgia), and was preparing for his bold march across the heart of the enemy's country towards Savannah, Georgia.

Preparations were made to meet General Hood, and as it was likely that he would try to take Bridgeport, we expected every moment to be attacked by his army. Believing, however, the position too strong, and fearing delay, he crossed the Tennessee at some other place and advanced against Nashville. General Steedman received therefore orders to join with his troops General Thomas in that city, and to leave only a few troops to protect the principal points between Stevenson and Chattanooga. Salm was very eager to take part in the expected battles, and on his request General Steedman detailed him on his staff. The general telegraphed that he would arrive in the afternoon; Salm made himself ready, and we waited for the arrival of the troops in Colonel Taylor's quarters, where we whiled away the time with eating, and drinking Catawba champagne, for the trains kept us waiting until eleven o'clock p. m. The general, who had eleven trains with him crammed with troops, was sitting with his staff in an empty baggage waggon on trunks and boxes. We had expected that his troops would make the road to Nashville free, and intended to depart for Washington a few days later. We therefore were by no means agreeably surprised on hearing from the general that the train which he brought with him was the last running, and that we would have to wait in Bridgeport until General Hood was beaten.

With the beginning of December frost set in, which impeded somewhat the military operations, and delayed the decision until the middle of the month. The frost was of unusual severity for these latitudes, and though the weather was fine it was cold, and we might even have skated on the ponds of the island if we had been able to procure skates.

During this state of suspense, and whilst Hood was besieging General Thomas in the tolerably well-fortified city of Nashville, we passed our time as agreeably as possible. We received now and then visits from the generals left in Chattanooga and Stevenson, and, amongst others, from the Generals Brannon and Granger, whom we entertained as well as we could, and whom Corvin and Groeben astonished by the wonderful punch which they brewed from commissariat whisky,

with the help of lemon-peel, preserved pine-apples, Vanilla essence, and sugar.

General Granger invited us to interrupt the monotony of our life by visits to Stevenson, which were not without danger, and perhaps for that reason more tempting. Whenever we wanted to make such an excursion, I telegraphed to my old friend General Meagher, commanding then in Chattanooga, to send me a locomotive, which he never failed to do, in spite of the grumbling of the officers in charge of the railroad department. He generally sent only a locomotive with a so-called 'caboose' attached, and perhaps one transport waggon. Stevenson was only ten miles distant, but the road passed through the woods, which were always haunted by guerillas, who were more lively at that time than ever. We took, therefore, the precaution of taking with us ten or twelve soldiers, who were placed on the top of the waggon, and who, with their guns ready, watched the woods as we passed them. Such a trip was always exciting, for we could never be sure whether we would not meet with some wild running locomotive or get off the rails, for the road was in a fearful condition, and our train rattled along like a horse-waggon on a corduroy road. The movement became sometimes so violent that the iron cooking-pots in the caboose were thrown out of their holes in the stove. We had, however, no accident, and amused ourselves much in Stevenson, thanks to General Granger, who treated us with the fine music of his bands and most exquisite dinners, for the General was a *bon-vivant*. Stevenson itself is an insignificant place, stretching along a most dreary bare hill, but which looked then quite grand, on account of the great number of military wood buildings.

From the army we heard only vague reports, but they were so contradictory, that we did not believe in any. At last, on the 18th of December, news arrived of great victories achieved by our army, which was said to have taken forty or fifty guns. Hood's army was reported as being in full retreat, and we expected them every moment to appear before Bridgeport. Two gunboats arrived for the protection of our island, and Colonels Taylor and Corvin were busy with strengthening Bridgeport as much as possible and in disposing of the few troops left in that place.

The glorious news was confirmed; General Thomas had

beaten Hood, on the 15th and 16th, in two great battles near Nashville, and captured fifty guns and about five thousand prisoners. At the same time, the 68th Regiment received orders to march to Stevenson, and wait their for their colonel and General Steedman. This order of course produced great excitement, for the regiment had been on the island about nine months, and everything the soldiers had arranged for their comfort had to be left behind, but General Steedman promised to remove all necessary things to Whiteside, where the regiment was to be stationed afterwards.

The detachments from Fort Prince Salm, Whiteside, and Shellmound had to be recalled, and it was rather late in the afternoon before all was ready. We prepared a farewell collation for our officers, and saw them off with regret, and not without apprehension, for in Bridgeport remained only a very small force, and on our island, except the sick, not more than twenty men as a guard for the stores. The gunboats had disappeared also, and we were indeed at the mercy of any straggling rebel party that might take it into their heads to pay us a visit.

The empty camp offered a very cheerless aspect the day afterwards, and the more so on account of the rain which poured down in torrents. Masterless dogs and cats prowled about the empty shanties, and we felt extremely miserable in our quarters. The rain extinguished the fire in the chimney, filling with smoke the house, in which wet clothes were hanging, for I had ordered a great washing. The night was pitch dark, and the rain still streaming down. Hearing some noise close to the house, I went out to listen on the verandah, when I saw the shadow-like figures of some men on horseback right before me. One of them asked with a deep voice whether that was a forsaken camp?—a rather suspicious question, which did not fail to give us some alarm. Colonel Corvin put on his india-rubber coat, and dived, revolver in hand, into the darkness to reconnoitre. The horsemen were no rebels, as we feared, but belonged to the Union army, and were on the lookout for some shelter for their sick officer. They had established themselves in a shanty belonging to our lieutenant-colonel.

The rains ceased, and with their disappearance returned our cheerfulness. The weather was indeed delightful. When we received the news that General Steedman with fifteen trains

would arrive on the 23rd in Stevenson, and that he expected to find us all there, I was exceedingly glad and in the best of humours, for I was to see again my dear husband after a time full of danger. It was good that I received the news of the battles fought after they were over, and together with that of Salm's safety, or I would have felt great anxiety.

We were received in Stevenson most cordially. Steedman and Salm looked more like robbers than officers, for they had gone through a hard time, and had no leisure to think of their toilet. Their beards were more than a week old, and their uniforms covered with mud and torn to rags.

Salm was beaming with happiness, not alone on account of our meeting, but because he at last had had fighting to his heart's content, and an opportunity of distinguishing himself. During the battles Steedman had given him a command, and could not find words enough to praise his bravery and good behaviour. He regretted that decorations were not distributed in America, for above all Salm would have deserved being distinguished by such a decoration. He said, however, that he would take care to place him in command of a brigade, and cause General Thomas to recommend him for promotion. We could not stay in Stevenson, and returned in the afternoon to Bridgeport, feeling extremely proud and happy.

The weather remained beautiful for several days, and it was as warm as in spring. To celebrate Christmas and the victories, we dressed out our house and its verandah with holly, and the tame blue-birds came picking the red berries. Corvin with some men went into the wood for mistletoe, which was found there in such luxuriance as I have not seen anywhere. They brought home one bush that was at least four feet in diameter, and its berries were as large as white currants. We passed a very merry Christmas Eve at Gilford's, in Bridgeport, who gave us a splendid supper. Corvin brewed several gallons of much appreciated whisky punch, and I am sure the house of the worthy clergyman had never before had a merrier night. There was a piano, and we had a good deal of singing and dancing, and games of every kind.

On Christmas Day we arranged a similar festival in our quarters; in short, we had a nice time, and were as happy as could be.

The road being free now, Mrs. Corvin and her husband pre-

pared to leave for Washington, and I resolved to accompany them as far as Nashville, or even to Washington, according to the news from Felix. On the 4th of January, 1865, General Brannon was to go by special train to Nashville, and offered to take us with him, an offer that was thankfully accepted. We arrived on the 5th at the St. Cloud Hotel, where I found many old acquaintances.

Receiving a despatch from Groeben, informing me that my husband would arrive on January 8th, in Bridgeport, with his brigade, I decided on returning to that place next morning with a hospital train, and Colonel and Madame Corvin left for Washington.

The Americans are an eminently practical and sensible people ; everything they do is to the purpose, and economy only a second-rate consideration. In other countries this is the principal object, and most institutions that are imperfect are so on account of stinginess, which, after all, causes the greatest waste of money. The American hospital trains are perfection. There is everything which can possibly be desired by wounded men and the surgeons who treat them. They are spacious and airy, and provided with all the comforts of a hospital. The waggons are of course connected in such a manner as to permit a free communication along the whole train. There are two kitchens, one for the cooking of food, the other for the requirements of nursing. Those who are severely wounded lie in beds standing on the floor of the waggon, and have no other beds above them. In other waggons two beds are placed, one above the other. They are arranged in such a manner that the wounded do not suffer from the movement, by means of springs and elastic bands connected with the beds. Should another war ever occur in Europe, the sanitary authorities would do well to study and imitate the American pattern, and use such hospital trains more frequently than has been done in the French war. In this latter war it was distressing to see the manner in which poor wounded soldiers were often transported in common railway trains, lying in filthy cattle-waggons, even without straw, on the floor, feeling every shock, and remaining sometimes five or six hours at some station without even a drink of water.

On my arrival in Bridgeport I was much disappointed, for Salm had not arrived yet, and was still some sixty miles from

that place. An order from General Steedman was waiting there, appointing him commander of that post. At last Felix arrived on the 10th of January, and after a great deal of trouble everything was arranged well. The Prince formed his staff, and made Groeben provost-marshal, and Captain Eckert inspector of the post. I at once visited the hospital, which I found in a very neglected state, on account of the frequent changes that had taken place during the last month. I got things right as well as I could, but had to go to Chattanooga to procure many commodities I thought necessary for the wounded. Salm went with me, and General Steedman very readily granted everything I wanted, especially some hospital tents. Salm had to leave without me, for I had not finished yet; and when I was ready I had so many things that I could not find a place for all of them in the hospital train, with which I returned. Dr. Woodworth was in charge of the train, and had with him his exceedingly pretty wife.

We did not return to our shanty on the island, but removed to the quarters of the post-commander, which were situated on the highest place in Bridgeport. From this spot we had a beautiful view up and down the great Tennessee river, with its picturesque mountains, the lovely island, and the railroad. Two gunboats were stationed near the bridge; they were at the disposition of my husband, who had there besides five regiments under his command.

The people of Tennessee had hoped much from Hood, and were greatly disappointed by his defeat. They became desperate, and guerilla bands committed many depredations in the country and cruelty upon Union people. Salm, therefore, was very anxious to check them. For this purpose he undertook several expeditions, which he always commanded himself, though he often took with him only one company. These raids were usually without result, for the rebels had their spies everywhere, and I failed not to tease Salm; but on the 29th, at last, an expedition had a grand result: he captured two rebel hats and frightened nine rebel women out of their wits. He did not mind my teasing, and was indefatigable.

Towards the end of January he started for another expedition down the river on the transport ship 'Bridgeport,' and taking with him the gunboat 'Burnside.' He landed his troops about forty-five miles from Bridgeport, and on a very dark

night he surprised a rebel camp. In the ensuing fight thirteen rebels were killed, fourteen taken prisoners, and a number of arms and horses fell into the hands of our troops, who lost only one officer of a coloured regiment.

On the 13th of February, Salm returned from another successful raid, which he made with about three hundred men. He surprised, on the 10th, the noted guerilla chief Witherspoon in his camp, captured many arms and some fine horses, amongst which was the celebrated charger of the rebel chief, whose brother, together with fifteen rebels, were taken prisoners. A good number of the rebels were killed and wounded, whilst our troops had no casualties. This success made a great noise, and General Steedman was so much satisfied that he once more and very urgently recommended Salm for promotion.

Whilst Salm was thus attending to his military duties, always commanding these raids in person, I had much to do with arranging our quarters and improving the hospital. I had to go several times to Chattanooga, for the people there had sent me rotten tents, and I had to exchange them for new ones, and to fetch other commodities for my sick.

Life in Bridgeport was then quite pleasant, for our company had had many agreeable additions. Several officers' wives had arrived, and the captains of the gunboats 'Stone River' and 'Burnside' were also married, and very nice people.

In the middle of February my brother-in-law, Captain Johnson, arrived with my sister and her son Franky, for the captain had been attached to my husband's brigade. The proposed promotion of several officers and that of Salm did not progress. There was somewhere a hitch, and some hostile influences supposed to be at work in Washington.

After due reflection it was thought best that I, escorted by old Groeben, should go to Washington and look after the interests of Felix and his brigade.

To Europeans, especially to Germans, this meddling of ladies, especially with military affairs, will appear rather strange, but every country has its peculiarities, and it is one of the peculiarities of America that ladies have there a far different position from that they hold in Europe. More things go through their hands than outsiders dream of, and officials in different bureaus are not in the least surprised if ladies attend

to the business of their husbands. Though the promotion of Salm depended in the first place on Stanton, as he had to propose him, he had to be confirmed as a general by the Senate, and moreover Stanton, independently as he generally acted could not disregard the suggestions of influential governors or senators, whose assistance he again required for other purposes. As I had friends amongst the governors and senators, I hoped they would exert their influence in my husband's interest, especially as they could do so with a good conscience, his claims being strongly supported by his behaviour and the recommendation from his chiefs. General Steedman approved of my plan, and I therefore started on February 24th for Washington, carrying with me the good wishes and hopes of the brigade.

CHAPTER VI.

On board the 'General Lytle'—In Washington—Up-hill work—Senator Yates—Go with Groeben to New York—Governor Fenton—Governor Gilmore of New Hampshire—Return to Washington—Victory—Receive the General's commission for Salm—Living at Corvin's in Georgetown—Short sketch of war events—Characteristic of General Grant—The assassination of Lincoln—Attempt against Secretary Seward—Impression made by that catastrophe—The Funeral—Andrew Johnson, the new President—Mr. Field, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury—Returning to the war—Felix in Dalton, Georgia—Arrival in Chattanooga—No trains—Get a locomotive—Riding on the cow-catcher—A journey from Dalton to Cleveland—A fearful night in the woods—Dangers of railway travelling—A narrow escape—I get a baby of my sister's—Starting for Atlanta, Georgia—State of the country—Our life in Atlanta—Leaving for Savannah—Fort Pulaski—An excursion to Augusta—Dangers of the Savannah rivers—Our steamer, the 'Fanny Lehr,' running on a snag—Sticking in the mud—The alligators—Assistance arriving—Continue our journey—Coming up with the 'Robert Lehr,' which strikes a snag and goes down—Returning to Savannah—End of the war—Going *via* Baltimore to Washington—Living in Georgetown at Corvin's—Forming new plans—Salm resolves to go to Mexico—Groeben is to go with him—I remain in Washington—Take a house in that city together with the Corvins—Our life—Excursions—Colonel Moore—Leaving for Mexico—Good-bye to President Johnson—On board the 'Manhattan'—Father Fisher—Arrival in Havannah—Surprise—Meeting Salm—Arrival in Vera Cruz.

My husband accompanied me as far as Nashville, where we met General Steedman and Colonel von Schrader, with his wife. As I had to attend to some business connected with my hospital, I stayed over Sunday in Nashville, and went with General Steedman to the Sanitary Commission, from whom I got all I wanted. On Tuesday, February 28th, I started for Louisville, where I had to stay two days, feeling not well at all.

I had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Taylor, the former post-commander of Bridgeport, whose regiment had gone home.

Still ill, I embarked in the steamer 'General Lyttle' for Cincinnati. She was a very large splendid ship, which sometime afterwards was destroyed by fire. The saloon in this ship was exceedingly large. One part of it, separated from the rest by a moveable, heavy curtain, was allotted to the ladies, and provided with a fine piano and all the comforts of a drawing-room; at the other end was a similar room for the gentlemen, who sat smoking round the stove. The large space between was used as a dining-hall, and several hundred persons could sit at dinner in it.

The ship arrived too late for the morning train, and I had to stop in Cincinnati until ten o'clock P.M. I was still ill all night and next day, and the journey was a great trial. At one station a bridge had been washed away, and all passengers had to walk more than two miles in the rain, ankle-deep in the mud, and loaded with their hand-baggage. Old Groeben felt that exertion more than I did, for he was even worse on foot than on horseback.

Arriving at Cumberland, Maryland, I felt so bad that I had to send for a doctor, and stay all Sunday, I arrived at last in Washington on Tuesday, March 6, at ten o'clock P.M.

Though still ill I received many visitors, and amongst them Generals Hooker, Fry, and Stapel, Mr Speier and Dr. Strobach. I heard from them that the Senate would adjourn at the end of the week, and that I had not much time to lose if I wanted to attend to my business. I therefore called next day on the Senators Harris, Wilson, and Nesmick, and the Generals Hooker and Fry, in the War Department. From the latter I heard that the report of General Thomas had not been sent in yet, and that nothing would be decided until then in reference to the promotions in General Thomas's army.

Senator Yates was also in Washington, and he and my other friends also exerted themselves much in behalf of Felix. They communicated with the Generals Thomas and Steedman, and telegraphic despatches went and arrived every day. Steedman once more urged the promotion of Felix, and I called on the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, whom I, however, did not find in his office, as he had gone to the Navy Yard.

I was quite unhappy about all these delays. Senator Yates

therefore wrote to Stanton, enclosing the despatch from General Steedman about Felix, and I called again at the War Department. Stanton was in, but too much occupied to see me. I therefore sent in my letter and despatch, which were filed. By General Fry I always heard what was going on in the War Department in reference to my husband, and he told me that Stanton would not make him a general without having a special recommendation from General Thomas himself. Under the 27th of March I find in my diary, 'I feel very unhappy, but I *will* succeed, even if it kills me.'

Senator Yates felt pity for my distress, and sent a despatch to General Thomas, and when he had waited in vain for an answer, he wrote to General Steedman. I became quite ill with anxiety and vexation, but was resolved to succeed, and not to have any rest until I had done so.

As the troops under the command of Felix were partly from New York, partly from New Hampshire, I resolved to interest the governors of those States, whose wishes could not well be disregarded by Stanton. I had, moreover, to attend to the business of other officers of the brigade, who had been recommended for promotion, but not received yet their commissions from the governors. I therefore went with Groeben to New York, and before leaving for Albany I sent a despatch to good old Governor Gilmore, of New Hampshire.

Arrived in Albany, I called on Senator Harris, whom I wanted to go with me to Governor Fenton of New York. I did not find the senator, but being too impatient to wait for his return, I went with Groeben to Fenton, who received me with great kindness. He attended at once to my wishes in reference to the commissions for the officers, with which Groeben started immediately to Bridgeport, whilst I returned to New York. I found there a despatch from Governor Gilmore, which I answered. Everything I could do I had done; the governors promised their best, and in so far I succeeded beyond all my hopes; but I became so impatient with all these delays, that I on my way back to Washington fell ill at Philadelphia. Dr. Mitchell, for whom I sent, said that I required only rest, and with that I should be well again in a few weeks.

Mrs. Corvin and the Colonel had taken a house in Georgetown, a delightful place on the other side of the rocky creek, a kind of suburb of Washington, where many of the rich citizens

had villas. I had seen my friends very often during my stay in Washington, and not liking to remain alone in the hotel, and my sister being absent in Alabama, I accepted their offer to remove to their house in Georgetown, and on my arrival in Washington the Colonel was waiting for me at the depôt. I found a letter from General Fry, who had gone to Charleston, which was very disagreeable, as I wanted his assistance in the War Department. Governor Yates was, however, still in Washington, and on calling on him, on the 10th of April, I heard good news; General Thomas had informed him that he *had* recommended Felix for promotion.

Now I was full of hope, and might have allowed myself some rest, waiting patiently: but urged by some unaccountable dread, and fearing that some untoward event might snatch out of my hands the palm of victory, I could not rest, and wrote at once to Senator Yates, who answered that he would see Stanton on the 12th of April. I called on the Senator on Thursday, the 13th of April, and was never happier in my life, for Yates delivered into my hands the commission of general for Felix, signed by Stanton! How proud I felt when I sent a despatch to Bridgeport addressed to *General Felix Salm!*

When I returned with my good news to Georgetown, I turned Mrs. Corvin's house topsy-turvy, and they took part in my happiness. Corvin brewed in the evening some nice punch, and we drank the health of the dear new general.

Yes, I felt extremely happy and proud. He had given me his name and made me a princess, but notwithstanding his name and rank he would have failed after his first start, and remained a colonel without a regiment, involved as he was in the fate of poor Blenker. All his merit would have availed him little against the rancour of Stanton. I procured for him the command of the 8th, and raised for him the 68th Regiment; now he had become a general through my exertions.

I must remind the reader once more that I am writing my personal experience, and not history. I must suppose a general knowledge of the American war, as even a slight sketch takes up too much space. I therefore shall merely touch on the great events which happened in the last half of 1865 in the East, which led to the conclusion of the war.

The successes in the West, especially the capture of Vicksburg and the victories near Chattanooga, had made General

Grant a favourite with the Government in Washington. He was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the armies, and placed himself at the head of the Potomac army, whilst he left affairs in the South and West in the hands of Sherman and Thomas, who had chiefly made his reputation. Grant himself is no great general, though he has some qualities which, together with his good luck, made him appear so to the world looking on from afar off. He has great tenacity, an utter disregard for human life, and is no talker. His good luck and his taciturnity made him president of the United States, not his talent. The people had been sufficiently disappointed by boasters and talkers, and were favourably disposed towards a general who had successes to show and make no fuss about them. His taciturnity made him appear wiser than he really was.

The views of General Grant about the manner in which the great struggle was to be terminated were based on figures. He knew that the Union had the longest purse and far greater resources in men than the South; that the treasury of the rebels was exhausted, and that the army they had in the field was the last they could raise. He could afford to lose as many thousands as they could hundreds; and on this brutal principle, not on strategical skill, was built his hope of victory. Though the conquest of Richmond would have been always a great success, it would have been more of a moral than of a material value, as war he knew would be carried on in other parts of the wide South as long as there were men left to fight. The Government, however, wanted next Richmond, and when Stanton confided to Grant the army, it was under two conditions: that he should at once move upon Richmond, and do it on another road than that which McClellan had used, whom Stanton hated more than the rebels. Every military man of sense saw that the plan of that much-abused general was still the best for the attack of the rebel capital, and that it might be approached with scarcely any loss by the way of the James or York rivers, whilst that over land would have to be paved with corpses. But Stanton ordered, and Grant had promised to fight it out on that road. He therefore crossed the Rapidan river, and before he reached the point where McClellan commenced his campaign, Grant had lost about 80,000 men in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania-Court-House, and Coal

Harbour. What was it to him ! His calculation was right ; he could afford such a loss from his 700,000, whilst the 20,000 lost by the Southern army made useless all the skill of General Lee and the heroic efforts of his troops. The final result is known. Lee had to capitulate ; Richmond was taken.

When the news of the successes arrived in Washington, the city resembled a madhouse. All the offices were closed at once for that day ; the ten thousand clerks ran into the streets, and first into the bar-rooms, to celebrate the victory in drink. In a quarter of an hour scarcely one sober man was to be seen ; whoever was not intoxicated by spirits was so with political enthusiasm. Everybody embraced everybody in the street.

Good Friday, the 14th of April, 1865, came. This day is not kept as holy either in England or America, as it is in Protestant Europe ; the theatres are not even closed. It was, moreover, the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter in 1861, and was to be celebrated as a day of joy, and on that day the Union flag was to be hoisted again on the fort with great ceremonies.

The people wanted to see Lincoln and Grant, and to satisfy their curiosity the President had resolved to attend the representation of a play—'The American Cousin'—in Ford's Theatre, 6th Street ; and the more so, as General Grant was compelled to leave for the army. How Lincoln was shot there by John Wilkes Booth is known.

I intended to go next day to New York to order a general's uniform and all belonging to it for Felix, and rose early. Before I had yet finished my toilet, Colonel Corvin knocked at my door in a manner that frightened me, and still more was I alarmed when, on opening the door, I looked into his pale, excited face, tears filling his eyes. He told me that President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward had been murdered last night. A neighbour had told him so.

I never in my life have seen or heard of such a general and sincere mourning. Everybody looked as if his father had suddenly died, and even known rebel sympathisers looked grave and sad, for they knew well that the death of this good and just man was a great loss even for the conquered. On the same morning, many houses in Georgetown and Washington were draped with black, and next day not one building, public or private, was to be seen without such lugubrious ornament.

President Lincoln was carried from Ford's Theatre to the house of a German photographer, Mr. Henry Ulke, and died early on Saturday morning. Mr. Seward was not killed, but severely wounded by a man of the name of Payne. He was sick in bed with a fractured jaw from a fall from his carriage, when Payne entered the house under the pretext of bringing some medicine from the apothecary. As he made some noise, young Seward, the Assistant-Secretary of State, came out of his room, and was immediately felled to the ground by a blow on his head with the butt-end of a revolver. When Payne, knife in hand, jumped towards the bed of the old Secretary of State, a male nurse, an invalid, caught him round his waist from behind, and though he received several stabs he did not let go his hold; and when dragged to the bed by the far stronger assassin, his exertions were so far successful that they caused the stabs to miss their aim, wounding Mr. Seward only in the neck.

The house was of course alarmed, but the assassin succeeded in making his escape, wounding some persons of the household who met him on the staircase. When Miss Fanny Seward, the amiable daughter of the Secretary, rushed into her father's bedroom, she found him lying on the ground, entangled in his bloody sheets. The sight of her bleeding brother and father made such a frightful impression on her, that she ailed from that time, and died after her father and brother had recovered from their wounds. When Mr. Seward was asked afterwards what were his thoughts on seeing the knife of the assassin over him, he said, 'I looked into his face, and thought, "What a handsome man!"'

There were many reports afloat accusing well-known persons of having taken part in the conspiracy, and neither the Vice-President, Mr. Johnson, nor high military commanders escaped suspicion.

John Wilkes Booth was tracked, and defending himself when surrounded in a barn, was shot by a corporal. Payne was caught and hanged with three others, amongst whom was Mrs. Surrat, the first woman, I was told, who ever suffered this punishment in the United States.

Though I mourned very much the death of the good and kind President, war had hardened me somewhat against the impression of such scenes and news, and I left the same even-

ing for New York to attend to my private business. I found there great excitement, and that the sympathy of the people in New York was the same as in Washington, as, in fact, was the case throughout the whole Union.

I had alighted in the Everett House, where Governor Gilmore, of New Hampshire, called on me, and returned to Georgetown on April 19, at noon, when I found all Washington in the streets, for the funeral of Mr. Lincoln was to take place at one o'clock. His remains had been laid out in becoming pomp in the green-room of the President's residence.

The funeral has been described in all papers, and will still be remembered. Whoever saw it will never forget it, not on account of its magnificence, but on account of the rarer sight of so many thousand sad and tearful faces. The coffin was brought to the great Rotunda in the Capitol, and remained there open in state until nine o'clock next day. From far and near still many thousands more came to have a last look at this victim of political fanaticism.

It was intended to carry the remains of the President as speedily as convenient to Springfield, Illinois, but this could not be carried out, for everybody wanted once more to see the face of the beloved President, and every city and village through which the procession passed wanted to pay him their last respects.

The cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Chicago, vied with each other. From hundreds of miles the people flocked near the road only to see the sombre *cortège* pass, and honour it at least by uncovering. This kind of triumphant march lasted until May 3, when the *cortège* arrived in Springfield, Illinois.

Though I wished very much to return to my husband, I was detained by different circumstances longer than I intended in Georgetown. According to the constitution, the Vice-President, Mr. Andrew Johnson, had become President of the United States. I had made his acquaintance in Nashville, when he was still Governor of Tennessee, in which State he always had particular connections and influence, which might have been used in favour of my husband. I wished therefore to secure his acquaintance, and called on him. He was much occupied, and I could not see him, but he sent word that he would receive me on April 24, at ten o'clock.

On that day I went to the White House, accompanied by Madame von Corvin. We had an audience, and were received very courteously; but, as many people were waiting to see him, and I had no time to speak of things to which I wanted to draw his attention, he invited me to call on him in the evening after business hours the same day. I followed this invitation accompanied by Mr. Field, the Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, whose acquaintance I had made recently. I presented the President with a bouquet, which he received very graciously.

On April 30 I said good-bye to Georgetown, and started for New York, where I had still to attend to some business for Felix, which detained me over a week.

In Cincinnati I was again detained, but at last left, on May 13, for Louisville, where I found two despatches from my husband, who had meanwhile removed to Dalton, in Georgia. Telegrams which I found in Nashville made me stop in that city another day, and I did not arrive in Chattanooga before May 17, where I found Captain von Groeben to escort me to Dalton.

The railroad was all torn up and no regular trains running, but being impatient to reach Felix, I managed to get an extra train—that is, only a locomotive—though everybody advised me not to run the risk. I had my way however, and poor Groeben had to risk his limbs with me. I was in such good spirits that I played all kinds of tricks only to have a laugh at Groeben, who was horrified when I insisted on riding on the cow-catcher, which I did. It was glorious fun, but more like riding on a high trotting-horse than on a locomotive, for our whole journey, which lasted three hours, was more like a jumping procession.

Dalton is a small town in Georgia, and in consequence of General Sherman's war policy had been destroyed almost entirely; only half a dozen houses had been spared, and it was extremely difficult to procure quarters for us. At last we succeeded in securing a small cottage overgrown with ivy and wild vine which pleased me much.

My sister Della was with her husband in Cleveland, Tenn. She expected her confinement, and I felt very envious, for I had no child which made me quite unhappy. Seeing this, my sister promised to let me have the expected one, if it should be a boy, and I awaited the news with great impatience. When I at last

received the telegraphic despatch I could not get an extra train, and resolved to ride over in an ambulance, for the distance was only twenty-nine miles. This would have been a trifle anywhere else but in Georgia at that time. The driver, however, pretended to know the road, and I was not afraid, though we had to cross dense woods. It was evening when we entered them, and the driver lost his way. We were wandering about until the middle of the night, and it became so dark that we could not see our horses. But on a sudden there broke loose a thunderstorm, such as you have only in southern countries. The hurricane rushed through the trees, and made them creak or break down with a crash. Flash after flash of lightning followed, lighting up the fearful scene for moments, and the thunder made a noise as if hundreds of guns were fired at once. Then the rain poured down in torrents, and everywhere gurgled and rushed water preparing new unseen dangers. It was indeed a desperate situation, and it may be imagined how glad we were on discovering at last, at about two o'clock A.M., a farm before us. Though not knowing whether we should meet a friend or a foe, necessity was stronger than fear, and we roused the owner. He was a Mr. Price, who received us with kindness, and I stayed with him until morning.

When I arrived at about noon in Cleveland, my sister had had a fine boy, who therefore was to be mine, and whom I at once called Felix. I returned after a day or two to Dalton, again in my ambulance, as the hope of getting a train failed. The road, torn up by the storm, was extremely bad, and our horses became so exhausted that we once more had to apply to the hospitality of Mr. Price. In the night I was awakened by the arrival of my husband, who came to fetch me.

Some time afterwards, on July 3, I received a despatch telling me that my poor sister was very ill. I applied for a locomotive to General Steedman, who had his head-quarters in Atlanta, and was promised one for next morning. I preferred waiting, remembering my first journey in an ambulance, but nearly got out of the frying-pan into the fire. The service on the railway had not been regulated yet, and locomotives were always running to and fro at haphazard. When our locomotive was just on a dangerous curve and swaying round, we saw, to our horror, another coming full speed towards us. Without the presence of mind of our engineer, a smash would have

occurred the next second ; but he was a brave and cool-headed man ; instead of leaping off the locomotive and leaving me to my fate, as many others would perhaps have done, he at once backed to a safe distance. There was only one line of rails, and General Judah, who was on the locomotive meeting us, was polite enough to return with us to Cleveland. I found my sister better, but it was resolved that she should engage a negro nurse, and that I should take her and the baby with me to Dalton.

I was extremely happy to have at last a baby, and it became the centre around which everything turned—even my pet Jimmy was neglected. Little Felix was a most beautiful child, and the black nurse felt very proud, as black nurses of white children always do. It was quite amusing to hear her breaking out in ecstasies about her nursling, and preferring him much to her own child, which she contemptuously called a black brat.

When I returned home I found that Felix had received marching orders. His brigade had to advance to Atlanta, whilst General Steedman went to Augusta.

The country was in a fearful state. There was nothing to be had, and it had been extremely difficult for me to procure even the most necessary articles or household things in Dalton. In Atlanta I knew it was still worse, and when we started on July 7 for that city, I took with me everything collected with so much trouble.

Twelve miles before Atlanta our train ran off the track, and it required much time and work to set things right. We arrived at last at the city of Atlanta, or rather at a place where it once had been.

Before the war, Atlanta had been only an insignificant place, not being older than about twenty years, but during this war it had become of very great importance, not only on account of the several railroad junctions there, but still more because there had been established the most important mills, factories, and Government stores, providing the Southern army with all requirements. Sherman wanted to finish the war, and calculated that this might be done best by unstringing or cutting the sinews of war. After having destroyed all the factories along the Chattahoochee river and its neighbourhood, he decided on taking Atlanta, which he therefore besieged. The

town was only fortified with field-works, but to storm them would cost too many men, and Sherman thought it more secure to compel the Richmond of the West to surrender by starvation. He succeeded, and the Confederate army defending it had to leave the town to its fate. This fate was very hard, for Sherman acted only on mere military principles, which always are directly opposed to humanity. He wanted the place for military purposes, and insisted that all its inhabitants should leave it, going either south or being conveyed to the Northern States, where they could not harm the interest of the army. All petitions were in vain; everybody, even sick women and children, had to leave; and taking with them such of their goods as they could transport, they were escorted by Federal officers to the army of General Hood.

This was indeed a very cruel fate after having endured all the horrors of a long siege.

Poor Atlanta, it was doomed to utter destruction when Sherman started on his celebrated march to Savannah. After having concentrated around Atlanta about 70,000 men, and given up all connections with Chattanooga, he destroyed all railroads and places between, and burnt Atlanta itself on the 14th of November. He would leave behind him a wilderness, in order that no Southern army might be able to follow him. Before the Southern chiefs even became aware of his intentions, which had been kept wonderfully secret, he had already a start of nearly three hundred miles—three hundred miles, in which scarcely a house and no food either for cattle or man was to be found.

The instructions given by Sherman to the army were extremely severe, and even barbarous, but they became still more so by the manner in which they were executed by the Federal soldiers. Every bit of food was taken by them, or, if they had too much to transport, destroyed, and nobody cared whether the poor Southern families were left to starve. Jewellery, plate, and valuables, which were transportable, were appropriated under pretext that they might be sold and furnish means to the rebels. In houses from which the inhabitants had fled before the cruelties of the Federals, which on purpose had been exaggerated by the Southern papers, every piece of furniture was destroyed or the whole concern burnt; and if some poor wretches were discovered hid in the woods, even

unarmed, they were hanged or shot. For centuries war had not been carried on in such a manner, but it was successful. The North, infatuated by political fanaticism, applauded, and Sherman was the great hero of the war. I do not envy such glory, great general as he may be.

All public buildings in Atlanta were burnt and destroyed by means of gunpowder. Of the once elegant private houses nothing remained but the blackened chimneys. Only a few old houses in the suburbs had been spared, because they were used by Federals, and some new light ones had been built since then. It was a sad sight, and on looking on it one could scarcely believe that the remaining inhabitants of that country would ever become reconciled to their Northern conquerors.

General Sherman had promised to make my husband commander of the whole district. This was a very honourable position, but at the same time a very difficult one, requiring much energy and tact.

Salm and I could not at once find a house, and we stayed a few days in that of a relative of a lady who had come over with us from Dalton, and who was anxious to secure the good graces of the new commander. On the 10th of July, however, we found a very nice little cottage, in which Salm established his head-quarters after General Winslow had surrendered to him the command of the place.

We remained in Atlanta until October, and time passed very agreeably with us. My brother-in-law had become Provost-Marshal of the post, and therefore came over with my sister Della. As little Felix did not get on very well with his nurse, and the doctors thought that he would be better with his mother, I with great regret gave him up again.

We had almost always visitors passing through, mostly officers going from one part of the army to the other, and as there was no hotel in Atlanta their comrades in the town had to accommodate them as best they could. In regard to provisions, we were at first very badly off, for the few country people in the district who had something to sell did not venture to bring their products to market for fear of being badly treated by the soldiers, as happened now and then. The Union soldiers were supercilious, and the southern people full of hatred towards them, and though prudence advised them to be cautious in their expressions, they often gave way to their

feelings, and riots ensued. Sensible men tried to restore peace, but that was sometimes a very thankless business. Judge Butt, an acquaintance of ours, and a well meaning man, who once tried to pacify the quarrelling parties, was badly wounded by one of our cavalry men.

My husband tried his best to restore confidence in the district, and to check the insolence of the soldiery. His endeavours were not without success, and after some time huts sprang up amongst the ruins, and country people came to the market.

The distress of the poor white people in Georgia had found sympathy in the North, and one day, in August, Judge Root and his wife arrived with an immense train loaded with all kinds of clothing and other things, which he confided to me for distribution. When I advertised the arrival of these benevolent gifts, hundreds of poor women from the district flocked to our house, and I was several days occupied with this good work. To look on those poor wretched creatures was a very sad sight. They looked all yellow and starved, and were scarcely covered by rags.

There were of course many sick and wounded, and the hospitals were crowded. We had, however, good doctors, and I supported them to my best ability, passing every day a few hours in the hospitals, and going now and then to Augusta, or even to Nashville, to fetch provisions and other commodities from the Sanitary or Christian Commission.

Our endeavours to do everything that possibly could be done for the poor Southerners were kindly appreciated by the Atlanta people, who once surprised us with a serenade; though we laughed much at the great variety of musical instruments, and the queer music produced by them, we felt highly gratified at the kind feeling expressed by it.

I do not know whether in the military law all the different punishments are allowed which I saw in the army, but I can scarcely believe it, for they were exceedingly barbarous, and not at all in accordance with the spirit of the American law. I am rather inclined to believe that there were more sanctioned by army tradition, deriving their origin from what once was thought necessary in the British army. Whipping has been abolished, I think, by the law, but what had been substituted for it was far worse.

Soldiers who had committed a breach of discipline, or had

been found drunk repeatedly, were tied to a tree with a horse's bit or bayonet fixed in their mouths ; or they were suspended by their thumbs in such a manner as just to reach the ground with the tips of their toes. Others were exhibited as drunkards for hours, standing on tubs in the middle of the camp, and laughed at and teased by all passers-by, as used to be done when people were put in the stocks or exhibited on the pillory.

Once when Salm had gone to Marietta, I heard cries of pain coming from the garden behind my house. A poor fellow, with a bayonet in his mouth, was tied there against a tree and exposed to the glaring sun. I sent for Captain Steurnagel, my husband's Assistant Adjutant-General, and heard from him that this man was punished in this manner for disobedience against Salm. He was a German who had enlisted recently, and who refused obstinately to cut off his long elf locks. Salm had sent for him, but the German insisted on his right to wear his hair as he liked, making a long speech about tyranny being unworthy of a free country. In things concerning discipline Salm did not understand any joke, and he condemned the man to the above-mentioned punishment.

I insisted on his immediate release, but Captain Steuernagel refused to comply with my demand, as was his duty. At this I became angry, and as the captain would not take upon himself the responsibility, I untied the poor fellow with my own hands, poor Steuernagel not daring to hinder me, though he was much afraid of the consequences.

I took the rather crazy German into my kitchen, and gave him something to eat and drink, for he was utterly exhausted. In examining him I heard that he was a learned apothecary, and as I became interested I resolved to find for him a place where he could be of more use than in the ranks.

The man was not insensible to kindness, and on my advice he cut off his hair, went to Salm and begged his forgiveness. Salm never heard that I had liberated him, for the captain of course did not care to tell ; and believing that he had suffered his punishment it was not difficult for me to interest my kind husband in his favour, who made him doctor in a coloured regiment.

A great but pleasurable excitement was produced in Atlanta by the arrival of the paymaster. In consequence of the in-

security of the roads, this rare bird had not appeared in our camp for nearly eight months, and penury was the prevailing epidemic. I think I spoke before about the evil consequences of this manner of paying soldiers in the American army. It compelled the officers to sell their pay-rolls in advance to agents, who took enormous interest. The privates were still worse off, for they took tickets, representing a certain sum, from the sutlers, who made immense profits. The commanders tried to regulate this trade as much as possible, but their powers in this respect were limited, and moreover, they had only too frequently good reasons to wink at the doings of the sutlers and their agents.

On October 3, Salm received orders to go with his old regiment to Savannah, which had been evacuated by the rebels already, about Christmas. I went with Salm as far as Augusta, where I intended to stay, together with Mrs. Steedman, until further orders. My sister came also to Augusta, for her husband had been appointed assistant provost-marshal of the department. I occupied myself as usual in the hospitals and their affairs. I frequently visited Atlanta, Macon, and Nashville, to which latter place I went on October 16 with Dr. Simon, riding again, as I find in my diary, on the 'cow-catcher.' This manner of travelling is not at all disagreeable, for one has fresh air, and is free from dust and heat of the locomotive.

I could not leave Augusta before October 28. The journey was very unpleasant and fatiguing, for we had to travel nearly sixty miles in a stage-coach until we reached station 'Four one-half,' where we had to remain until October 30. We arrived at last in Savannah and stopped at the Pulaski House, where I was much disappointed in not finding Felix, who had gone to Fort Pulaski; but I soon received a letter from him informing me that he would be obliged to stay a few days at Fort Pulaski, but would come and fetch me as soon as disengaged.

The Prince arrived amidst a great thunderstorm. He stayed in the city until the 4th, when I was to accompany him to Pulaski; but as it was raining very hard, and the ambulance ordered to bring me to the wharf did not arrive in time, he had to go without me, and I followed him in the afternoon, in a tug, accompanied by Colonel Carlton, the quarter-master of the department.

Fort Pulaski, situated on a narrow peninsula and washed by the sea, was then a most horrid place. Having sustained a siege and being partly in ruins, the accommodation for the garrison was very bad, and the place not having been cleaned for a very long time, was filthy beyond description. In consequence of this, sickness among the soldiers was prevalent, and a great many of them suffered from a kind of cholera or dysentery, with vomiting.

The smell and the damp in the casements in which we were to live was horrid, especially on days when the weather was cold and the rain pouring down. Moreover, there was no furniture, and the whole place looked extremely dismal. I did not wonder that Colonel Carlton was quite disgusted, and returned to Savannah on the 6th. We followed him next day, to fetch many things in order to make our abode more cheerful, and to provide medicines, provisions and other comforts for our poor sick soldiers.

Felix got leave to go to Augusta, and we started from Pulaski on the 16th in a small sailing-boat, but were too late in Savannah for the steamer 'Gibbons.' We therefore took places in the steamer 'Fanny Lehr,' which left for Augusta at four o'clock P. M. I had a very nice state-room on the boat, but she had scarcely proceeded forty miles up the river when she struck on a snag, which entered her hulk, making a big leak through which the water came in very fast. The captain at once sent off a messenger to Savannah to fetch assistance, and we meanwhile succeeded in getting off the snag, and paddling out of the stream nearer to the bank of the river. The water rose very alarmingly, and soon extinguished the engine fires. The fore part of the ship sank to the muddy bottom, and the captain was afraid she would break right in the middle.

The weather was fortunately very fine, and while waiting for assistance we amused ourselves with watching the alligators crawling in the muddy water around the ship. Salm regretted he had no gun to give them battle. He became quite excited when he saw a very big fellow crawl on shore, and wanted to get off the ship to pursue and kill him; but he had to give up such an idea, as the ground was everywhere an unfathomable swamp.

The ship did not break, and on the 21st the steamer 'Minnie Brand' came from Savannah to assist us. She had been

a gunboat plying on the James river, the same as the 'Fanny Lehr.'

We were glad to be afloat again, and steamed rather fast up the river, where we overtook the 'Robert Lehr,' a ship belonging to the company, heavily loaded with all kinds of provisions. When we were just alongside of her she ran on the sunken wreck of a ship. It was a tremendous shock. She trembled like a person in great fear, and went down as if she had been lead. It was a pity to see all the boxes with fine wines and baskets of champagne tumble into the water, and sink after a few moments. The crocodiles must have had a nice time that day, for there was wine enough on board to make them all drunk. We succeeded in saving not only the captain and crew, but also a box of fine claret and a basket of champagne. As the captain of the wrecked ship had no objection, we had certainly none, to make acquaintance with the contents of box and basket.

These accidents happening to the 'Fanny' and the 'Robert Lehr' were entirely owing to their captains neglecting to take pilots from Savannah, who were acquainted with every old snag and other unsafe places in that treacherous river.

We arrived in Augusta on the 25th, in the afternoon, and heard from General Steedman that the order to disband the 68th Regiment had arrived from the War Department already two days ago. The regiment had suffered much by sickness, especially at Fort Pulaski, and was therefore sent home before the end of its time.

Salm had to go to Wainsbury, where the luggage of the regiment was still being kept, and I remained meanwhile with Mrs. General Steedman and my sister. My husband returned soon, and on the 29th November we embarked on board the steamer 'Gibbons' for Savannah. She was a most uncomfortable old tub, and it was well we went down the river and not up.

When we arrived on the 20th in Savannah we found there many officers of the 68th Regiment, all very much excited, and glad to return home.

Salm was inclined to go with the 68th Regiment to New York, where it was to be disbanded, but as nothing but unpleasant things awaited him there, I persuaded him to accompany me to Baltimore and Washington. The regiment left there-

fore without him in a transport steamer for New York, on the 6th December, while we remained in Savannah until Sunday the 10th, finishing our preparations and taking leave of our many kind friends.

On that day we went on board the steamer 'North Point,' bound for Baltimore. Salm had prepared nice boxes for our horses, which proved all good sailors, with the exception of a piebald, which became horribly sea-sick, to the great astonishment of Captain Smith, who had never seen such a case. I was, however, still more sea-sick than the piebald, and felt extremely miserable until the 12th December, when we were detained in Chesapeake Bay by a dense fog.

We arrived, however, safely in Baltimore, and went by rail to Washington, where we were received at the depot by Colonel Corvin, to whose home in Georgetown we went soon afterwards, to live there until we could decide upon our future.

The war was over. All the volunteer generals and colonels returned to their former avocations, and in due time Salm was dismissed also. There were many of our friends in Washington, generals and senators, and several of them tried to persuade Salm to enter the regular army. Many senators promised to use their influence to procure him a commission as colonel, and President Johnson, who was very favourably disposed towards him, approved also of that plan. Salm, however, did not like to serve in the regular army of the United States during peace.

Though he had succeeded very well in that country, he could not fully be reconciled to the idea of living there for ever, and had always in view his final return to Europe and his family, to which he was very much attached.

Having, however, spent his fortune, and losing his pay as a general with his being dismissed, necessity urged him to decide soon what course to take.

At that time a great many former officers were in a position similar to his, and some of them took steps to enter the Liberal army of Mexico. The sympathies of Salm were, however, with the Emperor Maximilian, and though many friends warned him against linking his fate to that of this prince, they did not succeed in dissuading him from his purpose. It was in vain that they predicted a speedy end to the Mexican empire, saying that the Government of the United States could not and

would not permit the establishment of a monarchy so close to their frontiers. Salm, who had served in the Austrian army, had a personal love for the Emperor Maximilian, and did not doubt that he, having been a general during the war in the United States, would be received by him favourably.

He communicated his intentions to the German minister, Baron von Gerolt, and also to the French ambassador, Marquis de Montholon, and the Austrian minister, Baron von Wydenbruck, who all approved of his plan, and promised him strong recommendations. Even President Johnson, though he could not give him letters of introduction, did not disapprove of it, and on his request gave him a very flattering testimony, in which his services were fully and favourably acknowledged.

Captain von Groeben, who had become much attached to my husband, would not part with him, and resolved to accompany him and try his luck also in Mexico. I was to remain with the Corvins until I should hear of Salm's success.

In the middle of February all his preparations for the voyage were made. Baron Gerolt had given him letters of introduction to the German minister in Mexico, Baron von Magnus; Marquis de Montholon gave him a letter to Marshal Bazaine, and the Austrian minister one to the Emperor, to be delivered, by Count Thun.

I had gone with Groeben to New York to secure a berth on board the 'Manhattan,' which was to sail for Vera Cruz on Saturday, the 24th February, 1866. Salm arrived in the morning in Everett House, New York, where he met me and Groeben and many friends who came to take leave of him, perhaps forever.

I went with Salm and Groeben on board the 'Manhattan,' which was to start at half-past three in the afternoon. I shall not dwell on our leave-taking. I felt very sad and lonely when I returned to the hotel, and soon afterwards to Georgetown.

The Corvins had to give up their house to its returning proprietors, and we rented another in Massachusetts Avenue, Washington. Time passed there very quietly and pleasantly. Though we did not entertain much company, we received now and then visits from some friends, and amongst them was Colonel Moore, who had charge of the military cemeteries around Washington and in Virginia. He was an agreeable man, and

we made many excursions, either on horseback or in a carriage, and still more frequently in a boat on the beautiful Potomac. The valleys of this river above Washington, in the neighbourhood of the chain bridge, are beautiful, and we passed there sometimes a whole day, taking with us provisions of every kind, and plenty of ice to cool our wine and water, or to preserve our meat, which even when roasted becomes alive in a few hours if that precaution is neglected. There, on the bank of some clear rivulet, bubbling over rocks, lying in luxuriant grass under the shade of dense bushes, we passed many pleasant hours, Mr. and Mrs. Corvin sketching, and I looking on.

The walks near the Potomac, in the cooler evenings, are delightful. Whole clouds of fire-flies hang, now higher, now lower, over the meadows, studded with larger and more brilliant glowworms, which were imprisoned sometimes in our hair, so that they formed round our head a circle of stars.

The loud cicades, which in the daytime scarcely ever interrupt their shrill monotonous song, are asleep, and relieved by the frogs, whose song is far different from the discordant cries of their European cousins, for they seem to come from tiny well-tuned silver bells. Between this pleasant dreamy music is heard at intervals a single sound, as if produced by the cord of a base-viol pinched up between the thumb and index. Then again one is astonished by the mewing of a little cat, coming, however, from some catbirds, awakened by us from their sleep, whilst in the distance is heard occasionally the 'whip-poor-will.'

On the 4th of July, the greatest festival in the United States, we escaped the noise in the streets, produced by hundreds of thousands of crackers and other fireworks, by making a party to the great Falls of the Potomac, about ten or twelve miles from Washington. It is astonishing that these most picturesque Falls are not visited more frequently by the Washington people. Were they situated near a great European city, thousands of tourists would constantly make them the aim of their excursions, for they are indeed most wonderful. It is as if the hands of immensely strong giants had played there with pebbles, as big as four-story houses, and left them in wild confusion. Amongst these stupendous black, sharp-edged rocks rushes down the wide Potomac. One may look for hours on this spectacle and not get tired of it.

Salm had safely arrived with Groeben in Mexico, but he met there with quite unexpected difficulties, created by the jealousy of officers who also wanted places, and the intrigues of the Austrian minister, Count Thun, who did not even deliver the letter of Baron Wydenbruck to the Emperor recommending Salm. He was quite in despair, as I find in his diary and letters, and he was made still more unhappy by the death of poor Groeben, who died in his arms on June 18.

At last, in July, Salm was appointed colonel on the staff of the Emperor, and looked forward to my joining him with great impatience. He expected me to depart on July 9, but I was detained by many circumstances until August.

I was ready at last, and started from Washington on August 10. Driving with Colonel Corvin to the depôt and passing the White House, I stopped to say good-bye to the President. He had been very kind to me, and I had seen him frequently. We were admitted at once. Asking him point-blank what he thought of affairs in Mexico, he said that the reign of the Emperor would last still a little while, but he was afraid the United States would have to interfere, though he personally sympathised with Maximilian. He wished me, however, good success, and said that he would always remember me kindly.

Presenting to him Colonel Corvin, whom he had, however, seen before, I said jokingly that the colonel was a great Copperhead, on which Herr von Corvin laughingly answered he did not care, as the President himself was called still worse names for his moderation in reference to the conquered.

I embarked at New York on board the 'Manhattan,' the same ship in which Salm sailed in February. Amongst the passengers was a most important and consequential-looking personage, who was called 'Monsignor,' and was treated with the utmost reverence whenever he favoured the deck with his appearance, which was however rarely, as he preferred the company of a lady friend travelling with him, a spiritual Sister, I suppose; for the six-foot-high, broad-shouldered, portly, and haughty-looking dignitary of the Roman Church was the well-known Father Fischer, entrusted with a mission, it was said, to the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

When we, on August 13, arrived in Havannah, we were very disagreeably surprised on hearing that we should have to remain in quarantine, I do not know for what alleged reasons.

As there was no sickness on board our ship, which did not come from an objectionable port, we were very indignant, and signed a protest against such an annoying and superfluous measure, which we sent to the American consul.

I had signed my name also, and it was very fortunate I did, for without it I would have missed Salm, and arrived in Vera Cruz whilst he looked for me in vain in New York.

Impatient as he was, and imagining all kinds of evil happening to me, he requested leave of absence from the Emperor in order to fetch me from New York, which was graciously granted by the kind and noble Maximilian.

Salm, who had arrived in the middle of July in Vera Cruz, fell ill at that place with the yellow fever, from which he recovered, however, unexpectedly soon, so that he was able to embark for Havannah on August 6.

He happened to be with the American consul when our protest arrived, and on reading the signatures Salm saw my name, procured permission to go on board the 'Manhattan,' where he, however, had to remain until the 18th, when the ship was released from quarantine.

We were very happy at this unexpected meeting, and started once more reunited for Vera Cruz. On the 22nd we landed at Susal in Yukatan, a province belonging to the Mexican empire, where we passed very agreeable hours in exploring this interesting little place. It is inhabited by a very fine, noble-looking Indian tribe, differing considerably from all Indians I have seen either in North America or in Mexico. Their white dress is very tasteful and picturesque. Over a white petticoat, of which the edges are ornamented with embroidery of the most lively colours, representing flowers and arabesques, they wear a loose skirt embroidered in the same manner.

We left at five o'clock p.m., and without any incident worth mentioning we arrived at Vera Cruz, on Friday, August 24, and alighted in the *Diligencias Hotel*.

BOOK II.

MEXICO.



CHAPTER VIII.

Vera Cruz—Great graveyard—A Mexican diligence—Robbing the diligence—A gentlemanly sport—Paper dresses—Terra Templada—‘Get out if you can’—Pulqué—In an Indian hut—Orizava—Puebla—The plateau of Mexico—General Zerman—Baron Magnus.

THE entrance to Mexico is not inviting, but rather repulsive. Though glad to feel again firm ground under your feet, your sea-tired eyes are longing in vain for some refreshing green, for the sandy, sun-baked coast is as bare of vegetation as the palm of your hand.

On approaching the regularly-built town of Vera Cruz, with its whitewashed tombstone-like houses, you feel a shuddering creep over your whole body, for you are entering an atmosphere reminding you of the catacombs, coming from the surrounding swamps from which a tropical sun distils poison. No wonder that the yellow fever called Yellow Jack by the sailors, is master of the place about nine months in the year. It is the most deadly place to Europeans, of whom thousands are buried around it.

On entering the town this uneasy feeling is still increased on seeing almost more vultures than people. These most disgusting scavenger-birds, called there Zapilotes, are as impudent as sparrows in European cities, they are protected by the law, because the carelessness and indifference of the inhabitants to sanitary matters makes them a necessity.

There was nothing either in the Diligencias Hotel or in the town to retain us, and we left for Mexico next day at two o'clock P.M.

Though the railroad built by the French was by no means good, it was a blessing, for it offered the means of passing quickly through a most dreary country.

The heat was overpowering, but the cars were tolerably airy, and the seats were not provided with cushions, which would have been quite intolerable. We had with us an escort of French soldiers, and how much they were required was proved by the appearance of some guerillas, who fled, however, after a few shots.

The country became more attractive towards the end of our journey, and we arrived without further accident in Paso del Macho, where the railroad reached its end.

Next morning we continued our journey per diligence, and started at five o'clock. The coachman objected to the admittance of my dog Jimmy in the diligence, but the almighty dollar softened his heart, and on paying the fare for a two-legged passenger my inseparable four-legged companion was allowed a seat. A French lady was not so fortunate, for her splendid Newfoundland dog was too large, and she had, with much regret, to leave it behind under the care of an attendant. A Mexican diligence is a most wonderful vehicle, only surpassed by the wonderful roads. It is dragged along by eight mules, first two abreast, then four, and then again two. The skill of the coachman with a confusion of reins in his hand is admirable. His place is indeed no sinecure, for he has to keep on a perpetual conversation with his mules, which he calls by their names, animating them by all imaginable kinds of sounds. He would, however, scarcely succeed in persuading them to do their duty alone by means of his eloquence, if not supported by an aide-de-camp, a boy as active as a monkey. Now he runs along the road collecting stones, now climbs up with his load at the side of the coachman, throwing with unerring aim a stone at some offending mule, uniting his voice to that of his chief.

This man is a very important personage, and his pay is very high—I believe nearly three hundred guilders a month—besides free board and lodging. He looks very picturesque with his leather jacket, large gold ornamented sombrero and shaggy zapateros, or short trousers made of goat-skin, from which the hair has not been removed.

It occurs very frequently that the diligence is attacked and plundered by robbers, and many horrible adventures of that kind are recorded, furnishing the passengers no very reassuring matter for conversation, and keeping them in a continual excitement.

To rob a diligence seems not to be disgraceful in Mexico, for though it is committed by common ruffians and thieves, even people of a higher class look upon it as a *chevaleresque* sport. There are many well-to-do rancheros or farmers, living quite respectably and otherwise in good repute, of whom it is said that they indulge in this harmless amusement! The robbers take care to conceal their faces, either by blackening them or in some other manner, and if not resisted, or not in danger of being recognised, they rarely commit murder. They generally ride splendid horses, and are most richly dressed.

At some favourable place, and there are plenty on that road, the mules are suddenly stopped. The coachman does not even attempt to escape or resist; it is his policy to remain neutral, for if he acted otherwise it would be not only in vain, but cost him his life—a bullet from behind some bush would end his career at his next journey. He therefore in most cases is not molested, remaining a passive spectator of the scene, which is enacted with incredible celerity. Though the escort now and then furnished by the authorities is mostly absent when needed, it sometimes happens that they are at hand, and to escape such danger the robbers are compelled to act without any ceremony. Whilst one of them takes care of the team, two others, cocked pistol in hand, invite the passengers to descend and to undress, as it is well known that they try to conceal their valuables in their clothes. The terror and confusion created by such an order may be imagined especially if there are ladies amongst the passengers.

An American lady, the wife of a Southern general, who had to travel to Vera Cruz with her daughter, was very much afraid of being subjected to such treatment, which would have destroyed many illusions created by Parisian toilet art. She therefore, being a very practical lady, provided against such horrible emergency by having made for herself and daughter paper dresses, which being without value would not tempt the cupidity of robbers. She had, however, no opportunity of making use of her ingenious expedient.

On this journey, as on all others I made later in Mexico, was fortunate enough never to encounter any of these way-laying gentry.

The road and the landscape scene from it became more and more interesting, but scarcely for the poor mules, which did

their utmost to surmount incredible difficulties, and we descended frequently, partly to lessen their load, but still more to escape for a while the severe shaking and bumping which was too much even for us, though used to bad roads in the American war.

The weather was, however, beautiful and not too hot, for we had entered the region called Terra Templada. The woods which we passed were beautiful, for all the trees were garlanded up to their tops with a great variety of creepers with splendid flowers of the most brilliant colours, vying with those of large butterflies. It was a most charming wilderness, untouched by the hand of man. To our right and our left we saw deep valleys and gullies overgrown with a confusion of luxuriant trees and plants, concealing torrents of the foaming waters of which we only now and then had a glimpse.

One place on this road is called Salsi Puedes—‘Get out if you can.’ It was either here or at a similar place that our diligence broke down about noon. In the neighbourhood we saw the hut of an Indian family. Though only built of reeds and covered with aloe-leaves, having no windows but only a door, it appeared to us far more inviting than any Mexican pulqueria or even hotel, for it was shaded by beautiful trees and overgrown with beautiful flowers, of which the Indians are very fond. They are always to be found in great profusion around their dwellings.

The hut, which we entered, had moreover the extremely rare advantage of scrupulous cleanliness, and the Indian couple inhabiting it received us with great hospitality. They served us tortillas, a kind of flat corn-cake, used everywhere in Mexico instead of bread—several kinds of fruit and pulqué, the national drink of the Mexicans. It is made from the maguey plant (*Agave Americana*), in Europe generally called aloe, which with the different species of cacti, growing everywhere, give a Mexican landscape its quite peculiar character, differing from that of any other country.

The maguey seems to be expressly made for a lazy people as all Mexicans are, either of Indian or European descent, for it requires very little culture, and furnishes a great many things for common use. There are to be seen very large fields of this plant everywhere, protected by natural fences of cactus plants with most dangerous thorns, making them quite impenetrable.

The maguey often reaches the height of eight or nine feet, but grows rather slow, for it requires about ten years to arrive at maturity. Then springs forth from its centre a very high-stemmed flower, more admired in European hothouses than in Mexico, where it is not permitted to bloom. In the period when the plant is preparing for it, a milky juice is collecting in its centre, or heart. This is cut out and a cavity made, which is filled several times a day during three months and longer. A healthy, strong plant will yield in all not rarely one hundred gallons of pulqué. After having given its heart's-blood to man the plant dies, but from its roots spring up a great many baby-plants, which, removed in time and transplanted, grow up without any care.

The leaves of the maguey or aloe are used for many purposes: the huts are roofed with them, and of their tendrils are made the most excellent cords and ropes; they are also beaten to a pulp from which paper is fabricated.

The cactus is rather a nuisance on account of its prickly character, but after all, when in bloom, its peculiar shape and the brilliancy of its yellow or burning-red beautiful flowers, makes it a very original ornament, which I would not miss in a Mexican landscape. Some species bear an eatable fruit, similar to a small fig, and one kind serves for the breeding of a very useful insect, the cochineal. I have not seen such a plantation, nor do I know in what part of Mexico this branch of industry is carried on.

The Indian couple who treated us with such hospitality had the submissive manner and melancholic look of resignation always to be noticed in nations that have been subjugated and ill-treated by barbarians for centuries. I think I am not far wrong in calling thus the Christian Spaniards who conquered Mexico. I shall speak of the Indians afterwards more at length, for they are more interesting to me than the descendants of their conquerors, and I am sure that they will recover from their present state of subjection and misery when an enlightened and strong government is established in Mexico. This can never be done by the white or Indian Mexicans themselves, and therefore I hope the United States will find it advisable to unite this rich country with their republic. The Indians of Mexico are different from the savages of California and the more Northern States, and I am sure that with proper

encouragement it would scarcely require fifty years to revive in them the industrial instincts of their forefathers.

Our friendly Indians were quite enraptured when we gave them some broad pieces, for they are not used to kind treatment from the ruling race.

Our diligence was repaired sooner than we expected, and we continued our journey. We entered in the afternoon a very well cultivated beautiful country, studded with country houses and farms, where we saw large fields of Indian corn, sugarcane, and coffee and cacao plantations, fine gardens with different strange-looking fruit trees and many palm trees.

Towards evening we approached the narrow but beautiful valley in which is situated the town of Orizava, where we were to stop for the night. It is traversed by the rivers of Orizava, Puerco, and de los Aguacates, and a rather large place with some fine churches; but most of the private houses are only one-storied, and the streets are irregular. I did not see much of the town, for I was rather fatigued, and though we were badly lodged I was glad to rest my sorely shaken body.

Salm heard here that General Negre, to whose staff he was attached, had been transferred from Mexico to Puebla, and that he in consequence would also have to stay there, which he did not like at all.

We left Orizava next morning at five o'clock. Though the weather in this latitude and at that time of the year is very changeable, we were fortunate in this respect and could enjoy the beauty of the country. Our journey was up-hill work, for we ascended the Cordilleras (there called Cumbres), and the road made in olden times by the Spaniards was very much out of repair. At last we reached its highest point, La Cañada, and arrived soon at an ugly village, Palmâr, situated in a very ugly volcanic country, not much beautified by large maguey fields with cactus inclosures. The frame of this dreary picture was, however, surpassingly beautiful, for it was formed by snow-covered mountains, amongst which are most prominent the Popocatapetl, the Ixtaccihuatl, &c., compared to which even the Swiss mountains appear dwarfish.

It was evening when we reached the plateau of Puebla, nearly seven thousand feet above the sea, and one of the richest parts of Mexico, where not only magueys and cactus and Indian corn are to be seen, but even wheat-fields. I was

extremely glad when we arrived in the city of Puebla at nine o'clock P.M. We alighted in the Hotel de Diligencias, where we were lodged comfortably in a large room with three beds. Jimmy, whose night toilet required no preparations, took at once possession of the best of them, and I followed his example as fast as possible, for I never was more tired in all my life.

Next morning Salm reported himself to his general, and requested leave of absence for Mexico. He visited General Count Thum, the brother of the Austrian minister, whom he had known in Austria when captain in a regiment of Uhlans. He met here also a former Prussian officer, Count Nostiz, whom we had known in the United States.

Puebla once rivalled Mexico, and is still the second city of the empire. It is traversed by the river St. Francisco, and the rivers Atoya and Alzezeca flow near it. This abundance of water offers the means of keeping the streets cleaner than is usually the case in Mexican cities. In the middle of each street runs a stone-covered canal, sweeping away all impurities which otherwise would be thrown into the street.

The city is regularly built; the streets are all paved and provided with side-walks. There are more than twenty squares, large and small, and an immense number of churches—I believe about seventy, the chapels included. I have never seen a city with so many steeples and towers, which are the more prominent on account of the flat roofs of the houses. There are also many other very fine buildings, for instance, monasteries and nunneries, hospitals, and three theatres.

The principal place of the city is surrounded with wide and lofty portales or arcades, where the Indians exhibit their produce for sale in the daytime, while they sleep there at night, offering the most curious and strange domestic pictures.

The city had then only seventy thousand inhabitants, for its number had been diminished in former times by epidemics. The eighteenth century was especially fatal in this respect, for the plague appeared three times, and once it came in connection with famine. The civil wars have also diminished its population and done great harm to its industry. It had formerly highly-reputed manufactories of fine cloth, glass, china, soap, and cutlery, and even now it is in this respect in advance of Mexico. Everything seems in Puebla more orderly and

more civilized than in the capital, and one does not see so many poor people either.

The view of the city is fine from all sides, and is rendered still more so by the great mountain forming the background. Whether the fortifications are very strong I do not know; the city was, however, taken in 1847 by the Americans, and in 1863 by the French, after a siege of two months.

We left Puebla on the 30th of August, at three o'clock A.M., for Mexico. We had to pass a mountain lying between the plateau of Puebla and that still higher of Anatruc. This road is not only very bad, but also in very bad repute on account of the many robbers frequenting the neighbourhood of Rio Frio.

In an hour or two we reached the region of fir trees, and passed through splendid woods of cedars and fir species of which I do not know the name, but which look extremely pretty, their very long light-green needle foliage hanging down in bundles from the branches. Very soon we saw before us the plateau of Mexico, which is eighteen leagues in length and twelve and a half leagues in width. It is surrounded by the most picturesque range of mountains, among which are seen towering towards the pure blue sky the stupendous snow-covered volcanoes.

The panorama presenting itself to the eye is one of the finest and most pleasing in the world. The vast plain is studded with fine farms and gardens, and here and there with sheets of water. Here and there, abruptly rising from the green plain, are to be seen hills which I was told were extinct volcanoes. It is said that the Spaniards have done much harm by their reckless destruction of woods, which before their arrival covered to a great extent the plateau of Anahuac, and that in consequence of this the fine lakes have diminished very much, the springs which once fed them being dried up by the sun, against which they were formerly protected by the trees.

The view of the city of Mexico is splendid. That is all I will say, for though I have it vividly before my eye, and could perhaps paint it if I had the mechanical skill, I cannot describe it in words in such a manner as to give the reader a fair idea. I always found even the finest and most skilful descriptions of views and landscapes insufficient, and never succeeded in forming a distinct picture from them, if I had not seen the landscapes myself before.

We arrived in Mexico at eight o'clock in the evening, and drove directly for my husband's lodging in the Puente de San Francisco. I considered it a lucky omen that we entered Mexico on that day, which was the fourth anniversary of my wedding, and we celebrated it next day at a dinner given to us by an acquaintance of Felix, General Zerman.

This gentleman had been a General in the United States during the war. I do not exactly know what business brought him to Mexico, nor do I believe he really had any, though he was always very fussy and busy, and talked much about enormous claims he had against the United States Government. Without being able to state an exact reason for it, one was inclined to suspect him of being somewhat of a humbug. He was a great dandy, and had the peculiar fancy of wearing always a grass-green suit.

Next day Baron Magnus, the Prussian minister, paid me a visit. Felix on first arriving in Mexico had a letter of introduction to him from kind Baron Gerolt, and Baron Magnus had indeed done all he could to assist him. He behaved also in a very friendly manner towards me, and though I might have wished him to act with more energy and decision under circumstances where weak diplomatic tactics were of no avail, a too sharp criticism would grate upon my feelings, for towards my husband and myself he acted to the end with great kindness, and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it with thankfulness. Moreover, I overrated perhaps his power and influence in Mexico, and my eagerness to assist the Emperor, and to extricate him if possible from his dangerous position, made me perhaps too exacting and eager for a course of action which was not allowed to a Prussian minister. I am no diplomatist, and if I follow my impulse, as I generally do, I am not responsible to any king or prime minister if I commit a political blunder; therefore I am perhaps no good judge about the actions of diplomatists. If his Government were satisfied with his behaviour in Mexico, he may smile at my unreasonable exactions.

The Baron frequently took me out in his carriage to show me the city, with which I became well acquainted, as I had to stay there several months.

Though Mexico has not been described so frequently by tourists as London and Paris, and a detailed account of its

beauties, antiquities, &c., might be interesting to European readers, such a description would overstep the limits of this work, even if I were able to give a satisfactory one, which is by no means the case. I therefore shall only touch superficially on one or the other subject, and give my individual impressions, or what I learnt occasionally.

CHAPTER IX.

Origin of the City of Mexico—The Alameda—The Paseo Nuevo—A Mexican gentleman on horseback—Promenade de la Viga—The floating islands—Theatres—Place d'Armes—The Cathedral—The Sangrario—Disputacion Iturbide—Aqueducts—The National Museum—The Santuario de Guadalupe—Its wonderful origin—The Creole Virgin—Chapultepec—Humming-birds—Mexican houses and life—Mexican ladies—The Indians—A Ranchero—Mexican market.

THERE exist, of course, many traditions in reference to the early inhabitants of Mexico. We should know more of the history of the country if the fanatic first Spanish Archbishop had not carefully collected throughout the whole country all written records of the Indians, and burnt them as heathenish abominations in the principal square of Mexico.

About a thousand years ago the country was inhabited by a very industrious, highly civilized, and good-natured people, the Toltekes. They disappeared, however, and were replaced by the Chichimekes, a barbarous people of hunters, whose descendants are to be found still in several provinces of Mexico.

In the twelfth century seven tribes of the Nahuatlakes came from the north and occupied the country. One of these tribes was that of the Aztekes. These wandered for a long period from one place to the other without deciding on a final settlement, on account of an old oracle ordering them to continue their peregrinations until they should find a cactus (nopal) growing from a rock and an eagle sitting on it. Arrived on the plateau of Anahuac and on the banks of a lake, their priests really saw an eagle sitting on a nopal plant growing from a rocky mould. They now decided on remaining here, and called their town Tenochtitlan, which means, 'nopal on a rock.' From this the Mexican arms derive their origin.

The town was later called Mexico, which either comes from an Indian word signifying a fountain, or more probably from Mexitli, the name of one of their principal idols. As the date of the fountain of Tenochtitlan is given the 18th July, 1327.

At the time when Cortez arrived in Mexico the city had 300,000 inhabitants. I shall not speak of its past splendour, for it is described in hundreds of books containing the history of the Conquest. But all this splendour, all the magnificent buildings, have been destroyed, for Cortez, furious at the resistance of the Aztekes, destroyed their city on the 13th of August, 1521, and very soon commenced to rebuild it after a new plan.

Thus originated the present city of Mexico, which is now inhabited by 200,000 people. It is six leagues in circumference, and has four hundred and eighty-two streets, which are mostly straight, paved, and provided with side-walks. There are sixty large and smaller squares, fifteen monasteries, twenty-two nunneries, seventy-eight churches and chapels, three great theatres, two arenas for bull-fights, three principal promenades, ten hospitals, &c.

The streets of Mexico are extremely long and mostly wide. The houses have never more than two storeys, and on the outside look extremely plain and monotonous. They have all the appearance of huge cubes, on account of their flat roofs. These flat roofs form a kind of yard, and are always surrounded with a breast-high wall.

Like all Spanish cities, Mexico has its Alameda. Don Luis Velasco, one of the earliest viceroys, commenced it in 1593. It closed then the Quemadero, the place where the Inquisition burnt more poor Indians than the priests of the Aztekes slaughtered in honour of Vitzliputzli. The establishment of a pleasure-ground near this horrid place was at that time not thought improper, for the burning of heretics and wretches who could not understand the mysteries of the Christian religion was then a very fashionable, and at the same time religious, recreation. At the end of the eighteenth century, religion had become less ferocious, and the Viceroy, Count de Revillagigedo, who ornamented and enlarged the Alameda to its present extent, removed this disgraceful abomination.

The whole Alameda forms an oblong square of five hundred yards by two hundred and sixty, and is enclosed by a wall,

along which are stone benches. The whole place is traversed by numerous walks, formed by different shady trees, and embellished with flower-beds and a number of fountains, amongst which are two ornamented with statues, and otherwise in a tasteful manner.

Though the grounds looked somewhat neglected, the Alameda is a very agreeable place, of which the Mexicans are rather proud. It is especially interesting in the morning, when the ladies returning from church, and the gentlemen from their promenades on horseback, meet in the shady avenues, talking and flirting, or sitting on the benches to listen to the music of the French band, which played several days in the week from eight until ten o'clock. Most of the popular festivals, for instance, Independence Day—September 13—are celebrated in the Alameda.

Another fashionable promenade for carriages and equestrians, the Rotton Row of Mexico, is the Promenade de Bucarelli, so called because it was inaugurated by the Viceroy, Antonio Maria Bucarelli, in 1778; now it is more frequently called *El Paseo Nuevo*. It is a very long avenue, formed by four rows of ugly, crippled trees. The carriage-road in the middle, and those at each side of it for equestrians, are badly kept. There are some fountains with rather ugly statues, and also a large equestrian bronze statue of Charles IV. of Spain, made by the sculptor, Don Manule Tolsa. The Mexicans imagine that it is the most perfect statue in the world, and it is indeed a creditable work. It is more than five yards high, and stands on a pedestal of stone, and within an iron railing. It was at first placed on the great square, but lest it might be destroyed by the people it was removed by the Government to a less exposed place and finally transported, in 1852, to the *Paseo Nuevo*.

Not far from this statute we find the *Plaza de Toros*, a circular wooden building of seventy yards diameter, with two tiers of boxes and seven rows of benches, where ten thousand persons may find room. The building looks quite elegant with its many columns. The first bull-fight in Mexico was held in the time of Fernando Cortez.

The beau-monde of Mexico drive there in the afternoon, at six o'clock. It is indeed a caricature of Hyde Park, for scarcely any decent carriages are to be seen, and many of them look as if they had been built at the time of the Conquest.

The animals drawing these vehicles are suited to them, for the horses of that country do not easily submit to this service, and mules are almost always preferred. Though the turn-outs may not bear comparison with those of Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, the ladies sitting in these closed boxes may vie in beauty with any in the world. They appear on the Paseo always in evening toilet—that is, low dresses and flowers in the hair.

The gentlemen are there on their finest horses and in their richest riding costumes. When walking in the street they look like European gentlemen, but for riding on horseback they always wear a peculiar rich and becoming costume. All of them have a large brimmed sombreros more or less gorgeously ornamented with gold tassels and cords. Their short jackets of cloth are set with arabesques in braid, and with a great quantity of small silver buttons: Over their ordinary trousers they wear others, which reach only from the foot to the knee; they are very wide, cover the whole foot, and are richly embroidered with gold and silver. They look indeed very elegant on horseback, and when dismounting they always reminded me of that peculiar kind of pigeons which have their feet covered with long feathers. The silver spurs they use are remarkably large, with wheels like saucers.

The Mexican horses are extremely fine, intelligent and strong, but rather small. They are as much covered with finery as their masters, and even more. The saddles are, I might say, the opposite of English saddles, for they are more like a chair with large pommels and high backs, covered with silver ornaments. Behind the saddle is always fastened the serape of the rider, a kind of long plaid used by both sexes. The silver-studded bridle seems to me the most cruel thing imaginable, for the curb, a very large iron ring, is so sharp that the jaw of a horse might easily be broken by it. The reins are a many coloured silk cord. Behind the saddle hang from both sides shaggy goat-skins, which serve as covers for the pistol-cases. A lasso is also attached to the saddle.

Mexican gentlemen appear accoutred in this manner as well on the promenade as on a journey; and I must say that they look extremely picturesque.

From the statue of Charles IV., the barrier at the end of the promenade, the distance is nearly twelve hundred yards.

The principal fountain is about in the middle. To the right and left of the avenue are rather wet meadows, serving as a pasture for cattle. It is a pity that they are not planted with trees and shrubs, and laid out as a park. No finer place in the whole world could be found, for nowhere is to be had a more charming view wherever the eye may look.

Towards the east, beyond a beautiful plain covered with fine clusters of trees and studded with villas, is seen, on rocks, the old palace of Chapultepec, from whence comes the excellent drinking water, brought there by splendid aqueducts, which unfortunately are much out of repair in consequence of the civil wars.

Looking towards the south-west, we see on the bluish background of the mountains several fine villages, as Mixcoai, 'florido,' Padierno and Churubusko, 'ensangrentados,' San Angel, and Coyoacom; whilst turning to the south-east we admire the mountain giants, Popocateptl and Ixtaccihuatl, whose snowy heads seem to pass through the blue of the sky.

Turning towards the west we see the hundred towers of Mexico.

The Promenade de la Viga is that of the people, and whoever wants to become acquainted with the habits, tastes, and peculiarities of the middle and lower classes of Mexicans will find here the best opportunity.

The Canal de la Viga serves as a means of communication between the two lakes of the plain of Mexico, called Texcoco and Chalco. The ancient Tenochtitlan resembled Venice, for it was crossed by an immense number of canals, which in reality formed its streets. The Canal de la Viga is the only one remaining. The promenade runs along it, and is most frequented in the months of April and May, especially at the hour between six and seven P.M. It is much enlivened by the many people who embark here to visit neighbouring villages, for which purposes there are always a great many pirogues ready, conducted by Indians.

The two favourite villages are Santa Anita and Ixtacalco, situate on the Canal de la Viga, and about a league from Mexico. They are inhabited only by Indians, and probably have not changed since the Conquest. There are still to be seen the old Mexican 'chinampas,' or floating islands, in which are grown the most beautiful flowers and vegetables. Similar

establishments, I heard from a traveller friend, are to be found also in the neighbourhood of Canton in China.

All the inhabitants of these villages have such little gardens, from which they earn their living. They make more than twelve thousand piastres a year by selling flowers in Mexico. The construction of these fertile floating islands is very simple. The foundation is a sufficiently thick float made of rushes, and on this is laid good garden soil. In spring especially these floating gardens offer a most charming and original sight, although they are, on account of their humidity, all the year round covered with flowers and vegetables. It is quite surprising to see the manner in which they are occasionally transported from one place to another, which is very simply done by attaching them to a pirogue directed by two Indians.

From the first Sunday after Ash Wednesday until Whit-Sunday the pirogues at the Promenade de la Viga are always crowded, each containing sometimes fifty people sitting on the board, whilst in the centre three or four musicians make a musical noise, not very sweet to the ear, but satisfactory to one or two couples of female dancers, executing the Jarabe, Palama, or other popular dances. All these people amuse themselves amongst the Indians with eating and drinking pulqué until sunset, when they return to the city crowned with roses or other flowers, and loaded with bouquets.

Mexico has four or five theatres, of which two are excellent. The Theatre Iturbide is a very fine building, and would be an ornament to any European city. Its interior is not only very elegant and tasteful, but also very convenient and spacious. There are several tiers of boxes with fine white columns ornamented with golden garlands of flowers, and behind them everywhere great saloons and other rooms, provided with all comforts required for the toilet, for the ladies appear always in full dress, and the excellent light from a splendid crystal lustre permits them to be seen and admired.

Amongst the many squares of the Mexican capital, the Place d'Armes is the largest and finest, for it is surrounded by the most remarkable buildings of the city. It is a large parallelogram with a candelabra in its centre, within a square walk shaded by two rows of trees. It is entirely paved and kept tolerably clean.

On its north side stands the Cathedral of Mexico, on the

identical place where once stood the 'Téocalli,' or Temple of Vitxliputzli, or, rather, Huitzilopotchli, the god of war of the Aztekes. It was commenced in 1573 by order of Philip II., and finished only in 1657. It is built of large cubes of porphyry, and stands on an estrade, and is surrounded by a walk formed by columns of two yards in height, and connected by chains. At a distance from these columns are planted pine-trees. At each of two corners of the 'cadenas,' or chain-closed walk, stand on a pedestal of five yards in height four death's-heads, and a cross with a serpent around its foot.

I cannot give a minute description of this imposing building, as I do not understand much of architecture. The style in which the cathedral is built seems to me a mixed one. Doric and Ionic columns are alternately used in the two square towers, which are seventy-three yards high, and have bell-shaped tops with a cross on them.

The principal front looking towards the south, had three entrances, which are ornamented with statutes and alto relievos.

At the side of one of the towers is a very curious relic of Azetekic science, a gigantic kind of almanac, which is about fourteen yards in circumference. It is made of solid stone, and on it are many symbolic figures. This interesting antiquity was found, in 1790, buried in the ground.

In the towers are forty-eight bells, of which the largest is six yards high, and called Santa Maria de Guadalupe.

The interior of the cathedral consists of five naves, of which two are closed and three open. The lofty and boldly-arched vaults rest on large clusters of Ionic columns. There are in the church fourteen closed chapels and six altars, besides the principal, which stands in the centre. It may be approached from all four sides by seven large steps, and is enclosed by a balustrade made of tombac, on which stand sixty-two statutes of the same metal, each holding in his hands a candelabra filled with wax candles. This balustrade and similar work in this cathedral were made in Macao, in China. This chief altar reaches nearly to the ceiling.

It is a pity that the fine proportions of this cathedral are spoiled by so many little chapels and compartments, and also by painted wooden statues of saints, &c., and other flimsy ornaments.

The ornaments of the principal altar are, however, no

flimsey at all ; most of them are made of solid gold, and some set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, &c. One golden ciborium is embellished by 1,676 diamonds. One of these vessels—I really do not know how it is called—which is a yard high, and weighs eighty-eight marks in gold, has on one of its sides 5,872 diamonds, and another 2,653 emeralds, forty-four rubies, eight sapphires, &c. The value of this altar must be enormous, and I only wonder that the different Revolutionary Governments, which frequently were in want of money, did not borrow from the church. One golden statute, weighing 6,984 golden castellanos (an old coin), and set with precious stones, has, however, found its way to the crucible.

Close to the cathedral, and spoiling somewhat its effect, is the parish church of Mexico, called the Sangrario. On that place stood the oldest church in Mexico, which was burned down, and was rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth century in rococo style—which in Germany is sometimes called pigtail style. The façade is, however, very neatly and elaborately made, but spoilt by some statutes of extremely ugly saints.

Opposite the cathedral, forming the southern side of the Place d'Armes, is the town hall, or Disputacion. The old building was destroyed in a riot caused by a famine. The Viceroy had bought all the Indian corn to be had everywhere, it is said, to distribute it to the people ; but, the people said, to sell it at high prices for his own benefit. The damage done at this riot was estimated at three million piastres. The new building is a fine substantial structure of two stories, with arcades on the ground floor and balconies to each window of the first floor.

One of the two other sides of the square is occupied by the National Palace, the official dwelling of the Viceroys, as also of the Emperor Iturbide. It is no particular ornament to the place.

At the opposite side we find the most elegant shops of Mexico, and also coffee-houses and restaurants.

One of the finest buildings in Mexico is the Mining School—*Il Colegio de Minería*—built of green porphyry. Mexicans also much admire the house of Iturbide, so called because this general lived here, when one fine night—18th May, 1822—a sergeant had the idea of proclaiming General Iturbide Emperor of Mexico. The people caught up this cry, and the

general had no objection to ascend the old throne of Montezuma. On July 21, he was crowned as Emperor Augustin I. Several European princes, to whom this dangerous crown had been offered, had refused.

General Santa Anna, a very ambitious and intriguing man, who had been a great favourite of Iturbide, fell off from him, and headed an insurrection, in consequence of which the new Emperor had to fly, in 1820, with his family to Europe. Relying on his popularity, he returned to Mexico in the summer of 1824, was taken prisoner, and shot. His name is, however, still popular, and many places and establishments in Mexico bear his name.

The house in which he lived, and which is built in rococo style, is now an hotel, and called by its industrious owner 'Hotel Iturbide.'

I have mentioned already the aqueducts, which convey good water from two different directions. For drinking it is always iced, as in the United States, and the Mexican mountains, especially the Popocatopetl, furnish plenty of this absolutely necessary commodity. Great quantities are also imported from North America.

At the end of the aqueduct of Belen, which comes from the inexhaustible basin of Chapultepec, has been built in rococo style a fountain, called Salto del Agua. It is more curious than pretty, and by no means embellished by two ugly sitting female figures. In the centre there is an alto relievo, representing the arms of Mexico as the Spanish kings wanted it. It is a European eagle, with a cross on its breast, holding a shield with arms around it. The Republic has accepted the old Azteke eagle, sitting on a cactus. More interesting than the structure of this fountain is the life around it, and amongst the people crowding there the aguadores, or water carriers, occupy the most prominent place. They fill with this water large bullet-shaped earthen vessels with handles, which they carry by means of leather straps fastened over their shoulders, or sometimes their heads. Their cries of 'Agua' are heard all day. They pour the water into the large stone filters, which are everywhere.

I shall mention here that bath-rooms are in almost every house, and there are also many public baths. The Mexican ladies generally take their baths after returning from their

morning promenade in the Alameda, and afterwards they are to be seen walking on the terraces of their houses drying their mostly very rich long hair, hanging around them like a cloak.

Some of the convents would perhaps deserve a description ; but I am tired of architecture.

Interesting is a visit to the National Museum, on account of the Indian antiquities. I shall not venture on an explanation and description of all the very curious ugly idols collected there. Most of the statues remind me of those of the Egyptians, as seen in the Museum in London and in the Louvre ; whilst other things one remembers having seen amongst the Chinese curiosities. These antiquities make us acquainted with many customs and the domestic life of the Aztekes, and I am sure, if some able persons would examine the ground half as carefully as it has been done in Italy and Greece, many things would be found which might give ample information in reference to the history of the country, which now, as stated before, is very imperfect, thanks to the imbecile act of the first Archbishop.

On seeing the many things collected in this museum, and admiring the workmanship and the high polish of extremely hard substances, one wonders in what manner they could have done it, since the Aztekes had neither steel nor iron, though plenty of copper, silver, gold, pewter, and lead. The silver and golden jewellery of the Aztekes is indeed wonderful. They understood also the art of enamelling.

Amongst the many interesting trifles I noticed a kind of ornament, shaped like a little sombrero, and made of obsidian, and was rather astonished on learning that it was a military decoration. It called *tentel* (lip-stone) because it was worn in the under-lip ; I suppose in the same manner as I have seen it in pictures representing some Indian tribe of South America. This decoration was awarded to warriors, not those who killed enemies, but those who made them prisoners, leaving the killing probably for the priests. In some of these *tentels* were fastened small bunches of the brilliant feathers of humming-birds, and I suppose this was a higher class of the order, like the bows, leaves, swords, &c., attached as a distinction to several Prussian orders. All the servants of the Mexican Emperor had the privilege of wearing such *tentels* made of rock crystal.

As I have not described any of the convents of the city, I shall make up for this negligence by speaking more at length of the most holy place in the whole empire, only one league from Mexico ; it is the Sanctuario de Guadalupe. Before describing it, I must first state the miracle from which it originated.

What effective means the conquistadores employed in convincing the Indian heathens of the truth of Christianity I have mentioned already, and many Indians, though not very well understanding all the mysteries of the religion, found it not hard to change their ugly idols for the Holy Virgin and the saints, whose images looked far more attractive.

It was ten years after the Conquest, in the year 1531, when there lived in the village of Tolpetlac a recently-converted Indian, who had received in baptism the name of Juan Diego. He was a good man, and frequently went to Santiago Tlaltluclo, where the Franciscans taught the Christian religion. Once, when crossing a mountain ridge, which ended near the lake of Texcoco, in a point called the 'Nose of the hill,'—in Spanish 'Nariz del cerro,' and in Indian 'Tepetlyecaczol,'—he heard some extremely sweet music, of a kind that he had never heard either amongst the Spaniards or his own people. Looking wonderingly around he saw a rainbow, far more brilliant than he had ever seen, and, framed by it, and in the middle of a white transparent cloud, a very sweet-looking handsome lady, dressed like one of the court ladies of his late heathenish Emperor. The poor ignorant man did not guess who she was, but was not afraid, and approaching her, she told him that she was 'the Mother of God,' and wanted the erection of a temple in her honour on that very spot, promising protection to all those who would pray there, and ordering Juan Diego to tell the Bishop what he had seen and heard.

Fray Don Juan de Zumàrraga, a Franciscan, and Bishop of Merico, would not believe in the story, and sent the Indian away. The Holy Virgin, however, was not satisfied with this and appeared to him three times again. Troubled in his mind, and not daring to go again to the Bishop, he resolved to confide in a confessor, whom he would consult also about his uncle, Juan Bernardino, who was very dangerously ill. Afraid of encountering again 'the Mother of God,' he took another road ; but at a place, which is still to be recognised,

which seems rather strange, by a smell of brimstone, and a spring of which the water has the taste of that suspicious mineral, she appeared for the fifth time, told him that his uncle was perfectly well again, and ordered him to gather roses on the summit of the mountain, which he should bring to the Bishop as a token that all he had told was true.

Now, on that mountain had never before grown anything but thistles and thorns; but when the Indian went there, he found the most beautiful and most odoriferous flowers, which he put in his tilma, and went to the Bishop.

This gentleman, on being informed of the errand of the Indian, came, with some priests running eagerly after him. Juan Diego told his adventure in all his simplicity, and when untying the two ends of his tilma, to produce the roses, lo! the Bishop and all the priests fell on their knees as if struck by lightning, for on the ayate of the fortunate Indian was impressed the image of the Holy Virgin, as the face of our Saviour was impressed on the handkerchief of St. Veronica.

Now of course all doubts were removed: the miracle was evident. It happened on the 12th of December, 1531, ten years and four months after the Conquest, under the pontificate of Clevent VII., and during the reign of the Emperor Charles V.

What appears to me especially wonderful is, that on the celestial picture the Holy Virgin is not only represented in an Indian dress, but also an Indian face and complexion; though I ought not to wonder, knowing that she appeared in Africa like a negress, and having seen in Rome a picture of the Mother of God with a black face.

When the Bishop recovered from his stupefaction he overwhelmed the blessed Indian with compliments, and went out to visit the places sanctified by the apparations. He took the miraculous picture first to his house, and transferred it a few days later to the Cathedral.

This picture is painted, probably by some angel, on a cloth woven from the fibres of some Mexican plant, and made by Indians. The Holy Virgin wears a tunic of woollen stuff, descending from the neck to the feet, and her head is covered by a manto; in a word, the costume of a noble and rich Azteke lady. Her complexion is brown, her hair black, her expression amiable, humble and open. This image is called the Creole Virgin.

Obedient to the order of the Mother of God, the Bishop erected first a hermitage of adobes—air-dried unburnt bricks—where the miraculous picture was transported in 1853. Juan Diego built for himself a little house close by, and died there after seventeen years, at the age of seventy-four. His uncle, eighty-six years old, died, and was buried in the chapel.

This chapel was, in the year 1663, replaced by a more worthy building, which cost 800,000 piastres, and the many worshippers behaved so liberally, that the sanctuary could soon be ornamented with sacred vessels richer than even those in the Cathedral. Many, however, had to go to the crucible during the war. The Cathedral, standing now at the foot of the still sterile and bare hills, is a very extensive building, with six towers. Higher up the hill, at the place where the Virgin appeared for the first time, has been built also a chapel called *Del Cerrito*, and around the sanctuary has sprung up a place, which, since the declaration of independence, has been created a town.

The people of the highest classes worship there every 12th of each month, but on the 12th of December takes place the great festival, in which partake the Chief of the Government and all the authorities. It is celebrated with a splendour which is scarcely surpassed in Rome. The Indians have still another festival, at which they dance old Indian dances, and much disorder takes place.

In 1821, the Emperor Iturbide instituted here the Mexican order of Guadalupe, which was abolished for a time, but re-established again in 1853 by Santa Anna. It is the highest Mexican order, and Salm was very proud when he received it from the Emperor Maximilian, in Queretaro.

There are connected with Guadalupe several historical reminiscences, but I cannot exactly remember them, and will only mention that here the peace with the United States was concluded on February 2, 1848.

Having seen from the new promenade Chapultepec, my curiosity was roused, and the more so as the Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlotta seemed to have a particular liking for that place, which was once the residence of the Viceroy. The blood-sucking Viceroy had disappeared from there but it seems that they left behind a legion of not less blood-thirsty though small substitutes, which even dared attack the Imperial

blood of the Hapsburgs in such a ferocious manner that on the first night which the Imperial couple passed in Chapultepec they had to fly before them, and pitch their beds on the open terrace.

The palace is a long, narrow, ugly building, standing on a bare hill, which is enclosed by fortifications, through which leads a very low and miserable staircase. The Emperor established himself, however, in a pavilion standing on the utmost edge of the rock, and containing only a few rooms, but whence the view is enrapturing. The whole valley of Mexico is before us, and every house in the city is to be seen distinctly, for Chapultepec is only half an hour's drive from it. The Cathedral of Guadalupe, leaning against the ridge of Tepeyayac, is also before us in all its splendour.

The bare hill on which the vice-royal palace is built is surrounded by a natural park, such as is not to be found anywhere in this wide world. What are the Central Park in New York, Regent's Park in London, the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, the Bieberich Park on the Rhine, the Prater in Vienna—nay, even the pride of Berlin, the Thiergarten—what are they all in comparison to this venerable and delightful spot, with its Ahuehuetes trees, which were there already in the golden age of Mexico, when still the benevolent Quatzalcoatl, the god of the air, lived amongst the gentle people of the Toltekes? Under the shade of these green vaults, even the bloody conqueror Cortez's heart felt softened at the side of his enchantress, Malitzin. There are still the basins where bathed the many pretty Indian wives of Montezuma. On entering this natural temple, a delicious shudder creeps over your whole body, and you dare scarcely speak aloud.

From the emerald green ground rise the gigantic Ahuehuetes trees, a kind of cypress, of which the enormous branches stretch widely out, and hang down like those of European firs. They stand on a pedestal formed by the curiously twisted and interlaced roots, from which spring forth their cord-like stems, wound around each other as in a cable, but more irregular, and forming thus the strange-looking trunks which have a circumference of at least twelve or fifteen yards. As if the green of their foliage was not thought becoming to their venerable age, the trees are covered up to their tops with a silk-like silvery-grey parasite plant, hanging down in rich, slightly curling locks.

The monotony of this uniform green and grey colour is relieved now and then by trees of a lighter green with yellow drooping flowers and grape-like pink fruits, and beautiful coloured butterflies and birds, amongst them the gem of the winged tribe, the sweet humming-bird.

It occurs also in North America, and even as far north as New York. I never had, however, a better opportunity of observing and admiring this graceful little creature than in Washington. There stands in the Capitol garden, close to one of the principal walks, a red-blooming, peculiar kind of chestnut tree, which has quite a reputation amongst ornithologists, and I heard that a celebrated English naturalist declared this tree alone to be worth a voyage to America.

The juice of the red chestnut flower must have a peculiar sweetness and attraction, for when the tree is in blossom humming-birds are swarming around it like bees. Sitting on a bench opposite that tree I have observed them for hours. When drinking the nectar from a flower with their long tongue, they behave just in the same manner as those butterflies or moths do which are to be seen in summer evenings before some flower as if fixed in the air. The movement of the little wings is so quick that they cannot be seen, and one wonders how that little sparkling body is thus suspended in the air. Having robbed the flower of its sweetness, they whisk away like lightning to kiss another. I like them best when they are resting on a branch smoothing their little feathers. They are so tame and so little afraid of man that it would be very easy to catch them with a butterfly-net, which I fortunately never saw in all America, for young gentlemen there of ten or twelve years have more serious occupations than catching butterflies! They commence already to flirt and learn to chew tobacco. The negro boys sometimes entrap the poor humming-birds when they venture into the deep calix of some large flower, by stealing near and closing the entrance with their hands. I shall not describe now all the fine places near Mexico, but do so occasionally.

The interior of Mexican houses is more agreeable and pleasing than the exterior. A staircase leads to an open gallery surrounding the yard. It is ornamented with flowers, and the floor is covered with mats and provided with benches. From this gallery the rooms are entered. The parlours in the

houses of the richer classes are often brilliantly furnished, though not always in good taste. The Mexicans are very fond of gilding, and they have frequently gilded tables and other furniture. In the bedrooms the bed is the only thing recommendable, for it is very large and mostly made of iron, which is necessary on account of insects ; all the other accommodations are very primitive, and the luxury of cleanliness is not much appreciated. Sheets are almost always made of cotton, and so are tablecloths and napkins, and their miserable state very frequently forms a strange contrast with the rich furniture and plate.

Though the Mexicans are a lazy people, they rise early. The gentlemen have their morning ride and the ladies go to church, and from there to the Alameda. This is the only occasion on which they appear in the street on foot. Returned home, they take a bath and make their toilet. They lunch between twelve and one.

The Mexicans are very frugal, and that is one good quality at least to praise, even in the gentlemen. They do not drink much, either spirits or wine or beer, though pulqué appears everywhere on the table. They live mostly very regularly and decently, but gambling is the besetting sin of many of them.

The men are generally rather little and delicate-looking, but very well formed, with extremely small hands and feet. They are very polite and reserved and courteous, as if always on their guard against being imposed upon. They have good reason for it ; for Mexicans are not reliable. They promise readily, and are always at your service with words, but are not to be trusted. Fifty years of civil war would demoralise better nations than the descendants of Cortez's rapacious crew. They love money, and have no scruples whatever in reference to the means of getting it, and to rob the Republic as much as possible is considered more a merit than a sin. Whoever gets a high position uses it for this purpose. Though avaricious and grasping in this sense, they are sometimes liberal and reckless of expense, as is usual with gamblers. In general they are very hospitable, and at their dinner-table are always laid covers for guests who may drop in. Frugal as they usually are, the tables are loaded with everything when they give parties.

The ladies are very pretty, and generally excel in the richness of their black hair, there large black and melancholy

eyes, and small feet and hands. They are very graceful in their movements, but mostly very delicate. They marry very early, sometimes at fourteen or fifteen years, and have generally many children. It is no rare case to see a mother with a dozen or more. The children are very delicate, and a great many die young. They are very quiet and well-behaved; and I never saw them romping or quarrelling as healthy children do in other countries. The mothers mostly nurse them themselves, and are very fond of them, but bring them up in a very injudicious manner. They treat them like dolls, and to dress them nicely seems their principal care. The children are very intelligent, and progress very fast, but only up to their tenth or twelfth year. After that they do not advance in their intellectual development.

The family life in Mexico is rather pleasing, Husband and wife are always seen together, and they live mostly at home and within the circle of their relations. Parents do not like to part with their daughters, and if they marry, it is by no means rare for their husbands to establish themselves in the houses of their fathers or mothers-in-law, living at their expense.

The ladies are extremely ignorant. They do not read anything else but their prayer-book, and are scarcely able to write their necessary letters. They do not know any language but Spanish, and of geography or history they have no idea. That Paris was the capital of France they knew even before the arrival of the French, and about London they had heard also, for from these cities they received their dresses and furniture and other luxuries. Of Rome they would not know anything if the Pope did not reside there, and that fact is the only thing they know. They are, however, fond of music and singing, and have talent for it, and also good voices. There are many who play the piano very well.

There is no regular dinner in their houses. If hungry, they eat a simple dish or take a cup of chocolate, which is very good, but much mixed with cinnamon. Coffee is grown in Mexico, and it is excellent, but they do not understand how to prepare it.

At six o'clock the ladies drive to the promenade, and after it to the opera, where they take their young daughters dressed up to their best. If there is no opera, they pass the evening at home, and amuse themselves with playing at cards, or with

music and singing. The young folks come also together for a hop, or a tertulla, as such a dancing party is called in Mexico.

Though there are about half a million of negroes amongst the eight millions of inhabitants in Mexico, there are scarcely any in the city of Mexico. The house servants are Indians, mostly young girls, who are very kindly and familiarly treated. They are very clever with their hands, and there are many amongst them who embroider extremely well.

More than half the population of the country are Indians. Those living in the plateau of Mexico and neighbourhood are the descendants of the Aztekes, who three hundred years ago astonished the Spaniards by their civilisation, which many say was more advanced than even that of the ancient Egyptians. The conquerors, who expected to encounter savages, saw in their sumptuous city splendid buildings, ornamented with objects of art, and a highly developed industry. Though not acquainted with iron or steel, they understood how to cut the hardest stones, and to work in gold and silver, in a manner which is still admired. Their clothes were fine, and in many sciences they were at least as far advanced as most of the rude Spaniards who came to betray their hospitality.

What has become of this intelligent, industrious people? The manner in which the English treated the North American Indians, bad and unjust as it was, may find at least some excuse in the stubbornness of these savages, with which they refused all attempts to civilise them; but the Aztekes were no savages, and if their priests were cruel, they were really not more so than the fanatical Christian priests, who, instead of teaching them the religion of love, punished them for the misfortune of their religious errors by burning them wholesale, and treating them worse than wild animals.

Tyranny and slavery have everywhere the same debasing effect, of which history furnishes so many instances that it would be superfluous to mention any, whilst liberty is everywhere the mother of industry and progress.

Persecuted and oppressed as the Indians were, they fled to the woods, where they were not molested by the conquering race, but were deprived of all means of education. Their children grew up in ignorance, and even their mechanical skill vanished almost entirely in the course of time. They were satisfied to live, and as bountiful Nature let them find easily

the means of existence, they sank lower and lower. No wonder that they are shy and suspicious, especially towards the masters of their country ; for whenever they are treated with kindness they show that they have very kind hearts, are faithful and loving, and are desirous of learning.

This desire is very rarely satisfied, for the Europeans, ignorant themselves, were satisfied with using them as working animals. They never looked upon them as entitled to any rights, and still less as brethren, as their religion urged them to do. Not even the priests who lived amongst them took the trouble to educate them and to enlighten their minds ; they were satisfied with teaching them the mechanical part of their religion, to make them Christians by name.

When the conquerors spread all over the country, the Indians could not keep themselves altogether apart from them, especially in the neighbourhood of cities. By this contact a new kind of civilisation was created amongst them. Becoming soon aware of the value of money, and seeing that they could get some by selling their services or the products of their soil to their lazy masters, they availed themselves of this opportunity, and we see them in Mexico everywhere engaged in all kinds of inferior trades. They are indeed the purveyors of Mexico, and come there from many miles to sell their fruit or fowls, or other products of their little industry.

The women work more than the men, and with their children on their back, together with a heavy load, always running at a short trot, they may be seen on all roads. Their dress is very simple. A piece of blue cotton stuff is rolled around their waist, falling down to their feet. Their shoulders and breast are covered by a cotton cloth of some other colour, with a hole in the centre through which passes their head. In the Tyrol I have seen pieces of carpet used in a similar manner.

The dress of the men is still more imperfect. Round the waist they have fastened a leather, which they tie in such a manner as to form a kind of breeches. Their shoulders are covered in the same manner as those of the women, and on their head they wear a straw hat.

The women have large fine eyes, somewhat obliquely placed, and are very well made ; many amongst them are pretty, but amongst some of the tribes they are rather ugly. The men do not look so strong as they are, to judge from the loads which

they can carry with apparent ease. The skin of the Indians is brown, but not more so than that of gipsies ; their hair is black, their teeth very fine, and the beard is with the men not much developed.

Not a few amongst the followers of Cortez married rich Azteke girls, and from such unions, which became more and more frequent in time, sprung up a bastard race—Creoles. Many of them are rancheros or farmers, and these are considered as the best part of the nation. Amongst them are very rich people, and as they have not much opportunity of getting rid of their money—gambling excepted—they love to wear very rich dresses. I have described the riding costume of a Mexican gentleman. That of the rich ranchero is similar, but differs in some trifles. He wears white drawers reaching to the knee, and these are fastened by fine garters to the leathern zepateros, embroidered in different colours. Under the garters hangs by a steel chain a sharp knife, to cut the lasso if required. Over his drawers he wears trousers, open at one side from the knee down, and set with large fine buttons, mostly of solid silver, but not rarely of gold, each consisting of the largest gold coin of the country. Such a pair of ‘calzoneras’ are worth a whole fortune. His jacket is made of coffee-coloured leather, and set with silver cords on the shoulders and its back part. His large hat—‘jarano’—with wide gold-laced rims, is ornamented with silver and gold, and from his belt of crimson silk hang down behind golden tassels. Of course, saddle and bridle are richly studded with silver and gold. The hind-part of the horse is covered by a brilliant anguera ; the lasso is behind the saddle, and a sword is fastened to the latter. Round his neck the ranchero generally wears a crimson silk neckerchief. He looks extremely picturesque, and would make a prominent figure in any circus.

The amusements and sports of these people are rather rude. Their greatest pleasure is to show their skill and strength against the bull. One of their amusements seems to be very difficult to the performer and rather disagreeable to the bull. The poor fellow is frightened in some manner or another, and when running away he is followed by a crowd of rancheros on horseback. Whoever approaches him first catches hold of his tail with his right hand, draws up his right knee to use it as a support for the elbow, and with a skilful strong twist the bull is knocked off his legs, after which the rider runs on.

Even more difficult and far more dangerous is what they call 'barbearal becerro.' The bold *ranchero* approaches the bull on foot, and not from behind, but in front; seizes with one hand one of its ears, with the other its snout, and then twisting its neck with a sudden jerk brings the bull to the ground.

The class of people in Mexico between the rich classes and the Indians do not dress in the French style, nor in the simple style of the Indians. The lowest class of them, the '*leperos*,' dress as they can afford it, the climate of the country permitting them to wear very little; a pair of coarse trousers, a similar shirt, and a *sombrero* of palm-leaves are sufficient. The women of what I may call the lower middle class invariably wear a more or less elegant petticoat, covering them from the waist to their feet. For their bust a loose shirt is thought sufficient, and generally a neckerchief is added to it. The characteristic part of their dress is, however, the *rebozo*, which serves them for all passible purposes, and with this they understand how to dress themselves in a rather becoming and often coquettish manner. The *rebozo* is a kind of shawl either of cotton or silk, plain or interwoven with gold or silver thread, two and a half or three *mètres* long and one wide, with an open fringe at both ends.

Though it is very unusual for ladies to walk in the street, except on going to church and coming from the *Alameda*, I sometimes took the liberty of looking about, and found always new and interesting things to see, especially on the markets, where so many articles were sold which I had never seen before. I was especially attracted by the great quantity of very fine flowers coming from the floating gardens, where they bloom even in winter. Strawberries are to be had all the year round, and a great variety of fruit, in their season, are heaped up in large pyramids. *Covent Garden* market in London looks in this respect poor in comparison with the most common Mexican market.

The fruit to be seen everywhere is the banana, which is called in Mexico *platano*. It is a smooth yellow pod, sometimes with dark spots; of about five inches long and thick in proportion, which contains a soft, gold-coloured, somewhat mealy but extremely aromatic flesh. These pods grow together in clusters of not rarely more than a hundred. The bananas grow

without any culture and are extremely cheap. They are brought frequently to the United States, and I have seen them even in London, but there the fruit is not so good as in Mexico, I suppose because they are gathered before they are perfectly ripe. It is the same with pine-apples, which are far superior to those which are sold in the United States or in the streets of London. The fruits of the cactus plants, called tunas, are of course plentiful. The zapote, mamey, granadillas, papayas, aguacates, the fruit of the melon-tree, the guayaves, the excellent anona, the batates, tomatoes, ground pistachios, &c., &c., it would take too long to describe. People who travel only to write books about what they see may do that ; I am writing my personal adventures, and think it is time to return to them.

CHAPTER X.

Marshal Bazaine—Madame la Maréchale—Princess Iturbide—Tacubaya—San Augustin—A projected important mission—How it ended—We go on an expedition—Meeting the enemy—Result—Arrival in Tulancingo—Order to evacuate—Jimmy—Carabajal, the robber-general—March to Puebla—Meeting the Emperor Maximilian—The ‘woman in white’—I fall ill—General panic—Returning to Mexico—The family Hube—Departure of the French—The Emperor leaving for Queretaro—Salm going after him—I am left behind—General Marquez—General Vidaurri—Good news—The battle of San Lorenzo—Marquez a coward—Porfirio Diaz before Mexico.

THE fate of Marshal Bazaine would not fail to call for our sympathy if he had done only what a rather prejudiced court found him guilty of, but he has forfeited all claims to sympathy by the manner in which he behaved when in Mexico. Though our religion teaches us that all bad actions are recorded and will find their punishment after death, it is always satisfactory if fate overtakes bad men in this life, and I regret that my poor husband did not live to see how Mexico and its noble Emperor were revenged on this bad, cruel, brutal, and mean man, and his crafty master.

History informs us that in every country where the French entered as conquerors they made themselves hated by their overbearing rapacity and cruelty, but scarcely anywhere did they dishonour their country in a more barefaced manner than they did in Mexico, for they had rarely a chief who encouraged them so openly by his own example as was done by Bazaine.

The French officers treated the Mexicans with the utmost arrogance and contempt. Gentlemen who met them in the street were insulted and kicked off the side-walks without having given any offence. Ladies dared not venture going in the

street for fear of being annoyed by their low importunities. Their cupidity was insatiable, and their behaviour in the country when on some military expedition surpasses anything which we read in old books. Wholesale slaughter and execution of innocent people, burning of houses and robberies, were not even the most atrocious of their crimes; they committed actions of such cruelty and shamelessness against poor women, before the very eyes of their parents, that the pen refuses to describe them. Their name will be hated forever in Mexico, and their humiliation and punishment by the brave Germans will without doubt have been heard with rejoicing in that country.

Bazaine behaved there as if he was the Emperor and Maximilian his subordinate. Everybody trembled before him, and even the French, though they feared him, did not love and respect, but rather despised him. So at least did all honourable men amongst them.

He was not only arrogant, brutal, and cruel, he was also rapacious and mean, and employed the lowest artifices to enrich himself. It was well known in Mexico, not only amongst the inhabitants but also by the French officers, that he owned in the city two shops, a grocery and another, in which French goods, as dresses, lace, silks, &c., were sold. He became extremely rich by this trade, for he found very cheap means of transportation, and did not pay any duty. His goods were conveyed as arms, ammunition, and the like, at the expense of the Government.

To screen his fast-growing fortune it was said that he married an enormously rich Mexican lady. This is utterly false, for the girl he married was poor.

Salm, when coming to Mexico, had a letter to Bazaine from the French Ambassador in Washington, and was received tolerably well. Not knowing him sufficiently, and not daring to neglect him, I of course had to pay a visit to Madame la Maréchale.

She was a charming, rather childlike, and naive little person, who made on me a quite agreeable impression.

An officer who had great influence with Bazaine was Colonel Vicomte de la Noue. We paid him a visit and became acquainted with his wife, who was a North American. She was extremely fond of admiration, like all American ladies, and,

as most of them do in foreign countries, she also loved to show off her American peculiarities and exaggerate them, even as we may observe with American ladies in Dresden, Vienna, Italy, and especially in German watering-places, where they behave in a manner which they would not dare in their own country. The parties in the Vicomte's house had a certain reputation on account of their gaiety.

Under such extraordinary circumstances as prevailed in Mexico at that time, there often appear in society all sorts of dubious characters; and having no time to examine and select, one is brought in contact with rather queer people. There were in Mexico a great number of adventurers, especially French, who, bearing a well-sounding name, were to be met in all societies. One of this sort was a French Count, who had a very handsome wife, whom he had married to the horror of his father, who disinherited him for his disobedience. I suppose he came to Mexico to take part in the spoils, but it seems that he did not succeed well, for his pretty wife ran about everywhere trying to borrow three hundred dollars; but even this, for Mexico, small sum she could not get, notwithstanding her prettiness. There are too many handsome ladies in Mexico. I suppose she might have succeeded better had she been ugly, but as she was, all her Parisian vivacity and coquetry, which formed a great contrast with the quiet manner of Mexican beauties, left the native gentlemen very cold, to her great astonishment and regret.

Amongst the officers who commanded the Austrian and Belgian troops which were engaged in the cause of the Emperor Maximilian, were many noblemen of high families, and very worthy and amiable men. The position which Salm occupied made it natural that we associated much with them, though they seemed at first somewhat jealous of my husband.

There lived also in Mexico a daughter of the unfortunate Emperor Iturbide, who was called Princess Iturbide and Imperial Highness, and I paid her a visit. As I only saw her now and then in society, and she had nothing to do with the events happening later, I need not say more of her. For the benefit of Prussian readers, I may, however, mention that Princess Iturbide was strikingly like, both in exterior and manners, to Countess Haake, the 'Pallast Dame' of her Majesty the Empress of Germany.

The most considerable place near Mexico is the town of Tacubaya. It is extremely old, and existed before the Chichimecas came to the plateau of Anahuac, under the Indian name of Atlacoloayan, which means, 'place where the brook makes a turning.' It had once 15,000 inhabitants, now it has 5,000, and in summer about 1,500 more. The huts of the Indians, with their aloe-fields, have mostly disappeared, and rich Mexicans and foreigners have built in this, the finest spot of the lovely Mexican valley, beautiful villas with splendid gardens. It is to Mexico what Charlottenburg is to Berlin, and will soon become one of its suburbs.

In this place a Mr. Hube, the former Consul-General of Hamburg, had a villa, and we were introduced by Baron Magnus to him, his most excellent and kind wife, and her amiable family. As I became more intimate with them later, and lived with them when Salm was in the war, I shall speak of the Hube family more at length afterwards.

Another considerable, very charming place, near Mexico, is San Augustin de los Cunas. Before the Conquest it was called Tlalpam, and is connected with the capital by splendid roads and canals. It is most picturesquely situated on the slope of the high mountain of Ajusco. Though it has still four thousand inhabitants it is not a town, and no kind of suburb like Tacubaya, but has remained a genuine village. There are to be found yet Indian homesteads as they were before the Conquest, though new streets have sprung up also, formed of fine villas. In this charming place the green seems fresher and greener than anywhere else. Many trees growing everywhere, and rocks appearing between the houses, make the interior of the place picturesque, and the neighbourhood abounds in beautiful spots.

Every year, at Whitsuntide, San Augustin is crowded during three or four days with Mexicans, for there is held then a most celebrated fair. This fair is not renowned on account of its mercantile importance, but for the gambling carried on there. All Mexicans seem to be crazy about that time, and everybody is seized with the gambling fever. Gambling houses are opened invitingly, and many leave there considerable sums, lost at 'Monte,' the favorite card game of the Mexicans.

During the rainy season many people go there for a change of air—what is called 'mudar temperamente.' At other times

San Augustin is a quiet country place, and a visit there is a highly refreshing and agreeable change from the noise of the city.

At the end of September we arranged a great party to San Augustin, consisting of seven ladies and about ten or twelve gentlemen. We were all on horseback, and two donkeys, loaded with all kinds of provision, followed us. The distance from Mexico is about three and a half leagues. We established ourselves at a most beautiful spot, where we breakfasted with good appetites, and having procured some Indian musicians, we had a dance on the green sward.

One day Baron Magnus called on me requesting a confidential conversation. His manner was excited and mysterious, and the proposition he made to me was indeed rather exciting and of great importance. He came from an audience with the Emperor Maximilian, whose position threatened to become alarming, for the French were on the point of leaving the country.

Though the American Government had at that time done nothing hostile to Maximilian, they had not recognized him, and it was well-known that they were opposed to the establishment of a monarchy so near their frontier. There was, however, a party in the United States who did not look quite unfavourably on such a plan, for they thought it better for the interest of their country that order should be restored in Mexico, as its troubled state interfered not only with the security of the many American citizens living there, but also with the general mercantile transactions between the two countries. President Johnson himself was rather favourably inclined in reference to the civilizing mission of the young Emperor, and it seemed therefore not impossible to turn the scale in Congress in favour of the cause of Maximilian, and to win a majority for his recognition by the United States. This would have been of the highest importance, and increased the chance of Maximilian's success more than the ambiguous and humiliating patronage of the French Emperor. If only the United States remained neutral it would have been much gained, for if they declared themselves positively against the Emperor his downfall would have been only a question of time.

As I was well acquainted not only with President Johnson and most of the influential persons in the United States, but

also with the best ways and means in which to work upon them, Baron Magnus had suggested to the Emperor the idea of sending me to Washington on a secret diplomatic mission, accompanied by a most powerfully ally—two millions of dollars in gold.

The proposition pleased me very much, for success seemed by no means improbable, and the importance of the mission and the confidence placed in me flattered my ambition. I therefore placed myself at the disposition of the Emperor, but Salm opposed my going alone to the United States, and insisted on going with me. He had very little diplomatic talent, and did not understand how to deal with Americans as I did. I knew that he would rather render my task more difficult, but as he obstinately insisted I could not refuse him.

It was arranged that we should dine with the Emperor on Tuesday, the 23rd of October, in Chapultepec, where our transactions would be less observed than in Mexico.

I had not yet been presented to the Emperor, for as the Empress had left he did not receive any ladies at court.

Our dinner-party, and afterwards the whole scheme, was, however, frustrated by a most unexpected event, which created confusion and consternation everywhere. On Sunday, the 21st October, the Emperor suddenly left Mexico, and went to Orizava, with the intention of returning at once to Europe. He had received the news of the distressing illness of the Empress.

After the first effects of this news were over, Maximilian remembered what he owed, not only to his position, but also to all those who had embarked in his cause. He could not run away as it were from the battle-field, and if he really resolved on giving up his high-flying and noble plans, he saw that he must abdicate in a manner becoming an Archduke of Austria. This abdication was the great desire of the French, and they did all they could to bring him into such a position as to make any other decision almost impossible. In this endeavour Bazaine was assisted by the Austrian and Belgian Ministers, while, on the other hand, Miramon, Marquez, and Father Fischer hurried to Orizava, to entreat the Emperor to remain, and to rely on the Mexican people, promising that everything would go well if only the hated French would leave the country.

Whilst all these negotiations were going on we amused ourselves in the usual way in Mexico. The life we were leading was pleasant enough, but my Hotspur Felix panted for war. Though as kind-hearted as could be, and as gentle as a lamb, he had the pugnacious instincts of a fighting cock. War was his very element. That he once, when still a boy, was left with seven wounds on the battle-field, did not cure him. Through the American war he escaped without a hurt. A shot in his right arm, which was rather dangerous, received in a duel, did not cure him either. When any one looked askance at him, or too admiringly at me, his eye became vicious and the colour of his face heightened. He was like a cocked pistol, every moment ready to go off.

The Belgian Corps, under Colonel van der Smissen, was ordered on an expedition into the interior. Salm could not bear the idea of staying in Mexico idling away his time. He urgently applied to the Secretary of War for permission to join the expedition as a volunteer, and was quite crazy with pleasure when it was granted. I, who had been always with him, could not realise the idea of being left behind, but he would not listen to my going with him. At last, after a hard battle of six hours, he had to surrender. I and Jimmy were to accompany him.

We left Mexico on the 8th of November, at eight o'clock in the morning, only with one company, but met the rest of the Belgian Legion on the road. Passing through St. Christoval, we arrived on the 9th in Tipaguca, where we had scarcely pitched our tents when an alarm was beaten. Columns of the enemy were reported before us. Salm and Van der Smissen reconnoitred, and they advanced towards Tipaguca, and it was decided on attacking the enemy at once. Salm snorted battle, and I caught the excitement. I wouldn't be left behind. I declared I would rather brave the dangers of battle than those awaiting me, perhaps, if I was left behind. Van der Smissen smiled, advised me not to fire my revolver at a distance, but to save my six shots for a hand-to-hand fight. Salm made an angry face and dropped his lorgnette, but I joyously pressed my horse between both of theirs at the head of the troops, and we advanced at a quick pace.

The enemy for a good while were not aware of our presence, but when they saw us, and understood unmistakeably that we

meant fight, they turned tail and ran like partridges, and we on seeing that ran still faster after them. The result was that we soon came near enough to discover that the enemies were no enemies after all, but good Austrians, who, however, on their part could not recognise us for what we really were, because Austrians have still less eyes behind than other nations, and therefore kept on running. To cut the question short, I spurred my horse, and when I reached them and told them that we did not want to kill them at all, they were extremely glad, and I do not wonder that some very frightened Catholics mistook me for the Holy Virgin or some angel on horseback, despatched expressly by their patron saint to save them.

These Austrians, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pollack, had had an encounter with the Liberals just before they saw us, had lost about forty killed, and had not yet recovered from their fright.

We marched together to Pachuca, a rather ugly place, where we were lodged in the house of Mr. Auld, a very rich gentleman, who was director of an English mining company, that had rented the silver mines in the neighbourhood. Mr. Auld and his wife were extremely kind and amiable people. The Empress and her ladies had once been their guests, and were delighted with their hospitality. Mrs. Auld showed me a very rich bracelet which the Empress had presented to her as a keepsake.

We had not much time to examine the mines, which are very considerable, for there work more than a thousand Indians, and nearly two thousand mules. We saw, however, some of the solid silver ingots, each worth fifteen hundred dollars, of which twelve millions' worth of dollars are produced every year.

Next day we had only a short march, leaving the Austrians behind. We passed the place where they had been beaten by the Liberals, of whom we, however, saw nothing that day. The country through which we marched was very romantic, but rather rough. It looked very much like some parts of Switzerland, and nothing reminded us that we were in a tropical country. There were no aloes, no palm-trees, nothing but pines, cedars, cypresses, and ever-green oaks. No wonder, for Rial del Monte, a little town, which we reached after three hours, and which is situated in a ravine, is ten thousand feet

above the sea! We were quartered there in the house of a Dr. Griffin.

On the 12th of November we came to Huasca, which the Liberals had left only an hour before our arrival. The weather was splendid, and we all were in a very good humour, for our quarters were pleasant.

Next day we arrived at the end of our march, at Tulancingo, where the Austrian detachment of Colonel Pollack's corps came to meet us, for we were to relieve them, and they marched off towards Pachuca.

Tulancingo is quite a considerable town, and the seat of a bishop, who has there a palace. The whole garrison consisted of only sixteen hundred men, of whom one half were unreliable Mexicans. As we expected to be attacked every day by very superior forces, Colonel van der Smissen sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Pollack, requesting him to reinforce the garrison by his Austrians, but all our officers were very indignant when that worthy refused to come. He had had enough of fighting, and wanted to go home. As the garrison was too weak to undertake anything outside against the Liberals, who were in force in the neighbourhood, Salin was very busy with fortifying the open place, and taking all kinds of precautions, not only against an attack from outside, but also against treachery inside, for the Mexican troops were not to be trusted at all.

We were very agreeably quartered in the house of Mr. Gayon, the Spanish Vice-Consul, a very wealthy man, with a pretty well-educated wife, who had been in Europe, and to whom I became quite attached.

The country is very fine, and the mountain near tempted us to make excursions; but as the Liberals were always on the look-out we did not venture far, and amused ourselves as well as we could in the town, which had a nice theatre.

As it is the fashion there to dance every night during the two weeks preceding Christmas, we had quite a lively time. These tertullas always take place at the same private house, designated that year for that purpose. The entertainment of the guests falls, however, to the charges of all the ladies, taking part alternately, so that every night a different lady performs the duties of hostess.

Carpets are not usual in private houses, but people there imagine that they cannot dance on the bare floor, and for a ball or tertulla carpets are hired.

Not liking to accept, without return, the hospitality of the people of the town, Colonel van der Smissen and Felix gave a great ball at some public hall, to which a great many persons were invited, and which was a great success.

As a large Liberal force was assembled not far from the town, as said before, we expected to be attacked every day, but instead of that there arrived, soon after Christmas, an order from General Bazaine to surrender Tulancingo to the Liberal General Martinez, the chief of whose staff was sent under a flag of truce to arrange that affair. Our officers were very much astonished to hear from that officer that Bazaine and the Liberals were on quite friendly terms, but they had to obey orders, and we were ready to leave Tulancingo on the 28th of December.

Our situation was by no means reassuring, for we had heard of the arrival of a noted guerilla chief, of the name of Carabajal, with about a thousand men, who were no better than robbers, and who did not care for any treaties or capitulations. Moreover, our expectations in reference to the treachery of our Mexican troops were fulfilled on the morning of the surrender. The rascal who commanded them, a Colonel Peralta, went over with his whole regiment of cavalry to the enemy.

When we were assembled in the market-place, ready to evacuate the town, I was there also with Jimmy. Now, that dog is a very intelligent dog. Having accompanied me through the whole American war, he had learnt that guns are dangerous engines, and that when shots are fired from them mischief is done. He therefore has a most sensible dread of guns and shots, because he is very fond of life, and of roast veal, and beefsteak, and cutlets, and other things which make the existence of a dog agreeable, and which he is desirous of enjoying as long as possible. When he saw in the market-place so many shooting engines, the poor darling became frightened, and ran home to his old quarters, hiding himself in the bed. I am sure many sensible men would like to do the same before a battle, if they only could muster courage enough to run away like Jimmy, who has no prejudices.

When I noticed the absence of my pet I was in despair, and as the dog would not have trusted anybody else, dear, kind Salm went back himself to fetch him. When he came out of the house he met some of the enemy, who had entered already,

against the agreement, but seeing the colonel of the Imperial forces with such a fine dog under his arms, they were awestruck, and saluted him respectfully.

Now, had Jimmy not been so cautious, he would have been killed long ago, instead of sitting now demurely at my side, having reached in its thirteenth year a reputation few dogs can boast of. His beautiful head has been caressed by three emperors, and his four-legged soul has been sanctified by the touch of most holy cardinals and archbishops, not to speak of presidents, senators, simple highnesses or generals. If he should die before me, I will have his life-size statue made in black marble, and order in my last will that it be placed over my grave—or on the top of my ash-urn, if I should be burned, as I hope I shall.

We had scarcely left Tulancingo half an hour, when Carabajal's rascals attacked our rearguard. Van der Smissen would not engage with them, and thought it best to gallop out of their way. We tore away at a nice rate, but it was a somewhat difficult job, for Jimmy was sitting before me on my saddle, and he became somewhat unsettled when the Mexicans fired. But under such aggravating circumstances I collared him tightly, not minding his whine, for in general he is a very good horseman, following the movements of the horse like an Englishman.

The Carabajal robbers had not much courage, however, and after having received a few shots from our Belgians they retired, and left us unmolested.

The Belgian Legion had received already in Tulancingo an order by which it was disbanded, and General Bazaine had offered free passage to those of the men who preferred returning to Europe, which offer was gladly accepted by most of them. We were now on our march to Puebla.

We remained the night in Texcoco in very bad quarters, and arrived on January 2, in the afternoon, at Buena Vista. Salm, who was a great sportsman, was tempted by the many wild duck in the neighbourhood, and went after them; but he shot nothing, and returned rather disappointed.

We received orders to halt at Buena Vista, and at the same time the news that the Emperor would pass that place on his way from Orizava to Mexico. He arrived next morning, escorted by some Austrian cavalry, and accompanied by many

officers. He drove in a carriage drawn by four white mules. We saw him pass, but the whole procession made on all of us a rather sad impression. Van der Smissen, who took a rather dark view of the situation of Maximilian, said, 'It looked to him as if the Emperor were being led to his execution.' He had expected him to abdicate, which was the joint wish of Bazaine and of General Castelnau, whom Napoleon III. had sent especially to advise this course, in order to facilitate the arrangements with the Liberals. As I, however, said before, Maximilian listened to the promises of Miramon, Marquez, and Father Fischer, and resolved to remain, and was now on his way from Orizava to Mexico.

The Emperor stopped four leagues from Buena Vista, at Ayotola, and Salm had there an audience, and also an interview with Father Fischer, receiving from them authorisation to raise a regiment of cavalry, which he hoped to recruit from the disbanded legions. Therefore, not to lose sight of them, we accompanied the Belgians on their march to Puebla, where we arrived on January 9.

Travelling in this manner I enjoyed the beauty of the country far more than had been the case on my passing it in the diligence. We had always the beautiful mountain giants before us, the Sierra Nevada, the Popocatapetl, and the peak of Orizava.

Popocatapetl means in Indian language a 'woman in white,' and the Mexicans have a legend about it. One of these mountains, which were once mighty giants, killed for some reason or other—I suppose jealousy—his wife, and laid her on the Sierra Nevada, where she is still plainly to be seen. On passing not too far from it in very clear weather, I was much struck by the appearance of that mountain, which showed as plainly as if chiselled in white marble the gigantic form of a reclining woman. The whole figure, shape, arms, and even her dishevelled hair, are to be seen with wonderful distinctness.

On our arrival in Puebla I fell ill, and the uncertainty in reference to our future made me still more so. Everybody was seized, as it were, by a moral panic. Reports of the most contradictory character, but all distressing were circulated, and the desire to leave Mexico and go to Europe became general. Nobody knew what the Emperor intended to do, but the

French and also the Austrians asserted that he would still abdicate and return to Europe also.

When the Belgians and Colonel van der Smissen left us for Vera Cruz, Salm was also taken with the prevailing fever ; and to come to a decision he went to Mexico, and after having spoken to Baron Magnus he called on the 18th on Father Fischer and gave in his resignation, which, however, was refused.

Meanwhile I remained ill at Puebla, in a very fine building—I believe the Town Hall—which General Bazaine had changed into a private hotel or casino, where higher officers passing the city found better and cheaper accommodation than at the hotels. I owed a good room in that house to the kindness of General Douay.

I was indeed very ill with diphtheria, and sent for an Indian doctor who had been recommended to me. His cure was effective but disagreeable, for he gave me nothing but emetics.

Salm returned to Puebla, but still hoping to retain some of the Belgian and Austrian troops for his regiment he went to Vera Cruz, where he found, however, that Van der Smissen and his men had left.

When my husband returned I was better, and we resolved to go to Mexico, where we arrived on the 25th, and alighted at the Hotel Iturbide. We saw of course Baron Magnus, and were frequently in Tacubaya, at Hube, who gave very fine parties. Salm, however, was much dissatisfied, for he had nothing particular to do, and wanted employment. He called every day on Father Fischer, who was now in the confidence of the Emperor ; the priest was very liberal with promises, but would or could not keep them, or wanted only to gain time until the French should have left Mexico.

This happy day at last came ; it was the 5th of February. All Mexico was in a fever of excitement—a kind of sullen, inward excitement ; for there were no cries of farewell or otherwise to be heard, except by some French people who waved their handkerchiefs, whilst the French soldiers cried, ‘ A Berlin, à Berlin ! ’ Salm and I witnessed this departure from a balcony of the Hotel Iturbide.

When the hated and despised allies had left the city, it was as if a nightmare were taken from the breast of everyone ; and if the people did not rejoice too loudly, it was because they could not realise yet their happiness, and still feared Bazaine and his insolent soldiers might return.

Madame Bazaine, who was in a far-advanced interesting state, made the journey in a splendid palanquin, built for the purpose, which was carried by Indians and under a strong escort to Vera Cruz.

We heard for some days absolutely nothing positive about the plans of the Emperor, until on the 12th of February the report ran through Mexico that he would place himself at the head of the army and join Miramon in Queretaro, in order to hinder the enemy from concentrating his troops and marching against Mexico. This report was true, and the Emperor was to march next morning, leaving all German troops and officers behind, as Marquez and the other Mexicans had persuaded Maximilian to rely entirely and solely on his new subjects.

Salm was beside himself when he heard that he should be left behind. It was an idea he could not realise, that there should at last be serious fighting and he idling away his time in Mexico. He ran at once to Baron Magnus, and prevailed upon him to take some steps with the Emperor in order to procure for my husband permission to accompany the army. Magnus's endeavours were, however, in vain, but he found some other means to satisfy the pugnacious longings of my impetuous Felix. It was arranged with General Don Santiago Vidaurri, a highly respectable and most influential man, that he should enter his staff, the Secretary of War permitting. This permission was granted, and Salm jumped nearly out of his skin for pleasure. The General, who had to take with him money, was to join the Emperor at Quincliclan, and left with Salm on the 13th of February in the afternoon.

I of course expected to go with Salm as usual, but for once he refused in a most determined manner and remained deaf to all my entreaties. Now it was my turn to become mad. I cried and screamed so as to be heard two blocks off; and Jimmy, who felt for his mistress, howled and barked; but Salm stole away and took a street where he could not hear me and I not see him. I believe I hated him at that moment, and felt very unhappy, for I knew he would come to grief, having never any luck without me.

All my anger and grief, however, availed nothing. I had to become reconciled to my situation. After all I think he was right, and, moreover, he had taken care that I should be left well protected and in an agreeable position.

We had become rather intimate with Hube's, and Salm had arranged that I should stay with them in Tacubaya during his absence.

Mr. Fred Hube had been formerly Mexican Consul-General of Hamburg, and was engaged in some manufacturing business, and a rich man. He was a very kind and respectable old gentleman, and Mrs. Hube was the dearest, sweetest, and kindest old lady in the world. I cannot find words strong enough to express my feelings of gratitude towards her, for she did not receive me in her house as a stranger, but could not have treated me more carefully and lovingly had I been her daughter.

She had, however, besides a grown-up and very agreeable son, a daughter of my age, with whom I made friends very soon, and as we lived in the same room we became very intimate. Helena Hube was a dear good girl, and her only fault, for which she was, however, not responsible, was that there was too much of her, for she stood above six feet in her stockings. She was not taller than usual before she fell ill with a fever; but after having recovered from that she shot up like asparagus, and became quite a giantess. When she was sitting on a chair we were of the same height.

As I am writing my own memoirs and not those of my husband, nor history either, I shall not say much about the siege of Queretaro, and the less as my husband has done so himself.¹

For many weeks we heard nothing from Queretaro but vague reports, and of a very contradictory unreliable kind. At last, in March, we received news that General Marquez had arrived from Queretaro with three thousand men, and all Mexico was in a flutter of excitement. As I was extremely anxious to hear news of my husband, I requested Mr. Hube to accompany me to the General, to which he readily consented.

General Don Leonardo Marquez received us very graciously. He was a little lively man, with black hair and black keen eyes. He was now a great personage, and liked to show his importance. The Emperor had made him Luogoteniente of the Empire, but he behaved and spoke as though the Emperor

¹ 'My Diary in Mexico,' &c., by Felix Salm-Salm, General, &c., 2 vols. London: Richard Bently, 1868.

were only his pupil, and he himself the principal personage in all Mexico. To me, however, he was very condescending, and his sinister swarthy face was all friendly wrinkles. He had cut off his beard, which generally concealed the scar from a shot in his face, and he did not look the better for it.

He spoke however, of the Prince in the highest terms, said that he was one of the bravest officers in Queretaro, and that he had very recently distinguished himself by taking six guns from the Liberals at the head of a handful of men. For his brave behaviour on this occasion *he* had decorated him, and *he* had appointed him General, the very day before he left.

We went also to visit General Vidaurri, who came with Marquez. He confirmed what Marquez had told us about the state of affairs in the besieged city, that all was going on extremely well there, and that my husband had greatly distinguished himself. The worthy old General spoke of him with great warmth, and said that he loved him like his own son.

The good news which Marquez brought to Mexico about the state of affairs in Queretaro gladdened all our hearts. and festivals, balls, fire-works, &c., followed each other in rapid succession in Mexico during the next two days ; whilst at the same time preparations were being made to march against Porfirio Diaz, who was advancing on Puebla. To attack him, and annihilate his army, were, said Marquez, the instructions of the Emperor.

Everything was at last ready, and Marquez marched from Mexico with all the foreign troops, leaving only a very small garrison of Mexicans in that city, which were not even sufficient to prevent the Liberal guerillas from coming within the garitas (gates), and fighting was going on all the time around Tacubaya.

After Marquez and the army had left us three days, reports of a great victory reached Mexico. Porfirio Diaz was beaten, and his whole army dispersed. That report, however, did not last long. On the fourth day after his absence, Marquez, accompanied only by twelve horsemen, returned a fugitive, twelve hours in advance of his whole army, which had been totally defeated at San Lorenzo on the 8th of April, and lost all its guns.

Had Porfirio Diaz been able to follow up his victory fast enough to reach Mexico within two days after the return of our

utterly demoralized army, he might have occupied that city without any difficulty. He, however, only reached the neighbourhood of the capital on the third day, when the Imperial troops had recovered a little from their defeat. Marquez had long before lost all courage and hope, and as his fate could not be doubtful if he fell into the hands of the Liberals, he had prepared everything to go to Vera Cruz, and to leave Mexico and the German troops to do what they could for themselves. I suppose he was prevented from carrying out this plan by the fear of falling from the frying-pan into the fire if he left Mexico, for the road to Vera Cruz was barred by Porfirio Diaz's army.

The advanced guard of the Liberal army passed our house in Tacubaya, and I admired their fine horses and uniforms, the greater part of which they had taken from the Imperialists.

Before their arrival, fighting between the Imperialists and Liberal guerillas was going on in the very streets of Tacubaya, and frequently right before our house. Though we had closed the blind my curiosity prevailed, and I and Helena Hube peeped out to see what was going on, to the dismay of old Mr. Hube, who was afraid a bullet might kill or wound us. The spectacle, was, however, too attractive, and we could not stay away. It was curious and almost ridiculous to see how the skirmishers of both parties played hide-and-seeK, running now around corners, and popping suddenly out to fire a few shots, by which, however no real harm was done. It looked more like play than war.

Tacubaya was occupied, and also Chapultepec, without any resistance from the Imperialists, and the siege of Mexico commenced.

CHAPTER XI.

Fearful dreams—My escape from Tacubaya—Going to Mexico—Colonel Leon—My propositions to the German Colonels—Negotiations—Madame Baz—A sad mistake rewarded by a bullet—At the headquarters of Porfirio Diaz—Mr. Hube my interpreter—Return to Mexico—Two volleys fired at me—No harm done—A thunderstorm as a peace-maker—Baron Magnus retains me in Mexico—What resulted from it—Confusion in Tacubaya—A kind invitation to go to Jericho, or elsewhere beyond the sea—Will not go—Female generalship against Mexican strategy—General Baz—Permission to go to Escobedo—Thirty-seven letters of recommendation—My journey to Queretaro—Mexican justice.

DURING the following night I dreamt that I saw my husband dying. The Emperor leant over him, held his hand, and said with deep emotion, 'Oh, my dear friend, you must not leave me alone now!' My husband called out my name. Fighting was going on all around, and everywhere I saw blood and all the horrors of battle.

The same dream was repeated during the next night. Again I saw my husband dying, and heard him loudly call my name. Battle was raging again, all was dark, and from the sombre clouds lightning was flashing every instant. The third night I had again the same dream, my husband calling out for me louder than ever.

It was natural that such a dream, three times repeated, should make me extremely uneasy, and the more so as I am a believer in dreams. I made up my mind therefore to go to Mexico, and to have an interview with Baron Magnus and the commanders of the foreign troops, and try what I could do to save the Emperor and my husband, who, it seemed to me, were in the greatest danger.

When I told old Mr. Hube that I intended to go to Mexico, he opposed my purpose very much, and became quite excited about it. He said he would do all in his power to prevent me from doing such a rash thing. He was responsible for me, he said; I had been placed in his house by my husband, and he would not suffer me to commit any such absurdity.

Now I had been received into his family with the utmost kindness, both Mr. Hube and his wife had treated me as their child, and I therefore felt grieved to be obliged to do anything which displeased them so much. However, there are certain impulses which it is impossible to resist, and against which all reasons are powerless. On this occasion I felt as if urged on by invisible hands to follow the voice of my heart. Although I feigned to be convinced by Mr. Hube, yet I was decided to go under any circumstances.

Mr. Hube and his wife did not, however, trust me, and as he was afraid I might abscond during the night, he not only locked the gate, but took the key with him into his room. It was necessary therefore to wait until the morning, when the stable servants came at six o'clock, and the house was open. I then stole from my room accompanied by my chamber-maid, Margarita, and my faithful four-legged companion, Jimmy. However, Mr. Hube was on the look-out, and when I was just leaving the house he came from behind a corner, stood before me with a very dark long face, and said, 'Well, Princess!' I only answered, 'Good-morning, Mr. Hube,' and passed on towards Mexico. He took, however, another road, and when I came to the main road I found him there waiting for me.

'Where are you going?' he asked. I told him that I was going to Mexico, but without mentioning anything about my dreams (at which he would only have laughed), or of my intention. He now commenced again a new assault. He said that I might be killed, or run other risks amongst the soldiers; and for two mortal hours he exhausted his whole arsenal of common-sense arguments, which of course had not the slightest effect upon me, as I had made up my mind, and was firmly resolved to have my own way. I thanked him for all his kindness, and all the trouble he took about me, but declared that I must and would go. The dear old gentleman turned quite pale and did not say a word more to detain me. I had to walk with my maid and Jimmy a league and a half to Chapul-

tepec. The whole road was filled with Liberal officers and soldiers, who knew me, however, as they had seen me at Mr. Hube's, who belonged to the Liberal party. They therefore greeted me, and let me pass unmolested.

When I arrived at Chapultepec, I asked for the commanding officer, a Colonel Leon, who had been two years in the United States service, and spoke English tolerably well. When he was brought from a restaurant, where he took his breakfast, he received me with extreme politeness. I told him that I was in great anxiety about my husband and the Emperor, and that I longed very much to do something to save them. For this purpose I wanted to go to Mexico, to speak to the commanders of the foreign troops, to ascertain whether they would surrender if General Porfirio Diaz would engage himself to secure life and liberty to the Emperor and his officers if they should fall into the hands of the Liberals.

The Colonel told me that Queretaro could not hold out much longer. The city was very closely besieged, and the garrison already starving.

He would permit me to pass through his outposts, and I promised to return as soon as I had the opinion of the foreign colonels. He gave me his arm, and went with me about three-quarters of a league to the outposts, Margarita and Jimmy following. In order that our men might not think that I was stealing into the city, I went right across the open fields towards the garita which was defended by a battery. The officers commanding these recognized me, and I had no difficulties. The soldiers very politely laid boards across the ditch, and helped me over the rampart of the battery.

I went directly to the house of the Prussian minister, Baron von Magnus, whom I found at home. He received me with a little formality and coldness, for he had, I do not know for what reasons, a prejudice against Hube, and was not at all pleased that I had taken up my residence with that family. Taking, however, not much notice of his diplomatic stiffness, I told him why I had come to Mexico, and that I wanted to see Colonel Kodolitsch and Count Khevenhüller, of whom Colonel Leon had spoken in the highest terms, because they fought so bravely at San Lorenzo, and promised, on his word of honour, that if they would come out for a conversation, he would let them return to the city, whatever might be the result.

Baron Magnus changed his manner at once when he heard my plan, and how I was proceeding to carry it out. He liked my idea very much, but of course wanted to direct my movements, and was very sanguine of a satisfactory result if I would be guided by him. He ordered his carriage, and I drove to the quarters of Colonel Kodolitsch, who was not at home, but whom I found with Count Khevenhüller.

Colonel Kodolitsch was willing to go out and talk with Colonel Leon, but only under the condition that Baron Magnus had nothing to do with the whole affair, 'as the Baron was rather inclined to act as he pleased, and to appropriate the merit to himself which was due to others.' I told him that I had already made an engagement with the minister, and I could not drop him now. The colonels then promised to speak as soon as possible to their officers and men, and let me know the result. Baron Magnus then went with me to Madame Macholowitsch, the Mexican wife of an Austrian officer, where I stayed that night.

Next morning I saw the two colonels. Count Khevenhüller was for surrender. It was clear, he said, that General Marquez had acted treacherously with regard to the Emperor, and though he was ready to give a hundred lives for his sovereign, he did not want to sacrifice himself or his men for Marquez.

Kodolitsch, however, was of the opinion that it was not desirable to treat about surrender, without having first heard reliable news from Queretaro, and ascertained the will of the Emperor. Though he was willing to hear what conditions the enemy might be ready to grant, he could not meet Colonel Leon, as Marquez, who must have some suspicion, had issued an order that morning threatening to shoot any officer or soldier who should communicate with the enemy in any manner.

I then requested them to give me a written authorisation to treat in the name of the foreign officers and soldiers; but they thought this also too dangerous, and wanted me to go on my own account and to make two propositions to Porfirio Diaz. The first was that he should permit me, or another person, to travel to Queretaro to inform the Emperor of the true state of affairs in Mexico, and to know his will, for which purpose an armistice should be made for seven days. If the Liberal General would not consent to this, I should, under the circumstances, offer him the surrender of all foreign troops, under the condi-

tion that Porfirio Diaz would give in writing his word of honour that he would guarantee the life of the Emperor and the foreign troops, if they should become prisoners.

It seemed to me absurd to go to Porfirio Diaz without any proof that I was really deputed by the foreign troops. I therefore requested Baron Magnus to give me at least a few lines. This he declined also to do, but told me that he knew another way which would answer the purpose just as well.

There lived, he said, in Mexico, a Madame Baz, whose husband was a Liberal General on the staff of Porfirio Diaz, and who, if the city should be taken, would become its governor. This lady was always in communication with the enemy, and acted in fact as their spy. She might be used in this affair and inform her husband that I should come as the deputy of the minister and the colonels.

Baron Magnus and I drove to Madame Baz, and took with us Mr. Scholler, the chancellor of the minister, who spoke Spanish perfectly well, and could explain everything to that lady without creating mistakes and misunderstandings.

Madame Baz was a very clever woman, and frequently used to carry on difficult negotiations. At the time when the French were still in Mexico, she was frequently in the camp of the enemy in all kinds of disguises. Her information was always so correct and so well-timed, that the Liberals gave her the name of their 'Guardian Angel.' She was about thirty years of age, medium height, and slender build; her face was thin, her forehead broad, her eyes dark, and her whole countenance beaming with intelligence and energy.

When the above mentioned propositions were stated to her Baron Magnus declared that he would defray any expenses for travelling, or escort, or other purposes, to any amount.

Madame Baz told me that she would accompany me herself to Porfirio Diaz, and endeavour to persuade him to accept the stated propositions, but she could not go until next day, as she had to wait for news from her husband.

I had promised to Colonel Leon to return and let him know the opinion of the foreign officers, and was afraid if I stayed too long in the city he might become suspicious about me. I therefore again left Mexico, and went to Caza San Jago Colorado, where I met Colonel Leon. He told me that he had seen Porfirio Diaz, and informed him of my plans. The Gen-

eral had given, it appeared, this affairs into the hands of Colonel ———, to whom I should have to state the conditions of the officers. I told Colonel Leon that Madam Baz would go with me to Porfirio Diaz next day herself. He insisted, however, on my seeing the Colonel, and we drove to his headquarters in Tacubaya.

The Colonel expected me ; but when I told him that I would come next day with Madame Baz, he permitted me to return to Mexico, where I had promised to be before evening.

Meanwhile it had become dark, and when I, with my maid and Jimmy, approached the garita, the sentinel called out, 'Who goes there?' In my surprise I made a very sad mistake, for instead of answering 'Amigo' I very resolutely called out 'Enemigo!' The sentinel answered at once by a shot, but the bullet whizzed harmlessly past us. As I was, however, afraid of a more effective repetition of the dose, I sought shelter behind the arches of the aqueduct which runs there, and Margarita, frightened out of her wits, knelt down and prayed to all the saints of the almanac.

To make them understand at the garita that I was by no means an 'enemigo,' I called to the soldiers, and cried out, 'Viva Maximiliano!' This time old Colonel Campos heard me, and came out to fetch us. He was an old acquaintance of mine, and he had promised to wait for me at the garita, but expected me sooner. He was quite distressed that one of his soldiers should have fired on me.

When I went next morning to Madame Baz, she said that she must wait until two o'clock P.M.; when she should hear from her husband. Returning at that hour to her house, she told me that her husband had been ordered that night to go to Escobedo, and that she therefore could not accompany me; she would, however, send a messenger to Porfirio Diaz, with a note stating that I was really deputed by the Prussian minister and foreign officers. I tried hard to induce her to go with me, but she would not. I therefore had to go alone. Colonel Leon and the others waited for me with an escort, to bring me and Madame Baz to Porfirio Diaz.

As I had not changed my dress for three days, and was to go on horseback to head-quarters, which were several leagues from Tacubaya, I went to the house of Madame Hube. As I did not tell her what I was about, she was very angry with me,

for the most absurd reports about my queer doings had reached her ear. Much as I regretted the displeasure of that dear, kind soul, I thought it better to let her think for awhile what she pleased, and told her only that I was going to head-quarters, on which she informed me that I should find Mr. Hube there. Colonel Leon kindly lent me his handsome black Mexican horse, and I soon arrived at the village of San Guadalup. There, at the head-quarters of the Liberal general, fifty persons at least waited to see him; amongst them I saw Mr. Hube who looked on me with a very serious face. When, however, I told him that I came as deputed by the foreign officers to treat about the surrender under certain conditions, and requested him to be my interpreter with Porfirio Diaz, his manner suddenly changed, and he praised me beyond my merit. I sent in my card, and was immediately admitted.

The General is a man of medium height, with a rather handsome face, and brilliant, dark, and very intelligent eyes. He wore a blue cut-away coat with brass buttons, dark blue trousers, and high boots. He received me very politely, and shook hands with me. He said that he had been informed by his officers that I had to offer some condition from the foreign troops in Mexico for surrender, and that he would hear what they had to say. I asked whether he had received a letter from Madame Baz, and he said he had, but of course wanted more detailed propositions.

Mr. Hube then spoke to him, and did it with much feeling and in a most creditable manner. He implored the general to agree to the conditions, which would end at once all bloodshed; he pointed out to him all the consequences and advantages of such a course, and the old gentleman felt so much all that he said that he had tears in his eyes.

The General did not like the proposed armistice for seven days, and, as I ascertained at a later period, did not believe me. He was convinced that I only wanted to go to Queretaro to carry messages from the garrison of Mexico, which might end with a plan to attack the Liberals. I cannot wonder that the General thought so, for he knew what Madame Baz was in the habit of doing, and believed that I was engaged in the same manner in the cause of the Emperor. As to Marquez, he was perfectly certain that he would employ the armistice in fortifying the city.

The General therefore answered that it was beyond his power to make any promises in reference to the Emperor or the troops in Queretaro. He commanded only one half of the army, and could only treat about Mexico. He would not accept the surrender of that city under any conditions ; he was sure to take it, and would not suffer Marquez and others to escape who ought to be hung. If, however, the foreign troops would come out and surrender, he would grant them life and liberty, and everything they could carry with them except arms. He would take them at the expense of the Government to any port they desired, in order to return to Europe. If, however, I was determined to go to Queretaro, he would give me a pass and a letter to Escobedo, to whom he must leave it whether he would permit me to enter that city or not.

It was about four o'clock P.M., and after having taken a cup of coffee with the General, I mounted my horse to return to Mexico, in order to hear what the foreign officers had to answer to the propositions of Diaz. As it was broad daylight, and the garita I came from was about four miles from Guadalupe, I resolved to enter Mexico by the Garita de Guadalupe. An escort, led by an officer, accompanied me as far as they could venture, and fixing my white handkerchief to my riding-whip I rode at a gallop towards the garita.

When I passed a little bridge in front of the fortification, so close to it that I could distinguish the faces of the soldiers, the sentinel fired a shot at me, which I took as a hint to stop. I therefore stopped, expecting that the officer would send out some men to examine me. I saw them line the breastwork, but had no idea what they were about, when suddenly they fired a volley at me. The bullets whizzed round my head, one even grazing my hair, others striking the ground around my horse. At this I was more angry than frightened, for it was so stupid to fire at a single woman—as if I could have stormed their battery ! My first impulse was to rush upon the cowards, and send my whip round their long ears ; but when I heard behind me the clatter of the hoofs of my escort, who advanced to my assistance, and saw the soldiers in the battery reload their guns in great hurry, I would not endanger others, and turned round.

My little black Mexican horse darted off like an arrow, and I bent my head down to his neck. The wretches sent another

volley after me, but fortunately they did not wound either me or my horse.

As I heard afterwards the battery was manned with raw recruits—Indians—who did not know anything about the meaning of the white handkerchief attached to my riding-whip, and when I came on the officer commanding was just taking a drink. Marquez heard that they had fired on a flag of truce, without knowing, however, that it was I, and the officer was punished.

Twenty-five men and five or six Liberal officers came to meet me; all were very much concerned, and would scarcely believe that I had not been wounded. As I would not again risk a volley, I resolved to enter the garita where Colonel Campos commanded, and General Porfirio Diaz was kind enough to give me an escort of ten men.

Before, however, we reached the garita I was overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm and rain, which thoroughly drenched me, and, instead of going to Mexico, I went to Tacubaya, where I was received by Madame Hube with open arms, for her husband had told her on what kind of adventures I had been out.

Next day (April 19) was Good Friday, when no horse, mule, or carriage is permitted to show itself in the city of Mexico. It was necessary to hear the opinion of Baron Magnus and the colonels, and I was therefore obliged to walk many miles in the heat of the sun.

I saw first Baron Magnus and afterwards the colonels, and told them the offer of Porfirio Diaz, but they said they could not accept it without first knowing the will of the Emperor. I proposed then to go on my own responsibility to Queretaro, but Baron Magnus opposed this, and would not even consent to my leaving Mexico again. He wished that I would at least remain a few days, hoping that we might hear in the meanwhile something positive from Queretaro. As I had promised Porfirio Diaz to return, I did not like to stay so long in Mexico, but at last I yielded to the urgency of the Baron. The latter seemed to be afraid that Marquez had received some intelligence of what was going on, and that I might be arrested on my way.

When I was in the camp of the Liberals, Colonel Leon told me that he had under his charge a number of Imperialists,

captured at San Lorenzo, who were destitute even of food and clothes, and were in a most miserable condition. If I could do something for them in Mexico, and bring them some clothes and money, he most readily would permit me to deliver both to them myself. Accordingly, I spoke about it to Baron Magnus and the Austrian officers, and we collected for this purpose one hundred dollars, which were placed in my hands.

On April 24, in the morning, the minister sent his carriage for me, and I drove to the garita. From thence I went to the Casa Colorada, where I saw Colonel Leon, and informed him that I had some money for the foreign prisoners. He led me himself into the castle of Chapultepec, and called the prisoners in. They were a Captain Rudolph Sporrberger, with several sergeants—altogether fifteen persons. They had scarcely any clothes, and were indeed in a very miserable condition. I gave the captain twenty-five dollars, and each of the others five dollars, for which they gave me a receipt. This receipt is still in my possession, to prove that I did not forget my commission.

From thence I went to Tacubaya. By the manner of the Liberal officers and soldiers I saw that there was something wrong, and when I came to the house of Madame Hube, I found them all in tears and in great anxiety. I do not know what had happened during my absence, but on April 24 Porfirio Diaz issued an order that all persons who proposed to leave Mexico under the pretext of negotiating should be shot; and as I was in that position, they saw me already in my coffin.

I wanted to go immediately to the General, in order to excuse myself for my long absence; but Madame Hube would not let me go, and detained me for several hours. Whilst I was thus detained, a carriage-and-four drove up before the door, and an officer informed me that he had orders to take me directly to the head-quarters of the General. Of course there was great lamentation at Madame Hube's, but I was obliged to obey; and after having packed up a few clothes I entered the carriage, together with Margarita and Jimmy.

When we arrived at head-quarters, an adjutant of Porfirio Diaz informed me that I was to leave the republic of Mexico immediately, and handed me a passport, requesting me to name any port from which I would wish to sail, to which I should be brought by an escort.

The whole arrangement did not at all suit me, and I made up my mind to mar it. I therefore desired to see General Porfirio Diaz, as there must be a mistake somewhere, which I wanted to explain. The General, however, would not see me, and the adjutant insisted on my setting off. I declared, then, that I would not go by my own will. They might shoot me, or put me in irons, but they should not compel me to leave the country.

My resolution embarrassed them very much, and they were at a loss what to do; but I stayed from six o'clock P.M. to twelve o'clock at head-quarters, waiting to see the General. At last I was lodged in a private house with a Mexican family, who were very kind, but a sentinel was placed before my door.

On April 26, in the morning, my carriage came again, and the officer who was to escort me insisted on my leaving. I did not, however, stir, but sent my compliments to General Porfirio Diaz, requesting him to suffer me to go to Queretaro. To this, however, he sent me a refusal, and I remained resolutely where I was.

In the afternoon came Madame Hube with some more clothes for me, and also General Baz, who had returned from Queretaro, and who was a great friend of the Hubes. He was kind enough to go to the Commander General, to inquire what made him so severe against me.

Now we heard the reason of all this harsh proceeding against me. Porfirio said that I had broken my word; that I had tried to bribe his officers with money and fair words, which was a great crime; and that I was too dangerous a person to be permitted to remain in Mexico.

General Baz arranged affairs, however, and wrung from Porfirio Diaz permission for me to go to Queretaro to Escobedo, but he would not give me an escort. Escobedo might do with me as he liked, either permit me to enter Queretaro or send me farther on.

General Baz was a very agreeable man, who looked and behaved more like a Frenchman than a Mexican. Though very friendly, his manner was dignified; and he was equally liked by both parties. He was extremely kind to me, and prepared everything to facilitate my journey to Queretaro. He gave me thirty-seven letters of recommendation to owners of haciendas, post-masters, hotel-keepers, and officers.

Mr. Smith, a merchant, and director or superintendent of the railroad, gave me four very good mules and his coachman, and I got also a very bright yellow superannuated *fiacre* from Tacubaya.

The road between Mexico and Queretaro was much infested by robbers, and the journey, which required about four days, was rather hazardous. However, my good fortune assisted me. A gentleman belonging to the Liberal party, Mr. Para, who had travelled three days in order to speak with Porfirio Diaz without success, and who was travelling home, volunteered to escort me, and I accepted this offer with the more pleasure as he had with him a mounted armed servant and a coachman. Porfirio Diaz had nothing to say against his going with me.

With many tears I took leave of Madame Hube, and commenced my journey on April 27. The whole party consisted of my escort, his armed servant, two unarmed coachmen, my maid, and Jimmy. I had my little seven-shooter revolver and only three 'ounces' in my pocket.

The letters which General Baz had given me proved to be of great value. I was received everywhere with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and could not have been treated better had I been a queen.

In the morning before sunrise I left San Francisco, and when I had gone a little way, and the sun was just rising, I saw some dark form hanging on a tree. On looking out of the carriage I discovered to my horror that it was a Liberal officer, his head and face covered by a black cap, and blood trickling down his body. With disgust I turned my head away to the other side. There I saw hanging on another tree another officer, presenting a still more ghastly spectacle. These two men were a Liberal lieutenant-colonel and a major, who had committed a crime against a young girl, and when her exasperated father tried to revenge his child, they killed him and cut out his tongue. According to the Mexican custom, they were shot on the spot where they had committed the crime, and hung to a tree for a time as a warning example. For a long time I could not get rid of the horrible impression which this sight made on me.

CHAPTER XII.

Arrival before Queretaro—Visit to Escobedo's head-quarters—One who had 'known me intimately'—Journey to San Luis Potosi—Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez—An audience with President Juarez—M. Iglesia—The fall of Queretaro—The Emperor and my husband prisoners—Journey to Queretaro—San Teresita—My first interview with the Emperor—His prison—I arrange a meeting between the Emperor and General Escobedo—What happened in the Hacienda de Hercules—General Refugio Gonzales a Marplot—The convent of the Capuchins—The Emperor forced to remain in a grave vault—Colonel Villanueva.

WHEN I arrived on the height of the Cuesta China I could overlook the whole of Queretaro ; and from that city they had also noticed my bright yellow carriage-and-four and escort, and took me for Juarez, as I was afterwards told.

Little as I understand about military art, it seemed to me most injudicious to make a place like Queretaro as it were the keystone of the whole war. The town is surrounded by hills, which are most favourable to the establishment of batteries, and whence every street and every house can be seen. It is a regular mousetrap.

As I drove down the hill to the Hacienda de Hercules, which belonged to M. Rubio, to whom one of General Baz's letters was addressed, I every moment expected that I should be fired at by the guns from the city, for I was everywhere within range.

The head-quarters of General Escobedo were on the other side of the Rio Blanca, on the slope of a hill called La Cantera. As I had a letter for him, and was anxious to see him, I dressed at once to go there on horseback. I procured a horse, but as there was no lady's saddle to be had, I had to ride on a common wooden Mexican saddle, though lady fashion, which was

by no means agreeable. The gentleman who had accompanied me from Mexico had gone before me to head-quarters, and announced my arrival. He had been made as it were responsible for me, for I was a kind of prisoner.

When I stopped and sent in my name to the General, a young fair-haired captain came from among a group of officers standing about, and addressed me as an old acquaintance from the United States, though I did not remember his face. This was a Captain Enking, who had served in the German division in the United States army, and who had once escorted me when I visited General Blenker's camp. This person had, as I was informed afterwards, boasted that 'he knew me intimately,' though, as I said before, I did not even remember his face. He behaved on a later occasion in the most contemptible manner, and seemed to be held in very little esteem by his own comrades and by the General himself; for when he offered himself as an interpreter Escobedo declined his services, and sent for a Mexican officer, who spoke English very well. This captain had been put under arrest by Escobedo, as at the capture of Queretaro he with his men plundered private houses, and appropriated private property to himself.

When on one occasion I requested Escobedo to give me an officer to escort me to my house, he sent for this captain; but I refused him with great indignation, and the captain retired in confusion. Escobedo had sent for this man on purpose to shame him.

General Escobedo received me at once in a very small and most miserable tent, propped up with sticks, furnished merely with a table made of raw boards, and some wooden chests as a seat. The General wore a uniform similar to that of Porârio Diaz, only with rather more lace and brass buttons. He received me very kindly, and I told him I had heard that my husband was wounded, and requested his permission to go into the city. The General said he did not believe that my husband was wounded, and that he could not give me the required permission. All he could do was to give me a letter to President Juarez in San Luis Petosi, who perhaps might grant me what I wished. He said he knew my husband very well, and complimented me very much about him, observing that he was an extremely brave officer, as he had experienced to his great damage. He promised to treat him kindly if he should ever

fall into his hands, and that if he were wounded I should be permitted to nurse him. •

The General left it to me whether I would remain at M. Rubio's until the next diligence, or whether I would go with that which was to start next morning. After reflecting that my staying before Querataro was of no use, I desired to go next morning to San Luis Potosi.

The diligence started some leagues from Queretaro. When I arrived at its place of starting, before three o'clock in the morning, I met there Lieut-Colonel Aspirez, who told me that he had been ordered by General Escobedo to escort me to San Luis Potosi and to the President. He had already taken tickets for myself and maid, and we started about three o'clock A.M.

After a journey of three days we arrived in San Luis Potosi, and I delivered my letter from General Baz to the military governor of that place, by whom I was quartered in beautiful rooms in a house that belonged to one of the Imperialist party.

With Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez I then went to see the President. When I came to his palace I was received by one of his aide-de-camps, who led me by the hand, as if he was leading me to a country-dance, to a large reception-room. There the aide-de-camp made a tremendous bow, and left me with Aspirez.

After a little while President Juarez entered, accompanied by M. Iglesia, one of his ministers, who spoke English perfectly well.

Juarez was a man a little under the middle size, with a very dark complexioned Indian face, which was not disfigured, but, on the contrary, made more interesting, by a very large scar across it. He had very black piercing eyes, and gave one the impression of being a man who reflects much, and deliberates long and carefully before acting. He wore high English collars and a black neck-tie, and was dressed in black broad-cloth.

The President gave me his hand, led me to the sofa, on which Jimmy had already established himself, and said he would listen to what I had to say.

M. Iglesia, who acted as interpreter, looked more like a dark-haired German with spectacles than a Mexican. He was in appearance and manners a thorough gentleman, who showed much sympathy in his benevolent face.

I told M. Juarez all that had happened in Mexico, and what I intended to do in order to bring the horrible bloodshed to an end, and requested him to permit me to go to Queretaro.

The President said that he had not received any details from General Porfirio Diaz, but he supposed that I must have done something very dangerous as I had been ordered so suddenly to leave the country. He could not give me an answer until he was better informed. If I would return with Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez to M. Rubio, and wait there for his answer, I was at liberty to do so, or to remain in San Luis.

I told him that I would reflect on it, and give him an answer next morning. The President gave me his arm, and accompanied me through all the rooms to the head of the staircase, where he dismissed me with a low bow.

As I could not get permission to enter Queretaro, I thought it better to remain near the President, where I should hear always the freshest news, and be on the spot to act accordingly. When, however, Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez had left, and the day approached when the diligence was to start again, I changed my mind, and resolved to return to M. Rubio. Accordingly; I went again to the President and told him so, but he desired me to remain at San Luis, as Queretaro must fall in a few days. I remained here therefore as was required, but heard no news until the 10th of May, when the ringing of all the bells and the firing of guns announced some great event.

The next morning a gentleman called upon me, who told me that Queretaro had been sold to the Liberals for three thousand 'ounces,' by a certain Colonel Lopez and a man from San Luis, Jablowski; that the Emperor was a prisoner, and my husband wounded. Of course this news distressed me very much, and I immediately went to the President to obtain his permission to go to Queretaro. He was, however, at a dinner-party, and I was not able to see him. Under these circumstances I thought it best to travel without his permission. This I did, and I arrived without any accident at Queretaro on the 19th of May, four days after the fall of that city.

I alighted at the Hotel de Diligencias, where my husband was well known. It was between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and too late to see General Escobedo, who had his quarters in the Hacienda de Hercules, which is some distance from Queretaro.

As I could not get a carriage next morning, I was obliged to go on horseback. A lady's saddle was not to be had, and as some colonel's horse was just saddled at the door and offered to me, I rode on it to the General's head-quarters, followed by an Indian servant.

The General received me very kindly, shook hands with me, and said that he was glad to see me. I asked him to give me an order to see my husband and the Emperor. He sent at once for Colonel Villanueva of his staff, and requested him to accompany me to the prison.

Before going to the prison, I went to the hotel to change my riding-habit for another dress, and then went with the colonel to the Convent San Teresita. We reached the convent between ten and eleven o'clock A.M., crossed a yard, and went up a very dirty and extremely bad-smelling staircase. This and the noise everywhere in the house made me quite dizzy.

We now entered a small dirty room, where several officers were lying about on 'cocos' on the floor, all looking very neglected. On asking for my husband, a polite little gentleman, M. Blasio, informed me the Prince was with the Emperor, and would return directly. He had scarcely said so when my husband came. He was not shaved, wore a collar several days old, and looked altogether as if he had emerged from a dust-bin, though not worse than the rest of his comrades. To see him again under these circumstances affected me very much, and I wept and almost fainted when he held me in his arms.

My husband now left me to inform the Emperor of my arrival, who told him that he should be pleased to see me. The Emperor had suffered before the surrender very much from dysentery, and was sick in bed, but in such circumstances all the ceremonies which make social life uncomfortable are at an end. Salm cautioned me not to speak of the death of General Mendez, who had been shot a few hours ago.

I shall never forget this interview with the Emperor, with whom I had never yet spoken. The Empress had left Mexico several months before my arrival, and ladies were not received at Court. How our meeting at Chapultepec was prevented I have said before.

I found him in a miserable bare room, in bed, looking very sick and pale. He received me with the utmost kindness, kissed my hand, and pressed it in his, and told me how glad

he was that I had come. As he had not heard yet anything reliable of Marquez and Mexico, he was highly interested with everything I told him, and very indignant at the behaviour of Marquez, who assumed rights and an air of command which could not be allowed to any subject. He distributed decorations and titles as if he had been the Emperor himself.

I mentioned my negotiations with Porfirio Diaz and the colonels in Mexico, and my visit in San Luis Potosi, as also my interview with Juarez, which all interested the Emperor very much.

Looking around, and considering the bad state of health of the Emperor, I was very anxious that he should soon get out of that disagreeable position, and asked him whether he had yet done anything in this respect. Escobedo had paid him a visit, but nothing had been said about the intentions of the Liberals. I proposed to speak with Escobedo in the name of the Emperor, and to try whether I could not bring him to reasonable terms. I would induce him to come and see his Majesty, or, if the latter was well enough to go out, to receive him at some other place. The first thing, however, was to make the Emperor and my husband a little more comfortable, and especially to buy some fresh linen for them, which they greatly wanted and missed very much.

On going at once to see Escobedo, I found him in a very good humour, as he expected the arrival of his sisters, whom he had not seen for several years. He said that he could not go out that day, but that the Emperor would be welcome if he would come to see him, accompanied by myself and my husband. Whilst Colonel Villanueva went to procure a carriage I went out to purchase some linen, and when that was done we returned to San Teresita.

The Emperor having got out of bed, and giving me his arm, my husband also following with Colonel Villanueva, we went down the staircase into the street, where we found the handsome carriage of M. Rubio and an escort of four men. On our way down the prisoners had come out to see the Emperor, and all greeted him with much love and respect.

Had the Emperor had a correct idea of the danger of his position, which then and much later was by no means the case, he would perhaps have thought sooner of escape, and not missed so many very favourable opportunities which were

offered him. I am sure, had we employed money, the Emperor might have escaped whilst on this drive to the Hacienda de Hercules, and the whole escort would have gone with him. He was, however, very far from thinking his life in danger, though the fate of Emperor Iturbide might have taught him that a bare title is no protection in Mexico.

Arrived at the Hacienda de Hercules we entered a large and fine garden, with a fountain, near which were assembled a great many Liberal officers and other gentlemen, who greeted the Emperor, who had me on his arm, with very low bows.

General Escobedo advanced, and offered his hand to the Emperor. We went then to the right, in a wide walk, where seats were placed for us. We commenced the conversation about indifferent objects; but this was rendered difficult by two bands, which made a horrible noise, drowning our voices. The Emperor told General Escobedo that he had instructed my husband to make some propositions in his name, and he and Colonel Villanueva retired to arrange that business.¹

We remained until nearly dark at the head-quarters of Escobedo, who offered me some refreshments, which were, however, declined; and we returned to San Teresita as we had come. The Emperor was much depressed, which was owing to his weak state of health. I remember that day always with emotion, and that I was the last lady the Emperor had on his arm.

All night long there was a most disagreeable noise in San Teresita, which prevented him from sleeping, and he was very desirous to have a separate house for himself and his household officers. I was anxious to satisfy the wish of the Emperor, and drove again to Escobedo, who most readily acceded to it, and procured next morning a very handsomely-furnished house for that purpose. One half of it was intended for the Emperor, the other half for the use of the imprisoned Generals.

These good intentions of Escobedo were, however, not carried out, for General Refugio Gonzales, formerly a robber, who was charged with the guard over the prisoners, reproached the General for wanting to treat Maximilian as a prince; that this was against the instructions of the Government, and that he would not be responsible for the security of the prisoners if

they were placed in a private house. Escobedo became probably somewhat alarmed, and the more so as he had the most convincing proof that his Government was resolved to use the utmost severity towards his prisoners. He therefore left it to Refugio Gonzales to provide other quarters for the Emperor and the Generals, and they were transferred to the convent of Capuchins. The Emperor wished me to accompany him on the way thither, and Colonel Villanueva went to M. Rubio to request the loan of his carriage, which he got at last, after waiting two hours for it.

When the Emperor arrived at the Capuchins, and was shown his room, he stopped on the threshold, saying, 'Certainly that cannot be my room ; why, this is a vault for the dead. Indeed, this is a bad omen.'

Villanueva excused himself as well as he could, and went to speak to Refugio Gonzales, but that man said, 'Yes, that is his room, and he must sleep here, at least this night, in order to remind him that his time is at hand.'

It was indeed the pantheon, or burial-place of the convent ; and it is an everlasting shame to the Mexican Government that they could permit this cruelty to their distinguished prisoner. I was indignant, and so was Colonel Villanueva. Escobedo was informed of this proceeding, and the next day another room was provided, from which the Emperor could walk into a little yard.

Three days later the law proceedings against the Emperor commenced, and he was placed in solitary confinement. Colonel Villanueva said to me on the first day, 'The thing is drawing now to a close nothing can save the Emperor but escape.'

CHAPTER XIII.

My plans to save the Emperor—What Consul Bahnsen thought of them—Visit to the Emperor at midnight—A letter to Juarez—Politeness of Escobedo—Preparing to go to San Luis—Consul Bahnsen's fear justified—His sleeping partner—Another audience with Juarez—My pleading for delay—Mr. Iglesia on my side—Victory—Return to Queretaro—A wide-awake partner of Mr. Bahnsen—A fearful journey—How I looked—Scene on my arrival in Maximilian's prison described by another eye-witness.

I RETURNED home very much depressed ; and when I saw Mr. Bahnsen, who had arrived from San Luis and whose face exhibited a very lugubrious expression, my spirits did not improve. All that night I did not sleep, but revolved in my mind incessantly the question, 'What can be done to save the Emperor?' I reflected all the following day, and when Colonel Villanueva and Mr. Bahnsen called towards evening, I had found what I had wanted, and asked them, 'Who will go to San Luis to ask Juarez for time?'

Mr. Bahnsen shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'Nobody will go. Ask for time! It is quite useless. You do not know Juarez ; I know him well. That idea is not to be thought of.'

'Well, Colonel,' I said, 'I cannot ask you ; but I, a woman, will go!'

'You!' said Mr. Bahnsen, with a sarcastic laugh.

But all his doubts and ridicule did not influence me in the least. I then asked the Colonel, 'Will you accompany me to Aspirez, and ask him for permission to see the Emperor this night?'

The Colonel was willing. Aspirez, my travelling companion on my first journey to San Luis, was now 'fiscal,' and had the Emperor under his especial charge.

It was past eleven o'clock P.M. when we arrived at Aspirez's lodging, and he was already in bed; but Colonel Villanueva awoke him. I told the astonished officer that I wished to go again to San Luis, and that I requested his permission to consult first with the Emperor, in the presence of Colonel Villanueva, which was readily and kindly given.

It was past midnight when we arrived at the Capuchins. My husband was asleep. He immediately dressed, but was quite frightened at my sudden appearance in the middle of the night, imagining that some bad news had brought me there. When, however, he heard my plan he declared it to be excellent, and went up with me to the room of the Emperor, who since his separation from the other prisoners had seen nobody except his doctor.

The Emperor thanked me very much, and approved also of my idea. Villanueva advised him to write a letter to Juarez, and request two weeks' time to prepare his defence, and to consult with lawyers from Mexico. The Emperor consented, and signed a letter which was written by Villanueva at his request. This letter I was instructed to give into the hands of Juarez himself, and if I could not do so not to part with it at all. As I wished to start on my journey immediately, I said good night to the poor Emperor, who had tears in his eyes. I was very much affected, for it appeared to me as if I had now seen his face for the last time.

As I had promised to give the letter into Juarez's own hands, and was afraid that difficulties might be laid in the way of my seeing him, I thought it expedient to procure from Escobedo a letter of authorization to the President.

It was past one o'clock when I went with Villanueva and my maid to Escobedo's quarters. The General was just returning with Colonel Doria from some place of amusement, and I found him fortunately in very good humour. He gave me not only a letter to Juarez, but also granted my request for an order to take the mules of the diligence, with which I returned to my hotel to prepare for the journey, for which Mr. Bahnsen had promised to lend me his light carriage. This order of Escobedo was indeed quite an astonishing thing, for by it the communication between Queretaro and San Luis was stopped for at least twelve hours for the public.

Arrived at the hotel I found Mr. Bahnsen, who retracted

his promise. He was afraid his carriage would be broken to pieces ; he called my idea a woman's whim, and said that the whole thing was foolish and useless. I was in despair, and tried my best to get the carriage from Mr. Bahnsen, in which I succeeded after a great deal of trouble, and under the condition that one of his partners, a Mexican, should accompany me.

It was already five o'clock in the morning when we started with two drivers, as usual, and five mules. These animals were used to drag the heavy diligence, and having such a light load behind them they became quite unmanageable, and after we had proceeded only a few leagues they succeeded in running against a stone fence and breaking the pole, thus fulfilling the fears of Mr. Bahnsen.

My Mexican companion was in despair, and after much ado and useless lamentations, the pole was tied up, and we arrived at San Michael, where I thought it better to leave Mr. Bahnsen's light concern behind and to take the diligence. Thus we travelled as fast as possible all day, and arrived without any further accident at a hacienda half-way to San Luis. It was now midnight. I wanted to go on immediately, but the straw man whom Mr. Bahnsen had given me as an escort declared that he was tired, that he required sleep, that the road was infested with robbers ; in short, that he would not go any farther that night.

I had at last to give way, but only on condition that we should start again at three o'clock. I was up at that time, and coachmen and mules were ready, but my sleepy escort was not to be seen, and all our thundering against his door was in vain. I had already made up my mind to leave him to his slumbers and to travel alone, when he appeared at six o'clock, nicely dressed with kid gloves, and ordering his cup of chocolate. I was exceedingly angry and expressed my opinion of him pretty freely.

Between six and seven o'clock P.M. we arrived at San Luis, and put up at Mr. Bahnsen's house, where his sisters received me with the utmost kindness. I had continually before my mind that melancholy face of the august martyr in Queretaro, which looked up so thankfully to mine from his sick bed when I departed, and was urged by the fear that every minute's delay might cost him his life ; I therefore did not care for my

toilet, but hastened at once to the residence of Juarez. At that moment he had a Cabinet meeting, and could not receive me. He requested, however, that I would send in the letter of the Emperor, which I declined to do, as I had promised to give it into no other hands but his own. I sent him, however, the letter of Escobedo, and he appointed nine o'clock A.M. next day as the hour he could receive me.

The brother of Mr. Bahnsen accompanied me next morning to the President, whom I found again in company with Mr. Iglesia. He took my letter, read it, handed it to his minister, and said, 'That the time for the proceeding against Maximilian was fixed at three days by the law, and that he, after having considered the case, regretted that he could not grant the requested delay.'

I addressed myself to Mr. Iglesia, and pleaded the Emperor's cause as well as I could. I declared that it was barbarous to shoot a prisoner without having given him even time for his defence, and to treat him as a traitor who had come in the honest belief that he had been elected and called by the Mexican people. A few days more could not be of any importance to the Government, and even prudence dictated to the Government not to show such improper haste. They might reflect on the consequences, and that not only Europe, but all the civilised world would be indignant at the Mexican Government if it acted in such a hasty, cruel manner.

'Well, Mr. Juarez,' I said, 'pray reserve your decision until at least five o'clock this afternoon. Should you remain of the same determination, then I will return to Queretaro, Heaven knows with how sad a heart.'

Mr. Iglesia saw me to the door, and I spoke to him what my heart prompted me to say. He did not answer, but pressed my hand in a manner which seemed to promise his assistance.

When I returned at five o'clock he came to meet me with a happy, smiling face, and without saying one word he handed me the precious order granting the desired delay. I was so overjoyed that I nearly hugged that worthy gentleman. I wished to see Mr. Juarez in order that I might thank him, but he was out.

Though I was told that the order for the respite would be telegraphed to Queretaro, I was anxious to return thither immediately, and declining the escort of the Mexican partner of

Mr. Bahnsen, who must have been a sleeping partner I suppose, I accepted that of a very lively partner, a Mr. Dans, who proved to be a very useful and agreeable travelling companion. As the coachman did not drive fast enough for him, he himself took the reins.

The journey was rather troublesome. The night was as dark as could be, and we had to light torches, which were extinguished by torrents of rain. At many places the road was so rough and dangerous that I had to walk for some leagues, which was indeed no joke on such a night and in such weather. I had, moreover, only one pair of thin boots, which were soon cut by the sharp stones. Fortunately I had plenty of things to refresh myself inside, for the good sisters of Mr. Bahnsen stuffed the whole carriage with an immense quantity of things, not only for me and my companions, but also for the Emperor and my husband.

Between ten and eleven o'clock A.M. I arrived in Queretaro, and drove to my hotel to wash and to put on some other dress; but when I heard that the Emperor did not yet know anything of a respite, I would not delay a moment, but hastened as fast as I could to the Capuchin convent.

I was worn with fatigue; my boots torn to pieces, and my feet sore; my hair in disorder, and my face and hands unwashed. I must indeed have looked like a scarecrow, but I was very happy and a little proud too.

When I arrived some Americans were with the Emperor. One of these visitors described the scene in a paper, and I will give his description, as that of an unconcerned eye-witness frequently conveys a far more correct idea of a situation than can possibly be done by one of the interested persons:—

‘A bustle was heard outside, the heavy door was opened, and a soldier announced “La Señora!” In an instant Prince Salm-Salm held the new-comer in his arms. She was the voluntary messenger, his wife, who had just arrived from San Luis Potosi from Juarez. Her face was sunburnt and soiled, her shoes were torn, her whole frame trembled with nerveless fatigue as she laid her hands upon her husband’s shoulders. The Archduke came forward eagerly, waiting his turn. The Prince was heard to ask in a whisper, “Have you had any success? What did Juarez say?”

• “They will do what they have said in despatches. They

have granted the delay." She turned to Maximilian, "Oh, your Majesty, I am so glad."

'Maximilian took the Princess's hand, and kissed it. "May God bless you, madame!" he said; you have been too kind to one who is afraid he can never serve you."

'The Princess forced a smile. "Do not be too sure of that, your Majesty; I shall have some favour to ask for the Prince here yet."

'"You will never need to ask that, madame," responded the Archduke, leading the lady to a seat. "But you look weary. You are very tired. We can offer you little. Salm, you must care for your—I——"

'Turning his face aside Maximilian moved abruptly towards the window. It was easy to see why. His grief was restrained, but almost audible. The Prince—with one hand on the back of his wife's chair, and with the other uplifted towards the Archduke in mute protestation—could hardly restrain his own emotion.

It was time intrusion should cease. The visitor, who had already reached the door, made an unnoticed salute and withdrew

CHAPTER XIV

My husband's plans for escape—I do not believe in them—I offer to go to Mexico to fetch Baron Magnus, lawyers, and money—Delays—How I managed Escobedo—A telegram makes my journey superfluous—Consul Bahnsen again in a fright—Judge Hall—Arrival of the Foreign Ministers in Queretaro—Impression made by it—Baron Magnus—Money no object—The Austrian and Belgian Ministers—Mr. Curtopassi—My plan to save the Emperor—Money wanted—Baron Magnus gone to St. Luis—Colonel Villaneuva—Colonel Palacios—How I tempt him—Two bills for one hundred thousand dollars each, but no cash—Baron Lago in deadly fear for his neck—His cowardice.

THE respite had been obtained, but now came the question how to make use of it. The first time when I saw the Emperor I had urged on him the necessity of sending for Baron Magnus and some lawyers from Mexico, but he said he would not have them, as it was of no use. He would not telegraph for them even now, but had in his head a plan for escape which had been arranged by my husband, who was very sanguine about it, and the escape was to take place as soon as the bribed officers should mount the guard.

Now I had not any confidence in the success of this plan from the commencement, though I assisted in it as much as I could. The plan was very excellent, but I put no trust in the men whom my husband employed. Two of them had deserted from the French army. They were inferior officers, who seemed not to have either the power or the pluck to carry out what they promised, but gave me the impression that they wanted only to extort money. I therefore had opposed the plan from the beginning, and insisted that the Emperor should address himself to a far higher authority.

Not trusting, as I have already said, in the success of the

plan of escape, I wrung from the Emperor the promise to send for Baron Magnus, as also for the lawyers, and offered to travel to Mexico to bring them to him.

I did not insist on the sending for Baron Magnus because I thought much of either his skill or energy, but only because he was the one man from whom we might expect ready money, which seemed to me more important than anything else.

As I was afraid that General Marquez might arrest me in Mexico, the Emperor wrote to him the following letter :—

‘To D. Leonardo Marquez, Division-General.

‘My dear General,

‘The bearer of these lines is Princess Salm, who has the kindness to go to Mexico for the arrangement of family affairs of much importance, and to speak with the lawyers who will defend me. You will, for the time of her sojourn in Mexico, and for her return to Quereturo do all that can be useful and agreeable to the Princess.

Yours affectesimo,

‘MAXMILIANO.’

He gave me also a letter to Baron Magnus, which my husband has published in his above-quoted book, and two others for the two eminent lawyers, Riva Palacios and Martinez de la Torre, who were to defend him ; a few lines also for Father Fischer, in which was enclosed the following letter concerning the private money of the Emperor, which I publish here, because the money mentioned in it, which I was to bring to the Emperor with me, had disappeared without anybody knowing what had become of it.

‘To the Secretary of the Cabinet, Mr. Augustin Fischer.

‘Queretaro, March 29, 1867.

‘By these presents you are ordered to try to collect the following amount :—

	Dollars.
Civil list, due ult of March.	10,000
Expenses of my household in that month.	1,500
Civil list for April.	10,000
Household.	1,500
Civil list due for the first 15 days of May.	5,000
Household.	750
	<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>
	28,750

‘You will arrange with D. Carlos Sanchez Navarro, minister of my household, that at least my claims for the expenses of my household, calculated at 10,000 dollars a month—which, however, in two months and a half were only paid once—may be paid. What you receive you will add to the above-mentioned 28,750 dollars; and deliver the whole sum to the Prussian consul in Mexico, M. Stephan von Benecke, to cover conjointly with him, if possible, the bills in favour of the commander of the corvette “Elisabeth,” D. W. Groeler, in Vera Cruz, which M. Benecke will transmit to him securely.

MAXIMILIAN.

The directions made in reference to the employment of the money mentioned in this letter were only written to blind the Liberals in case that it should fall into their hands, for in fact I was to bring all the money that could be collected, which might have been easily done by me, if travelling back in company of Baron Magnus and the two lawyers selected as defenders of the Emperor.

As I had good reasons to expect difficulties from General Porfirio Diaz also, who despatched me so ceremoniously out of his camp, I went to General Escobedo, explained to him the reason why I had to go to Mexico, and he gave me the following lines:—

‘To General Porfirio Diaz, Tacubaya.

‘Queretaro, May 21, 1867.

‘Much honoured Friend and Comrade,

‘Princess Salm-Salm passes through Tacubaya, on behalf of Maximilian, to hasten the arrival of the counsel whom he has chosen to defend him. Having regard for her sex, I have taken the liberty of recommending her to your kindness, not doubting that you will assist her.

‘Assuring you of my regard, I remain

‘Your friend and comrade,

‘M. ESCOBEDO.’

Everything was now ready for me to start, but again I met with an unexpected difficulty which came from my husband. The time for the execution of his plan for the Emperor’s escape was drawing near, and the 2nd of June was fixed upon for the attempt. If it succeeded my going to Mexico would not be required, and if they should be prevented, or retaken, or perhaps wounded, my presence in Queretaro, he said, would be of the greatest value. I had quite a fight with him

about it in the presence of the Emperor, which, nowever, ended with my doing his will.

I had been in such a hurry to leave that I was afraid my delaying might cause some comment or suspicion, and I had to think of some *ruse* to explain it. I therefore went to Escobedo, feigned to be much afraid of Porfirio Diaz, and that he might not respect his letter and detain me, or send me out of the country. I requested the General to procure me a permission from Juarez to go to Mexico and return. Escobedo protested that his letter would be perfectly sufficient, but I insisted, and of course made him do what I wanted, though he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

He telegraphed to Juarez, and as I had to wait for an answer, my remaining in the city was explained.

The Emperor believed that I had gone, and was very much astonished when I came to see him. When I told him how I had managed with Escobedo his face lit up, and he said laughingly, 'Well, my dear Princess, whenever I become free I shall certainly make you my Secretary of Foreign Affairs.'

Though I had to yield to the will of my husband, I did so with a very heavy heart, for I was perfectly convinced that his plan of escape was all moonshine, and would end in nothing but bringing forth new difficulties and dangers. I therefore was anxious to procure means for carrying out my intentions as far as it was possible, without my going myself to Mexico.

Mr. Dans, the lively partner of Mr. Bahnsen, was going to that city. Though we dared not trust him with all the commissions which the Emperor had confided to me, especially with the collection of considerable sums which would have raised suspicion, he was charged with verbal messages to Baron Magnus and the counsel, in order to hurry their arrival in Queretaro, for, as I said before, Baron Magnus was the only man who was likely to procure the money I wanted.

On June 2, the Emperor received a telegram from Mexico, informing him that Baron Magnus and the two lawyers were on their way to Queretaro; the ostensible object of my journey being thus fulfilled, my departure was no longer required.

This telegram interfered also with the plan of escape arranged by my husband, which was to be carried out that very night. The Emperor, to whom the idea of escape had always been repugnant, was glad to find a pretext or reason to post-

pone it. Maybe that the expected arrival of Baron Magnus and the lawyers inspired him again with new hope, and made him think our fears for his life exaggerated. He declared to my husband that he would not make the attempt to escape that night, but wait for the arrival of Baron Magnus, and said that a few days more or less could not matter. My husband was in despair. He implored the Emperor not to be deluded by false hopes, but to profit by an opportunity which might never occur again. All was in vain; the Emperor remained firm.

Mr. Bahnsen, who had heard something of the plans of escape, felt very uneasy in Queretaro, and being afraid that he might get into difficulties with the Liberal Government, he left for San Luis Potosi, where he remained in constant fear.

Amongst the persons employed in the preparations for escape was a Liberal ex-officer, who soon after the departure of Mr. Bahnsen ran off with two thousand dollars which had been confided to him. On discovering this, I telegraphed at once to Mr. Bahnsen to stop the thief; but I got only the following anonymous lines in reply: "Your friends in San Luis wish you would not compromise them by telegraphic despatches, as you did to-day."

The thief had been in the house of Mr. Bahnsen, and frightened that gentleman out of his senses by threatening that he would disclose all he knew. He said also that he had only eight hundred dollars left of the money, and Mr. Bahnsen was glad when the fellow left the house with his booty.

There was at that time an American lawyer, Judge Hall, in Mexico, who had to arrange some business with the Liberal Government for Mr. Halyday, of New York. Mr. Hall was from California. He was an able lawyer, well versed in Mexican law, and understood Spanish perfectly well. I spoke to the Emperor about Judge Hall, whom he saw, and resolved to employ him for his defence.

Judge Hall knew of the whole affair of the escape, and had taken charge of the horses bought for it.

It will be seen that I was perfectly right when I said that the men whom my husband had employed for the escape of the Emperor had no other intentions than to extort money. When the escape was postponed and the arrival of the foreign ministers and lawyers announced, they were afraid that the

whole thing might be given up, and they lose the promised sums. One Captain among them, the most energetic man of them all, came to my house and demanded of me immediately five hundred dollars more. If I should refuse to give in to his demand, the escape could not take place. He even used some threatening words. I had not the money, and would not have given it if I had, without having previously spoken with the Emperor or my husband. I told the former, and he desired me not to give that man one single penny.

Whether the captain made good some of his threats I do not know ; but the fact was, that Judge Hall and all foreigners were ordered some days later to leave Queretaro. I then took the horses into the stable of my house.

Judge Hall left the city, and the diligence was arrested and robbed some distance from Queretaro. The Judge had in his service an Italian, who returned to Queretaro, and requested me, on the part of his master, to use my influence with Escobedo to induce him to send men after the robbers who had taken his luggage. The servant asked me also, in the name of the judge, to lend him one of the horses. As the judge, however, knew that the horses were not mine, and might be required every moment, I did not believe that he had really sent that request, and refused. but the Italian went away to the stable, said there that I had lent him a horse, and went off with one. An hour or two afterwards I heard of this ; I told Colonel Villanueva of it immediately, who sent a guard after the Italian, who overtook and captured him, and put him in prison. His name was Frank Leva, as I saw from a precious letter which he wrote me from prison, and which commenced : 'Plase do my the faver of let my at liberty as son as posible, or I wil tel every ting goen on, I no hol about, and will by better for you and the Emperor, you ousband, &c.' He said that he did not want to steal the horse, that he was no thief, and so on. Colonel Villanueva kept him three days in prison, and then let him go.

On June 5, Baron Magnus, Mr. Scholler his chancellor, and the two celebrated lawyers from Mexico, arrived. One day later followed Baron Lago, the Austrian minister, Mr. Schmidt his secretary, Mr. Horricks the Belgian, and Mr. Curtopassi, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires.

The arrival of the foreign representatives produced no good

effect on the affairs of the Emperor. The gentlemen—so it appeared at least to me—misunderstood their position in reference to the republican Government. Their manner and tone may have been perfectly correct and proper, and as it became the representatives of great Powers; but they seemed to forget a most essential thing—that they were not accredited to the Liberal Government, but to an Emperor, who was looked upon as an usurper, and who was now on his trial for treason. They further forgot that the Liberal Government cared but little for all those Powers whom they represented, as they knew extremely well that none of them could do them much harm, because they were protected by the United States, which protection proved powerful enough to drive out of Mexico one of the most powerful princes of Europe.

Baron Magnus's behaviour made on me the most ludicrous impression, and it would have afforded me much amusement if the circumstances had not been so serious. He strutted about inflated with serio-comic diplomatical importance—a Cardinal Richælieu, Prince Talleyrand, Prince Metternich, and Prince Bismarck wrapped up in one Baron Magnus! When he, after his arrival, went to see General Escobedo, and presented himself as the minister of Prussia, that irreverential Republican General put him down a peg or two by telling him that he had nothing to do with the representative of Prussia, which did not recognise his Government; that he would receive him only as Mr. Magnus, a friend of Maximiliano; and that he would give him any facility which he desired in reference to the defence of the prisoner.

The two lawyers were to go immediately to San Luis Potosi, to see how matters stood there, and what was best to be done in the interest of their client. As I had seen Mr. Juarez and Mr. Iglesia before, and spoken to both about the position of the Emperor, Baron Magnus told me that the two lawyers would call on me, and requested me to give them as much information as I could in reference to the views and feelings of these two important personages. As they were very busy I preferred calling upon them, and I told them that Mr. Iglesia appeared to be rather well-disposed and inclined to listen to conditions. I told them that Mr. Iglesia had not altogether rejected the idea of an arrangement, and the suggestion that the European powers might perhaps be willing to guarantee the war debt if

the life of the Emperor were spared, or agree to grant other advantages if time only were given him to enter upon negotiations.

Neither Baron Magnus nor the other representatives seemed to realise the idea that the Emperor would be shot, even if condemned. Wrapped up in the importance of their own position, they forgot, as I said before, that the republican Mexicans did not know much of those great states of Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Belgium, which were several thousands of miles distant. They may therefore be excused for being more astonished and amazed at all the bluster and fuss of their representatives than overawed.

Whilst thus the ministers were full of the idea that the Mexican Government would not dare to commit an act which would be condemned, and perhaps avenged, by all European Powers, I was perfectly convinced that Juarez and his Cabinet would not take the slightest notice of it, and that the death of the Emperor being decided upon, nothing could save him but escape. This was not my own idea only. I had heard the opinions of Mexican republicans, who were not cruel themselves, and who felt great sympathy for the Emperor, but all were sure that he would be shot.

When I was with Baron Magnus in the Emperor's apartments, the plan for escape being mentioned, the Baron declared it to be nonsense, and that it was not yet at all requisite to think of such a hazardous enterprise. He seemed to have great confidence in negotiations, and to believe that there would still be time enough for escape, which he seemed to be inclined to think beneath the dignity of the Emperor. Money for that purpose, however, seemed to be of very inferior importance to the Baron, and he spoke as if there would be enough, in case of need, to buy the whole garrison.

Escobedo seemed also to take alarm at the idea of the money the Emperor was supposed to have, for the report had spread that the representatives had brought with them immense sums. Now, as the General knew perfectly well the Mexican weakness, he thought it well to take precautions. He separated all the other prisoners from the Emperor, Miramon, and Mejia, and trebled the guards. He also gave an order that all the prisoners should be shot immediately if they only made an attempt to escape. Before the arrival of the ministers it was

easy to obtain permission to see the Emperor, but now I had, like all the ministers, to send always for an especial permission.

The Austrian and Belgian Governments must know better than I do whether their representatives acted according to their instructions; but to us, and even to the Mexicans, their behaviour appeared very extraordinary, and by no means to be admired. When the French troops left, they had already done great harm to the cause of the Emperor by their circulars, which filled the foreign troops who wanted to remain with the Emperor with suspicion; and now they behaved and talked as if they were quite on the side of his enemies.

I have been told that the Austrian *Chargé d'Affaires* and his secretary did so, 'the better to serve the Emperor;' but I must say it was a very strange, and to me an incomprehensible policy.

Mr. Hooricks, the Belgian minister, went so far in furtherance of this policy, that he openly, and in the presence of the staff of Escobedo and the General himself, spoke of the Emperor with the most unbecoming expressions. He called him something like a 'stupid fellow,' and said that the Liberal Government was perfectly within its rights in shooting him. Escobedo and his staff officers are still there to confirm the truth of what I have here stated.

Mr. Curtopassi, the Italian *Chargé d'Affaires*, behaved far better than either the Austrian or the Belgian Ministers. He at least tried to serve the Emperor, and if he did not succeed it was only because he had to work with promises instead of ready cash.

He addressed himself to the Mexican physician who had to visit the Emperor, M. Riva de Nigra, and promised him ten thousand dollars if he would so arrange that the Emperor should be placed in a private house, for which we had worked long before, as I have already stated. We wanted it, because it was far easier to arrange an escape from such a private house than from where he was.

The doctor, who would probably not have resisted a few hundred 'ounces' in cash, did not trust promises, and thought it more profitable to inform Escobedo of the proposition made to him. As the desire in itself seemed so innocent, and had been expressed before, Escobedo took no further notice of it, still the offer of so much money made him suspicious.

I did not understand then much about the importance of *Chargés d’Affaires*, neither did the Mexicans; but I knew for certain that their pretensions and their rather haughty tone and manner made them angry. I was on a friendly footing with all the staff of Escobedo, and I heard from them many things they would not have told others. My attachment to the Emperor, and my zeal in his cause, rather pleased them, and I am sure most of them secretly wished me success at least, if they did not do so openly. From them I heard that the scene was now drawing to a close; that the ministers were utterly impotent, and that their interference would not do the least good. The only thing which could save the Emperor was escape. That was whispered in my ear by more than one.

I spoke to the Emperor most earnestly; but it seemed to me that he also had been influenced by the great confidence of the ministers, especially by Baron Magnus—and that is the reason why I have always retained a kind of spite against the Baron, who treated my fears as those of a nervous woman—and that he looked now upon his position in a less gloomy light than before their arrival. However, as he could not doubt my sincerity and goodwill, and believed somewhat in my sound judgment and observation, he listened at least to my suggestions.

Long before this I had impressed on him the necessity of negotiating about an escape, not with inferior officers, but with those highest in command. One of them I had won already; he had the command over all the guards in the city; but Colonel Palacios had also to be won, who had the command over the prison itself. For this purpose I wanted one hundred thousand dollars in gold from the Emperor, which were to be placed in the bank of M. Rubio, to be drawn according to circumstances, for ready cash. This, I said, was the most essential thing in dealing with all Americans.

The Emperor said that money was the least trouble in the affair, for Baron Magnus and the other ministers had assured him that it would be at his disposal to any amount. Strange! at the tail of each word of these gentlemen hung a gold ounce, but not a miserable dollar at the tips of their fingers! It is indeed excusable if I get impatient and indignant, for this paltry stinginess killed the Emperor.

Baron Magnus had unfortunately gone to San Luis Potosí.

The two lawyers there had telegraphed for him, and it was believed that he might come to some arrangement with the Government. The Emperor was much against his going, as he told me himself in the presence of Dr. Basch, for he had still more confidence in Magnus than in any of the other ministers.

I told the Emperor that without money I could do nothing, and he sent for Baron Lago, the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, who had not ventured near him for two days. I believe the good Baron belonged to that great tribe which they call in Germany 'harefoots'—Hasenfüsse. He had been of the opinion that the Emperor would not be shot, and treated my apprehensions also as the fancies of a frightened woman; but of late he had become rather nervous, and was afraid these republican rascals would not only shoot the Emperor, but even the most sacred representative of his Imperial brother of Austria!

The Emperor was indeed very much forsaken, and felt so; and when I told him that the Imperial imprisoned colonels were all to be sent away, and my husband with them, and that I should have to follow them, he was very much excited, and said, 'You are the only person who has really done anything for me. If you go, I am utterly forsaken.' In consequence of this, it was arranged between my husband and myself that he should now show his commission as a General, which he had not done before, as it was said that all the Generals would be shot. He was of course in no hurry for that.

The day appointed for the trial of the Emperor and Miramon and Mejia now arrived. It was to be held in the theatre, which was decorated for that purpose as for a festival. It was an odious idea, as it appeared to me, that the Emperor, weak and sick as he was, should be placed there as an exhibition!

When I saw him therefore the night previous to the trial, I endeavoured to persuade him not to go, but rather to take something in the morning which might make him appear even more sick for a time than he really was. He did not himself like the idea of appearing in the theatre, but was afraid he might be compelled to go. I satisfied him, however, in that respect, as I had spoken before to Colonel Villanueva, who advised that mode of avoiding it.

When I arrived at the Capuchins next morning at nine o'clock the prisoners were just coming out, and my heart beat,

for I was afraid of seeing the Emperor also, but he did not come. General Miramon looked as bright as if he were going to a ball, but poor Mejia looked very much depressed.

My husband had written a letter to the Emperor, which I transmitted to him, in which he implored him to lose no time by resigning himself to delusive hopes, but to prepare immediately for escape, for which the plan was also contained in the letter.

I now told the Emperor that I had arranged everything with Colonel Villanueva, who would lead him outside the prison, where a guard of one hundred men would be kept ready to escort him to the Sierra Gorda, and from thence to the coast. The Emperor insisted on my following him close on horseback with Dr. Basch. He was afraid of being betrayed and assassinated, and thought that the presence of a lady might be a kind of protection against such an atrocious act.

Villanueva had, however, declared to me that nothing could be done without Palacios, who had always three guards in the prison who walked all night before the room of the Emperor. I told him so, and that I had myself engaged to win him over, but that I required money for that purpose.

The Emperor now saw at last his position in its true light, and regretted that he had squandered so much precious time. Unfortunately he had no money, but he said he would look to that, and have at least five thousand dollars in gold, which I required to give either to Palacios to distribute amongst the soldiers, or to give it myself into their hands.

When I returned again to see the Emperor he was in despair, for he could not procure the money which was required to bribe the two colonels; but he would give me two bills, each for one hundred thousand dollars, signed by himself, and drawn upon the Imperial family in Vienna. The five thousand dollars, however, he could not send me until nine o'clock P.M.

I had not yet made any attempt to bribe Palacios, and it was agreed between myself and Villanueva that I should leave the prison at eight o'clock P.M., and request Palacios to see me home, where I would detain him until ten o'clock. I did not live then in the hotel, but in a private house belonging to Madame Pepita Vicentis, the widow of a gentleman of our party who died during the siege. The old lady was extremely kind to our prisoners, and undertook to provide for fifteen of

them all the time. General Echegaray lived in the same house.

In the afternoon I had a very long conversation with the Emperor. He spoke to me about his family and his relations with it, how unfortunately he was situated, and what he intended to do when he came to Europe. He spoke also of his mother with great love, and requested me to tell her so. I felt extremely sad, for I had a strong presentiment that I now saw him for the last time.

When it was nearly eight o'clock the Emperor gave me his signet ring. If I succeeded with Palacios I was to return it as a token. Then I left with a very heavy heart and filled with anxiety, for I had before me a task of the highest importance, which I had to accomplish with very insufficient means—two bits of paper, of which the meaning was scarcely known to the person with whom I had to deal.

Colonel Palacios was an Indian without any education, who could scarcely read or write. He was a brave soldier, had distinguished himself, and won the confidence of his superiors, who employed him as a kind of provost-marshal, who had to superintend military executions. He had a young wife, who had just given him his first child, in whom the father was entirely wrapped up; and as he was poor, I hoped that his care for the future of that child might induce him to entertain my proposition.

The Colonel saw me home. I invited him to the parlour. He followed, and I began to speak of the Emperor, in order to ascertain how he felt in reference to him, and whether I had any chance of success. He said that he had been a great enemy of the Emperor; but after having been so long about him, and having witnessed how good and nobly he behaved in his misfortune, and looked in his true, melancholy blue eyes, he felt the greatest sympathy, if not love and admiration for him.

After this introductory conversation, which lasted about twenty minutes, with a trembling heart I came to the point. It was a most thrilling moment, on which indeed hung the life or death of a noble and good man, who was my friend and Emperor. I said that I had to communicate to him something which was of the utmost importance to both of us; but, before doing so, I must ask him whether he would give me his word

of honour as an officer and a gentleman, and swear by the head of his wife and child not to divulge to anyone what I was about to confide to him, even if he rejected my proposition. He gave me his word of honour, and most solemnly swore, as I desired, by the life of his wife and child, whom he loved beyond anything in this world.

After that I told him I knew for certain that the Emperor would be condemned to be shot, and that he would be shot if he did not escape. I had arranged this escape through others, and it would take place this very night if he would only consent to turn his back and close his eyes for ten minutes. Without this nothing could be done ; we were entirely in his hands, and upon him now depended the life of the Emperor. Urged by the necessity of the situation, I must speak plainly to him. I knew he was a poor man. He had a wife and child, and their future was uncertain. Now an opportunity was offered to secure them a good competency. I offered him here a cheque of the Emperor's for one hundred thousand dollars in gold, which would be paid by the Imperial family of Austria, and five thousand dollars I should receive directly for the soldiers. What I proposed to him was nothing against his honour, as in accepting it he best served his country. The death of the Emperor would bring all the world in arms against it ; but if the Emperor escaped he would leave the country, and no European Power would ever meddle with the arrangement of their affairs. I spoke a good deal more, to which he listened attentively, and I saw by the changes in his countenance that he battled hard within himself.

At last he spoke. He laid his hand on his heart, and protested that he felt indeed the greatest sympathy with Maximilian ; that he really believed it to be best for Mexico to let him escape ; but he could not decide about such an important step in five minutes. If he did, he could not accept the cheque. He took it, however, into his hand, and looked at it with curiosity. The Indian, probably could not conceive the idea that in such a little rag of paper, with some scrawls on it, should be contained a life of plenty for his wife and child. A bag full of gold would have been more persuasive.

He handed me back the cheque, observing that he could not accept it now. He would reflect upon it in the night, and tell me his decision next morning. I showed him the signet ring

of the Emperor, told him what it meant, and requested him to accept it, and return it to the Emperor at night. He took it and put it on his finger; but after a while he took it off again remarking that he could not accept it. He must think it all over. He became confused, and went on speaking of his honour, of his wife, and his child.

‘Well, Colonel,’ said I, ‘you are not well-disposed. Reflect about it, and remember your word of honour and your oath. You know that without you nothing can be done, and to betray me would serve no purpose whatever.’

Colonel Villanueva came to see how matters went on, but without betraying that he was in the secret. Directly after him came Dr. Basch, sent by the Emperor, but without any money; and Palacios left me about ten o’clock, not knowing whether I might hope or not, but rather inclined to hope. I told Dr. Basch I believed all would be right, but that I should not know it for certain before the morning.

In reference to the two cheques which the Emperor gave me I mention a circumstance illustrating the character of the Austrian minister, Baron Von Lago. The Emperor had desired that the two papers might be signed by the foreign ministers, especially by that of Austria, who were so free with their promises of money. Dr. Basch was entrusted with that commission. When he entered the room and told his errand, Baron Lago, forgetting all his diplomatic dignity, jumped about the room like a rabbit pursued by Jimmy, tore his hair, and cried piteously, ‘We cannot sign them! If we do we shall all be hanged!’ The other ministers present, though less undignified, remonstrated also, and Baron Lago, whose signature was already under the cheques, for he had signed in the presence of the Emperor, took courage by the cowardice of his fellow representatives, and resolutely taking a pair of scissors he cut off his signature!

When Dr. Basch returned with the mutilated cheques to his master, and mentioned the fear of the Baron of being hanged, the Emperor said, ‘What would it matter if he were hanged? The world would not lose much in him.’

When Dr. Basch returned from my house after my conversation with Palacios, and told the Emperor what he had heard from me, the latter seemed to be afraid that I would be swindled out of my cheques, which might be presented after he

had been shot. He therefore ordered the Doctor to bring me next morning the following paper, written by his own hand, which I will give here as an autograph :—

‘ Queretaro, 13 de Junio de 1757.

‘ Las dos libranzas a *cién mil pesos* que firmé hoy para los Coroneles Palacios y Villanueva y que deben ser pagados por la casa y familia Imperial de Austria en Viena, no son validas que al dia de mi completa salvacion debida à los submencionados Coroneles.

‘ MAXIMILIANO.’

‘ Queretaro, June 13, 1867.

‘ The two bills of *one hundred thousand pesos* each, which I signed to-day for the Colonels Palacios and Villanueva, to be paid by the house and Imperial family of Austria in Vienna, are only valid on that day when I shall regain my perfect liberty by means of the above-mentioned Colonels.

‘ MAXIMILIAN.’

Colonel Palacios seems to have reflected on my propositions until midnight ; then he made up his mind, and went accordingly to Escobedo, and divulged to him the whole affair.

CHAPTER XV.

Dr. Basch arrested on leaving my house—General Escobedo wishes to see me—A grand scene—A furious General and a resolute woman—What Escobedo thought of the great Ministers—The carriage with four mules at my door—How I frighten a little captain—Negotiations—Getting in the carriage—How I got out of it—Villanueva—I am brought to Santa Rosas—Go from there to San Luis—Lenience of Mexican Generals against attempts to escape—Reasons for it—How I was received by Mr. Juarez and Mr. Iglesia—Respite of three days—What Baron Magnus might have done if he had been somebody else—My last pleading for the Emperor's life—Juarez will only grant that of my husband—Madame de Miramon's audience with the President—Death of the Emperor—Mr. Lerdo—Return to Queretaro—Go to Mexico—Again to Queretaro—Salm's prison life—A roguish doctor—Transportation of the prisoners to Mexico—To Vera Cruz—My husband in Tehuacan—How he was treated by Porfirio Diaz and General Baz—Exertions for the release of the Prince—Success—On my arrival in Vera Cruz, Salm had left with Baron Magnus—My despair—Going to New York and Washington—On board the 'Ville de Paris'—Arrival in Europe.

BEFORE I was up next morning a guard was placed at my house. Everybody who went in was permitted to pass, but on coming out he was arrested. This fate was unsuspected by Dr. Basch, who came in the morning on the part of the Emperor to bring me the paper mentioned in the preceding chapter. When he left my house he was arrested by General Refugio Gonzales.

Two servants of the Emperor came with the message that he wished to see me immediately. I knew then already that Colonel Palacios had broken his word of honour, and that Dr. Basch had been arrested, for an officer of Escobedo's staff sent me this news in a little note, which I destroyed. I prepared to leave my house as if I knew nothing.

When I stepped over the threshold General Refugio Gonzales addressed me, grinning over his whole face, and told me that General Escobedo wished to see me immediately. I replied that I was just on my way to pay him a visit.

When I arrived at head-quarters, I was led into a large reception-room, which was filled with a great many officers. Some of them seemed amused, as if expecting an interesting scene; others looked with compassion on me. One of them approached me and whispered, 'All is lost'

After awhile Escobedo came. He looked as black as a thunderstorm. In a polite but sarcastic tone he observed, 'That the air here in Queretaro did not seem to agree with me, that it was indeed very bad.' I assured him that I never felt better in all my life; but he insisted that I did not look well at all! He had a carriage ready, and an escort to take me to San Luis Potosi, where I should feel much better.

I told him that I had no desire whatever to go there, but thanked him much for his kindness. He could not bear this any longer, his anger over-mastered him. He said he found it so extremely wrong in me, so against all feeling of gratitude and honour, that I, after he had shown me so much kindness and treated me so well, tried to bribe his officers and to bring him into an embarrassing position.

'I have done nothing, General, of which I need be ashamed and what you yourself would not have done in my position.'

'We will not argue that point, madame; but I wish you to leave Queretaro.'

'General,' I answered, 'you know that I am powerless now, and that the Emperor is lost. But my husband is here also, waiting for his trial, and I request you to let me remain here. Confine me in prison, or in my room, and place a guard over me, if you will; I will remain quiet.'

The General would not listen to this; he was too angry, and said that after what I had done I might even assassinate his officers.

I was indignant at this, and told him that he had no right to think thus of me, even if I wished to save my husband and my Emperor.

He answered, I might go to the President under a guard, and plead there for their lives, but not here. I was not the only person who had to leave; the foreign ministers had received the same orders.

‘But, General,’ I replied, I assure you the ministers had nothing whatever to do with my plan, and would not have dared support it.’

‘I know that,’ he said, contemptuously; ‘and just because they are such cowards they may go.’

‘But, General, the Emperor will then be utterly alone, and without anyone to assist him in his last arrangements.’

‘What good,’ he burst out, ‘can such old women be to a man? Pretty people are the ministers! Two of them have already run away without even waiting for their baggage.’

These two frightened representatives were, of course, Baron Lago and Mr. Hooricks. All the officers of Escobedo laughed at them, and the General himself told me later in Mexico, that if one of these men had requested him to see the Emperor and take leave of him, he would not and could not have refused. But they did not even make the attempt, and Baron Lago ran off with the codicil to the Emperor’s last will unsigned!

I of course have not the slightest scruple in stating that I consider the behaviour of these gentlemen as contemptible as possible, and that I fully subscribe what the Emperor said about the *misrepresentative* of Austria; but if they or anyone else should doubt that General Escobedo expressed himself so undiplomatically about these diplomatists, I appeal to the General himself, who is not the man to deny what he said; and to his whole staff, who heard it, and especially to Colonel Doria.

I saw nothing was to be done at present, and I had to leave Escobedo’s head-quarters. These had been removed long ago from the Hacienda de Herecules to the city, and were only a few houses from mine in the same street. As I saw the ominous carriage with four mules before my door, I went there of course, expecting that time would be granted to me to prepare and go upstairs. I was about entering the door of my house, which was ajar, when a little captain, who escorted me, shut the door, and made a movement to seize my arm. This exasperated me. I felt as if I had become suddenly six inches taller and that I became deadly pale. As quick as lightning I drew from under my dress my little revolver, and pointing it at the breast of the horrified captain, I cried, ‘Captain, touch me with one finger and you are a dead man!’

The captain protested that he did not intend any force, but

that General Escobedo held him responsible, and that he was compelled not to permit me to go out of his sight. I told the poor little fellow that he might accompany me. I should take my time to prepare and pack up, and I was in a rather dangerous humour. I told him then to go where he liked. I would go up, and up I went, revolver in hand, the captain following.

I wanted to gain time, in hopes 'that something might turn up,' and declared now that neither I nor my servant understood packing. I must have some one who could do it, and he might try to get one. At his wits' end, the captain now went back to General Escobedo, from whom he returned, after about half an hour, with an escort of six men. The General had received him very badly, and said he would put him under arrest if he could not compel me to go. He had orders to bring me to Santa Rosas at the foot of the Sierra Gorda, and to place me there in the diligence for San Luis Potosi.

I saw now that nothing more could be done, and commenced packing, when a servant of the Emperor came with a message that he wanted to see me immediately. I requested the captain to let me write a few lines to the Emperor, but this was refused, and the servant sent out of the room.

I caused the captain to send to Escobedo for permission to take leave of my husband, which was refused also. Then I wanted to write to him, and was at last permitted to send off a few lines, which the captain dictated to me, and which were delivered to my husband. Salm did not understand anything of the whole business, and sent me rather a peremptory note commanding me to come and see him.

When I was ready with my packing I stepped into the carriage, followed by my girl, Jimmy, and a small trunk. Some time before Colonel Villanueva had arrived; I had given him the two cheques, which he promised to return to the Emperor, whom he would see immediately, and also my husband.

I suppose the Colonel transmitted some order to the captain, and when I had taken my place, and the coachman was just going to start, he told the man to drive to head-quarters.

As soon as I heard that I jumped right over my maid, and trunk, and Jimmy, out of the carriage, and declared that I would not go there: that I did not want to see Escobedo again, and be exposed to his sneering remarks and those of his officers. If the General wished to see me, he might come

to me. The captain sang again his song of instructions, &c., and I declared positively I would not go to Escobedo. At last Colonel Villanueva interfered, and the captain promised to wait until he returned with other instructions from the General, which he soon did.

Villanueva related afterwards to my husband this whole scene, which, he said, had amused him greatly, though certainly it was not amusing to me, for I was in a towering passion. Escobedo had laughingly said, when the Colonel told him what a fix the little captain was in with me, that he would rather stand opposite a whole Imperial battalion than meet 'the angry Princess Salm,' and ordered that I should be brought at once to the place arranged. Finding him so reasonable I did not offer any further resistance, and re-entered the carriage.

In Santa Rosas I was quartered in a comfortable room, in a hacienda belonging to one of the Liberals, by whose family I was treated with kindness. Next morning, when the diligence passed, I found places taken for myself and maid, and an officer, in citizen's dress, escorted me. That gentleman satisfied himself with keeping me in view; he never spoke to me, and none of the other passengers knew that he was my guard.

At that time I was of course very furious against General Escobedo; but if I consider what I attempted to do, and that I was by no means yielding, I must acknowledge that I was treated throughout with great forbearance and courtesy, not only by General Escobedo, but also Mr. Juarez, his minister, and by all Mexicans with whom I came in contact. Even in the United States, where ladies enjoy considerable prerogatives, I should have experienced far different treatment, as many Confederate ladies will testify.

Having gone through the whole late French war with the Prussians, and become acquainted with their views in reference to discipline, I must say that I still more wonder at and admire the lenience of the Mexican military authorities in regard to me. I must, however, say a few words in explanation of this behaviour, which will appear rather strange to German readers.

Attempts to escape occurred very frequently in these civil wars, where it happened not rarely that generals became prisoners of other generals, who soon again became their prisoners. Endeavours to escape were considered as very excusable

and natural, and were not punished with too much severity by the Generals, in order not to create a precedent which might perhaps tell against themselves. Escobedo himself had once been a prisoner of Mejia, and condemned to be shot by a court martial; but Mejia had not only assisted him in his escape, but even furnished him with money for it. What Escobedo expected his own friends to do for him, he could not punish too severely in friends of the Emperor, and he was satisfied with making such attempts impossible.

When I arrived at San Luis Potosi, my guard left me. Alighting at an hotel, I now sent for Mr. Bahnsen, who came and kindly invited me to his house. I wished to see the President the same evening, but was told to come the next morning. He was, however, too busy to receive me, and sent Mr. Iglesia, to whom I related everything which caused me to be exiled to San Luis. Mr. Iglesia said he knew very well that they had many rascals at Queretaro, who might be bought for money. He agreed that, if I had had gold ready, my plan would have succeeded.

When, in the course of the conversation, I asked him to tell me frankly, whether, in his inmost heart, he would not have been glad if the Emperor had escaped, he smilingly answered, 'Yes, I should.'

I spoke to him of my anxiety with regard to my husband, and asked whether it were not possible that I might return to Queretaro to be near him. He advised me to wait awhile, until after the execution of the Emperor. As I insisted on seeing Mr. Juarez, the minister told me to come at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Although I had planned the escape of the Emperor, Mr. Juarez received me in his usual manner. I commenced by speaking about the plan for the Emperor's escape, but he told me that he knew all, and evaded answering those same questions I had put to Mr. Iglesia, but his whole manner impressed me with the idea that the escape of the Emperor would not have been very disagreeable to him either.

Mr. Juarez told me that I should have to remain at San Luis, and be under surveillance. When I spoke about the Emperor and my husband, the President said he was afraid that nothing could be done for the Emperor, and that he must die; but as for my husband I might be perfectly satisfied. For

the moment nothing could be done, but even if he should be condemned to death he would not be executed, on which he gave me his hand and his word of honour.

The Emperor had been sentenced to death at the time I was on the road, and was to be shot three days later. Baron Magnus was still in San Luis when I reached that place. He again saw the President, but was assured that nothing could save the Emperor. The Baron pleaded for another delay of three days, and the President consented only because Baron Magnus wished it, and because he did not desire to show extraordinary haste or unnecessary severity ; but it was useless. The Prussian minister was so perfectly convinced of it that, when he left San Luis for Queretaro, he took a physician with him—to embalm the Emperor ! Now, I ask, what sense was there in such behaviour ? To ask for a respite of three days under such a conviction was an act not only of sickly weakness, but of cruelty ; for it could not but inspire the poor Emperor with delusive hopes, which made their final failure far more difficult to bear. The only excuse I have for the step of the Baron is that at that time he was really almost unaccountable for what he did, for he was walking about like a man who had lost half a dozen of his five senses.

Had this gentleman remained in Queretaro and scrawled his name under a good bill of exchange, on which ready gold would have been provided at once, instead of opening his diplomatic windbag and squandering his pinchbeck coin of valueless words in San Luis, he would have saved the Emperor ; the Prussian Court would have rejoiced in paying for such a purpose ; decorations of all sizes would have been showered upon him, and he would have earned a reputation for ever remembered by history, instead of regretting now in vain what he might have done, ‘ if he had known.’

I was like one distracted during all that time, and day and night I revolved in my head how the Emperor might still be saved. I frequently saw Mr. Iglesia, but each time I left him I became more and more convinced that the Emperor was lost beyond hope. Again I tried to obtain another delay of eight days, on better grounds than those of Baron Magnus, though rather weak also, until I should receive an answer from President Johnson, whom I knew well, and whom I would urge by telegraph to send another more energetic protest against the

execution of the Emperor. But Mr. Iglesia told me, and so did President Juarez later, that a further delay could not be granted, and that they regretted much to have yielded to the request of Baron Magnus, as the President had been accused of intentionally prolonging the agony of the Emperor, a reproach made him especially by the foreigners, who called him a cruel, revengeful, and barbarous Indian.

The last day before the execution now came ; the Emperor was to be shot on the following morning. Though I had but little hope, I was resolved to make another effort, and to appeal once more to the heart of that man on whose will depended the life of the Emperor, whose pale face and melancholy blue eyes, which impressed even a man like Palacios, were constantly looking at me. It was eight o'clock in the evening when I went to see Mr. Juarez, who received me at once. He looked pale and suffering himself. With trembling lips I pleaded for the life of the Emperor, or at least for delay. What I blamed in a man—in Baron Magnus—might be pardoned in a woman. The President said that he could not grant it ; he would not prolong his agony any longer ; the Emperor must die to-morrow.

When I heard these cruel words I became frantic with grief. Trembling in every limb and sobbing, I fell down on my knees and pleaded with words which came from my heart, but which I cannot remember. The President tried to raise me, but I held his knees convulsively, and said I would not leave him before he had granted his life. I saw the President was moved ; he as well as Mr. Iglesia had tears in their eyes, but he answered me with a low sad voice, " I am grieved, madame, to see you thus on your knees before me ; but if all the kings and queens of Europe were in your place I could not spare that life. It is not I who take it, it is the people and the law, and if I should not do its will the people would take it and mine also."

In my raving agony I exclaimed, he might take my life if blood was wanted. I was a useless woman, but he might spare that of a man who might still do so much good in another country. All was in vain. The President raised me up, and repeated to me that the life of my husband should be spared ; that was all he could do. I thanked him and left.

In the ante-room were more than two hundred ladies of San

Luis assembled, who came, also to pray for the lives of the three condemned—Maximilián, Miramon, and Mejia. They were received, but had no more success than myself. Later, Madame Miramon came, leading in her hands her two little children. The President could not refuse to receive her. Mr. Iglesia afterwards told me that it was a most heartrending scene to hear the poor wife and the innocent little ones praying for the life of their husband and father. The President, he said, suffered equally at that moment from being under the cruel necessity of taking the life of a noble man like Maximilian, but he could not do otherwise. Madame Miramon fainted and was carried out of the room.

The trying scenes through which the President had gone that day were too much for him. He retired for three days to his room and would not see anyone. I could not close my eyes that night, and went with many other ladies of our party to church to pray for the condemned.

In the course of the morning the telegraph conveyed the sad news that the execution had taken place, and that all was over.

In the evening I went to see Madame Miramon. She was so much changed that I scarcely recognised her. She told me that she would stay a few days quietly at San Luis, until she had recovered strength enough to travel to Queretaro and receive the body of her husband. I much desired to return to that city also, and gave a great deal of trouble to Mr. Lerdo and Mr. Iglesia, for scarcely one day passed that I did not importune them by my visits.

Mr. Lerdo was the right-hand man of Mr. Juarez, and enjoyed not only his perfect confidence, but had also the reputation of being a great politician. He does not look at all like a Mexican, for he is fair and has blue eyes. He is a very refined gentleman and most exquisitely polite. I had written to my husband to ask the permission of Escobedo for my return, and as he granted it, the President yielded to my repeated request, but I had to give him my word of honour that I would not engage in any enterprise to assist in the escape of my husband or any other prisoner.

On July 1, I arrived in Queretaro, and went again to the house of Madame Vicentis, though she was absent. My husband looked thin and pale, and was, as is almost always the

case with prisoners, very impatient and excitable. He had still fresh in his memory the death of the Emperor, and would not believe either in the promises or the word or honour of the 'blood-thirsty Indian.' He thought of nothing but escape, and in that I could and would not assist him, even when his trial was near at hand, and everybody was certain that he would be condemned. I believed in the assurances of Juarez, Lerdo, and Iglesia, who had told me that he and the other Generals would be condemned to death only to satisfy the people, but that only some of them, if any, would be shot, and my husband certainly would be saved.

As in his excusably angry feelings Salm was not very amiable with the officers who guarded him, he could not expect much kindness from them. Difficulties of all kinds were placed in the way of my seeing him, and the Liberal officers found a pleasure in spreading alarming reports only to torment the prisoners.

Prejudiced as my husband was, he believed those rumours more than my assurances, and made me feel uncertain and anxious. When his trial came on it was thought best that I should go to Mexico, where Mr. Juarez and the whole Cabinet were at that time, and I accordingly set off about the 12th of July.

In Mexico the rumour was current that all the prisoners would be shot, and I, like many other relations of them, felt great anxiety in consequence. About twenty wives and sisters of prisoners went to see the President, who sent us Mr. Iglesia, by whom we were told that a delay of two weeks had been granted. The minister repeated to me the assurances made before, and advised me to remain quietly in Mexico until it had been decided where the prisoners were to be confined, then he would assist me in managing that my husband should come to Mexico.

The decision did not come for a long time, as all the papers of the different prisoners had to be examined again; and as Mr. Hube advised me also to wait, I remained meanwhile with his family in Tacubaya. At last, in September, it was ordered that the prisoners should remain in Queretaro, and I started the same night for the city, where I arrived on September 8.

My husband and all the other Generals imprisoned with him had been condemned to be shot in July. Their execution

which was to take place on the 19th, was first postponed for five days, and then *sine die*. As I knew for certain that my husband would not be shot I did not feel much anxiety, and remained in Mexico ; but he did not trust my assurances, and even provided for the embalming of his body.

Though I brought with me an especial permit from the Secretary of War to see my husband whenever I liked, all kinds of difficulties were placed in my way, and my visits made as disagreeable as possible. By the intercession of a German who served in the Liberal army, Colonel von Gagern, this was altered for the better, and to the kindness of this worthy officer my husband and the other prisoners owed very much. The Prince was even permitted, on giving his word of honour, to go now and then in the city, and I could remain with him in prison until ten o'clock in the evening.

The citizens of Queretaro behaved very kindly towards the prisoners, and supported them by providing for their meals, and other comforts. My husband has described his prison life in his book, and as I could but copy him I shall pass over this period of my stay in Queretaro, and only mention my rather curious transactions with the physician who had embalmed the Emperor.

It is well known what difficulties the Liberal Government placed in the way of those persons who were sent to fetch the body of the poor Emperor. But not only the Government speculated with the body,—Dr. Licca, who had embalmed him, did the same. This doctor had made a plaster of Paris cast from the face of the Emperor, and Dr. Basch wrote to my husband to procure it for him. He commissioned me to speak to the doctor, and I went accordingly to see him.

This doctor was a low, mercenary wretch, who already had made his name infamous by betraying General Miramon, and by the brutal manner in which he treated the body of the Emperor. When he plunged his knife into the corpse, he said, 'What a delight it is for me to be able to wash my hands in the blood of an Emperor !'

This man had retained all the clothes which the Emperor wore when he was shot, part of his hair, beard, &c., and was waiting for a purchaser of these relics. He asked me twenty thousand pesos for them, and I requested him to make a written inventory of all the things he had, and also the price

he asked for them. Probably to bribe me he gave me part of the Emperor's hair and beard, and a piece of the red silk sash which was saturated with his blood ; and to my husband he sent a piece of the Emperor's heart in alcohol, and a bullet which was found in the body. I spoiled, however, the speculation of this wretch, by showing the inventory he gave me to Admiral Tegethoff and President Juarez. He was sued for trying to sell what did not belong to him, and condemned by the court.

On the morning of the 8th of October the order arrived that the prisoners were to be transported from Queretaro to their different places of detention, namely, Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. On the 9th, at one o'clock, P.M., they left under an escort, and on parting the inhabitants of Queretaro presented them with all kinds of eatables, and showed their sympathy in a very affecting manner.

I followed with the wife of Colonel Diaz and Colonel von Gagern in the diligence, and met the prisoners on the 10th in San Juan del Rio. There I took breakfast with my husband, and went to Mexico in advance of him.

The prisoners were placed there first in the common house of correction, and all visitors excluded ; but this was altered in a few days and they were transferred to the convent of Santa Brigida, where they were very well quartered, and where they received a great many visitors, who all brought them flowers, fruit, cigars, and other comforts.

I and friends of my husband exerted ourselves with all persons of influence to bring about a change in his position. If we could not persuade the authorities to exile instead of imprisoning him, we would try at least to retain him in Mexico, instead of sending him to Oaxaca. Salm, however, who did not think that this would be granted, wished at least to be permitted to go to Vera Cruz, because he believed that escape from there would be easier than from a place in the interior.

On the 24th of October, in the morning between five and six, I received a note from my husband, informing me that the prisoners were to be transferred at once to Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. Their departure had been kept secret in order to prevent their many friends from showing their sympathy. I arrived in the convent when they had already left, but overtook them at the garita. They were transported through the streets

not like generals and prisoners of war, but like convicts, marching between an escort of cavalry by two and two, my husband and old General Castilio arm-in-arm at their head. Their miserable condition affected me so much that I wept aloud.

All the precautions taken by the authorities had not been able to prevent many ladies from collecting at the railway station to say farewell to them. As I could not accompany the prisoners on their march, and moreover as my presence in Mexico was necessary in the interest of my husband, I took leave of him also, hoping to see him soon released, and to depart with him to Europe from Vera Cruz.

In Tehuacan, the head-quarters of Porfirio Diaz, my husband was very amiably received by General Baz, chief of the staff, who told him that he had been strongly recommended to the Commanding General from Mexico. Porfirio Diaz treated him indeed very kindly. My husband was allowed to go about in the town as he pleased, and dined with the General and his family. When he left after two days of rest Porfirio Diaz gave him letters of recommendation to two generals in Vera Cruz, for he had received permission to go there instead of to Oaxaca.

In Vera Cruz my husband, with the other Generals, was detained in the casemates of the Fort San Juan d'Ulloa, situate on an island near that city.

In my task to work for his release I was kindly assisted by all the Americans from the North and the South living in Mexico, and I have especially to thank Mr. A. P. Perry, the correspondent of the 'New York Herald'; Dr. Skelton; and above all the new Chargé d'Affaires of the United States in Mexico, Mr. Plumb, who was instructed by Mr. Seward, who knew my husband very well, to intercede for him with the Mexican Government. President Johnson caused Mr. Seward to write a private letter to Mr. Juarez in reference to the Prince, and told me later, when I saw him in Washington, that it was done in consequence of my several letters to him.

Admiral Tegethoff had also interested himself for the Prince and in the middle of November he sent me a card of congratulation, as Minister Lerdo, with whom he had dined, had informed him that the President had just signed the release of my husband.

This release was taken by Baron Magnus to Vera Cruz, and communicated on November 13 to my husband, with the request to report to the commander of the city. The Prince intended to leave for Europe in the English steamer sailing on December 3, and telegraphed for me to come. I answered that I would be with him in four days.

When Salm reported to the commander of Vera Cruz, this gentleman insisted on his leaving by the next steamer, the 'Panama,' which started on November 15, at eleven o'clock A.M., and to his great regret he had to obey orders.

My despair may be imagined when I arrived the following day.

I resolved not to return to Mexico, though I had left there all my things, and not to wait in Vera Cruz for the next European steamer either, but to sail at once in a little French steamer to New Orleans, and from there to New York, where I hoped to procure means to go as soon as possible to Europe, for I had very little money.

It was a rather disagreeable voyage, for coming from a hot climate I had no clothes suitable for a cold country; and arriving in the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York, I had to keep in my room until some were made for me.

I was quite astonished at the reception I had in New York. When my arrival was made known in the papers I received an immense quantity of bouquets from everywhere, and wherever I showed myself, in the hotel or in the street, people crowded and cheered me. I was much affected by this unexpected show of sympathy.

From New York I went to Washington to see my sister, and also President Johnson, and other persons who had assisted my husband, to thank them.

Though I required some rest after so much trouble and excitement, I longed to join my husband, and after having procured the money I required, I left New York for Brest, on December 28, on board the 'Ville de Paris.'



TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE.

IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Brest—First impressions—A four-legged baby—Paris—Castle Anholt—Prince Alfred—His family—Our position—Journey to Vienna—Audience with the Emperor of Austria—Result—Salm in the hands of his old enemies—Flight—My audience with the mother of Maximilian—Her present—Munich—Countess Salm-Hoegstraeten—Return to Westphalia—Princess Minna—Prince Alfred dangerously ill—Rheingrafenstein—von Stein—Meeting with Corvins in Rorschach—Castle Wiggen—The Rorschach Hill—The Lake of Constance—Mrs. Raggebas—Visitors—A visit to Combe Varin—Professor Edward Desor—Baron H. and wife—A Russian Baron and his daughter—Prince Hohenzollern—At the Weinburg—Off to Berlin.

To travel alone several thousand miles is a very heavy task for a young woman, especially if encumbered by a dog, whom nobody would any longer call a little dog, and which, in fact, weighed nearly twenty pounds and had distressingly long legs. Little children are great encumbrances in travelling, but they are at least looked upon as pardonable nuisances; whilst a dog is persecuted by railway and diligence conductors, and even captains of steamers, with a zeal approaching fanaticism. A baby may be shown openly—and this is rather the pleasant side of baby transportation—conductors cannot object; whilst a dog must be carefully concealed from the lynx eyes of prying conductors, who will not always be appeased by pleading words, even if accompanied by more persuasive silver. If Jimmy could write his memoirs his book would be read with great sympathy, not only by the whole canine tribe, but also by all ladies who cherish a four-legged pet.

New Year's Day on board the 'Ville de Paris' was a most miserable day, for the weather was extremely rough and every body was sea-sick, myself and Jimmy included.

We arrived on January 6, 1868, in Brest, where I went to

the Hotel Lamarque. I sent at once a despatch to Felix and his brother, and was very much disappointed on receiving next day the news that my husband was prevented from coming for me to Brest, but that he expected me in Paris.

I was of course in a very bad humour, and it may be ascribed to this circumstance that the first impressions which Europe made on me was by no means favourable. Everything appeared to me extremely small in comparison with what I had left in America. The rivers looked all like miserable creeks, the mountains like mole-hills, and the trees like toys. The people in the hotel were, however, very kind, and assisted me to the best of their ability. The landlady accompanied me next morning to the depôt, to facilitate difficulties which possibly might occur in reference to Jimmy, as dogs were severely prohibited in first-class carriages. To submit the noble dog to the ignominy of the dogs' quarters in the train was revolting to all my feelings, and in order to protect him against such a degrading position he, with the help of the landlady, had been dressed up as a baby, and a thick veil covering his dear long snout concealed him before the sharp eyes of the railroad guards. The young lonely mother found sympathy with them, and I had a *coupé* all to myself.

I arrived in Paris on January 9, at one o'clock A.M., and found at the depôt my dear husband waiting for me. In the pleasure of the meeting I forgot myself, and the guard discovered that my baby had four legs. He seemed very much alarmed, but a Napoleon calmed his fears, and we drove away very happy.

We intended to leave Paris on the same night for Schloss Anholt, the residence of Alfred, Prince Salm-Salm, Felix's elder brother. We were, however, detained a day longer, having to make many purchases.

Paris pleased me very much, though it presented itself under very unfavourable circumstances, for the weather being extremely bad a gloom was spread over everything.

On leaving Paris for Schloss Anholt, in Westphalia, it was only natural that I felt somewhat nervous. Though Felix had assured me that I should be received most kindly by his whole family, I had still some apprehensions, fearing the formal and ceremonious stiffness which I imagined to be inseparable from all Prussian families.

We arrived in Anholt on January 11, at ten o'clock A.M., and all my fears were speedily removed by the very kind manner in which I was received by my husband's brother and his numerous family.

Prince Alfred zu Salm-Salm, Duke of Hoegstraeten, Rhein and Wildgraf, &c., &c.—all his titles may be seen in the Almanac of Gotha—is, notwithstanding all his pompous titles, a very simple, unpretending, kind, and very polite man, who did not look upon me as a stranger, but treated me from the first moment as a sister, so that I felt at once at home.

Schloss Anholt is an extremely old, extensive, imposing-looking Castle, built around a tower, which stood there before the Christian era, having been erected by the Romans. The whole Castle is like Amsterdam, built on wooden piles, which have become like stone in the course of time. The whole ground around is swampy, and by digging only one foot deep water is to be found. The Castle is surrounded by a splendid park, which is improving every year, and protected by a moat with drawbridges, which are drawn up every night.

The house contains very fine halls, with an armoury and other relics of olden times, and above one hundred rooms.¹ All this is very fine and noble, but it did not altogether correspond with the ideas I had about a princely palace. Used to the luxurious dwellings of the rich people of North America, everything appeared to me somewhat primitive and as it were uncivilised. I wondered at the uncarpeted staircases and rooms, where only patches here and there covered the dark oaken flooring, which was made so slippery by beeswaxing that I found difficulty in walking, and really fell down on entering my bedroom.

There do not exist in North America such feudal dwellings, and as there are no feudal ideas to be found either, I did not look exactly with the same feelings of pride and satisfaction on this simplicity as the members of the family. Modern elegant dwellings, however, may be procured by every rich cheese-monger, but such grand halls, solid staircases, &c., are to be found only in the seats of noble old families.

If I felt somewhat disappointed in reference to Castle An-

¹ The picture gallery is extremely fine, and in it are to be found highly valuable originals of Correggio, Rubens, and other celebrated old masters.

holt, the people living there all did their best to make me comfortable and feel at home. Prince Alfred, though Prince and Duke, did not differ in his manner and behaviour from other well-bred gentlemen, and his daughters were quite natural, kind, and good-hearted girls, with no stupid pride or any other nonsense about them.

The household of the Prince was carried on in a style becoming his position ; everything was well regulated and agreeable. The weather was not very favourable, and the family were mostly confined to the Castle, where we passed the time with home occupations and amusements. My brother-in-law taught me how to play at billiards and his daughters how to spin, which afforded me much pleasure.

When the weather permitted, we had a ride on horseback, or in a pony-chaise, or a walk to a neighbouring farm, where we took coffee. Felix and his brother went out shooting hares, and I joined them occasionally with my fowling-piece, and sometimes succeeded well. In a word, we led a quiet country life, which was to me very pleasant after the exciting scenes I had gone through, but of which but little of interest could be said without entering into details.

The future of my husband occupied Prince Alfred a good deal. Though Felix might have lived to the end of his life in Castle Anholt, such an idle and dependent existence would not have suited either him or me, and it was his great desire to enter the army again. Felix had served before both in the Austrian and Prussian army, and it deserved some consideration where he would have the best chances. His sympathies were entirely with Prussia, but having once left that service when still a very young officer, it was rather doubtful whether he would find there a position he could accept in his advanced age, after having occupied places of some importance. In Austria his chances seemed to be better ; he had been the chief of the household of the Emperor Maximilian, had been distinguished by him especially, and been his companion in prison. Moreover, the late Emperor had remembered him in his last will, and expressed otherwise confidence and love towards my husband. It was therefore reasonable to expect that he would be favourably received by the Imperial brother of his late friend and Emperor.

There existed, however, still other difficulties, which were

by no means easy to conquer, and which were not only fraught with danger, but attended by circumstances of an especially unpleasant and annoying character.

I mentioned the reasons which caused my husband to leave Europe—his debts. These debts were not paid yet, and were not forgotten either by his creditors. Though these people had given up nearly all hope of ever recovering them when my husband went to America, their hope was again revived by his return, which became known through the papers in connection with reports which still strengthened these hopes. It was said that the Emperor Maximilian had left a legacy to my husband, and on this his creditors speculated. It would have been easy to come to an arrangement with them as long as my husband was still in Mexico, but this having been neglected, his return made such an arrangement far more difficult. Some of these creditors addressed his brother, and though Prince Alfred was much inclined to do a great deal for him, he could not think of satisfying their extravagant demands, as he had himself a rather large family, and besides knew very well in what manner these debts had been contracted, and how shamelessly some of these usurers and sharpers had profited by the extravagance and carelessness of his young brother.

Before coming to any decision in this serious matter and taking any steps, it was necessary to ascertain what chances my husband might have in reference to his future career.

It was therefore agreed between Felix and his brother that the former should go to Vienna. He wished to go there alone, leaving me behind in Anholt, which, however, did not suit me. I had promised the poor Emperor to see his mother, Archduchess Sophie, and I was anxious to fulfil my promise. The opposition of my husband was overruled by Prince Alfred, and both of us left for Vienna on February 14.

The weather was extremely fine, and the journey pleased me much, for I saw for the first time the Rhine and its beautiful scenery. Westphalia is not the most favourable part of Germany, but our road led through countries which pleased me far better, and reconciled me to the fatherland of my husband, my future home.

Arriving in Vienna we alighted at an old, very good hotel in a narrow street, the Archduke Charles. I was extremely pleased with Vienna, which is indeed a most beautiful city, with charming surroundings.

Next day a nephew of my husband, Prince Alfred, dined with us. He was then an officer in the Austrian army. Another of the sons of my husband's brother was an officer in Prussia. I said before that the sympathies of the old Catholic nobility of Westphalia were always divided between Austria and Prussia, and that it was usual for some of their members to serve in the Austrian, others in the Prussian army.

As soon as our arrival became known in Vienna we received many visits, especially from old acquaintances in Mexico. Dr. Basch called, and also Col. v. Kodolitsch and Admiral Tegethoff.

On the 18th my husband had an audience with the Emperor of Austria, from which he returned rather dissatisfied for he might have expected a more gracious reception. The reserve of the Emperor may, however, be easily explained. After the catastrophe of Mexico a great many persons arrived in Vienna who all had served Maximilian, and expected to be rewarded for their services extravagantly by his brother. The Emperor was indeed annoyed very much, and in self-defense had to look somewhat coolly on the numerous claimants. This may explain the unsatisfactory reception of my husband, though his exceptional position with Maximilian might perhaps have justified a slight exception on the part of his brother. Decorations are very cheap at Courts, and often bestowed much out of place, and they were so without doubt on the breast of Baron Lago, about whom Maximilian had expressed himself so explicitly. Kind and yielding as he was, however, he had given to this impotent diplomatist a written testimony of his good behaviour, which the Baron took good care to present as soon as possible in Vienna, and in consequence of which he obtained a decoration, on which he, however, ought never to look without blushing. From this noble Baron the Emperor probably received information in reference to my husband. For a letter which Maximilian gave the minister to show in Vienna, in order to inform the Emperor of the intimate connection existing between the poor prince and my husband, Baron Lago had destroyed, afraid that it might be found upon him and endanger his precious neck. Thus it happened that the friend of Maximilian did not receive from his brother even such a token of his satisfaction as was granted to a Baron Lago! He felt much grieved and mortified, and

when on the next day an aide of the Emperor offered him a small amount of money, or an annuity, he declined, for poor as he was, he felt rather humbled by such an offer. This was, however, certainly not the intention of the Emperor.

The presence of my husband in Vienna did not remain unnoticed by his creditors in that city, and on February 22 he was arrested. He was released, however, on paying two thousand five hundred dollars to the officer, and to prevent a repetition of such an occurrence he accepted the offer of a wiser or more speculative creditor to conceal him in his house. Not feeling at ease there either he thought it safer to decamp, and he left Vienna.

I had requested an audience with Archduchess Sophie, and had to remain. As the Empress was not in Vienna I could not be presented to her, nor to the Emperor either. Maybe he would not have received me, as was the case with Madame de Miramon, though she had an autograph letter from poor Maximilian, recommending her and her family to his brother. She remained five weeks in an hotel waiting for an audience, and had to leave Vienna without having been able to see the Emperor. I have explained already the seeming harshness of this kind Prince. The claims made upon him by people who had served his brother became indeed alarming, and if he had once commenced to satisfy them he would not have known where they would stop. When things became more settled, and he was enabled to go into the affairs of his brother, he did not forget Madame Miramon, and provided for her in a very noble and handsome manner.

Archduchess Sophie received me on February 27. She was extremely kind, cried a good deal, and thanked me much for what I had done for her beloved son. She said she had been much opposed to his going amongst such barbarians, and I had to tell her all he had said, and how he had looked, &c. She was indeed very much affected.

Her gratitude restricted itself not only to words. Soon afterwards was offered to me on the part of the Emperor an annuity of twelve hundred dollars, which I thankfully accepted, and about a fortnight after this visit she sent me, through Countess von Furstenberg, a splendid bracelet, with the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian, as a keepsake.

I left Vienna on February 28, and met my husband waiting

for me at the station in Munich. We paid a visit to an aunt of Felix, who lived there, a Countess von Salm-Hoegstraeten, whose husband was not at home, but in Bonn with one of his brothers. We passed a pleasant day with the Countess and her daughter, who were charming, kind people, and left on March 2, early in the morning.

Arriving in Bonn at half-past nine P.M., we were received at the station by the Counts Albrecht and Hermann Salm-Hoegstraeten, who has a house in Bonn. We stayed next day in this city, with which I was very much pleased.

In the afternoon we received a visit from the eldest son of my husband's brother, Leopold, the hereditary Prince of the house of Salm-Salm, whom I saw here for the first time, as he did not live in Schloss Anholt, but in Godesberg, where he was under hydropathic treatment. This important personage did not say much, but stared all the afternoon in my face.

We returned to Anholt rather sad and discouraged, for our future looked dark. Without having arranged with his clamouring creditors my husband could not think of entering the army. This arrangement became more difficult every day, for as soon as the creditors were aware of the desire to settle, and that the reigning Prince was willing to assist, their exactions became extravagant beyond all reasonable bounds. Under such circumstances it was impossible for us to remain in Germany, and we seriously reflected on leaving it again, but where to go we did not know.

Though my brother-in-law and his family did all they could to make us feel at home, we could not shake off our sad thoughts. We were groping in the dark, and for a long time we could not come to any resolution.

Life in Anholt went on as usual in a quiet way, and was only interrupted now and then by visits from relations or visits we paid to them. Amongst others we visited the widow of Prince Emil Salm, a brother of Alfred and Felix, who lived in Cleve, where her two sons were at a college. Her name was Minna. Felix liked her very much.

Time passed on without anything definitive being decided in reference to us. Alfred, however, endeavoured to come to an arrangement with my husband's creditors, and to facilitate this it was thought expedient that we should leave Germany for a time.

During our stay in Mexico we had always kept up a lively correspondence with our friends the Corvins. The Colonel, who had a position in the United States Treasury, became tired of greenbacks and seven-thirties, accepted a position as special correspondent of the 'New York Times,' and returned to Germany in 1867. He lived then with Mrs. Corvin in Berlin, and we had arranged to meet somewhere in Switzerland, where we intended to spend our summer together.

When we were nearly ready to start my brother-in-law, Prince Alfred, fell seriously ill, and the whole family was much distressed and alarmed. Everybody liked Prince Alfred, for, being a very good and kind father, his death would not only have been deeply felt by all his children and relatives, because they loved and respected him, but also because a very great change would have resulted from it.

The most celebrated physicians were fetched from Bonn, but they agreed that Alfred was most dangerously ill, and that there was little hope of his recovery. All the members of the family and also the Duke of Croy arrived in Anholt, and on Friday, April 3, Alfred received the holy sacrament. But from that time he improved and began to recover slowly. At the end of April he was out of danger, and on Tuesday, May 5, we left Anholt for Switzerland, taking the steamboat at Cologne.

On our way we paid a visit to the ancestral castle of the Salms, the former residence of the 'Rhingraves,' the Rheingrafenstein, which is now a ruin still belonging to the family. As my husband had good reasons for not making it known who he was, we had resolved to lay his title aside and to travel under the name of Von Stein.

Travelling through Basle to Constance we took there the steamer, and arrived on May 9 in Rorschach, in the Canton St. Gall, Switzerland, where we met the Corvins, who had arrived two days before us.

Rorschach is a large village hard on the Lake of Constance, which would be called a city in many parts of America. It is just opposite Friedrichshafen in Würtemberg, and situated at the foot of a hill nearly three miles long, which rises from the lake about two thousand feet high. I was not in a frame of mind to enjoy anything, and that, I suppose, was the reason that I did not then like the place, though the Corvins were delighted with it. We alighted at the Hotel Garni, close to the

lake, the railroad running right before the house. As I did not like the accommodation at all, we looked out for some other place, and went in a boat to Arbon, situate on a projecting kind of peninsula. From the garden of the inn there we had a splendid view of the Saentis mountain and its glaciers, but the inn being rather too rustic for our taste, we did not like to stay there.

Salm and Corvin went prospecting about, and discovered a little old castle about a quarter of an hour from Rorschach, situate on the slope of the above-mentioned ridge, something like two hundred feet above the surface of the lake. Its name was Castle Wiggen, and it belonged to a former Landamann of St. Gall, Mr. Hoffman von Leuchtenstern, who had resided there several years, but who lived then, since he had become a widower, in St. Gall. Hearing that the castle was in perfect repair and furnished, we were desirous of renting it, and went to St. Gall to speak to its owner, who was willing and we took it.

Salm and myself occupied a very large corner room, with an adjoining bedroom. From the windows we had a most splendid view over the Lake of Constance and its shores. The Corvins took the opposite corner room, separated from ours by a hall with a large window, in which were inserted in stained glass the arms of former owners. Whilst our rooms were modernized, that of our friends was left in its primitive state. The walls were gaudily and curiously painted, and provided with many cupboards. The furniture consisted of a large oaken centenarian table and straight-backed chairs, a narrow bed in a recess, and another very large one standing free in the room. The most remarkable object in that room was, however, the stove: it was the biggest and most respectable stove I have seen in all my life; a whole Indian family might have lived in it, and it is worth a description. On four solid iron feet, about two feet high, rested a more than three inches thick stone slab of six feet by three and a half, and on it stood, built of green, glazed, curiously ornamented square tiles, the main structure of the oven, capacious enough to hold a whole cartload of wood. On this square compartment rose, built of the same material, a round tower, reaching nearly up to the high ceiling. In the ornamented battlement of this tower were inserted the arms of the Schlabberitz, who once lived in

the castle. The most curious and suggestive part of this stove was, however, to me the space between it and the wall. A few steps of green glazed slab led to a seat made of the same material. It did not require much fancy to imagine sitting there some grey-headed old knight with a large tankard at his elbow, or a venerable grand-mother, her wrinkled face rising above an enormous stiff frill.

Old pictures, portraits and others, of more or less value, in tarnished gold or simple black frames, all looking somewhat mildewed, ornamented the rooms and halls, in which stood beautifully carved, enormous wardrobes of black walnut, with locks and keys that seemed to have been wrought by Tubal Cain.

The hall between ours and the Corvins' rooms was closed by a strong iron-fitted door, opening on a stone staircase winding up in a round tower. On the top of this tower was arranged a little room, from the window of which a wide view was to be had in all direction.

The tower was entered from a large hall on the ground floor, through which one came to the yard, closed by a farm-building and cow-stables. On the opposite side of the building was, enclosed by a wall from which some turrets had been removed, a little garden with fruit-trees, flower-beds, and vegetables, kept in order by the couple who were in charge of the castle, and who lived in a kind of *entresol*. Peaches and pear-trees and creepers covered the outside wall of the castle, which stood on a gentle eminence. Its slope was a luxuriant meadow, studded with beautiful fruit-trees.

Though at that time I was dissatisfied with everything, because I was much troubled in mind, I must say now that this Castle Wiggen is a beautiful spot. From the back room one looked right upon the Rorschach hill, of which the slope falling off towards the lake is indeed a little world in itself. Approaching Rorschach from the lake when still the snowy mountains behind the ridge are to be seen, this slope looks rather insignificant; but on coming nearer and the high mountains disappearing, it looks more interesting; but to become fully aware of its beauties, one must stay for a longer time and explore it. It is indeed, as I said, a little world in itself. There are little villages and farms, deep gullies with rocks and water rushing over them; fine woods and splendid meadows,

covered with beautiful flowers like a garden. Everywhere crystal springs are bubbling. Towards the top of the ridge are pine-woods. It is a rather long and toilsome way up to them, but it is worth the trouble to make it, for behind these woods is the crest of the ridge, from where the enraptured eye looks on the Saentis, which seems so close by that every little rock on it can be seen. At the other end of the ridge the view is even finer, for before us are the Rhine Valley, the mountains near Ragatz and Chur, and the Tyrolean Alps.

The beauties of the site of Rorschach, though it does not strike visitors on a first view, have been fully appreciated by connoisseurs. The Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, who is now dead, had between Rorschach and Bad Horn a fine country-house, where she resided every summer. At the opposite side, nearer to the entrance of the Rhine into the lake is Castle Wartegg, the residence of the Duke of Parma. On the same line, not on the lake but on the top of the ridge, stands the very stately old Castle of Wartamsee, which has been restored by an Englishman, who, however, lost his money in Baden-Baden, and had to sell that fine place, which since then has changed hands several times. Not far from Rorschach, in the Rhine Valley, is the Weinburg, a country seat belonging to the Prince of Hohenzollern.

Rorschach is built hard by the lake. It was a very flourishing mercantile place, and many rich merchants dealing with Italy lived there. Several fine old houses, with curiously sculptured windows and balconies, especially in the main street, bear testimony to their taste and wealth. It is still an important place, and one of the grain markets of Switzerland. Close to the lake, on the haven, stands an extensive old corn-house.

In summer Rorschach is very lively, for an immense number of travellers pass through, coming either from Lindau or Friedrichshafen, on their way to the interior of Switzerland. Steamers are going to and fro, the railroad whistle is heard incessantly, and all these steamers and trains are crowded, loaded with travellers from every part of the world—or societies, schools, colleges, &c. out on a pleasure excursion. Most of these passengers pass only, but very many think it worth while to stay a day or two in Rorschach, and in the several hotels of the place company is always to be found, almost every day fresh faces.

As it was inconvenient to walk every day to Rorschach for our meals, though the distance from Wigggen would be considered trifling in a city, we commenced housekeeping in the castle. It is true the cooking apparatus of centuries ago was very insufficient, but we had all been used to camp life, and found it not very difficult to put up with little imperfections and simple fare.

A few minutes walk brought us to the bank of the lake, where we made friends with a gardener who had charge of an extensive villa, belonging to some Stuttgart gentleman, and were allowed the use of the bathing-house, which was indeed a great comfort. A bath in the Lake of Constance is indeed a treat. Though it is the largest of the Swiss lakes, it is only a pond in comparison with our American lakes. In fine weather one can see every house in Friedrichshafen on the Wurtembergian shore, though the steamer requires an hour and a half for the passage. Still it is beautiful, and one does not tire of looking on its ever-changing surface. Now it is as blue as an Italian lake; in the next quarter of an hour it is green, which is its most usual colour, shaded off from emerald green to the darkest hue. A land-scape painter could not find anywhere a more favourable place for studying water and sky than at the windows of our bright and pleasant room. Small as the lake appeared to me, in stormy weather it can assume quite a formidable aspect and foam like the sea. Skip-pers say that it is dangerous, and accidents to ships are by no means rare. Some years ago one of the largest steamers was wrecked close to the port of Rorschach.

It is plainly to be seen where the Rhine enters the lake, and the course of the river is still to be traced a great distance. The place near the entrance of the Rhine is rather ill-reputed, on account of an eddy making it dangerous to inexperienced boatmen. Salm went one morning out fishing alone in a small boat, with nothing but a piece of bread and a small flask in his pocket. Knowing that he was a very persevering sportsman, I did not wonder at his not being back to dinner; but when, late in the afternoon, he still had not returned, and our glasses swept the lake in vain, looking out for his boat, we all became alarmed and afraid of some accident, though the weather was fine and the lake like a mirror. At last he arrived but utterly exhausted and in a pitiful state. His face was

burnt quite red and the inside of his hands was peeled off. As the place where the Rhine enters the lake was famous for salmon, he ventured there, but not being sufficiently acquainted with the dangers of that locality he got in the famous eddy, and was kept there for hours, no help being near.

The lake is still famous for its fish, though the steamships have done a great deal of harm. Some years ago a renowned fisherman from Horn caught in one morning 800 cwt. of fish, a fact scarcely credible, but which was confirmed as true by many persons. Salm and Corvin engaged that lucky man to initiate them in his art, and they went frequently out fishing on the lake, mostly trolling for salmon-trout and pike, but with indifferent success. Once Salm had a bite and he became quite excited, for according to all indications an enormous salmon had taken the bait. Instead of giving the fish line and letting it exhaust its strength, Salm in his eagerness pulled in with all the strength of his arm, and the result was, as every votary of the craft might have foreseen, that he nearly capsized the boat by falling on his back, the salmon getting off with six hooks in his mouth. Salm was much teased for this un-courteous behaviour of one of his cousins towards the 'Rhine-grave,' for salmon is Salm in German, and the family derive their name from this denizen of the Rhine, the Salms having two salmons in their coat of arms.

I contented myself with fishing with the rod, remaining on shore. Though I am not very fearful in general, I dislike water, for on looking on it I think, shudderingly, of sea-sickness.

We made of course many excursions to the mountains, and though sometimes fatiguing, they were pleasant. We visited now and then the fine village of Heiden, about six miles from Wigggen, beyond the crest of the Rorschach hill and beautifully situated. Many people live there through the summer, and the place is quite celebrated, as Professor Graefe, the eminent oculist, stayed there every summer, and people from every part of the world came there to consult him.

We visited also sometimes Castle Rorschach, the decayed residence of the old lords of Rorschach, and once the residence of an abbot of St. Gall, who sustained a siege and died there. It is situated some hundreds of feet above the village, and is now owned by a man who has been everywhere in the world,

and who looks like an Italian robber. He keeps in the castle a kind of restaurant, and many people go there to drink his good wine and enjoy the splendid view.

More frequently we visited a place only a short walk from us, close to Castle Wartegg. It was called 'im Wiedien,' and belonged to a man of the name of Raggebas, whose family have owned the house and surrounding fields for centuries. The very insignificant-looking house was built against the hill, and one entered with reluctance, first, a room where workmen from the neighbouring quarries were smoking horrid tobacco, eating horrid cheese, and drinking a horrid fluid called saft, a kind of weak cider made of pears, a whole pint of it costing but a fraction of a penny.

From there one came into another room, where a better class of people, and amongst them some servants of the Duke of Parma, were drinking their coffee or pint of wine. Through this room one came to the third largest room, which was reserved for those persons who were imagined to belong to the higher classes. All the rooms were scrupulously clean and pleasant. The owner of this farm, who was a wealthy man, never aspired to a higher place in society than had been held by his ancestors. He was a free Swiss peasant, and, wearing all the year round his blouse and hobnailed shoes, he carried his milk to his customers and worked on his farm, leaving to his wife and servant the care as to housework and attendance on the guests.

Mrs. Raggebas became a great friend of ours, as she had been of the late Duchess of Parma, who often came and had a chat with her. She was a middle aged, pleasant, kind, and polite peasant woman, who kept her house in trim order, and everything she served was excellent and ridiculously cheap.

When we came there in company of six or eight persons and enjoyed all the luxuries to be had, as splendid coffee, excellent cream, cake, honey, and good Tyrolean wine, we never succeeded in running up a bill surpassing five francs; and when paying, Mrs. Raggebas always forced upon us a quantity of cherries or pears, adding with a reassuring smile in her Swiss dialect, 'Koscht nix.'

She had a maid-servant, who was remarkable also. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer herself, but not liking her

stepmother she preferred serving. She was a rather tall, pleasant-looking girl, with an open though not pretty countenance, who was held in great respect by all the men on account of her strength, which she once used in a very credible manner. A little stranger, with a high, well-brushed cylinder hat, attempted to flirt with her in a country-like fashion. Looking upon him at first with some amused astonishment, she settled the question by quietly taking hold of his waist with both her hands. Then she lifted up the little amorous man as one does a baby, and ramming his precious beaver against the low ceiling so that it went down over the nose of the stunned little fellow, she went away laughing.

When the weather was not favourable we were occupied at home; Mrs. Corvin with painting in water colours, and I with learning German, for which I had engaged a teacher from Rorschach. Corvin had discovered in the castle an old library full of curious books, into which he dived with all the zeal of an antiquarian. Salm wrote his Diary in Mexico, which was published some time after, myself adding to it a part of my own diary.

Visitors were not wanting, for many persons we knew passed through Rorschach and stayed there a few days. Amongst others came an old comrade of Salm's in the Austrian army, Baron Hauser, with his pretty wife, the daughter of the Trieste banker, and a colonel from Bregenz paid us now and then a visit. The same did a Baron Alten (a staunch Welf, who followed the fortunes of his deposed king), with his daughter, an agreeable girl.

Parties to Bregenz, Ragatz, Heiden, and St. Gall interrupted now and then our monotonous but rather pleasant life, which would have satisfied me still more if the unsettled state of Felix's affairs had not troubled my mind and embittered all enjoyment. My husband went from Rorschach to Munich and Vienna to bring about some arrangement, but without effect; and from Schloss Anholt we did not receive much comfort either.

In the first days of August, Mrs. Corvin resolved to pay a visit to a friend of her youth, the celebrated savant, Professor Edward Desor, who lived near Neufchatel, and she invited me to accompany her. Switzerland is not Mexico, and I need not describe what I saw. Though the weather was not very

good, I was delighted. At a station beyond Neufchatel, I believe Noiraigre, the carriage of the Professor waited for us, its owner excusing himself on the ground of a slight indisposition. The road to his country-seat was uphill work, for Combe-Varin (that is its name) is situate five thousand feet above the sea. It was formerly a hunting house of a noble family related to Mr. Desor, and has been changed by him into a very comfortable Swiss dwelling-house. The Professor's name is well known in the learned world. He was a long time in America, and a companion of Agassiz. Now he has settled in Switzerland, and is a senator of influence in his canton. He is a bachelor, but his house is never empty of visitors, for he has many friends in every part of the world. We found there a Mr. Reinwald, a publisher from Paris, with his wife, and a Professor Eisenlohr from Carlsruhe, a great scientific gun, who died, however, some time ago.

The Professor does not look like a professor, but more like a country gentleman, and his household does not resemble that of a bachelor either.

Everything was extremely comfortable, and in all Switzerland I never met a better provided dinner-table. Mr. Desor is somewhat of an epicurean, as every sensible man ought to be who can afford it. I felt somewhat out of my depth in this learned society, but all of them being men of the world they dealt mercifully with me, and our visit was very pleasant.

We made from Combe-Varin some fine excursions, and paid a visit to a friend of the Professors, Mr. Fritz Berthond, who lived at a village, Fleuris, in a house elegantly furnished in Parisian taste.

We remained four days in Combe-Varin, and left on August 8 for Zurich, where we met my husband, with whom we returned to Rorschach. Some days afterwards Mrs. Corvin left us for Frankfurt, and the Colonel took his quarters in the Hotel Garni in Rorschach, whilst we were looking out for comfortable quarters in that village, as it now soon became dark, and it was inconvenient to return late to our castle. We were fortunate enough to find in the finest of the old houses of Rorschach a large hall, furnished and decorated in the rococo style, with two adjoining rooms, and left old Wiggen on August 23.

We passed our time quite agreeably, for we had always nice

company. Baron Hauser, with his wife and children, came to Rorschach, and also frequently Baron Alten with his daughter. In Heiden we became acquainted with a Mademoiselle de Dusterloh, a very handsome, sprightly young lady, to whom we became very much attached. Her father, Baron von Dusterloh, who had an estate in Kurland, Russia, arrived also, and when he had to go to Berlin he left his daughter under my care. Our company was increased by Mr. Morpurgo, the brother of Baroness Hauser, an agreeable young man suffering from the poetical fever. Everything turned to verse in him, and he could not keep it to himself. We were of course victimised, but the bashful manner in which he administered to us his poems made it tolerable.

On September 3, Corvin left us, and we accompanied him to Friedrichshafen in the steamer. This place is larger than Rorschach, and many people prefer it, because they have a view of the Swiss mountains.

On September 10, Prince Hohenzollern and family arrived at the Weinburg, and we were invited to come and see them. The Weinburg is a beautiful place, deriving its name from the vineyards surrounding it, where are grown the most delicious grapes.

I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the great and genuine kindness with which we were received and treated by this most excellent and amiable family. The Prince, who is a general in the Prussian army, is a fine noble-looking man, with an extremely benevolent face, and the Princess his peer in every respect. With them were staying their second son, Prince Charles of Roumania, Baron von Schreckenstein, captain and aide-de-camp to his father, and his wife, and the Baronesses Esebeck and Lindhein. The Prince is very rich, and though not related to the King of Prussia, he has great influence, which, however, he does not use, keeping far from mixing either with internal or external politics. As the name shows, the Prussian Family and that of the Prince come from the same stock, and the Hohenzollerns of Hechingen and Siegmaringen are even of the elder line. They remain Catholics, while the Royal Family of Prussia are Protestants.

I need not repeat here the circumstances which made Prince Charles of Hohenzollern accept the rather troublesome position of Prince of Roumania. It is said that he often regretted

that step, and would have preferred to return as a simple officer to Berlin. Whenever he made a journey it was rumoured he would not return, probably by people with whose wishes this would have coincided. At all events, he is still in Bucharest, and as far as I know without any intention of leaving it.

We dined several times at the Weinburg, and passed there very agreeable hours. The Prince presented me with an album containing photographic views of the Weinburg, and the Princess frequently sent me fine flowers and grapes; and all came to see us in Rorschach. Jimmy was highly displeased with these visits, for the dogs of the Weinburg were not so hospitable towards him as their masters towards his, and he had with them a rather severe fight.

The kindness of Prince Hohenzollern was, however, not restricted to mere politeness; he understood and sympathised with the position of Salm, and promised to assist him, which he did in a very noble and princely manner.

It was deemed expedient and even necessary that we should go to Berlin to pursue the endeavours of Felix to get a suitable position in the Prussian army. We therefore left Rorschach on October 2, and I was very glad, for it was at least a step towards a final settlement, for which I longed much. These perpetual troubles and anxieties, these false hopes and delays, were almost more than I could bear, and I was yearning with all my heart for rest.

In passing Mayence we met there an old friend of my husband's, a Mr. Kalmer, and his wife, who was with him at Paris at a very sad period of his life, before he left for the United States. We went over to Wiesbaden to see that celebrated beautiful watering-place. Of course we tried our luck at the roulette-table. I sacrificed a few gilders, but Salm won, to my envy, a good many.

Next morning we started for Bonn, where 'Uncle Hermann' waited for us at the station, and took us to his house. We made the acquaintance of a Baroness Frank, whom we visited at her beautiful country-house, which might be rather called a palace, situated on the opposite side of the Rhine, not far from the Drachenfels. The hereditary Prince of Anholt came also to see us, and we all made a nice party to Rolandseck.

On October 7 we left for Berlin, and arrived late in the evening at the Hotel St. Petersburg, Unter den Linden.

CHAPTER XVII.

Salm's Diary in Mexico published—Prince Krafft Hohenlohe—Baron Magnus—Audience with Princess Charles of Prussia—Countess Seydewitz—At Baroness Schleinitz's—Salm Major in the Guards—Audience with Her Majesty the Queen—Countess Schulemburg—Countess Benckendorff—Fast habits—Coblentz—Society there—The Prussian army—Prussian officers—The regiment 'Queen Augusta.'

As we expected to stay for several months in Berlin, we looked out for more convenient quarters. We moved first to the Hotel de Brandenburg, and from there to private lodgings in the Kanonierstrasse. My husband had been so long away from Berlin that he had become almost a stranger in that city; but fortunately the Corvins had returned to their residence there, and Baron Magnus lived also in Berlin, where his brother is a great banker. We found also a nephew, Prince Max Salm-Salm, whom the king had made lieutenant in the regiment of Dragoons of the Guard. It is still a privilege of the princes of former sovereign houses that they may be appointed officers at once, but they have to pass through their examination afterwards.

We were of course frequently with the Corvins; in fact, we saw each other daily, we either staying with them or they visiting us. Baron Magnus came also frequently as usual, and endeavoured to take the direction of all steps to be taken by my husband. It was, however, a very trying time, for we had first to feel our ground, to form all kinds of connections, to make calls, &c. Both Felix and myself were therefore in a very bad humour, and our friends had a rather hard time with us.

Though I did not feel at all disposed, my husband insisted on my going very often to the theatre, or to take part in other amusements. As the season was still favourable we visited

Potsdam, which is indeed a beautiful place. We saw Sans-Souci, the new Palace, the Marmor Palace, which all interested me much, as I had never before seen such royal residences. We visited also the tomb of Frederick the Great, which is in a very simple vault underneath the pulpit in the garrison church.

Meanwhile the book of my husband, 'My Diary in Mexico,' written at Rorschach, had been published both in the English and German languages. Though much had been written before about that dreadful catastrophe in Mexico, this book was received more kindly by the public than we could expect, and was read by many persons of high standing and influence in the Prussian capital.

In the commencement of November Felix was received by the King, who was extremely gracious, and invited him on the 11th to dinner. He returned from there much elated and full of good hopes. Many of his old comrades remembered him now and behaved very kindly, and were willing to assist him in his endeavours to re-enter the Prussian army. Amongst them was Prince Krafft Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, who was a general in the Prussian Artillery, much in favour with the King. He came frequently to see us, and behaved altogether extremely kindly and serviceably.

The Queen of Prussia was at that time not in town, and that was an impediment to my being presented to other members of the Royal Family, and at Court. On November 12, however, Baron Magnus called and made a very important and mysterious face. He said he came at the request of the Princess Charles, the sister of the Queen, who wished to see me, though it was somewhat against etiquette.

In consequence I wrote to the first lady of honour to the Princess, requesting an audience. The former, a Countess von Hagen, and the Countess von Seydewitz, lady-in-waiting, immediately called on me, but I was not at home.

On the 14th I went to the palace of Prince Charles, where I was received by her Royal Highness in the presence of her lady-in-waiting, the forenamed Countess Seydewitz, one of the handsomest ladies and finest figures I have ever seen. The Princess received me with the utmost kindness, and I had good reason to be highly gratified with my first appearance amongst persons belonging to the Prussian Court, for everybody was extremely polite and kind to me.

On the same evening Countess Seydewitz called, and we drove together to Baroness Schleinitz, wife of the minister of the royal household, where we found company. The conversation turned much upon affairs in Mexico and the Emperor Maximilian. One gentleman of the company, whose name I had heard only imperfectly when he was presented to me, expressed himself in a manner with which I did not agree, and I answered him somewhat sharply in defence of my late emperor and friend, to the great amusement of the company, for that dissenting gentleman was the Austrian minister.

When the ice once was broken things went on extremely well. Many persons belonging to the Royal Court called, amongst them Count Perponcher, and several other distinguished persons. Felix had written to the Countess Schulemburg, requesting an audience for both of us. The Queen was indisposed, but the audience was granted for a few days later.

Meanwhile I received a note from Princess Charles, who wished to see us once more, as she was leaving for Nizza. We accordingly went to her palace, and were presented to her husband, Prince Charles of Prussia, the brother of the King, whom he does not resemble in the least.

We received also visits from Count Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe, and Mr. Bancroft, the American minister. Baron Magnus came frequently, bringing us good news in reference to the affairs of my husband, who was to my great satisfaction appointed a major in the 4th Regiment of Guards, the regiment 'Queen Augusta,' of which her Majesty is the chief. Had he not left the Prussian service as a young lieutenant he might by that time have been a colonel; but Felix was nevertheless highly gratified, for he preferred his place of major in the Prussian army to his title of General in the United States and in Mexico.

On December 17 I received a letter from Countess Schulemburg, saying that the Queen would receive us next day at three o'clock P.M.

Though I am not very nervous in general, and the manner in which I had been received by her sister might have encouraged me, I must say I felt actually nervous when I drove to the royal palace. Everybody spoke of the Queen with so much love, praising her kindness and amiability, still she was—the Queen. Though I did not expect to see her with crown

and sceptre, I could not get rid of the idea that she would receive me sitting on a throne under a dais, surrounded by superbly-arrayed ladies watching every movement of mine with a criticising eye.

I was ushered into a room, where I did not see anything I had anticipated, and looked in vain for a throne. In that room was a fine and stately lady, elegantly but simply dressed, whom I took for one of the Court ladies who would lead me to the presence of the Queen. I stopped irresolutely, but when Felix made his lowest bow and kissed the extended hand of that lady, I became aware that I was standing before the Queen herself. Though somewhat disappointed and perplexed on account of the absent throne and royal state, I was more than indemnified in looking on that noble, beautiful face, with its inimitably gracious and benevolent smile.

When the Queen had taken a seat, and we were seated beside her, she commenced speaking about poor Emperor Maximilian, whom she regretted very much. She was kind enough to express herself very graciously about the part I had played in that tragedy, and though she did not say that she expected to see me with an Indian feather dress and a bow and arrows, or at least a revolver in my belt, I imagine that the Queen was somewhat disappointed in her turn at seeing a woman such as those of whom she saw daily many prettier and more remarkable. But whatever impression I might have made, her Majesty was so exceedingly kind that I felt highly gratified and quite bewildered and happy when we, after about half an hour, were graciously dismissed. Felix kissed her hand, and I wished to do the same but the Queen did not permit me.

Next day Felix dined with the King, and after dinner we drove to Countess Schulemburg, who had invited us for the evening. She was a very amiable lady, liked by everybody, and extremely kind to me. Being a stranger at Court, and afraid of sinning frequently against etiquette, I asked her advice, which was very valuable to me.

Some days later we dined with Countess Benckendorff, daughter of General Prince Croy, and first cousin to my husband. The Countess is very rich, and lived in a very elegant house in the Behrenstrasse. We had many invitations and saw very pleasant company, where I was both amused and shocked, as the manners of those high-born German ladies

differ very much from those of the Americans. Though the opinion prevails in Germany that American ladies are very fast, I must say that the German ladies have no great cause for blaming and criticising them, for from what I heard and saw I came to the conclusion that they beat in this respect their American sisters. I was much astonished on seeing many of the ladies smoke in company with the gentlemen, not only cigarettes, but cigars, like old smokers. I thought it best to do in Rome as the Romans do, and smoked also, though I do not like it. The Queen is rather strict, and not pleased at all with the fast manners of these ladies, but though they behave well on course in her presence, they do as they please when amongst themselves.

On Monday, December 21, Felix left for Coblentz to join his regiment, and after having made all my arrangements and paid my farewell visits, I followed him on the 24th, and met him next day at the station in Dusseldorf with Count Hermann Salm and the hereditary Prince of Anholt. We stayed a day in Bonn to celebrate my and Felix's birthday, for we were both born on December 25, a curious coincidence.

On the 26th we arrived in Coblentz, our future home. Having no house yet, we remained in the Hotel de Treves, which is a most comfortable hotel.

I need not describe Coblentz, for everybody has visited the Rhine. It is certainly a beautiful place, and the favourite residence of Queen Augusta, who has done much to beautify it with splendid promenades and tastefully laid-out grounds, an undertaking which offered great difficulties, arising from the circumstance that Coblentz is a fortress, but which has been carried out with a success as perfect as can be. The new promenade is a great ornament to the city, and will remain an everlasting, endearing monument of the predilection and love of Queen Augusta for Coblentz.

The frequent presence of the Queen had in every respect its influence in this city. It changed, as it were, its character of a provincial town, and bestowed on it many advantages and peculiarities of Royal residences. Though this influence extended more or less over all classes of inhabitants, it made itself especially felt on those forming the society of Coblentz. This society consisted, as almost everywhere in Prussia, of the families of persons who are employed in the service of the

Government, and amongst these the military officers formed the most numerous and the leading part.

In no other country military officers occupy a position in society similar to that in Prussia, and it is the natural consequence of the justly admired and praised military organisation of this country. It is generally acknowledged that Prussia owes to this organisation its prominent place amongst the States of Europe, and other countries are endeavouring to introduce this excellent system, hoping thus soon to reach similar results, and to counteract the military and political preponderance of that Power.

Though it cannot be denied that the victories won on the battlefield by the Prussian army are the result of this military system, and that the imitation even of the mechanism of this system must increase the efficiency of rival armies, it will not be sufficient to produce the same effect as in Prussia, if those rival States do not endeavour to create amongst their people the same spirit and feeling which pervade the Prussian nation.

Other nations, prejudiced and blinded by vanity, will indignantly contradict even the suggestion that this spirit and feeling amongst the Prussians are of a higher order than amongst themselves, and will point to former successes and to the patriotism and self-sacrificing enthusiasm shown under urgent circumstances. These historical facts are undeniable, but they only prove that all nations, if stimulated by extraordinary agencies, are able to act just as bravely as the Germans did in the last war. Courage and patriotism are to be found even amongst the most debased nations, and it requires only the proper means to awake them from their slumber. Other armies have fought just as bravely as the Prussians, and other people have shown even more enthusiasm than they did, when their national independence or liberty were endangered.

If the superior scientific military skill of Prussian generals and the superior tactics of their troops won the victories on the battlefields, the educational virtue of the Prussian military system—whether intentionally or only indirectly, I am not able to judge—has had other effects which are perhaps even more important and beneficial than those that were the real cause of the introduction of this system. In Prussia these educational effects are fully appreciated by most people, but I believe they are not sufficiently noticed in other countries, and I

must say that I had not even an idea of them before I came to Prussia, and belonged as it were myself to its army.

It always seemed to me astonishing that many nations should leave the defence of their country and its interests to hirelings, for I should think that the protection of his home and family was the most sacred and most noble duty of every citizen. It was thought so at least in olden times. But we find almost everywhere that with the increase of wealth and opulence people acquired different ideas, and that they found it more convenient to pay men who made war their profession. The consequences were in all cases the same. The standing armies created everywhere despotism and tyranny, and once free and noble nations became debased. When this effect was felt it was almost too late, and to remedy this evil was so difficult that more than a century has passed by without removing all the pernicious influences. These influences are still felt, and they are the cause of the repugnance which rival nations feel against the introduction of the Prussian military system.

If we look at the state of the standing armies of past times, which, however, are still in the memory of many living, we find that their elements consisted of the dregs of the nation. Whoever was not thought good for anything else was still judged good enough to become a soldier. Thus it came about that the presence of an army had everywhere a demoralising effect, and that citizens looked upon soldiers with aversion, if not with disgust. The armies were not only despised as herds of demoralisation, they were also hated as the tools of despots, and it is very characteristic that the desperate declaration of a member of an honest family to go amongst the soldiers, was received with a horror which very old people even in Prussia remember still with a smile; a horror which by no means has died out everywhere, for this traditional and once well-justified aversion of citizens against the profession of arms has remained still, enough in many countries to counteract the introduction of the Prussian military system in such a manner as to compel the Governments to act with great caution and reluctance. And even these Governments seem to be far from understanding the spirit of this system, which is proved by introducing, as I have said before, only its mechanical organisation, ascribing to it solely the admirable successes of the Prussian armies. The consequence will be a very imperfect result, and

Germany, which has now adopted the Prussian system in its perfection, may look on these weak endeavours of their rivals without apprehension.

The present generation in Prussia has grown up under this system, conceived and introduced by enlightened statesmen, and it has changed the whole character of the people in a most wonderful manner. By this system the army, once a hotbed of vice and degradation, notwithstanding its great efficiency from a purely military point of view, has become as it were the high school for the nation, where young people acquire those qualities which make them not only efficient soldiers, but also good men and citizens—both able to defend the independence of the nation against foreign arrogance and aggression, and the law and Government against internal enemies.

The Prussian schools have a reputation throughout the world, but their progress and success was hindered greatly by influences from which they have been freed only quite recently; and without the course of training which every Prussian has got to undergo in the army, where these hindering influences were less powerful, Prussia would not have been enabled to get to be the head of Germany and to make that country what it is now.

In Prussia every able-bodied young man must enter the regular army, and for a certain time, varying from one to three years, be a soldier; that is, he must join some regiment, and remain with it all the time. Nobody is exempted—nobleman and peasant, prince and artisan—all have to enter the army as private soldiers: substitutes are not permitted. The time of presence with the regiment is three years, as a rule, but exceptions are made for the so-called volunteers, who have to serve only one year. Though they have to pay a certain very moderate amount of money for their equipment, this advantage is by no means granted them by reason of this payment. A young man might offer hundreds of thousands for it without success, if he were not able to prove that he has that degree of education which permits the supposition that a shorter presence with the army would be sufficient to make him a perfect soldier. Every one who claims this advantage has to submit to an examination, or to produce a testimony from the head-master of one of the Royal Colleges (Gymnasiums), sta-

ting that he has advanced to a certain form of this educational institution.

To foreigners it seems extremely hard that young men have to interrupt their career for such a long time to play at soldiers. National economists are indignant that so many hands are taken away from industry or agriculture, calculating to the penny what damage is done by it to the country. Though these calculations may be very correct, these adversaries to the Prussian military system forget that this loss is more than sufficiently compensated for by the improvement of these hands ; for the agriculturist and tradesman will be sent back to his home endowed with qualities which enable him to follow his occupation with far greater success than before. He does not learn only how to handle his gun and to practise the goose-step ; he has to undergo a course of education which makes him in every respect a better man. Care is not only taken to improve and complete what he has learnt in his rural school, his bodily development is likewise considered. Besides this, and that is highly important, he becomes used to order and cleanliness, and by intercourse with his comrades his views are enlarged and his whole tenor of life improved.

His comrades are not, as was in olden times the case, the scum of the nation, for at his elbow stand in rank and file the young men of the best families of the country ; and even if one should bring with him low habits and propensities, the example and influence of this class of comrades, which is rather prevailing in number in consequence of the attention paid to national education, would serve as a check and improve his morals.

After having served his time with his regiment a young man will, in most cases, return much altered and improved, and as his connection with the army is not ended yet with his term of actual service, this salutary influence will always be refreshed by his annual return for a few weeks to some military body. Up to a certain age this connection with the army is continued ; he belongs to the Landwehr, and in case of war he has to join his regiment at the shortest notice. The last war has shown what this Landwehr really is, and gloriously proved in every respect the excellence of the Prussian military system. Hard as it seemed to foreigners that married men had to leave their families and avocations to fight the French, 'because their king was slighted by the minister of Napoleon III.,' they had

plenty of opportunity to see with what *joyous* readiness everybody followed the summons, proving that these soldiers were not mere killing machines, but enlightened citizens, who understood perfectly that they were called upon to defend what is most sacred to every thinking man.

Officers commanding Prussian soldiers must possess qualities to make them fit to command such men. Discipline is a powerful agent in an army, and formerly it was the only means to govern the wild, unruly rabble. It is still an indispensable necessity, but in the Prussian army of to-day it has to be maintained in a manner different from that applied a century ago. Those barbarous punishments, of which we read shudderingly, cannot be applied any more; brutal force alone will not do; discipline must now be sustained by the intellectual and moral value of those wielding its power. Ruffians might be commanded by worthless men, if they had only courage and knowledge of their military duties; Prussian soldiers, as I described them above, can only be commanded by officers who are gentlemen in every respect. This necessity is fully acknowledged by the Prussian Government, and the utmost care is taken in the education of officers. It is not sufficient for them to know their duty in the field and on the drilling-ground; they must possess a certain degree of general education, enabling them to hold their ground in every grade of society.

The examination through which officers have to pass is rather difficult, and no influence whatever can make it more easy. I know princes who found it too hard and could not become officers. I know even a case, where a count, connected with the most influential persons, had to enter the army as a private soldier for three years, because he was not able to pass his examination as a volunteer!

It is therefore not to be wondered at that the epaulette is the key to every society. Everybody knows that an officer is a gentleman, which is by no means the case in all other countries. This favoured position of the military officers in Prussia is the necessary and natural consequence of its military system, and also the reason why many nobleman and others who have means enough to live independently remain all their life long in the army.

It would, however, be erroneous to suppose that all effects of the former state of things have died out in the Prussian

army. Traditional ideas and prejudices are not easily effaced, and many of them are still to be traced even in the present Prussian army; and military chiefs who became officers when the idea and word of 'constitution' was still offensive, think their maintenance not only beneficial but even absolutely necessary. Civilians and young representatives of the people will not admit that the position of officers is an exceptional one, requiring a different treatment both from the laws of the country and society, and assert that this idea is still a remnant of the old bad *régime*, when officers prided themselves in being body-servants to the King, and felt indignant when reminded that they were servants of the State and people. I can only state the fact that something of this feeling is still existing, and that officers think themselves nearer connected with the King than any officer of the civil service. This feeling will remain in existence as long as Prussia remains what is called a military State, and as long as the King and all princes of his house wear the military uniform.

Another reminiscence of old traditions is the rivalry between the officers of the Guards and those belonging to the Line, the former imagining that they hold a higher rank, which again is the feeling of the officers of the Line in reference to those of the Landwehr. Without examining the cause and justice of this feeling, I will only state from experience that it is also still existing, or at least was existing when my husband entered the regiment 'Queen Augusta.'

This regiment belonged to the Guards, and being garrisoned out of its district, on account of the Queen's frequent residence in Coblenz, it occupied in that garrison a separate, rather independent position, its Colonel being its highest authority there, for brigadier, division, and corps commanders were in Berlin. The officers of this regiment mostly kept amongst themselves; an intimate intercourse between them and families belonging to other regiments was exceptional and rare. The families of a few of the highest civil officers residing in Coblenz, as in the capital of a district, acted as it were as the only connecting links between the families of our regiment and those belonging to the troops of the Line.

Many officers of the regiment 'Queen Augusta' were married, and these different families formed as it were only one. I was received in this family with a readiness and cordiality

which pleased me greatly, and to which I responded with all my heart.

After the unsettled life I had led since my marriage, and all the exciting scenes I had witnessed, I longed for rest and a home ; my hope of finding in little Coblenz a happy home was much increased by this amiable behaviour of the ladies towards me. I shall always remember the time of my sojourn in that city with very pleasant feelings and gratitude.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Our society—Countess Haake—In Berlin with the Corvins—Another audience with the Queen—The King—A queer cousin—Prince Salm-Horstmar—A princely apostle—Housekeeping lessons—Mr. General von S——.—Salm's revolt—I try my hand at match-making—Excursions—Mr. Moriary—Princess S—— W—— and her sons—Mésalliances—A poetical friend—Coblentz life—Public tea-gardens—The Queen in Coblentz—Princess Liegnitz—'Uncle Herrmann'—The Grand Duchess Dowager of Mecklenburg—in Ems—Their Majesties The Queen as a godmother—Baron Gerolt—Why he resigned—Mr. Bancroft—His meanness—In Ems with his Majesty—My cousin, the Duchess of Osuna—Breakfast with their Majesties at Sayn—Military manoeuvres—Visit to Anholt—Prince and Princess of Weid—A party at her Majesty's—Grand Duchess of Baden and Princess William—A ball at her Majesty's—I dance with the Grand Duke of Weimar—Breakfast at her Majesty's—Dinner at Neuweid—Prince and Princess of Roumania—The Count of Flanders—Departure of the Queen—Christmas in Anholt—A *battue*—Bitter reflections.

HAD I the talent of writing novels, I should find many interesting types of character within the circle of our society in Coblentz ; but not having this talent I shall restrict myself to very hurried sketches.

Life within the circle of regimental society has its peculiarities, originating from a combination of causes. The officers belonging to it though differing in military rank and age, are in reference to society all equals, members of one family. The wife of an officer is no isolated being, who may live as she pleases ; she belongs to a corporation, who claims the right to control her behaviour in a more extended degree than general society, and she has to submit to the customs and laws of this corporation, which are the result of the exceptional position of officers. In everything she does she must consider the interest and feeling of the corps to which she belongs, as the actions of

each single member reflect on the whole community. In consequence of these relations an officer is not at liberty to marry as he pleases ; he can only choose a wife who is considered by the whole corps as worthy to enter the family. Does passion lead him to disregard this, he must cease to be an officer. From this results the advantage that each wife of an officer shares all the social advantages granted to his class. The title of wife of an officer admits her to every society, for she must be a gentlewoman, an advantage which is not granted to all wives of officers in the civil service, even if the rank of their husbands should be considered higher.

This is, I think, the principal cause why almost everywhere in Prussia the officers' families take the lead in society, which is most decidedly the case in places like Coblenz, which have a large garrison.

Society in that city acquires still an additional tinge, making it different from that in other garrison towns, by the frequent presence of the Queen in Coblenz. for the officers and the wives of officers belonging to the Queen's own regiment were considered as it were forming part of her Court. This being the case, the admittance of a new member was not alone left over to the high military authorities, but more to the decision of the Queen. This was the cause why the appointment of my husband was delayed, for the King would not act for himself, but had first to ascertain the wishes of the Queen, who was then absent from Berlin.

It was one of my first duties to call upon the ladies of our regiment and make their acquaintance, as well as that of some other ladies forming part of their society.

The former Colonel of our regiment had become a Major-General, and his official connection with his former command had ceased, though he remained in Coblenz. His wife had also to resign her place as mother of the regimental family, which had to be reserved for the wife of his successor ; but she loved her old regiment, and resigned her place of mother only for that of a grandmother.

Mrs. General von S— was a very lively, sharp-witted, nimble-tongued lady, whose conversation was pleasant and amusing, because always seasoned with a particle of gossip and *médiance*. An adept in housekeeping, she knew exactly the price of butter and eggs, and could calculate to a farthing

how much a penny would fetch at compound interest in a century. She did not put her light under a bushel, but liked both being asked for advice and giving it amply and in minute details.

She was not quite adored by the wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mrs. von G——, a very true-hearted, good woman, much beloved by every one. She became my most intimate friend. Amongst her many talents was one of verse-making, and I served now and then as a target for her poetical arrows. She was a highly accomplished lady, and I think of her often with love, and regret that fate bid us part.

The handsomest lady in our regiment was the young wife of Captain von C——. She was the daughter of a Polish countess, whose husband had taken part in the revolutions of his country, and who, after his early death, had been leading a rather roving, adventurous life, which had not remained without influence on her young daughter; she was, however, greatly admired by all gentlemen, for she was very pretty, elegant in manner and toilet, rather lively and coquettish, and very well educated, speaking German, French, English, and Polish fluently.

The sister of her husband was the wife of a civilian officer, Mr. von M——, a very good and agreeable woman, who had the great misfortune of losing her husband by a sudden distressing illness.

The highest civil officer in the district was Mr. von P——, a very distinguished, able man, much beloved and respected by everybody. His wife was not so much liked as her husband, for she was an extremely weak, always undecided and fluttered woman, on whom one never could rely. She had a son who was a lieutenant in our regiment, and a fine grown-up daughter.

A general favourite of all ladies and gentlemen was the most excellent wife of the Landrath of the district, Mrs. von F——. She appeared to me perfection in every respect, and was indeed an accomplished lady, wife, mother, and house-keeper; and with all these qualities combining beauty, high education, kindness of heart, and great amiability. Her household and family might have served as a pattern. Mrs. von F—— was the realised ideal of a German matron, as it lives in the fancy of German poets. She had a family of eight

children, and I did not see any reason why it should stop at that number. With all that Mrs. F—— was very elegant. She was, in fact, the leader of our society, and nobody thought even of disputing her this place.

I do not think there is to be found anywhere a society without a sprinkling of old maids, either belonging to the subdued, soft, resigned class, who have not found a husband though deserving one, or to the crabbed, prickly species, who have remained single because they were too clever and sharp, and frightened away marrying men; spinsters with eyes as searching as those of custom-house officers, tongues as sharp as razors, and wagging even in sleep.

We were not neglected in this respect either, and favoured with a number of noble spinsters belonging to the latter class, and being held in high respect, alloyed with some dread, not because they were bad-tempered or malicious, but on account of their awful cleverness. They understood everything best, and were not stingy with their treasure of knowledge either; they gave it away lavishly, even without being asked. They had studied everything, read every book or pamphlet, and whenever a topic turned up in conversation, and one of them was present, Brockhaus, Pierer, and Meyer might remain undisturbed, for each of them was a living encyclopædia.

Another unmarried lady who now and then appeared amongst us was Countess Haake, the 'Palast Dame' of the Queen, who had been with her since her Majesty's entrance into Berlin in 1827, and it may be imagined that everybody strove to win her good graces. I need not say more about this lady, as I have stated somewhere else that she strikingly resembled the Princess Iturbide of Mexico.

Though everything in the Hotel de Trèves, where we lived first, was excellent, our first care was to look out for a house. Assisted by good luck and our new friends, we found one which suited us in every respect, and I went in February to Berlin to buy my furniture and other things required for housekeeping. Not liking to live in an hotel without my husband, I accepted the invitation of the Corvins to stay with them.

On the day of my arrival I called on Countess Schulemburg, requesting an audience with the Queen, who received me on February 23 even more graciously than the first time. After having been with her a short time she rose, calling out, 'His

Majesty !' I rose hurriedly, and was presented to the King, who had entered. He received me very kindly, and having taken notice of that part of my diary contained in my husband's book, he spoke of Mexico, complimenting me most graciously about my 'tapferes Benehmen.' He spoke German, the Queen kindly interpreting what he said, though he understood what I answered in English. His presence made on me the same impression as on everybody who had had the honour of being addressed by him, and I now understood perfectly the love and enthusiasm with which my husband always spoke of his Majesty. He remained about five minutes, and I then went home quite delighted with my reception.

During this stay in Berlin I made the acquaintance of a rather queer and original relative of my husband, Prince Charles Salm-Horstmar, and his wife, a born Princess Hohenlohe. The Prince was a great devotee and philanthropist, but nothing of this was betrayed by his exterior, for though he was lame he was dressed in a highly dandified style, to which the very simple, almost homely appearance of his wife formed a rather strange contrast. He was an enthusiastic promoter of piety and virtue, and he and his wife had undertaken to establish a reformatory for unfortunate girls, but they had to give it up in despair. Having some doubts about matrimony in combination with his profession of apostle, he had resolved to remain a bachelor all his life, and in consequence of this fancy renounced the majorate of his family to his younger brother. But even the most devoted men are not shot-proof against the arrows of the little great mischief-maker, and our pious cousin fell desperately in love with Princess Elise, before whose charms his celibate resolutions crumbled to dust. Princess Elise did not exactly share the abnegatory inclinations of her virtuous Prince Charles ; she regretted much the renunciation of the majorate, which left her husband only a very moderate income, and thinking that money was no hindrance to devotion, she tried all she could to find a legal flaw in the proceeding, but without success.

While Felix was still sowing his wild oats and persecuted by the Jews, his pious cousin imagined that this was the proper time for working the salvation of his soul. Being still rich at that time, he thought it necessary to win first the confidence of Felix by keeping at bay the hooked-nosed fiends who troubled

him, a well-conceived stratagem which would have been perhaps successful if my poor husband had had any talent for devotion. I am, however, sorry to say that he was then very worldly, and though he consented to live with his would-be reformer in Paris, and even to join in his devotions and prayer meetings, he cheated him in a very wicked manner.

Every night when the princely apostle had dismissed him after prayer with his blessing to his bed, my scapegrace husband stealthily left the house through a back window, where his friend and comrade Kalmar waited for him to join some meeting, which was no prayer meeting, whilst Prince Charles, somewhat suspecting the effect of his teaching, watched the front door of the house.

When my husband was induced to leave for America, his cousin crammed his trunks with tracts and pious books, the latter to be studied on the passage and the former to be distributed amongst the savages and civilized wicked Americans. When living for a time with my husband in New York, I found all these packages still unopened. Discovering these spiritual treasures, I presented them to my Methodist landlord, acquiring by this gift an undeserved odour of sanctity.

On April 10 I moved at last to my new lodgings. It was in the first storey of a nice house, consisting of ten rooms, and was very convenient. Though married several years I had never had a home of my own, and having lived much in the camp and there become used to shift-making of every description, I felt highly satisfied with the completeness of my arrangements and with my nice furniture, though it was in fact very simple. As officers can never be certain how long they will be permitted to stay at one place, moderation in this respect was strongly advised by Mrs. General von S—— and my poetical friend, the wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel, who were my tutors and teachers in everything concerning domestic arrangements and housekeeping. Though I felt extremely proud and happy to have at last a home of my own, it was still not exactly what I longed for, for my ideas of home differed from those of people in Germany, and were more those of the English.

I have mentioned before that the grandmother of our regiment, Mrs. von S——, was an excellent housekeeper. She was delighted to find me utterly ignorant in this respect, and

most eager to listen to her culinary and other revelations. As the pay of officers is rather insufficient, considering the position they are expected to hold in society, strict economy becomes a necessity with them, and Mrs. von S—— was an adept in all these mysteries. She had calculated to the farthing the price of everything, and tried especially to impress upon my mind the great truth that one silbergroschen spent regularly a day makes twelve thalers a year; therefore ten silbergroschens a day make a hundred and twenty thalers, a calculation which struck me with awe. This great truth therefore became my guiding star through the maze of housekeeping, and I was such an apt scholar, or at least such an eager one, that I in my ambition not only adhered to the strict rules laid down by Mrs. von S——, but even surpassed them. That all servants were thieves was a gospel with Mrs. von S——; they were all greedy and wasteful, and all cooks and housemaids had very hungry sweethearts. The men-servants loved their masters' wine and cigars, and the grooms considered it as a great blessing that horses were born mute; in a word, all required a very sharp look-out and great strictness.

The manner in which I followed the housekeeping rules of Mrs. von S—— had consequences which astonished me very much, and made me very angry with my servants, who all held opinions exactly opposite to those of Mrs. von S——. When the cook ran away and other tokens of mutiny transpired amongst the rest of the servants, I was very indignant, and always believed I was in the right; but this belief was somewhat shaken when my dear husband revolted, and acted with an energy to which I was by no means used in reference to me. He said that he became thin and starved with my housekeeping; that he was ashamed of my stinginess; that he wanted a proper household, becoming his station; and that Mrs. von S—— with her starvation code might go to Jericho. He engaged a perfect cook and made other alterations, which increased the silbergroschens spent a day to an alarming figure.

Though shaking my head I had to submit, and we lived as he thought proper. His relatives seemed to approve of it, and to be rather pleased with our house, for our spare room for visitors was occupied all the year round by some of them, and not rarely I had to give up my own bedroom.

Looking over my diary of that time, I am astonished to find

that scarcely one day passed without some entertainment, party, or pleasure excursion. This was very natural. Officers have much time to spare, and are in general a light-living people and very social amongst themselves. The five or six ladies who formed the particular set to which I belonged saw each other daily, and there was always amongst them occasion for some entertainment, and besides we gave regular parties each in her turn. When relatives from outside came to visit one of us they had of course to be entertained, and thus an occasion for a smaller or larger party was never wanting.

Speaking of strange visitors reminds me of an incident occurring at that time, in which I played a part as a match-maker, and very successfully, for the couple brought together by my means are very happy. A few pages back I mentioned that, while living in Rorschach, a young Miss von D——, from Kurland, was confided to my care by her father. She was a very pretty girl, and her photograph was in my album.

We had in our regiment a Lieut.-Colonel von O——, who was a bachelor, and expected by everybody to remain one to the end of his life, as the hearts of all our young ladies and their mothers had been exercised on him in vain; he was a very agreeable and therefore desirable man. One day, when looking over my album, he seemed to be spellbound by the photograph of Miss von D——, inquiring most eagerly who that beautiful lady was. Now chance would have it that I had just received a letter from her, informing me that she and her father were at Schlangenbad. Salm and myself, who liked both Miss von D—— and the Lieut.-Colonel, thought that it might lead to a match if we brought them together, so we invited Baron D—— and his daughter to meet us at Bingerbrück, where we went, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel von O——, of whom I had written nothing to Miss von D——. The Lieut.-Colonel was still more charmed by the life original of the photograph which had inflamed him, and Miss von D—— seemed also to be pleased with him, though she did not suspect his serious intentions.

The Lieut.-Colonel was deeply in love, and as a proof of that fact may serve the circumstance that he had not the courage to 'pop the question,' though he was several times alone with Miss von D——, and that she returned to her Russian home without the Colonel having unburdened his heart.

I, of course, had taken care to inform Miss von D—— of the sickness of the poor man, and though she was at that time not in love with him, she liked him much, and I was justified in my belief that he would not be refused.

To propose in writing would not do, and it was at last resolved that the Colonel should remember an invitation of the Baron's, made to us all at a dinner, to come and visit him in Kurland. This Lieut.-Colonel O—— really did, somewhat to the embarrassment of the Baron, who probably suspected his intention, and did not want to part with his lovely daughter, for he took the utmost care not to leave him alone with her for a single moment. Thus the day of departure approached without the Colonel having had an opportunity of making a declaration to the lady. He was in despair, when at last a chance was offered. The Baron had to leave the room for a few moments, and when he returned the proposal of the Colonel had been accepted by his daughter. He stormed and fumed, but the young lady had a will of her own, and the Colonel returned to Coblenz a happy man.

When the weather was fine we made visits in the country, either riding there on horseback or going by rail or steamer. An Irishman, Mr. Moriarty, had bought the old Castle of Lahnstein, a short distance from Coblenz, and restored it in a splendid manner. He was an agreeable man; we became acquainted with him and saw him often, either in Coblenz or at his castle, where he used to receive us in the most friendly and hospitable manner.

Another castle not far from Coblenz belonged to the princely family of S—— W——, and was occupied by the Princess Dowager of W——. She had been once a great and celebrated beauty, and was still a strikingly handsome, very accomplished, and most amiable woman. Her castle was splendid, and its church and chapels quite delighted me. With all this and all her riches she was not happy, for her sons gave her a great deal of trouble. The eldest son and heir was such a scapegrace that he was judged unfit to become the head of that branch of the house of W——. He was therefore induced to renounce his birthright in favour of his second brother. But, alas! this second son turned out no better, and both these brothers shocked the whole high nobility by marrying to Jew girls—sisters, daughters of a Berlin usurer.

Great exertions were made at that time to persuade the second son to renounce the majorate and his hereditary seat in the Prussian First Chamber in favour of his youngest brother, who was then an officer in a Prussian regiment of cavalry, and married to a French princess related to the Bourbon family. This he refused to do, and also to be divorced from his wife. He said, 'I love my wife, and as to the majorate and to my seat in the chamber, no law can deprive me of my right; I certainly shall maintain it.' This he did, and on his becoming of age his mother had to leave Castle S——, to the great regret of all the neighbouring families, who of course sided with the mother, with whom they had been on the most friendly footing for many years, and who retired to a country-seat she bought on the Lake of Geneva.

To atone in some way at least for our, not idle, but rather gay and useless manner of living, a number of Catholic ladies had formed a sewing society, which met regularly on certain days for a few hours in the Convent St. Barbara. My poetical friend, who was a most zealous Catholic, belonged of course to this society, and I became a member likewise. She also induced me now and then to go with her to some other convent, where we did not make clothes for the poor, as in St. Barbara, but where we mended the garments of the priests, which required repairing very badly.

The Queen visited us not rarely in St. Barbara's Convent, and on seeing me there she was very kind, and expressed her approval at my being occupied in this manner.

Though I liked pleasure, gay company, and dancing, I never felt more satisfied than I did at home, quietly sitting at the sewing-machine I had bought, and which I learnt to use extremely well; or going out for a walk with one or two of our friends, and passing some pleasant hours in one of the public restaurant gardens in the New Promenade of the Queen, listening to the music of the band, or chatting amongst ourselves.

In England or in America this kind of enjoyment is utterly denied to ladies belonging to society, and all of them would shudder at the very idea of sitting down in a public garden amongst smoking and beer-drinking people of all classes. Whoever has travelled in Germany will find it, however, everywhere, and agree that it is rather pleasant, for the

Germans behave at such places always extremely well, and nobody need be afraid of being annoyed or shocked by noisy or indecent behaviour. Of course I do not speak of the resorts of the low classes.

I must say nowhere people understand how to amuse themselves in a more sensible manner than they do in Germany, and other nations might indeed learn from them. Foreigners visiting Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, or any other of the larger German towns, are always surprised on visiting one of those public places, where many thousands of persons—men, women, and children—are sitting at little tables, eating and drinking, and chatting, or listening to most excellent music. Everything goes on pleasantly, and scarcely ever any disagreeable sound is heard or any quarrel occurs. Everybody is drinking wine or beer, but drunken people are rare, and one may live for months in a city without ever seeing in the streets an intoxicated person.

The presence of the Queen in Coblenz was always hailed with great pleasure, for she was much beloved by all classes, and showed herself very gracious and amiable towards everybody.

To be noticed by her and to be invited to her parties was of course the aim and ambition of a great many people, and as she was so very kind, her kindness was not rarely much tried by the importunity of persons who found means of being admitted, though they might better have stayed away, as their position did not entitle them to such an honour.

The Queen gave generally two great balls, to which everybody was invited—that is, the people of all classes; and also two great *cafés-dansants* in the garden, where ladies appeared in bonnets and street toilet, and where dancing was going on on the gravel.

She also frequently gave little dinners to a more select company, and parties of a similar kind, where the ladies appeared in evening toilet, though not in low dresses. The same was the case at her teas, to which were invited rarely more than twenty or twenty-five persons, and which were of a more intimate character. The Queen sat there often occupied with some embroidery, or a lottery was arranged for little trifles, bought or worked for that purpose. The great amiability of her Majesty made these parties always very pleasant.

As it is almost impossible to mention all interesting things and persons I saw during my stay in Coblenz, if continuing in the manner in which I commenced, in hope to save space I think it better to follow my diary, and dwell on those incidents which seem to deserve it.

At the end of June my Catholic lady friends was greatly excited, for they expected the arrival of the newly-appointed Catholic Army Bishop, Mr. Namszanowski. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and garlands in his honour, and on June 26 all the ladies of the sewing society assembled in their rooms in the church, where the bishop was presented to us. He called at my house at noon, when Mrs. von G—— and Mrs. von C—— were with me; we all knelt down, kissed his ring, and received his blessing; but Salm would not kneel down, though he also kissed the ring of the bishop. He was, however, frequently with him, and on July 1 we took supper with him and four other priests at my enthusiastic friend's.

When the season in Ems commenced we went frequently there. On July 10 we rode over to pay our respects to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the sister of our beloved Emperor, whom she resembles very much, especially in manner, her face beaming with true kindness. Jimmy, who had accompanied me on this visit, as he had been especially invited by the Grand Duchess, who is a great lover of dogs, established himself at once on the sofa, and she was so pleased with my impudent long-legged friend that she asked for a photograph of him.

On the 15th Countess Haake called, asking me and my husband to come at four o'clock to see her, to pay our respects to Princess Liegnitz, who would be there. As my husband was in Ems I went alone. Princess Liegnitz, the consort of Frederick William III., the father of our Emperor, who is much respected and beloved by the whole Royal Family, received me very graciously, and when I went next morning to the station to see her off she was so kind as to present me with one of the many bouquets she had received.

On the same day I went with my husband, and the Hereditary Prince of Anholt and 'Uncle Herrmann,' to Ransbach, shooting roebucks. There I saw for the first time a roebuck in the wood, and heard his voice. German hunters call his cry 'schmaelen,' which verbally translated means scolding. We

remained until the 18th in Ransbach, and though we did not kill a single buck we passed a very pleasant time in the wood, and in quite a romantic shooting-lodge of Couut Herrmann, which reminded me of the time of my camp life.

On the 20th we went to Ems, paying our respects to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, and not finding her at home I left the photographs which she had requested. On the Promenade, his Majesty the King sent word that he wished to see me. He gave me his hand, walked with me about half an hour, and was very kind and gracious. Both the King and the Queen interested themselves very much about many things of which I imagined they had scarcely time to think. They asked many questions in reference to our domestic life, and that of other officers; inquired even into details, which all seemed to interest them. When I, some days later, sat at dinner in Ems, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg sent for me, and I went with Jimmy to pay her my respects.

Mrs. von F—— had given birth to her usual baby—the ninth, I believe—a sturdy little boy, and her Majesty the Queen honoured him with being his godmother. As the Queen wanted to arrange about the christening, she quite unexpectedly desired our attendance in the afternoon of the 27th. Felix being out shooting, I had to go with Mrs. General von S——, Countess Haake, who is rather strict, noticed at once the absence of my husband, but Colonel von Stiehle, the commander of our regiment, had already excused him to her Majesty.

The christening took place next day in the house of Mr. von F——, who was one of the chamberlains of her Majesty. About fifty persons were present in the dining-room, where an altar had been arranged. The Queen held the heavy little boy, who was called August, during all the service, which lasted nearly twenty minutes, and only gave him up at a certain part of the ceremony, the nature of which did not permit a Protestant to touch the child, for Mr. von F—— was a Catholic.

In the afternoon of next day we went to a concert given in a public garden in the Queen's Promenade, the Swiss House. Both their Majesties were present; I was sitting near the Queen, and the King, friendly as usual, shook hands with me.

When we next day were sitting in St. Bardara's Convent,

sewing for the poor, the Queen visited us, staying for half an hour, and having a kind word for everyone present.

When out on the Promenade with my husband in the evening, we had the greatest pleasure of meeting a dear old friend from America, to whom we owed much gratitude, and who, under all circumstances had acted to us extremely kindly. Baron Gerolt zur Leyen, the former German minister in Washington. I have already spoken of him on another occasion, and of the great esteem which he enjoyed in America. During the twenty-five years he represented Prussia he did a great deal to facilitate the communication between Germany and the United States, which was thankfully acknowledged by all merchants. It created, therefore, great indignation in America when the cause became known which induced him to resign his place. Though this happened only at the end of the late French war, I shall mention it here, as I may not have another opportunity.

Mr. George Bancroft was minister of the United States in Berlin. Though I was told that he, as an historical author, could not be compared either to Prescott or Motley, his voluminous work about the United States had won for him a fair well-merited reputation, as historical authors are rather rare in his country. Mr. Bancroft had studied in Germany, and understood the language, though he spoke it rather indifferently. Whether he had all the qualities required of a diplomatist I cannot judge, but I know that he was very agreeable to the Prussian Government, and utterly distasteful to all Americans. That was very natural, for he showed not only everywhere his great admiration for Germany, and especially Prussian institutions, but courted and flattered all high-titled persons, whilst he neglected the Americans who either lived in Berlin or passed through, offending them often rather grossly. The President was frequently urged to recall him, but for a long time without effect, as he was so agreeable to the Prussian Court, whose interest he had more at heart than that of his country—said his enemies amongst the Americans.

Mr. Bancroft made himself very often ridiculous in company by his eccentric behaviour, his nonsensical speeches in bad German, &c., and said, when he had had a glass of wine, sometimes rather undiplomatic things. Once at a dinner, I think given by Mr. von der Heyed, when affairs between France and

Germany predicted a near rupture, he said that if a war should occur between the two countries the United States would certainly side with Germany.

Such words from the lips of a minister could not fail to create some sensation; the French minister in Berlin reported them to Paris, and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Napoleon expressed his astonishment to General Dix, then minister in Paris, who was still more astonished. He wrote a friendly letter to Mr. Bancroft, which was answered rudely. The incautious words spoken in his cups by the old man were reported to Washington and created a diplomatic ebullition. How Baron Gerolt was mixed up in this affair I do not know, and how he displeased Mr. Bancroft neither, but the latter had a grudge against him, and avenged himself in a manner speaking by no means well for the character of that minister, and which cannot be patched up by all the laudatory articles in certain German papers.

When the war between Germany and France broke out in 1870, Baron Gerolt was very much astonished by a letter from Mr. von Thile, who replaced Count Bismarck during his absence from Berlin. He was warned to be more cautious in his expressions and behaviour than heretofore, as Mr. Bancroft had complained of his comporting himself in a manner likely to produce bad feelings between Germans and Americans.

As this utterly unfounded denunciation had not the desired effect, Mr. Bancroft repeated his accusation against 'his friend' the Baron in still stronger terms, adding that he tried to induce American subjects to enlist in the Prussian army. Though the latter part of his denunciation must have appeared ridiculous to Count Bismarck, this minister had some confidence in Mr. Bancroft's veracity and honour, and wrote to Baron Gerolt a rather sharp letter, ending with the threat that, if he did not mend his ways, the Count would be obliged to request his Majesty to call Baron Gerolt to Berlin to defend himself.

This cruel letter mortified the old gentleman very much, and caused him to give in his resignation. The speech which President Grant made on his leave-taking, in which he flatly contradicted the base falsehoods communicated by his minister to the Prussian Premier, and also the sentiments which were expressed in regard to his doings at a dinner given in his hon-

our by the most eminent merchants of New York, afforded him some comfort.

In acknowledgment of his merit, and as a testimony of the regard in which Baron Gerolt was held in the United States, his friends there presented him with a splendid piece of plate of solid parcel-gilt silver, which arrived in Berlin when the Baron had just arrived there. The Empress desired to see it, and at a dinner given on the birthday of the Russian Emperor it ornamented the Imperial dinner-table, where it was generally admired. On hearing that the Baron was in Berlin, the Emperor and the Empress at once sent a gentleman to his hotel, congratulating him on the reception of such a beautiful and well-merited testimonial. On hearing this Prince Bismarck, who was present at that dinner, called the messenger back, saying, 'Please tell the Baron the same from me.'

Though the resignation of the old minister had been granted with all honours, the title of actual Privy Councillor, with the predicate Excellency having been bestowed upon him, there had still remained a cloud between him and the great Premier, and this message therefore was highly gratifying to the worthy old diplomatist.

On August 7 we drove to Ems. On the Promenade I met his Majesty the King, who gave me his hand, and asked whether we were going to the theatre. I would have liked to go but I could not, having Jimmy with me, and that spoilt fellow would have cried himself to death if shut up in an hotel room, or placed under the charge of a stranger.

Next morning I got up at five o'clock, and Felix, myself, and Captain von C——, with his wife, rode on horseback to Ems. When the King saw our party he came and bade us good morning. He was extremely gracious and kind, patted my horse, and said he was pleased to see me on horseback.

The kind notice which their Majesties took of me caused of course many pangs of jealousy, even amongst my nearest friends. Mrs. General von S—— endeavoured to persuade me that the King had been much displeased at my appearing on horseback near the Promenade in Ems. She knew for certain from reliable sources. I did not believe it, for if the King had been displeased he would not have come to bid us good morning, and his noble, open face would not have had such a kind expression.

If I had entertained any doubts in this respect they would have been removed next evening, when we attended a great ball given by her Majesty the Queen. The King was as kind as usual, and made some jocular remarks on the too-long train of my dress, which my dressmaker had sent immediately before the ball, and which hindered me in dancing.

I was at that ball introduced to the Duchess of Ossuna—Eleonore, born Princess Salm-Salm, and first cousin of my husband. The Duchess is an extremely handsome, most elegant and amiable woman, and we soon became great friends.

On the following morning, the 11th, we were invited to a *déjeûner* at Castle Sayn by the Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein. The Queen with one lady attendant, the King with his aides, Prince Reuss, his minister in Petersburg, my husband and I, were the only guests.

On the 12th my husband was out on the drill-ground with the whole regiment, and I visited with Mrs. von G—— the Convent of Moselweiss, where were forty-three nuns and sixty-five pupils. Very much pleased with everything I saw there, we went home, and met on our way her Majesty the Queen, who stopped and spoke to us. When we had left, she sent to recall us to look at the monkey of a poor Savoyard, whose good luck it was to meet this Royal fairy. We had the honour of accompanying her Majesty on her way to the palace.

When I, on the 14th, went to Ems to pay some visits, I met in a *coupé* of the train Lord and Lady Palmerston, who were on their way to Wiesbaden, and we were soon engaged in lively conversation.

It was now the time of the military manœuvres, and though I had been in two wars I had never seen such a military show, for what I saw in America was not to be compared to it. On August 17 I was in Colonge, when an officer accompanied me to the drill-ground to see the cavalry manœuvres. I was quite delighted with the beautiful horses and the wonderful precision with which all movements were executed.

When the manœuvres were over, the General commanding the troops presented to me his whole corps of officers, and made a very flattering little speech, expressing his pleasure in welcoming me on their exercise-ground.

On the 20th I attended the manœuvres of the infantry, commanded by General von S——, which were also very fine ; and

on the 21st I went to a *café-dansant* given by her Majesty the Queen, which lasted until past seven, where I danced a great deal and amused myself much.

Thus I passed a rather gay season, every day bringing with it some party, and a little rest was desirable. I therefore accepted with pleasure an invitation to Castle Anholt, where several of our male relatives were expected for partridge-shooting. I remained a fortnight, and we passed our time in a quiet pleasant manner.

Her Majesty returned to Coblenz in November, and we were invited to tea on the 4th. I had the honour of sitting next to her on her right-hand side, and she was very kind, as usual, to my husband and myself. The Queen showed us the splendid album of the Rhine with which she had been presented.

On November 8 I went with Felix to Neuwied, to pay our respects, and to congratulate Princess Elizabeth on her engagement with Prince Charles of Roumania. The hereditary Prince showed us some of the rooms which were arranged and decorated for the wedding, which was to take place on the 18th.

On the 10th we attended a very large party given by her Majesty, where we heard some Swedish singers engaged for that occasion. I was presented to the Grand Duchess of Baden and Princess William of Baden, whose lady of honour, Baroness Beust, called on me next day.

On the 13th the Queen gave a ball, where I amused myself very much, for her Majesty was so extremely kind and amiable. I danced with the Grand Duke of Weimar in the same set with the Grand Duchess of Baden and the Princess William.

On the 17th we were invited to a breakfast at her Majesty's. It was only a small party, consisting of the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern, Prince and Princess of Wied, Count and Countess of Flanders, the newly-married couple, the Prince and Princess of Roumania, with their Roumanian cortége, and Princess von Solms-Braunfels. Except Countess von P —. who had to attend her Majesty, no ladies of Coblenz were present.

In the afternoon we drove to Neuweid, where we arrived at five o'clock, just in time for the dinner, which was a grand, ceremonious affair, where all the rules of etiquette and rank

were strictly observed. The Prince of Roumania had brought with him all his ministers and a number of ladies and attendants, who reminded me much of the Mexicans, at least in outward appearance. Most of these Roumanian nobles I should not have liked to meet in a lonely road.

After dinner was a concert, followed by fireworks, and it was not before two o'clock next morning that we arrived in Coblenz. We did not, however, fail to be at the railroad station to say good-bye to the Princess of Roumania, who left for her new home, and to give her the *boquet d'usage*.

At the dinner in Neuwied I was presented to the Count of Flanders, the brother of the poor Empress Carlotta of Mexico, and married to a daughter of the Prince of Hohenzollern. The Count is a tall, agreeable man, with whom I had a long conversation, which was somewhat difficult on account of his bad hearing. He asked much about Mexico, and said many flattering things to me. Speaking of the illness of his sister, he said that there was no hope whatever of her recovery.

The next day being our sewing day at St. Barbara's, the Queen came to say adieu to the ladies, as she was soon going to Berlin. Salm and I saw her, however, on the 22nd, when her Majesty had invited about twenty-five persons for tea. The Queen arranged a little lottery with cards for the company. Salm won a bust of our dear King, and I a match-box. Next evening we went to the inauguration of the theatre; the Queen and her whole court were present to see 'Fidelio,' which was very badly given.

The time until Christmas was a continuous string of parties. I, of course, had also to give some coffees and teas, and besides to entertain our circle when it was my turn. I longed indeed for some rest, and was glad when we went, on December 25—both Felix's and my birthday—to Castle Anholt, where we found only the family. The 26th was the birthday of Prince Alfred, Felix's brother, which was celebrated in a quiet, pleasant manner, only amongst ourselves.

On the 29th was to take place a shooting-party, a *battue*, and several other members of the family arrived—the Duchess of Ossuna, the Duke of Croy, the Princes George and Philip, and Princess Stephanie Croy. The Duchess of Ossuna and myself went in a pony-carriage to see the *battue*. I took a little gun with me and fired at a hare, but did not harm it,

though I killed one next day, when the *battue* was continued. I remained until one o'clock P.M. on the grounds, when the ladies came to look at the *battue*. As it was very cold and the snow very deep, I returned with them to the Castle.

Next day, being the last in the year, we went skating in the morning, and remained together in the evening until New Year. I went to my bed very sad and with a very heavy heart, for I could not anticipate anything good for the New Year.

It is true Salm's wishes had been gratified ; he was in a position in the army of which he was proud ; we had a little home ; society treated us as well as could be, and their Majesties and the whole Royal Family received us in a manner which affected me very much and raised the envy of many. In other respects we were not to be envied, however, for our position and our means to maintain the same were out of all proportion.

Though I am not of an envious character, I could not repress some bitter feelings, looking on the difference between us and other members of our family. I was not indifferent to the social advantages derived from the high title we bore, but I could not be blind either to its disadvantages, circumstanced as we were, and which made it almost a derision. My sense of justice revolted against the law which treated two brothers so differently. Whilst one lived in a magnificent castle, surrounded by some square miles of broad acres belonging to him, and yielding him a large rent-roll, the other had scarcely so much a month as cost sometimes one dinner at his brother's castle. This brother was indeed a good and kind brother, but still it was hard to depend on his good will, and, moreover, he had a large family.

This feeling of injustice was still increased in comparing the merit of my husband with that of other members of his family. A long time ago their ancestors had been men of fame ; but since two centuries there was scarcely one amongst them who had done anything worth the notice of the world, whilst my husband at least had won fame for himself.

He was a Prince, like his brother, and it was expected of him that he should live according to his title, whilst the same laws which gave it him deprived him of the means to sustain it. In this respect the English custom seemed to me far more reasonable. There only the head of the family has the title

and the duty to represent it in society, nobody expecting of younger brothers more than is expected of other gentlemen.

We might have lived happy and not surpassing our income, if Salm could have lived like other majors ; but Felix was a Prince, and even if he had wished to economise, for which, however he had little talent, in consequence of his education, he could not live so quietly and retiredly as prudence would have advised, for propriety required of him more than from other officers of his grade. Though I saw all the evil consequences of such a course I had to submit, and being obliged to fulfil the social duties expected from a Princess, and being also by no means free from the inclinations of other women, I did as I was told was proper—and tried not to think of the end. In this I succeeded tolerably well up to the end of the year, but knowing that its first days would bring an immense number of little balls, I greeted the first of January with a very heavy heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

New Year—The ‘little bills’—In a whirlpool—Our new Colonel, Count Waldersee—In Berlin—An evening party at her Majesty’s—The brother of Maximilian—Audience with their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess—Their great kindness—Grand Court-day—I conquer China—Baroness Schleinitz—Grand Opera Ball—The whole Court present—Carnival in Coblentz—Balls—Fancy Ball at Mr. von C——’s—A Spanish Quadrille—Fancy Ball at General von Herwarth’s—A fishy Quadrille—Mayence—Prince of Holstein—Bonn—Professor Dr. Busch—1st of April—Studying in the Hospitals—Salm promoted—Sad forebodings—Return of the Queen to Coblentz—Season in Ems—The Duke of Ossuna—His Majesty the Emperor of Russia—Princess Rose Salm-Salm—An unpleasant occurrence—At Prince Solms-Braunfels—Thirteen at the table!—Our set in Ems—With his Majesty—The Duchess of Ossuna and her train—Prince Albrecht of Prussia—Brilliant misery—Again in Bonn—Rumours in Ems—Supper with the King—A Review in Ems—Dinner at her Majesty’s in Coblentz—A café-dansant—Caught in a shower—Arrival in Ems—The King and Benedetti—Sensation—Supper with his Majesty—How the King looked—I tell his Majesty that I shall go with the army—Concert at the Swiss house in Coblentz—How the King and Queen were received—War declared—Taking leave of his Majesty—Affecting scene—The King gives me his photograph—Panic in Ems—Return to Coblentz—The behaviour of the Germans—Leave-taking of the Queen—Approval of my resolution—In Bonn—I receive a certificate from Professor Dr. Busch—In the Aula—Professor Dr. Busch appointed Surgeon-General of 8th Army Corps—I am to accompany him—Arrival of Colonel Corvin—Of Mrs. von Corvin—Of Princess Minna and Florentine Salm—Preparations—Dark forebodings—A conversation between Salm and Corvin—The regiment ‘Queen Augusta’ leaving—Farewell to Salm—A sad mother and sad wife.

ON my return to Coblentz I did find the ‘little bills.’ They arrived in shoals, but necessity compelled me to go on in the usual way. The season was not over yet, and teas, suppers, and balls had to be attended. I tried to forget my troubles—

not to think of the future, and to enjoy the present. At a great ball given by General Herwarth von Bittenfeld I danced every set, and amused myself in spite of all gloomy prospects.

When, on the 16th of January, it was my turn to give a party to the circle, I had the pleasure of receiving our new Colonel, Count Waldersee, Colonel von Stiehle having been called to Berlin on some other duty. I was much pleased with our new Colonel, for he was not only a very agreeable man, but also a very distinguished officer. He had been sent the year before to the French camp at Chalons, where many foreign officers were invited to admire the high excellence of the grand French army. The effect produced on Count Waldersee was by no means a grand one. He was utterly astonished at the state of that army, and especially of their tactics; saying that they were still nearly a century behind, predicting for them a very great defeat if they should dare to provoke a war with Prussia. He had expressed these views in his report sent in to the War Department.

The 'little bills' caused me to make a business journey to Berlin, and Felix accompanied me. We travelled together with Lieutenant-Colonel von G—— and his wife, my dear poetical friend. Her husband had bought an estate with a little château somewhere in Silesia, and with a tooth-breaking name, and given in his resignation. On my suggestion, the ladies of the regiment had given her a keepsake, which was, however, I am sorry to say, a most ugly, paltry writing-portfolio, which she scarcely would think worth a place on her writing table. I regretted her leaving much, for I lost in her a very dear good friend.

In Berlin we met Baron von D—— from Kurland, his pretty daughter, and Lieutenant-Colonel von O——, whose marriage we attended on the 20th of January. Before we went to the dinner in the Hotel de Rome, Countess Haake called, informing us that the Queen wanted to see Lieutenant-Colonel von G—— and us next day.

The father of the fair bride led me to dinner which was splendid.

Next day we drove to the palace, and were received at one o'clock by Countess Haake. A little while afterwards came the Queen, who gave us her hand, and was as gracious as she always was.

I had, of course, to make many calls, and go to many places. On the 24th we went to the Opera to see the ballet 'Fantasca,' which was beautiful. The Queen was present, and with her in her box was Archduke Leopold, the brother of the Emperors of Austria and Mexico. The family likeness of this brother brought back to me sad reminiscences of Mexico, and I felt very much oppressed by the thought that I should have to meet him next day at a party given in his honour by her Majesty.

The King, Queen, Crown Prince, and Crown Princess, and about one hundred and twenty persons were present. The manner in which I was received by all the members of the the Royal Family was even kinder than usual, and must have been noticed by the Archduke, for when we on his desire had been presented to him, he acknowledged our services rendered to his brother in Mexico in such ostentatious language, that I, though of course much flattered, still felt somewhat annoyed, and the more so as many things the Archduke said about Mexico grated on my feelings, being made unusually sensitive by the family likeness of the Prince to his brother. I was glad when that conversation was over.

Next day I received a note from the Crown Princess, who wanted to see me at seven o'clock P.M., and accordingly I drove to the palace. When I had entered the room the attending lady of honour and chamberlains were dismissed, and I remained alone with their Royal Highnesses, who were so extremely kind to me that I felt quite affected. I remained about half an hour. When taking my leave the Crown Princess kissed me and I kissed her hand. The Crown Prince accompanied me to the foot of the stairs, and kissed my hand before all the servants, an honour which was as much embarrassing to me as it was gratifying.

On the 27th, in the afternoon, I was in bed before making a toilet for the great reception at Court in the evening, when by the negligence of the waiter in the hotel, and the stupidity of my maid, Baroness Schleinitz was brought to my bedside. I felt much annoyed, but the fine tact and amiability of her Excellency helped me to get over my embarrassment, and I accepted with pleasure her invitation for supper after the grand Court ceremony.

It was the first time I attended such a great field day at

Court, and it was only natural that I was agreeably excited and curious. I made of course a very careful toilet, and wore a yellow silk dress with a six-foot long train, which is worn hanging over the left arm. The ceremony took place in the White Hall in the old palace, where are all the Royal state rooms. When all the many richly and elegantly dressed guests were marshalled in a hall adjoining the White Hall according to their rank, their Majesties appeared in full Royal state. Our gracious Queen looked most beautiful, and every inch a Queen. Two young noblemen, in splendid uniform, carried her long gorgeous train when she passed before her guests, saying some friendly words here and there.

In the White Hall, where a concert took place, I at last had my wish to see King and Queen sitting on a kind of throne, raised some steps above the floor. To the right and left of their Majesties were sitting on fauteuils the other members of the Royal Family, whilst the guests were seated in rows before them. In the first row were sitting the foreign ambassadors and ministers, and behind them the Princes and Princesses. I was sitting in the third row, right opposite their Majesties, at the side of Princess Putbus, and behind me were the members of the Chinese embassy, just then present in Berlin giving the whole assembly a particularly interesting character.

The concert was very fine, and Madame Lucca sang admirably. In the pauses refreshments were presented, with which my Oriental neighbours seemed much pleased. My humble person attracted their attention, perhaps on account of my yellow dress, as yellow is the Imperial colour of the Chinese, and they showed me their respect by attempting to feed me with ice cream, and with their own spoon. This ludicrous calamity was noticed by his Majesty and amused him much, and on going through the ranks he came twice to my seat, saying a few friendly words.

When the highly interesting ceremony was over I drove to the house of Baron von Schleinitz, the minister of the Royal household, and found there several members of the diplomatic corps. The ladies put their trains aside, and we had a splendid supper enlivened by a bright conversation, in which the incidents of the evening were discussed. After supper we enjoyed our cigarettes, and returned home at two o'clock A. M., much delighted with all we had seen and heard.

On January 28 took place one of the great Subscription Balls in the Royal Opera House, and as I had never had an opportunity of attending one we would not miss it.

These balls had been introduced many years ago under the patronage of the Court, and every season two, or even three, of them took place. These balls were very popular, for they afforded the public an opportunity of seeing the whole Royal Family, who never failed to attend them, for the King of Prussia and his Princess liked to mix with the people, by whom they are much beloved. These balls are public—that is, on applying to the intendant of the Royal Theatres for tickets, these are sent to as many persons as may move in the house without too great inconvenience. No respectable person is excluded, and the tickets are to be paid for, each costing, I believe, five thalers.

I must say I was not prepared for the splendid scene which dazzled my eyes on entering. The Opera House was beautifully decorated for that purpose. The floor of the pit was raised to a level with the stage, the whole forming one immense hall, lighted up in the most brilliant manner, and very tastefully decorated as a ball-room. From the large Court box a broad staircase led to the hall, and all the boxes up to the highest tier and the hall itself were filled with above two thousand ladies and gentlemen, all in their best toiles. The many different brilliant uniforms, with their glittering decorations, moving everywhere amongst the black dress-coats, made the whole elegant crowd less monotonous than is the case, for instance, in America, where the black coat alone is to be seen.

The King and Queen, followed by all the members of the Royal Family, always open the ball by leading the polonaise, after which they return to the Royal private boxes; but twice more they walk once up and down the hall, speaking on their way to many persons they know. As the crowd is great, and everybody desirous of seeing the Royal procession as near as possible, the intendant of the Royal Theatre goes ahead, followed by Count Puckler leading the Palast Dame of the Queen. They are followed by the King and the other Princes of the family, each leading a Princess or one of the ladies of the Court.

Dancing was rather difficult on account of the crowd; and there can scarcely be more dresses torn and spoilt at a draw-

ing-room in England than at a Subscription Ball in Berlin. Supper and refreshment halls were arranged, and stalls with ice-creams and cooling drinks to be found in the passages.

I was sitting in a box together with Mrs. General von Witzleben, looking with much interest upon this highly amusing and lively scene. Her Majesty, knowing that the leave of absence of my husband was expired, and that he had to return to Coblenz, sent for us to say adieu. When we left the box of the Queen we met Prince Charles, the brother of the King, who stopped and spoke to us; and afterwards the Crown Prince came, shook hands with us, and charmed us by his amiability. We had received from him an invitation for a ball on the 31st, but as my husband had to leave we had to decline, with great regret.

We left soon after the Queen, at about half-past eleven, and went to supper at Countess Benckendorff's, meeting there some diplomatists, who are always amusing company. It was again two o'clock A.M. before we reached home.

We left next day at seven o'clock P.M. for Coblenz, where we resumed our usual life. On February 4 I went to a ball given by General von S—— at the military casino, ending only at two o'clock in the morning; and the same evening I attended to our circle, where Mrs. von C—— invited us to a fancy dress ball, and next morning we went to Cologne to look about for our costumes. The landlord of the Hotel Disch gave us all desired information, and sent for a Miss Maria Merjack, who assisted us, and whom we engaged to come to Coblenz to teach us different Spanish dances; for Mrs. von C—— and myself had decided on appearing in a Spanish quadrille.

On the 9th again was a great ball given by General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, when I danced every set, with old and young gentlemen.

Another fancy ball at General Von Herwarth's was decided on for February 23, and as I could not possibly exclude myself from taking part in it, I joined a sailor or fisherman quadrille in the costume of the people of Alsen, in compliment to the General (who won a victory there in the Danish war); and, in an evil hour, we ordered our costumes to be made by Mr. Kemp, in Bonn, recommended I do not know by whom.

We had now a busy time with preparing for the two fancy

balls, and practising Spanish dances and the hornpipe ; but, besides this, we had to attend to other social duties outside of Coblenz. Having received an invitation from the Governor of Mayence, the Prince of Holstein, we went there on the 15th, and stayed at the house of Major Von Bloch, an old friend of Felix's. The ball was splendid ; I danced every set and many extra tours.

The Prince of Holstein was much liked, though he was very strict. When we drove next day to the station, and he accompanied me, he saw in the street a soldier who was the worse for liquor. The Prince called out at once a thundering 'Halt !' and had him arrested, threatening him with all kinds of punishment. Taking pity on the poor fellow, I said to the angry General, in my bad German, 'Durchlaucht, sei Du ein gutes Mensch, und lass das arm Kerl laufen !' which amused him so much that he laughed, and in this good humour the man got off with a reprimand.

On the 19th the fancy ball at Mrs. von C——'s took place. The costumes in general were not nice at all, and our Spanish quadrille went off very indifferently. I danced with Mr. von C——, who danced the fandango more like a polish bear than a Spaniard, and seemed to have a particular spite against my toes.

We had laid down a rule amongst ourselves in reference to the balls and evening parties given by us ; which was very sensible, as many amongst us were not rich. According to this regulation, not more than two dishes of meat were to be given, and only red and white table wine. Mr. Von C——, however, who was a wealthy man, asserted that a fancy ball was an exceptional case, and gave a sumptuous supper and an immense quantity of champagne, which caused some remarks from General Herwarth. These remarks annoyed Mr. von C—— so much, that he in his vexation got very drunk and went off to his bed, by which I had the advantage of getting rid of him as a partner for the cotillion, which I danced then with our new Colonel, Count Waldersee, who was a far superior dancer and man.

The fancy ball at General Herwarth's took place on the 23rd. We were all in a great flutter, for our sailor dresses from Bonn did not arrive until very late in the afternoon. The ball was very crowded, and dancing was rather difficult. Be-

fore it began Count Waldersee approached the old hero, General von Hewarth, addressed him in nice appropriate verses, and delivered to him a laurel crown with black and white streamers. I amused myself very much, though our sailor costumes were horrid; we looked all like fishwomen, and shuddered at our own ugliness. We danced, however, our hornpipe tolerably well, had a good and pleasant supper, Count Waldersee leading me to it, and we did not go home till morning—at three o'clock.

How I longed for the end of all these balls, and, thank Heaven, it came soon, for the one I gave on February 28 was the last of the season. We had eighty-six guests, and the ball went off to the satisfaction of everybody. I danced every set, with young and old, and made myself as amiable as I could. When all was over, after two o'clock, and I was at last in my bed, I was most happy that everything had passed off so well.

It had been decided on between me and my husband that after the balls, &c., of the season were over I should go to Bonn, to consult one of the celebrated ladies' physicians there, and stay for so long in that city as it should be thought necessary by him. I therefore went to Bonn on March 18, and consulted Professor Busch, who had been strongly recommended to me by the brother of my husband.

Professor Busch is one of the most renowned physicians in Germany, and is almost one of the kindest and best men I have ever known. As he thought it necessary for me to remain under his treatment for a time, I invited a cousin of my husband's, Countess Constantine Salm-Hoegssræten, to come and stay with me, and afterwards to accompany me to Coblenz.

As my state of health did not require me to stay at home, I went now and then to Coblenz, or paid visits in the neighbourhood, and became also acquainted with the wife of Professor Busch, who has a whole nestful of pretty children and a grown-up daughter, in whose company I spent very pleasant hours.

On April 1, I was taken in several times. Amongst other things I received, per rail, a large box, in which, carefully packed in hay, I found a brandy bottle containing some fine French liquor, on the label of which was written, 'To take in the mornings, at noon, and in the evenings, one glassfull. Cob-

lentiz, April 1, Salm, M.D.' The label itself, made by some artist, represented a landscape, with Bonn in the background ; a very prominent stork, in the foreground, in a swamp, held in his bill—not, as readers might expect, a baby—but a very big disappointing frog.

Whilst I was in Bonn I had an opportunity of satisfying a desire I had already formed in Coblentz, on hearing that her Majesty would be pleased if the ladies of her regiment occupied themselves with nursing the sick in the military hospitals.

Seeing the kindness and skill with which Professor Busch and his assistants, Dr. von Kühlewetter and Dr. Von Mosen-gail, treated the sick and wounded, I was extremely eager to learn from them how to dress wounds, and to assist even in operations. The Professor was pleased with my earnestness, and it was agreed that I should go through a course of surgery somewhat later.

In the middle of April, having returned to Coblentz, the colonency of the crack battalion of our regiment became vacant by Lieut.-Colonel von O—— being promoted to some higher command, as was expected long since by Major von R——, who hoped to be his successor. He was, however, disappointed, for the order arrived from Berlin that Salm should take command of the 'Fusilier Battalion.' This created some astonishment in Coblentz, and General von Hewarth, supposing some mistake, as Major von R—— was in fact the senior field-officer, telegraphed to Berlin to ascertain whether he was correct. The answer confirmed Salm's promotion, which he, I think, owed principally to the manner in which he had once, in Queretaro, commanded and led to battle the famous Cazadores, about which the King had repeatedly complimented him.

Though I explained before how we were situated, and this was **reason** enough to feel uneasy and anxious sometimes, it was **still** not a sufficient cause for the deep sadness which overcame me very frequently since the New Year. I was sometimes utterly dejected, and, 'ying in my bed, I cried myself to sleep. I felt an indefinable dread pending over me, and a foreboding that something very sad would happen often in the middle of the gayest company so forcibly that I involuntarily shuddered.

Spring came, and exerted also on me its cheering influence ;

we made many excursions up and down the Rhine, mostly in agreeable company; but still this dreadful foreboding of evil never left my side, and such passages as the following, under May 15, occur frequently in my diary: 'I am very tired, and would like to sleep that long sleep which knows no awaking.'

Time, however, went on as usual, and the summer season promised to be rather gay, for the Queen had returned to Coblenz, and high guests from all parts of the world arrived in Ems. We drove there on May 19, starting already at five o'clock A.M., to be in time for the promenade. With us were Countess Constantine Salm-Hoegstræten, and Princess Rose Salm-Salm, the young pretty wife of Alfred, second son of my husband's brother, born Countess Lutzow.

On the Promenade we met our brilliant cousin, the Duchess of Ossuna, and also the Duke her husband, one of the richest men of Spain. When in citizen's dress nobody would have guessed that the short, rather thickset man, who liked to laugh at and to make rather doubtful jokes, was such a great personage; but when in uniform no Chinese mandarian could look more magnificent, for his whole body was covered with decorations and stars of every description.

After having walked a little while, we were all sitting down to rest when his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, who knew the Duke very well, as he had been Spanish ambassador in Petersburg, joined us and took a seat next to me. Salm and myself were presented, and he was very gracious to us. After half an hour, which passed in a very pleasant and interesting conversation, his Majesty left, quite alone and unattended as he had come, except by a large mastiff, which followed him everywhere like his shadow.

The Duke of Ossuna invited us to a very agreeable supper in the Kursaal. Rose suddenly felt unwell, and the Duchess went out with her in the garden to take some air. When sitting down for a moment, a man, dressed like a gentleman, but apparently under the influence of liquor, who was pleased by Princess Rose's pretty young face, approached and grossly insulted her. The Duchess was so indignant that she could not even say a word, and the poor Princess so frightened that she was incapable of rising. At that moment I came with Countess Constance, and the fellow sat down on a chair quite close and reiterated his insults. I at once expressed to him my indig-

nation about his behaviour to ladies, when he knowingly said, 'Ladies! ah well, they are no ladies!' The Duke and my husband were still upstairs in the room settling the bill, but at my call the Prince came at once, and having been informed of the behaviour of the stranger, he went up to him asking for his card, for, as I said before, the fellow looked like a gentleman. He had no card, and on this and what he said Salm became furious, and his sword, always very loose in its scabbard, flashed out at once. When the man saw that, fright sobered him, and he ran away as fast as he could. Some policemen who were near ran after him. He was a man from Hamburg, who had made a bet to drink a great number of bottles of champagne within a certain short space of time. The authorities obliged him to leave next day.

On May 22 the Duchess of Ossuna had invited us to a dinner at Rheingrafenstein, in the neighbourhood of which her stepfather, Prince Solms-Braunfels, had a villa. I was presented there to the Prince and Princess, and the Duchess's half-sisters. We spent a pleasant day and came home rather late.

In the following weeks I was almost always in Bonn, to continue my cure and to pursue my studies in the hospital. On the 24th I went with the doctors to the operation room, and assisted at three operations made by Professor Busch. I was not in the least nervous, and saw and noticed everything with the greatest interest. On June 1 I commenced to assist the Professor and learn how to dress wounds. I attended also in the operation room, and admired the consummate skill of the Professor, who cuts off a leg or an arm in an incredibly short time.

On June 6 I went to Coblenz to the christening of a child in the English church in the Queen's palace. After that we dined at the hotel, and it was discovered to the dismay of several, amongst whom I was one, that we were thirteen at the table! Amongst these thirteen were my husband and Colonel Count Waldersee, who both were dead before three months!

As the physician thought it beneficial for me to use the waters of Ems, I went there to remain for a time, on the 20th. The Duchess recommended to me her physician, Dr. Vogel, who called and advised me to bathe and to drink the water mixed with milk

In the afternoon friends came from Coblenz, and we all went to the Promenade at seven o'clock. In our company were the Duchess of Ossuna with her sister Mary Solms, Count and Countess Waldersee, and General von Berger. When we were sitting around a table the King, who had arrived only in the afternoon, came and sat down between the Duchess and myself, remaining nearly an hour. His Majesty looked extremely well, and was in very good humour.

I had the honour of being every day in his company, for at the Promenade he almost always walked with us. On the 22nd his Majesty invited the Duchess and myself to the theatre, and he took his seat between us.

On the following day I felt very ill, and telegraphed for Professor Busch. The good Professor, though his time was so precious, came, and I presented him to Eleonore, who wished to consult him also. I had to remain in bed for several days, and a great number of persons came and called on me.

On the 28th, when I was better, the Duchess called with a whole train of admirers, who remained an hour, filling my room with smoke.

Though the weather was not favourable, I went out with visitors coming from Coblenz for a short promenade, which, however, became a long one, as his Majesty honoured us by joining our company.

In the evening we took supper at the Kurhaus in company with Prince Albrecht, the youngest brother of his Majesty, who seemed to like our little circle, formed by the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna, Count and Countess Larisch, some of our relatives coming from Coblenz, the aides-de-camp of the King, the Duke of Ugest, Count Perponcher, &c.

Next morning the Duchess and train again filled my room with smoke—the ladies smoking likewise—until I became quite dizzy. Felix arrived with Mr. and Mrs. von C—; in the evening we all went to the Promenade. and after it to the theatre, his Majesty sitting between Eleonore and myself. After the theatre we all took supper at the Hotel Prince of Wales, and at eleven Salm and von C— returned to Coblenz.

On the 30th I attended a dinner at Coblenz, but returned for the evening promenade, and looked from the balcony of the Kurhaus at some fireworks. His Majesty, Prince Albrecht

and several persons of the Court, were present. The fireworks over, we all went to the Hôtel Prince of Wales, where we had the honour of taking supper with the King and his brother. I sat opposite his Majesty, who presented each of us ladies with a rose. After supper the whole party accompanied the King to his residence.

Though I was not insensible to the kindness shown to me by everybody and the distinction bestowed on me by the most exalted personages, which would have made many others perfectly happy, I was as sad as could be when alone, a feeling of dread always hanging over me like a thundercloud. This feeling was made worse by reflecting on my position, of which the outside contrasted too strikingly with its real state, and which perhaps was not guessed at by others. I was treated as an equal by persons to whom thousands of thalers were as insignificant as were to me so many groschens, and Heaven knows what trouble I had to keep up appearances, when even the expenses for my gloves were more than I could afford. However, I was in for it, and could not retreat, though I shuddered at thinking of the end. I tried to forget it, and to pursue my course with as good a mien as possible.

It was hard enough, and I was very much vexed when Countess Larisch surprised me next morning in a crying fit, though I had to shake it off and to go to the Promenade, where his Majesty's extreme kindness did not fail to pour oil into my sore heart.

Felix had invited our set to an evening party at our house in Coblenz. I had invited also Prince Albrecht, but his Royal Highness had to decline, as he had a little party himself.

I was quite astonished to see in what an excellent manner my husband had made all arrangements. Our party consisted of twenty-one persons. We had a dance, and all were as merry as could be.

I had, however, an inflammation in my ear, and little Kitty, a baby pup of Jimmy's, which I had with me that night, knocked against it in such a manner that I became nearly mad with pain. I went next morning with Felix to Bonn, where I had to stay a whole week, but it was no quiet week either, for Felix's brother came with some other relatives, who had been on a visit to Anholt, and the hereditary Prince was always there.

On July 6, the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna, Count and

Countess Larisch, and Felix increased our company. Whilst the rest of us, after having seen the sights of Bonn, went to dine at the Hotel Royal, the Duke satisfied his rather curious whim to see the dead bodies ready for dissection in the anatomical room, and Felix had to accompany him.

In the afternoon I had a long consultation with Professor Busch, and I went to his new house and in his pretty garden. Seeing Mrs. Busch surrounded by such pretty, healthy children, a blessed mother and wife, happy in every respect, and comparing her condition with mine, I felt quite wretched, and had a crying fit which made me quite angry, for I was afraid she would tell the Professor, who always treated me like a child, and would have laughed at me.

Next morning when I was very low-spirited, I received a despatch from Felix calling me back. I therefore said good-bye to the kind people in Bonn and went to Coblenz, and in the afternoon returned with Felix to Ems, where we arrived at eight. On the Promenade we saw the King sitting with our usual company. His Majesty rose, shook hands with me, and invited me to sit down. After he left we went to supper at the Prince of Wales. Prince Albrecht sat at my side. He was in a very good humour, and said many funny things.

Everybody will still remember that summer of 1870, and especially the important scenes enacted in Ems, which had such serious and dreadful consequences. The candidature of the young Prince Hohenzollern for the vacant throne of Spain was then the great topic of the day, and hundreds of eager eyes looked into the face of our noble old King to read off from its expression the future of the European world. When, on the evening of the 8th, his Majesty honoured our company as usual and was sitting next to me, he spoke about Spain, and said that he did not feel satisfied with Prince Hohenzollern's acceptance of the crown of that country, fearing that evil might result from it.

On the 11th all sorts of rumours were current. We spoke with the King only a few moments in the morning, and made, with the Duchess, Countess Furstemberg, Countess Larisch, and several gentlemen, a delightful party in the woods, from which we returned at eight o'clock P.M. We found Felix in Ems, and we all made a promenade with his Majesty. On coming home I found an order of her Majesty the Queen for

dinner next day, and the same was received by the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna, and the Counts and Countesses Furstemburg and Larisch.

Next morning the Augusta regiment arrived at Ems, and passed in parade before the King and Prince Albrecht, standing with their staffs by chance right opposite my windows. That over, we drove to our house in Coblentz, and went to dinner in the palace at five o'clock. The Queen was very gracious, and gave me a little lecture about my health, and Countess H—— was quite malicious, making some pointed remarks, which, however, did not hurt me.

The dinner was soon over, for the queen had after it a grand *café-dansant* in the garden, where about two hundred people from Coblentz appeared in their best looks and finery.

We all should have liked to stay to the end of the festival, but her Majesty would not allow us, as we were under medical treatment, jestingly saying that she would not deprive his Majesty the King of his usual company. She had ordered the express train to stop for us near the palace, and about seven o'clock we had to leave.

In walking from the palace to the bridge where the train stood, we were surprised by a pelting shower, which made sad havoc with our bonnets and dresses, though I did not suffer much, for I sheltered myself under the ample petticoats of my magnificent cousin, who laughed at my expedient of using her as a tent. Our whole party arrived like drowned rats on the Promenade, or like wet peacocks, which seemed the impression of his Majesty, who joked us about our fine feathers being ruffled by the rain.

Just when the King left us and went away with Count Lehn-dorff, the French minister, Count Benedetti, stopped his Majesty and said something to him, on which our noble sovereign became two inches taller, and his kind face acquired an expression that I had never before seen upon it. Making an impatient movement with his hand towards Count Lehn-dorff he went away alone, leaving the oily Frenchman quite petrified. All who were near were very curious, and the news of this rather strange occurrence ran like wildfire through all Ems, creating great excitement.

On July 13 I was up early, and went to the Promenade, where I saw the King walking with General von Treskow, his

Adjutant-General. His Majesty looked sad, and his conversation seemed of an important character. After having breakfasted in company with Prince Albrecht and several other ladies and gentlemen, I attended to some trifling business and made some calls. During my absence Prince Albrecht came to see me, I suppose to invite me to supper, which he did afterwards together with the rest of our clique, when he met us in the evening on the Promenade.

Felix and Mr. and Mrs. von C—— had arrived and were invited also. We supped in the Kurgarten—about twenty-five persons. I was sitting between Count Eulenburg (who had arrived from Berlin, instead of Count Bismarck, who was expected) and Count Furstemberg. The King looked perfectly calm and serene, and nobody could have seen in his face that he expected a declaration of war. I said to him that I, in case of war, would go with the army to nurse the wounded, and that I fortunately had learnt how to do so already in the hospitals at Bonn.

‘Then really you think there will be war?’ his Majesty said; ‘well, if there should be one, I am sure you would do good service; but do not cut off too many ears.’

I was in earnest, and wrote next morning to the Queen to ask permission to go in case of war with the army as a nurse. Everybody in Ems was much excited; nothing was known yet for certain, but it was generally believed that there would be a war with France, and this belief was confirmed when it became known that his Majesty would return to Berlin.

In the afternoon I went with a party to Coblenz, to the concert at the Swiss House in the Queen’s Promenade. The concert was much crowded, and all the ladies of our regiment and their friends were present and sitting together. When the King and Queen appeared they were received with great enthusiasm, the ladies waiving their handkerchiefs and crying at the same time. This token of our love seemed to please his Majesty, as well it might, for it came from the inmost of loyal hearts; the Queen was much affected and had tears in her eyes.

The King came and shook hands with me, and when we, with Count and Countess Waldersee, had gone after the concert to Ems, we promenaded with his Majesty and accompanied him to his door.

Next day, July 15, 1870, was a memorable day, which will be remembered in history many thousand years. War between Germany and France had been declared, and our dear King was to leave for Berlin at eight A.M. We all went to the station to say farewell to him and give him bouquets.

Our leave-taking was an affecting scene. The good King had tears in his eyes, all the ladies cried, and even the aide-de-camp and General Treskow were crying like children. The King gave Eleonore, Countess Larisch, Mrs. von Schrecken-stein, Mrs. von Pommer-Esche, and myself each his photograph, and I kissed his hand, much against his will.

We breakfasted with Prince Albrecht and General von Herwarth, but we all felt very sad and remained so all day. At seven o'clock P.M. Countess Larisch fetched me to go with Eleonore and others to Lahnstein to see the Duke off. When he was gone the Duchess went up to the Castle, but as we did not feel in a mood to follow her, I with Mrs. von S——, and the Princes Philip Croy, Solms, and Hohenloe, returned to Ems, where we took supper with Prince Albrecht, his aide-de-camp, and three other ladies. His Royal Highness was also more serious and silent than usual.

Next morning little Ems offered a curious spectacle. Everybody seemed to be in a panic. People were running about like ants when their hill has been disturbed by a stick. The streets were crowded with porters carrying luggage, for everybody hurried home. Landlords were distracted and forgot their bills, as did many of their guests. Mrs. von S—— was quite frantic, raving about her curtains and furniture, believing that the French would be before her in Dusseldorf. Prince Croy appeared, and mildly censured her for thinking more about her furniture than about her husband, who was, however, not very likely to come in too close contact with the French, as he was aide-de-camp to an inactive General, Prince Hohenzollern.

Felix arrived for me in the afternoon, and I returned with him to Coblenz. This city was filling with a crowd of soldiers, reservists joining their regiments, who poured in by thousands from all directions, mostly anticipating the official summons. Their number was so great that all of them could not be quartered, and many bivouacked in the streets or found shelter in outhouses and barns.

The Germans are generally a very quiet, rather phlegmatic people, and I was greatly astonished at the sudden change that had come over them. Their enthusiasm was wonderful to witness, and still more so was the manner in which it expressed itself. There was no mad shouting and bragging to be heard anywhere, but the face of each reservist or recruit one met in the street showed that he came with a good will; all were fully convinced that they would not have been called from their fields and firesides if there was no good cause for it; for their confidence in their superiors was unbounded, as was their love for their country and the King standing at its head. Even those who did not understand the real cause of the war did not grumble; they were wanted by their King to defend his honour, identical with that of his people, their beloved Fatherland, and its boundary stream, the Rhine, against its nearest neighbour. As this neighbour had provoked the war when least thought of, everybody supposed that the French were fully prepared, and it was therefore believed that their columns were already in full movement towards the Rhine, and that they would reach that river before the Prussian army was ready. This circumstance caused much anxiety amongst officers and private soldiers, and spurred everyone to the greatest possible exertions. Whenever a day passed without any news from the French it was considered as a great gain, for it was a day won for the necessary preparations. Though rather inclined to over-value the efficiency of the French army and the bravery of its soldiers, nobody was afraid of them if the Prussian army could once gain its position.

On July 17 the Queen took leave of her regiment. She told Salm that she had received my letter, and was much pleased with my desire to follow the army, and that I might do so at the proper time. I therefore went next day to Bonn to attend in the hospitals, and to learn still as much as possible. There I found the Princess Wied, Countess Renno, and Countess Nesselrode, who remained with Professor Busch in the hospital from the morning until six o'clock P.M. to become acquainted with the duty of nurses.

I had requested the Professor to take me with him in the field if he should go, and he consented, giving me at the same time a certificate, stating that I had studied one month in the *clinique*, and that I was able to do very good service.

Knowing that the Queen, on her way to Berlin would pass Bonn, I was of course at the station, where Professor Busch accompanied me. Her Majesty was cheered enthusiastically on her arrival. I showed her my certificate, and she was very gracious, giving me her hand, and saying that we should meet again soon.

Next morning I was already, at seven o'clock A.M., in the hospital, where other ladies also arrived, and we all dressed wounds and assisted in the operation-room.

At eleven o'clock I went with Mrs. von Loe to the Aula of the University, where the Professors had invited the students to a meeting. We two were the only ladies present in this great gathering; but I am glad that I was there, for I shall never forget that scene. Several Professors addressed the students in short speeches. Professor Busch, who was extremely popular with them, suggested the idea of forming a corps to assist the wounded on the battle-field. His speech and proposition were received with enthusiastic applause and cheering by the hundreds of fine youths who are the flower of the nation, and who were all ready to go.

In the afternoon Professor Busch brought me the very welcome intelligence that he had been appointed Surgeon-General of the 8th, the Rhenish, Army Corps, for now I was sure of having the best opportunity of nursing my husband in case of his being wounded.

When I returned to Coblenz, in the evening of July 21, I found, with Felix, Corvin, who had arrived from London, and stayed with us in our spare room. They had refused him a through ticket to Cologne in London, believing that the French would make the passage impossible. He was going with the army as a war correspondent for the 'New Free Press of Vienna,' the 'Gartenlaube,' and some American and English papers.

Next day my cousin, Princess Minna Salm-Salm, arrived with her eldest son, Florentine, a boy of about seventeen, who was still in the college, but entering the battalion of my husband, the King having made him a lieutenant. Mrs. von Corvin arrived at the same time from Hamburg. She had attended there in the hospitals, and intended going to the field also.

It was then a busy, thrilling time, and there was no house,

no family in Coblenz, nor, in fact, in all Germany, where preparations for the war were not being made; the wives and mothers trying to overcome their very naturally sad forebodings and feelings.

In my little home everything was topsy-turvy, for both of us were to leave it for an indefinite space of time. Salm was in high spirits, and busily preparing for the field. His things were packed and lying about in the rooms. All these preparations were near being made useless, for when he, with Corvin, went out for a walk, and passed a gate in the fortifications which workmen were putting in order of defence, two large beams fell down with a crash six inches before their feet; one step more and both would have been killed.

On Monday, the 25th, Count Walderssee had assembled the whole Regiment Augusta on the Exercierplatz. All the reservists, many of whom had been more than a year away at home, had entered and swelled its strength to the normal number of three thousand men, and the Colonel wished to see whether they still remembered what they had been taught. He went through all the manœuvres of a mimic battle, and everything went off in such an excellent manner, without the slightest mistake or fault, that Salm and Corvin returned home quite enthusiastic with admiration, more than ever convinced that troops like these would not find their equals in the world, and that they need not fear a contest with any army.

When Salm in the afternoon was with me and Corvin in his room, busy at his writing-table, and seemed puzzled about something, the Colonel asked what troubled him. 'Oh,' he answered, laughingly, 'I am undecided whether I shall take with me my best cigars I brought from Havana, or an inferior field sort.' 'Take the best,' answered Corvin, 'for if you are shot you have at least had yourself the pleasure of smoking them.' 'Indeed,' said Salm, 'this time I shall be killed, I am sure of it.' 'Why,' asked Corvin, 'what makes you think so? You have gone through the whole American war unharmed, and the Liberals before Queretaro did not fire with dumplings either.' 'It is different this time; after all they have written about me in the papers and said here, many eyes will be upon me, and I am under the necessity of exposing myself more than I should perhaps do otherwise. I am only sorry,' Salm continued, 'for the poor boy, my nephew, and almost regret

that I induced his mother to send him with me. He is a brave, ambitious boy, and I am sure he will be always near me and will be killed also.'

Listening to this conversation my heart rose to my throat, for I had felt long ago what my husband said ; I was almost sure that I should never see him again alive.

On Tuesday, July 26, the whole army commenced its movement towards the French frontier. The French marshals had made a great mistake and lost precious time, fooled by the skilful manœuvring of the garrisons of Saarlouis and Saarbrücken, which succeeded in making them believe that the whole Prussian army was close behind them, when it was still forming many hundreds of miles off. General Moltke would rather run the risk of letting the French advance to the Rhine, than that of a defeat if meeting them prematurely with insufficient forces.

The regiment Augusta was to march also on that day. I had wished so much to go with the regiment, to be near my husband, for I always imagined that nothing could happen if I was with him. Count Waldersee was willing, and said if I really wished to go I might go in the hospital waggon, but Salm was decidedly against it and I had to submit. I suppose he was right, for warfare with the Prussian army was indeed a far different thing from what it was in the United States or Mexico.

Though all preparations were made already the evening before, I rose at three o'clock A.M., for the regiment was to march at half-past five. I never in all my life felt so wretched as I felt on that morning. I had said good-bye many times before to my husband under similar circumstances, but never had apprehended that anything would happen to him ; an inward voice telling me always that we should meet again. This time it was different. Suddenly was revealed to me the meaning of that dread which had hovered around me since the commencement of the year. I walked about like one in a dream, and whoever saw me might have imagined that I felt but little, for the greatest grief is silent. I might have remembered that thousands of loving wives perhaps had at that time feelings similar to mine, but in the moment of parting such reflections afford no consolation, for nobody thinks of making them, as sorrow dwelling in the heart and not in the brain

does not reflect. In that dreadful moment I could not even feel for poor Minna, who had to part from her boy, and whose heart was as heavy as mine, for she also had the feeling that she should never see him again.

When clasping my brave Felix for the last time in my arms, it was like a leave-taking on a death-bed ; and when he was gone, and even the sound of the horses had died away ; it seemed to both of us, Minna and myself, that we had heard the rattling of the funeral car.

Silently we fell into each other's arms in a close embrace, mingling our tears ; and our fervent prayers for husband and son went up together to the throne of the Almighty.

CHAPTER XX.

My preparations for the field—Miss Louisa Runkel—Leave-taking in Anholt—Prince Alfred and three sons in the war—Difficulties about a horse—I try impossibilities—Make them possible—With General von Steinmetz, chief of the first army—*En route*—My defeat—Hermeskeil—Trèves—Disappointment—Saarlouis—Imprudent ducks—Hensweiler—Gloious news—In a brewery—Prince Adalbert of Prussia—An Admiral on dry land—The distant thunder—Of Spichern—Saarbruck—Meeting Corvin—Entering on my duties—The starving French prisoners—Confusion—The battle-field—Arrival of the King—A raid on the Royal kitchen—Carrying off my booty—Caught by his Majesty—My confusion—In the Hospitals—The 18th of August—Fearful dreams—Vague rumours—Starting for the front—Felix killed—Florentine killed—How my husband died—letter of Rev. Mr. Parmet—Letter of Salm's servant—My vow—Going on a sad errand—A fearful night in Remilly—Ars sur-Moselle—A melancholy task—'Mother Simon'—How I found my poor husband—Bringing home the bodies—Funeral in Anholt—Last words of love.

TIME and occupation are the only effective remedies against sorrow. I had no leisure to indulge in the 'luxury of grief'—which is, however, only a luxury for the weak. As I was to go with the army also, or at least to follow it as close as possible, I had to finish my preparations, and next to consult with Professor Busch. Mrs. von Corvin and I left at nine o'clock in the steamboat for Bonn, where we found Miss Louisa Runkel, who was to accompany and remain with me in the war. She had been recommended very highly by Princess Wied, and after having seen her at Coblenz I accepted her as a companion. She had also attended the hospitals and learnt how to nurse the wounded, and was desirous of going with me, because her two brothers were officers serving in the army of which Professor Busch was surgeon-general, and of course she wanted to be as near to them as possible.

Princess Minna arrived in Bonn later in the day. After supper Mrs. von Corvin left for Frankfort at twelve o'clock P.M., and thus closed that very sad day.

Next morning Dr. Busch came and gave me a letter for Prince Alfred, my brother-in-law in Anholt, and instructions in reference to another which I was to write to Prince Pless, whom the King had placed at the head of the sanitary commissioners formed by the Johanniters, Knights of Malta, and otherwise.

I left Bonn together with Minna, who returned to her Castle Rhede, near Wesel. We had to remain three hours in Oberhausen, waiting for a train to take us farther, and I profited by this opportunity to write my letter to Prince Pless.

There was great confusion in Oberhausen, for a great number of people for miles around had collected to see the trains pass, all filled with soldiers, and following each other nearly every hour. It was a most lively scene. The soldiers were in the best spirits, for the enthusiasm with which they were greeted by the people on their whole way throughout Germany could not but produce the most cheering effect. The whole journey from the far east of the monarchy to the Rhine was an uninterrupted festival. There was no window on the roadside from which the soldiers were not cheered, and even from houses that scarcely could be seen from the road handkerchiefs waved them a farewell. One could see the heart of the people was in the war, and foreigners who happened to be at that time in Germany were struck with admiration.

Princess Minna left me in Wesel, and I took leave of her and of dear old Jimmy, who was to stay with my cook in Castle Rhede. I was very sorry to part with my faithful companion, who had been with me in two wars; but now he had become rather old and spoiled, and the hardships of a campaign would have been too much for him; moreover, he was always frightened out of his senses on hearing a shot.

I arrived in Anholt at half-past one A.M., and found the whole family up to receive me. As I had to leave at five o'clock, and Prince Alfred also, we did not go to bed at all.

Though I had gone to Anholt to say good-bye to the family I also went there in hopes of getting from my brother-in-law a horse, as he had so many in his stables, and Felix had taken with him his two and also my horse. I was, however, much

disappointed in my expectations, for my brother-in-law had really no horse to spare. His eldest son, who was an officer in the reserve, and attached to the staff of General von Goeben, mounted himself out of his father's stables, as did two other sons who were both officers, and the father himself, who was a Knight of Malta, went with the army.

Whilst Alfred stayed in Cologne with the Knights of Malta, I went on to Bonn, where I arrived at three P.M. dead-beat. It was good luck that I arrived at all that day, for in Cologne I was told that no passenger trains would leave for several days. Seeing, however, a train ready to start, and inquiring I heard that it was an extra train for the Hereditary Princes of Hohenzollern and Weimar. The Prince of Hohenzollern, a very agreeable, unpretending gentleman, was the innocent cause of this war, as is generally known. As I was well acquainted with him he permitted very readily my travelling with him, and presented me to the Hereditary Prince of Weimar, who was going to join the head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia. The latter was still a very young gentleman. Prince Hohenzollern, who was a colonel, went also to the Crown Prince.

On the 30th I received an answer from Prince Pless, telling me to go to President von Bernuth in Cologne to receive from him a ticket of legitimation, and I started at five o'clock P.M., accompanied by Prince Leopold Salm-Salm, whom I had seen frequently in Bonn. As no passenger train was running we had to go in a transport train. I received from the President von Bernuth the first legitimation card issued in Cologne and also the white band with the red cross. We returned to Bonn at ten o'clock, sitting with the conductor in the caboose of another transport train.

I had still to accomplish several very difficult things, and that in a rather short time, viz., to procure a legitimation ticket for Miss Runkel, to procure a horse, and lastly but by no means leastly the permission to take one with me, and to receive forage for it, which was rather important. Having heard from Prince Leopold that Baron Oppenheim in Cologne had a horse, which he might perhaps be inclined to sell, I called on that gentleman, but I was disappointed, as he dared not sell me the horse, because it was rather unmanageable and a run-away.

I went on August 1, to Coblenz, where Mr. von Pommer-Esche gave me most readily a ticket of legitimation for Miss Runkel. If I had intended to go only as a simple nurse to the war, I might have done so now ; but that was not my intention. I wanted to be in a position to do more and to be officially attached to the staff of the army like an officer. Everybody to whom I spoke about it shrugged his shoulders and declared such a thing to be impossible. It is however my belief that the only way to success is not to believe in impossibilities, and further it is one of my practical rules, if I wish a thing always to ask it directly from the highest authority.

The highest person in the army in which Dr. Busch was surgeon-general was General von Steinmetz, its commander-in-chief. He had been described to me as an extremely strict and rough man, of whom everybody was afraid. My experience taught me that these rough men are frequently very reasonable, and I was resolved to try my luck with the dreaded general.

Early in the morning I went to his head-quarters, where my request to see the general seemed to create quite a consternation. Not being frightened at all I insisted, and an officer, though shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders, was induced to take in my card, and to the surprise of everybody I was admitted.

The commander of the First Army, General von Steinmetz, was a very kind little man with snow white hair, with large blue eyes, and a look like that of the eagle. When we sat down I commenced to explain what I wished, namely to be permitted to accompany the staff on horseback and to be allowed forage and quarters for my horse and myself. I of course supported my rather extraordinary request—almost unheard of in a Prussian army—with all reasons and statements at my disposition, and in the most wonderfully broken German. The general did not say a word, but suddenly rose and rang the bell,—not to show me out as I feared for a moment, but to send for his quartermaster-general. When that officer appeared the general asked whether it was possible to grant my request, and it was granted on the officer's declaration that it certainly could be done if his Excellency would order it.

Well, I had my permission, but I had still no horse, and there was not to be had a saddle-horse in the whole city. . The pro-

prietor of the Triersche Hof had however a double-pony, which I thought might do, though he never had a saddle on his back. Mr. Mars was persuaded to part with it for two hundred thalers.

This care off my mind I left Coblenz at three o'clock with Miss Runkel and my pony, and was very glad to find in the train Professor Busch. At six o'clock we arrived at the Victoria Hotel in Bingen, where we stayed the night.

Next morning we left at ten o'clock A.M., and arrived at four o'clock in Birkenfeld, a little quaint place belonging to the Duchy of Oldenburg. From there we went straight to Hermeskeil, Dr. Busch mounted on his beautiful mare 'Norma,' and I very proudly on my double-pony. Now I have ridden all sorts of horses in many different countries, and had the reputation of being rather at home in my saddle; but this queer pony seemed to despise all my equestrian art, and to have decided on my humiliation. He plunged and kicked in the most atrocious manner to get rid of the strange thing on his back. Not succeeding in it, however, he was struck with a bright idea on seeing a very convenient deep ditch. He jumped into it with a sudden determination, rolling over in delight, and propelling me on to the opposite side, where I performed sundry acrobat movements to the astonishment of the spectators. Much satisfied with his success, the pony got up and showed his exultation at my defeat by jumping and kicking like mad. He was, however, secured, and when I got upon his back again he behaved henceforth quite reasonably, kicking only once the Old Schimmel or Dr. Busch ridden by his servant.

The whole village of Hermeskeil was filled with troops, but we succeeded in finding a room which I shared with Miss Runkel. Everybody was much excited, for the report circulated that the French had taken Saarbruck.

We had been ordered to go to Trèves, where we should find the head-quarters of General von Steinmetz. When we arrived at 6 o'clock P.M. in that old city we were greatly disappointed on hearing that the general had left, and nobody could tell where he was. Dr. Busch sent out telegraphic despatches in all directions to find out the general's head-quarters, but we had to go to bed without being the wiser.

In the night at 2 o'clock A.M., somebody knocked against

my door. I was rather frightened, for I thought the French were in the city ; but it was Prince Leopold, my nephew, who had arrived from General Steinmetz's head-quarters, and thus relieved me much.

Next morning at five o'clock we left per rail for Saarlouis, a little fortress near the French frontier. It was August 4, and we found the people much excited and very busy, for the French were expected every moment to appear before the fortress.

While waiting near the station I saw two nice plump ducks waddling most incautiously before my eyes, and anticipating the scarcity of victuals always to be found where large masses of troops are collected, and remembering my old campaign principle never to be short of provisions, I took information, most dangerous for the welfare of the said ducklings, and acquired them from the owner by means of persuasive words and silver, and the skilfully thrown-out suggestion that the expected French were extremely fond of fowl.

We rode from Saarlouis to Hensweiler in company with my nephew, who left us here for the head-quarters of General von Goeben. We managed to dine in that village, and then continued our march to Tholey the head-quarters of General Steinmetz, who received us very kindly. The threatening movement of the French against Saarbruck had compelled him to advance at once, and that was the reason why we did not find him in Trèves. After much trouble we found a room in the house of a notary, whose wife gave us a supper for which Dr. Busch paid amply by saving her dangerously ill baby. As there was only one bed in the room we divided its contents, Miss Runkel remaining in the bed and I establishing myself on the floor.

Next day the news of the battle of Weissenburg was received, and on the following arrived the still more glorious of Wörth, which caused much rejoicing.

On Saturday the 6th, we were for the first time billeted in a large beer brewery in Hensweiler, where Prince Adalbert of Prussia was also quartered. The Prince had arrived the day before in Tholey, where I had paid him a visit which he returned. His Royal Highness was the Admiral of the Prussian fleet, but as he liked to see the fighting he joined the army, as he did in 1866, where an aide-de-camp was killed at his side

The Prince was, however, not only a lover of good fighting, he appreciated good eating also; and, by no means willing to starve or to feast only on French frogs, he had taken with him his cook and a large kitchen and provision-fourgeon. But alas, the kitchen batteries did not move as fast as the rest of the Prussian batteries, and had not arrived in Hensweiler, to the vexation of the Prince and us also, for he had invited our sanitary party to dine with him. As a dinner without anything to eat is still worse than Hamlet without Hamlet, I suggested to the Prince a picnic dinner, priding myself on my two ducklings, which the notary's wife in Tholey had roasted for me the day before.

It seemed, however, as if the animal creation had contrived to drive out my conceit; my pony had commenced by humbling me, and now my ducklings put me to shame; instead of being ducklings they proved to be patriarchs of their tribe, and to judge from their toughness they must have been the very duck couple which Noah took into his ark. The gallant Prince tried in vain the merit of his teeth—whether genuine Hohenzollerns or Abbots I do not know—when our painful exertions were interrupted by a sound I knew only too well, the booming of guns some miles off. The Prince, who was somewhat deaf, as an admiral generally is, would not believe in a cannonade, and said that the sound came from the cellar of the brewery where the empty barrels were having a ball. Everybody knows now that the glorious battle of Spichern was fought on that day, prematurely brought about by accident, spoiling the programme of Moltke, who had planned it for the next day.

Next morning we left at eight o'clock for Saarbrück, where we arrived at noon. The scenes there have been described by hundreds of able pens, and will still be remembered by almost everyone, therefore I need not describe them, and shall restrict myself to my particular department.

Riding into the yard of an inn I had the pleasure of meeting Corvin, who had arrived before me. He went off to the battlefield, and I attended to my duties with Dr. Busch, without changing my riding dress. We visited at once nearly all the greater hospitals; but in fact the whole town was changed into a hospital, and wounded soldiers were lying in every yard, in every house. The preparations were inadequate to the great

quantity of people who required immediate help, and though the many surgeons did their utmost their number was insignificant, and the whole sanitary machinery still disorganised.

The inhabitants of Saarbruck did all they could, but the immense number of troops in and around that town had nearly eaten up all their provisions, and food of any kind, even bread, was becoming very scarce. The wounded suffered most for want of food, for they could not look about for it themselves, and many of them were utterly forgotten and in a state of starvation.

Seeing that my assistance as a nurse was but of little avail, and that I could do more good in another manner, I made it my especial business to hunt for provisions. I applied at once to the Johanniters, but their store-rooms were still empty, though plenty of supplies were on the road, and expected to arrive any moment. I therefore went to private persons and houses, and had tolerably good success.

It was very natural that our own soldiers had the first claim to our assistance, but there were also in the town a great number of French prisoners and wounded who needed it just as much. Penned up in a yard were about four hundred of them, officers and men, who had eaten nothing for about two days, and who were nearly mad with hunger.

Some people of Saarbruck and especially ladies showed their sympathy with the French in a rather injudicious manner; and, as caution was much required, the enemy being so near, orders had been given to prevent the communication of these sympathisers with the French prisoners. When therefore a number of ladies arrived with a great quantity of bread for them, they were refused admittance. I fortunately arrived at that time, and seeing that the distressing state of the poor French made delay very cruel and fatal, I used my authority and had the bread distributed amongst them. I shall never forget that scene; I had never seen the like before. With eyes starting out of their sockets, and with trembling hands the bread was snatched from us and devoured with an avidity which was quite distressing to look at.

Those wounded who had found a place in hospitals or barracks were bedded well enough, but hundreds of others who had been brought into poor private houses or sheds, were lying on the bare floor not rarely even without a little straw.

The doctors complained that the wounded were dying under their hands for want of stimulants and food and other necessary things. Under these circumstances I remembered an offer made to me when I was last in Cologne, trying to buy a horse from Baron Edward Oppenheim, the most wealthy banker of that city. He was a member of the central committee of the association, formed for the assistance of the soldiers in the field. Hearing that I was going with the Surgeon-General of the 8th Army Corps, he invited me to apply at once to him if I was in want of anything for the wounded. I therefore telegraphed to him for 250 hair mattresses, and in an incredibly short time, sent by an extra train, they arrived, with many other useful things, for which, as I heard afterwards, the Baron paid out of his own pocket.

August 8 was a busy day, for from the morning until ten o'clock at night I was dressing wounds, and comforting and nursing the dying. I am not very sentimental, but the sights I saw and the scenes I witnessed, would have pressed tears out of a stone. Habit, however, soon blunted the edge of this feeling sufficiently not to interfere with my duty; had this not been the case I could not have endured it three days.

On the 9th, I dressed the wounds of twenty men, whom I found quite alone, without a doctor or a nurse, in the citizens' casino. In the morning my brother-in-law, Prince Alfred, arrived, and I brought him to the Hotel zur Post, where we were quartered, until we moved a short time after to a very comfortable private house at the Schlossplatz.

After dinner I rode over with Dr. Busch to the village of Spichern to visit the wounded Frenchmen, of whom we found one hundred and eighty, destitute of everything. We returned to Saarbruck, riding over the battlefield of the sixth, and looked with astonishment at the bastionlike projecting steep, and high hill which our brave soldiers had scaled after a five times renewed attack, led by the renowned fortieth regiment, of whom two companies held at bay for several hours twenty thousand French on August 4.

Most of the dead had been buried already, and burying was still going on. The dead were much disfigured, with the exception of a poor boy, whose face had a happy, smiling expression as if he was sleeping and had a most happy dream; his eyes were closed and his parted lips showed two rows of pearly teeth.

Returned to Saarbrücken I took at once possession of an empty waggon I encountered in the street, and drove with it to the depôt of the Johnniters, which was well filled now with plenty of provisions. The principal difficulty arose now from the scarcity of means of transportation, for horses, cars, waggons, and men were very rare. My waggon was soon filled and Miss Runkel drove with it to Spichern, to distribute the most welcome supplies amongst the French wounded, whilst I visited the hospitals.

I was much astonished to find nowhere any of the nuns or sisters of mercy from whose assistance we expected so much. The fact is they were very slow in coming and much needed. I wrote down what was wanted in the different places, and took care myself that the things were procured and delivered into the right hands. Where things were required which were not to be found in the depôts I gave money to buy them.

His Majesty the King, Count Bismarck, and General Moltke arrived in the evening, and my brother-in-law and his son Leopold, who had accompanied us from Spichern, paid at once their respects to the King.

I sent next morning a note to Prince Radzivil, to come and see me, but instead of him another aide of the King, Count Waldersee, the brother of our colonel, came, and brought me, from the King, Count Bismarck, and the aid-de-camp, about 120 thalers in gold, to be applied to the benefit of the wounded.

On August 11, I was all the morning with the professor in the hospitals assisting him in some wonderful operations. As many of the wounded in the citizens' casino required good and strong beef soup, and other strengthening food, and Dr. Busch said, 'they must have such things or die,' I went to the kitchen of the King and coaxed the head cook, who at once promised to attend to my wishes, and after a time I went over with a soldier carrying some large pails, which the brave chief of the royal kitchen batteries filled with delicious broth, fortified by good beef merged in it. As nobody was at hand to carry it, and the royal head-quarters were not far across the street from the casino, I carried two of the pails myself. Just when I was crossing the street, a carriage swept round the corner with His Majesty the King in it. Though not ashamed of my work I felt rather embarrassed at being caught thus, and put the pails down behind me, screening them with my dress, when

the King, who had seen me, stopped the carriage and descended. He came towards me, grasped my hand, and said very kind words which I shall never forget. Smilingly looking around me to discover the cause of my embarrassment he saw my two pails, and when I told him that I had stolen them from his kitchen for his dying brave soldiers, the expression of his face became still kinder, and he said that I had done quite right, and that I was at liberty to rob his kitchen to my heart's content.

On August 12 Dr. Busch and myself drove to the convent of Neudorf, where thirty severely wounded men were nursed by the nuns, who gave me a long list of things required. I sent them next day forty mattresses and a whole waggonful of provisions.

When we went again to Neudorf Professor Busch made some operations, in which he was assisted by some Wurtembergian medical students, who were however not sufficiently used to the horrors they saw around them; for when one of them assisted the Professor in the resection of an elbow, his hand trembled so much that Dr. Busch put him impatiently aside, and requested me to assist him, which I did with a steady hand and to his satisfaction.

Thus I was busy from the morning to the night and Miss Runkel assisted me faithfully. We went several times to Spichern, where we found the French wounded lying on straw sacks placed on the ground in stables, which made us very angry with the doctors, who had been too lazy to send to Saarbrucken for bedsteads. Dr. Busch took care that they were sent.

To the many wounded were soon added a number of soldiers suffering from a dangerous dysentery, of which many died in a few hours.

This malady seems always to prevail in armies in the field, and we had it also in America.

I had caught a very severe cold and had to remain two days in bed with a very painful swollen face, which made me very impatient as it prevented me from attending to my duty. Though there was plenty for me to do everywhere, the longing to go nearer to the front, in order to be nearer to Felix, became so strong that I made up my mind to go alone, if Professor Busch should be retained much longer in Saarbrucken. I

made inquiries about the trains going to Metz, where we heard that fighting was going on ; but the information I received was very unsatisfactory, as I was told it would require eight days to go to Nancy.

On August 18, the day of the battle of Gravelotte—of which we then of course knew nothing—my feeling of dread became alarmingly oppressive, for I had had the most fearful dreams about battles, and felt almost sure that something had happened to my husband. Until the 20th, we heard in Saarbrücken only vague rumours, but when I went on that day with Dr. Busch to Saarlouis, where we had to wait at the station^s several hours, many trains with wounded arrived from the battlefields near Metz. There I saw a wounded soldier from the Augusta regiment ; he belonged to the battalion of my husband, and told me that they had been in the battle of the 18th and behaved extremely bravely, but he pretended not to know whether Felix was wounded. I however felt an indispensible anguish, and when we late in the evening returned to Saarbrücken, and I went to bed, I saw in a half-awake vision, poor Felix dead at my side, with a fearfully still, pale face.

Early in the morning on August 21, I called on Mrs. von Berenhorst, who was in Saarbrücken to nurse her brother, Major von Nettlebeck. She had also a son in the troops before Metz, of whom she heard that he was wounded, and she was going to the front with us, for at last we were ready to start.

When I was about leaving my quarters Professor Busch came and told me that my poor husband was killed ! He was mortally wounded on the 18th and died after three hours. Poor little Prince Florentine was dead also.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings, for words would be insufficient. All I can say is that I wished to be dead also, for I felt utterly alone and forsaken, and life a burden. I had, however, to fulfil a sacred duty, a promise made long ago in America, and repeated solemnly when my husband left me. He wished that in case he should be killed I should bring his body to Anholt, and have it buried at the side of his father and mother.

In Saarbrücken I found Lieutenant von Arnim, who was severely wounded, and also the colour-sergeant of Felix's bat-

talion ; from them and from others afterwards I heard the details of his glorious death. He could not die otherwise, and notwithstanding my misery I felt proud of him.

When the Prussian Guards attacked the strong position of the French at St. Privat, my husband at the head of his brave fusileers remained on horseback, a convenient target. A shot struck his horse, which became unmanageable and ran away towards the French. My husband succeed in getting off its back, and in joining his troops on foot, when a bullet broke his right arm. He would not leave the battlefield, but took his sword in his left hand. Thus he remained twenty minutes, when a second bullet pierced his breast, and a third struck his leg.

Poor Florentine had been killed already at the first volley by a shot in his head. He died on the spot. Count Waldersee was wounded about the same time as Felix by a shot in his body. He was carried back, but on hearing that my husband was lying wounded on the field, he gave orders to carry him to the rear. Volunteers were called out for that purpose. When they laid Salm down for a moment, a shot struck the man who volunteered first to carry him. My husband ordered them to remove the waterproof in which he was wrapped, and to cover with it the poor honest soldier.

Salm's last moments were described to me in a letter, which I received from the reverend priest who attended him. I shall give this description :—

‘Doncourt, August 21, 1870.

‘On the 18th August, in the afternoon, the second division of the Guards, to which I have the honour to belong as Catholic division chaplain, entered into the battle against the strongly fortified Saint Marie aux Chenes and Saint Privat la Montague. About seven o'clock, your husband, severely wounded, was brought to the Verbandplatz. A bullet had pierced his breast and gone out at his back, a second one had pierced his arm, and a spent bullet contused his leg. Insupportable pain made him groan. Taking hold of my hand, he requested me to administer to him the last comforts of our holy religion. The doctor had given him before a dose of opium. Then I administered to him absolution and the holy ointment ; he requested to be laid in a bed ; his servant stood weeping at his litter. In the village St. Ail, which was forsaken by its inhabitants, all doors were locked. They were opened with axes and crowbars. I found a bed, and we carried there the severely wounded man, who, in dying, still pressed to his heart the covering of his colours. He requested me not to leave him, and I readily promised it. We cut off from his body his uniform, to be able to dress his wounds the better. He asked for chloroform,

but the doctor thought himself obliged to refuse, and on my soothing words he suppressed his pain. He complained of burning thirst; there was no water in the village. I gave him my field flask with red wine, which he emptied eagerly. To his faithful servant he handed his money and his watch, to transmit to your Highness. A doctor came. It was dark; I had no candle. I searched all the dwellings, and at last got from a soldier a little end of a candle. The wound was examined, newly cooled. The opiate commenced to have effect, and he became somewhat calmer. He asked me how his nephew had died; he had received a bullet in his head. Then he caught my hands, and entreated of me to write to your Highness, and to support him in the hour of death. Whilst he was sleeping I was again called off to the Verbandplatz, where the dying wanted my assistance. I returned as soon as possible; he was a corpse. I gave his pocket-book to his servant, and directed his notice expressly to a paper contained in it, which was the acknowledgment of a banker, stating that the Prince had deposited with him about 9,000 thalers. A soldier brought the revolver of your husband to me in the horse-stable, where I slept that night; the souvenir of Maximilian of Mexico I gave, on the 19th, likewise to his servant, and also his sword (if I am not mistaken, without scabbard.) The sword of the young prince has been taken care of by the division. I also ordered the servant to draw off the rings from the corpse, and to deliver them to your Highness. I think there were three of them. He died as a Christian at peace with God, as a hero on the field of honour. The last question he asked me was about the state of the battle. When I told him that the enemy retreated slowly, his face brightened, and he thanked God. "I shall die, and am willing to die; only procure me some chloroform and comfort my wife." These are the last words I heard from his pale lips.

‘PARMET,

‘Division-Chaplain Second Guard Division.’

My husband's faithful servant wrote to me as follows:—

‘When we, on the 18th, at four o'clock p.m., became engaged, the bullets whistled about my head, so that we thought nobody would remain alive. We had scarcely been under fire, when Prince Florentine fell, the second or third man, by a shot through his mouth, and was dead at once without pain. Half an hour later, my good comrade, our other servant Klein, was killed also on the spot. Immediately afterwards a bullet grazed my thigh, which did not do any harm, only hurt somewhat. And when we had been about an hour and a quarter under fire, somebody called out, ‘His Highness is wounded.’ I went at once with the horse I still had to the spot; there I cried aloud when I saw my good master so severely wounded. I gave my horse to some other man, who was slightly wounded, and assisted in carrying him, and urged the others on till we came out of the fire. When we were out of it we put him on a cart and brought him to the Verbandplatz, and then I ran to fetch the doctor, and whilst his wounds were being dressed I told the chaplain, who administered to him the sacraments. Then we carried him to the village, and laid him on a bed. I nursed him as well as I could, and believed he would recover, for

the doctor (I suppose, to comfort him) said the bullet had passed under the ribs and was not fatal ; but he said in two hours, " I must die ;" and then I was alone with him, and he told me that he received the shot through his arm twenty minutes before that through his breast, but for that wound he would not leave his troops ; and the sword and torn coat I should give to his brother as a keepsake ; but I was not able to do so, as the things are kept here, and will be sent soon, as I was told. And several time he asked whether we had conquered ; and I could tell him still that ours were victorious. I was to greet the officers of our regiment, and many times his brother. This he has repeated to me several times ; and his wife and all relatives ; and several times he inquired after little Prince Florentine ; he could not speak much for pain. Then he said I should have a coffin made and a cross on it with his name, which I have done, but with great trouble, as there were no people in the village, but three soldiers have constructed one. Thus he died quietly shortly before eleven o'clock. I called to him the names Jesus, Marie, and Joseph, and have prayed for him. And then I remained with him until he was buried, when his Highness Prince Leopold was present also.

‘ JOS. KOESTER.’

The servant, when questioned afterwards relative to the paper contained in the Prince's pocket-book, which had been read by the chaplain, wrote about it as follows : ‘ At the funeral of his Highness, which was attended by the Hereditary Prince Leopold, I transmitted to the latter a portemonnaie and pocket-book, remarking that in the letter was contained a paper recommended to me as being of great importance. The Prince received these objects, and gave me a gratification. Prince Lepold will certainly remember it, for he has looked into the paper, and has read it doubtlessly.’ Prince Leopold does not remember anything about such a paper, and it has disappeared altogether. The whole affair is a mystery to me, as I really do not know from whom poor Salm could have received a sum so considerable for our circumstances.

The sacred duty I had to accomplish sustained me and prevented me giving way to my grief, blunting thus its too keen edge, for it required all my energy. The knights of St. John, the officers, and my brother-in-law Prince Alfred, all tried to dissuade me from carrying out my purpose, assuring me that it would be impossible in the present moment, and suggested that I might at least wait some time, or still better until after the war. All of them remonstrated in vain ; I would have gone to the grave of my poor Felix, if I had had to walk on foot all the way

We started at midnight. Miss Runkel was with me, and also Mrs. von Berenhorst, who did not know that her son was killed, believing him only to be wounded.

At Forbach we went in an excellently well-arranged hospital train sent from Wurtemberg, and slept in beds, of which there were two hundred in the train for severely wounded, besides accommodation for fifty more slightly wounded.

Prince Alfred, not having found me in Saarbrucken, arrived just before we started from Forbach, and as he did not succeed in detaining me, he resolved to accompany and assist me.

We arrived on the 23rd in Remilly, which was crowded to excess with troops and with wounded, and we could not find any other shelter for the night than in a railroad car, in which not only cattle, but also sick soldiers, had been conveyed, and which was in a most horridly filthy state. We succeeded, however, in procuring some mattresses, with which we covered the bottom of the waggon. In this abominable place Prince Alfred, Professor Busch, Dr. von Kühlewetter, Mrs. von Berenhorst, Miss Runkel and myself, and the old valet-de-chambre of Alfred, passed the night !

The next night we remained in a little château, near Covy, belonging to a Madame de Wendel, and on the 25th we arrived in Ars-sur-Moselle, where I obtained a room in the house of the apothecary, and at once ordered zinc coffins to be made. The man who first had accepted the order, bribed by the price offered, became however afraid after reflection, and refused to attend to it, fearing that the French, if they returned, as was confidently expected, would hang him, because he had made coffins for Prussian officers. I was therefore obliged to use compulsion, to remain in his workshop and watch him whilst he unwillingly made the coffins for my dear Felix and Florentine, which was indeed a very melancholy task.

Professor Busch was quartered in a very fine large house, situate in a beautiful garden in Jouy-aux-Arches, opposite Ars, on the other bank of the Moselle. We went there in the evening and succeeded in finding a room in the same house. When next day I went on foot to Ars with Prof. Busch, we met Colonel von Berenhorst with his daughter-in-law, who had heard that she also was a widow, for poor young Berenhorst was not only wounded, but killed on the 18th, not far from St. Privat,

the Saxon troops to which he belonged standing next to the Prussian Guards.

In the evening of the 27th several members of our family met in Jouy, all being with the army before Metz. There was Prince Alfred, his sons Leopold and Florentine, the latter serving in a regiment of jaegers; the Counts Alfred and Otto Salm-Hoegstraeten, and Prince George Croy, a knight of Malta.

On Sunday August 28, the zinc coffins were finished, and I started with them for St. Mary-aux-Chênes. It was a rainy, cold day, weather quite in accordance with my dismal errand.

Finding an abode in a kind of shed built by the knights of St. John, and serving as their head-quarters there, I saw in an adjoining compartment a rather stout, middle-aged woman in a plain black-dress, busily employed with cooking. She was the generally respected Mrs. Simon, a Saxon, who has won in that war a well-merited fame by her practical good sense and energy, employed with great success for the benefit of the soldiers. Conquering all opposing difficulties, however great, she succeeded in being allowed to be always with the front of the army, accompanied by a well-trained body of nurses, provided with everything required for the wounded on the battlefield, where indeed help was most needed. The activity of 'Mother Simon,' as she was called by the grateful soldiers, who were all full of her praises, cannot be sufficiently appreciated. She furnished the most striking evidence that the leading knights of St. John committed a great mistake in placing difficulties in the way of nurses and voluntary sanitary associations, who wished to go on the battlefields and not to be bullied and treated contemptibly by snobs several miles behind the front. Great complaint was made everywhere about this mistake, which caused a great deal of suffering, which might have been prevented. Those soldiers who were wounded in a manner which permitted their transportation to the dépôts behind the front were tolerably well cared for, but those who were wounded too severely, and who had to remain on the battlefield, were sadly neglected. They had to lie in yards or filthy peasant houses on the bare floor, often even without straw, without any food, and not rarely even without water. It was therefore not to be wondered at if, of those who had undergone amputation on the battlefield such a

frightful proportion died in the hospitals ; for having been without food or any stimulant, their little remaining strength, already taxed to the utmost by the amputation, became utterly exhausted by the cruel and rough transportation on common peasant cars, in which they lay often for many hours, huddled one upon the other like calves sent to the market. Many, I am sure owed their lives to 'Mother Simon's' being on the spot. I hope the lesson taught by her will not be forgotten whenever another war shall occur.

We soon found the grave in which the officers of the Augusta regiment had been buried together. On the top of them stood the rough deal coffin in which my poor Felix had been laid, together with Florentine ; it was only slightly covered with earth and a corner of it protruded.

When the men had laid the coffin bare, I insisted on the removal of its lid, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my brother-in-law and others. I wished to look once more on the face of my dear, beloved husband, believing myself stronger than I was. When the men complied with my request, and I saw instead of the dear face only a black mass, my strength failed me and I fainted.

I must not speak of these moments. Every feeling reader will understand them. I had the coffins with the two bodies placed in a waggon which followed the carriage of — a knight of St. John, who kindly accompanied us on this sad journey. Thus we returned to Ars-sur-Moselle. There I had to remain a day longer to wait for wooden cases, which had to be made for the zinc coffins, according to the sanitary regulations.

Meanwhile an order from the head-quarters of the king had arrived, placing at my disposition an extra train, and on it I started for Anholt, accompanied by Mrs. von Berenhorst and Miss Runkel, my brother-in-law remaining behind, as he wanted to be near his two sons, in case anything should happen to them.

The night of the 30th we passed in a little hotel in Luneville, the following in the train, arrived on September 1 in Mayence, and on the 2nd in Anholt, where the two bodies were placed first in the little chapel.

On September 3, the obsequies took place, with all the funeral pomp becoming the family. The two coffins were

carried to the church, which was draped in black, and high mass was celebrated. Minna,* the mother of Florentine, had arrived. All the daughters of my brother-in-law were present, and also Prince Alfred, junior, who having left recently the Austrian service could not take part in the war and remained at home with his wife, Princess Rosa. Let me pass over details. It is too painful for me to dwell long on this sad period.

When all was over, and poor Felix placed near his father and mother, together with Florentine, in the family vault, it was as if a great load had been taken off my mind. I had faithfully fulfilled my duty and kept my vow. I felt that my dear husband's soul was at rest now, and peace came over mine also. But I felt that I must not trust it; that it was dangerous to ponder over my woes. Had I, as my brother-in-law desired me to do, remained in Anholt until the end of the war, I should have gone mad. I knew that I must forcibly tear myself away, and battle against the inclination of nursing my grief, and that I could only conquer it by help of great activity. Therefore, I had resolved to return to the army immediately, and attend still more assiduously than before to my duty.

The last token of love I received from my dear husband was a postal card, written immediately before the battle of Gravelotte. Here it is:—

‘In one hour we begin the great battle. With God we will be reunited; but if I should be killed, darling, beloved Agnes, I beg your pardon for every trouble I ever have made you, and that I always have loved you, and that I take *this only* love with me in my grave. My brother will take care of you. Keep me in your kind remembrance. From all my soul,

‘Your true and loving husband,

‘FELIX.

‘(Kiss little Jimmy).

‘In the field, near Metz, the 18th of August, 1870.

‘Dear, God bless you. Thanks for your love and everything you have done for me.’

CHAPTER XXI.

Returning to the war—In Cologne—The Knights of St. John—Baron Edward Oppenheim—In Jouy-aux-Arches—Voluntary nurses—Reforms—Gifts from Cologne—My store-rooms—Prince Alfred—Miss Runkel—Shells—Surrender Metz—Theft—Bad conscience—A rude doctor—A princely box on the ear.

PRINCE ALFRED, my poor husband's elder brother, was, as I said before, a knight of Malta. The especial duty allotted to him had been to accompany the sisters of mercy and voluntary nurses to the different places where their services were required. On my resolution to return to the field he made himself free from that duty, in order to be near me and take me under his protection. Having had until then no occasion for his horses he had left them at home, but now he wanted me to bring some with me.

I went next to Cologne, where I procured the necessary tickets of legitimation and permits for the free conveyance of my carriage, horses, and whole party. Having attended to this, I left Anholt with a carriage, two fine coach-horses and my brother-in-law's English favourite mare, Miss Runkel, Mr. Frank, Prince Alfred's English coachman, and my orderly, August. The latter was a soldier detailed to my service in Saarbruck, who remained with me during the whole campaign. He was by trade a tailor, from Königsberg in Prussia, and as he was not very strong the army could spare him.

I remained two days in Cologne, where I visited the hospitals, which were under the excellent direction of privy councillor Dr. Fisher, and admired greatly all the sanitary and other arrangements superintended by the Oberpresident von Bernuth, who was the chairman of the central committee in Co-

logne. Everything there was perfect. The immense stores were well filled, and supplies arrived regularly. Applications made from different parts were carefully and liberally attended to and answered with a promptitude which was especially praiseworthy and beneficial. Men, mostly selected from the mercantile members of the associations, accompanied such convoys—people who had business habits and who understood how to distribute the things with order and in a judicious manner, and compared with whom the knights of Malta and St. John were at a great disadvantage.

These knights have been much abused and ridiculed, and, though it cannot be denied that they offered many weak points and furnished ample material for ridicule and censure, it is only just to consider what can be said in their defence.

They were all noblemen, and mostly wealthy; owners of great estates; princes, counts, and barons with a long pedigree, living mostly in their castles. Leaving the management of their estates and households and the care of their broad acres almost always to their stewards, they lived an easy life, were used to command as masters,—in a word, were aristocrats to the core. It is true all of them had been soldiers, but it was mostly long ago, and if they retained any habits of their soldier life they were not those of a private or corporal or poor plodding subaltern officer, who had to turn every thaler six times in his hands before he spent it. The war of 1866 was so very short that not much experience could be acquired in it by such knights as attended it. Now they were called to fulfil the traditional duties of their order, of which perhaps only very few, if any, had a definite idea. To expect such services of them as were required centuries ago from members of their order was out of the question. They were now great lords, and Christian humility is not the first among their virtues. If they condescended to accept an office it could be only one becoming their social position. Many say that it was a mistake to place them as they were placed, asserting that they did more harm than good; an opinion held especially by the medical gentlemen, who perfectly understood their business, and knew exactly what was required for wounded and sick, having acquired ample experience in attending all the year round in hospitals, which was of course by no means the case with these knights.

There were amongst them many who earnestly wished to do good service, and even some who made themselves extremely useful, descending from their stilts and using their hands and feet like other men ; but, alas, with most of them the will was better than the capacity, and the more they did the more harm and confusion resulted from it.

Most of the stores and magazines were placed under the care of some knight of these orders. An immense quantity and variety of things were sent in, and it was expected that they should be distributed judiciously. To arrange and keep in order such stores, and receive goods and send them off, required a certain business routine and exertions which were utterly out of the depth of most of these noblemen, and any clerk of a mercantile house would have beaten them in this.

Many were satisfied with having their stores always well filled, not daring to distribute anything before fresh supplies had arrived to keep them so, not caring whether here or there something was urgently required. Used to patronize, they often distributed the stores more according to favour than to necessity ; and complaints about partiality and injudicious division were very frequent, creating great dissatisfaction amongst the many associations, who at last found it more to the purpose to send practical men with their convoys of goods, who judged for themselves where help was required, instead of delivering their things into the depôts of the knights, and leaving the distribution to them.

The ladies I found employed in Cologne in the different hospitals and establishments for the support of the soldiers in the field, vied successfully with the male members of the association. Everywhere they kept the most perfect order, and, being good housekeepers, they applied their domestic rules to their establishments. All I saw busily employed there wore the same simple dress, which did a great deal to remove the uneasy feeling produced by mixing with persons belonging to a different social sphere.

Baron and Baroness Oppenheim and other ladies belonging to the committee gave me an immense quantity of things which I knew were most required in the hospitals before Metz, and I left Cologne with three railroad cars, one loaded with the carriage and forage, the second with the horses, and Mr. Frank and August, and the third containing Miss Runkel and myself

and all the welcome gifts from the central committee of Cologne.

I was lucky enough not to be detained anywhere long, and we arrived after eight days at Jouy, for all the stations were extremely crowded and the rails stopped by trains with wounded or provisions for the army. Those who before never learnt patience did so in travelling that time to the army.

Requiring, first, quarters for men and horses, which care my brother-in-law kindly left over to me as I had brought them along, I called the morning after my arrival on the privy councillor, Sulzer, who stood at the head of the commissariat or quartermaster's staff. He was an extremely able and practical man, whose services have been highly acknowledged by the Government. He very readily answered to my request; I was billeted with Miss Runkel, Mr. Frank, and August and four horses, in the large house where Dr. Busch was quartered; and my brother-in-law was lodged there also, as well as dear Jimmy, whom I had taken with me. The poor dog had so pined for me and his master that he had become quite lean and nearly blind. When he was again with me he recovered soon, and the film covering his eyes disappeared also.

I urged on Dr. Busch the necessity for work, and asked him what there was to do and what was wanted. 'We have here five hospitals,' he said, 'crowded with men severely wounded, and everything is wanting.' The poor wounded had no properly cooked food, and it was my first care to establish kitchens for them. The difficulty was to find proper female assistance, for though there were plenty of voluntary nurses, they were for the greater part mere voluntary nuisances, with their crinolines, plumed bonnets, and mincing manners. They were, I might say, female knights of St. John, for what I have said of these was still more applicable to most of those female *Schlachten bummelr*, who never forgot that they 'volunteered' a duty, and despised rules and orders; and above all discipline and punctuality. Instead of arriving at seven o'clock in the morning, they came at ten or eleven, or remained away, just as they pleased, making earnest doctors wish that they had remained at home altogether, though others flirted with and protected them.

These fine ladies, amongst whom were some with a 'von'

before their names, were quite indignant if I expected them to assist in the kitchen, to cook, or to perform other duties, by which they thought themselves degraded. They were always quarrelling amongst themselves, and the hospitals in which they attended were far different from that one in which four sisters from Coblenz were nurses.

I told Professor Busch that I wanted regular sisters of mercy, instead of voluntary nurses, and it was resolved to procure them. I therefore applied to Count Hompesch, a knight of Malta, who was stationed in Coveny, and most readily complied with my request. Sisters from the order of St. Vincenz de Paul arrived soon, to replace the voluntary nuisances, and things improved in a wonderful manner. These sisters did not flirt and look out for husbands, for they had done with the world; they were not ashamed to do menial services, and did not quarrel amongst themselves. Quietly and obediently they did what was required of them by their superiors, and even those doctors who were inclined to take the part of the voluntary nurses had to admit that they themselves and the wounded profited greatly by the change.

Now I arranged that in each of the hospitals a kitchen was established, and also a store-room, from which the patients' wants could be satisfied at once, whilst formerly the nurses had always to apply to some Johanniter, which caused delays and other disagreeable things.

Not long after my return from Jouy and Ars sur-Moselle, Baron Edward Oppenheim arrived from Cologne, with a great omnibus filled with many things, which I had told him were especially wanted. He showed himself very zealous, visited all the hospitals, even the typhus hospital, and convinced himself of the shortcomings and wants, and the manner in which the voluntary gifts of the people were used and distributed. The youngest brother of the baron was a lieutenant on the staff of General von Kummer, whose troops were stationed very near Metz, and Baron Edward, curious to see everything, went round with him, exposing himself more than was prudent.

The things which he brought with him were not taken from the stores of the committee in Cologne, but bought by him and paid for out of his own pocket. As he was better pleased with my manner of distribution than with that of the knights of St. John, he confided them all to me, and they were the first

foundation of the magazine I established, for the example set by Baron Oppenheim found many imitators. Deputies from Elberfeld, Barmen, Hamburg, Bremen, Crefeld, and other places, arrived with an abundance of supplies. There was an immense number of bottles of fine wines, barrels of spirits, bales of tobacco, cigars, woollen and linen clothes of every kind, &c. The knights of St. John became rather jealous and annoyed when these gentlemen arrived with the special order to deliver their gifts into the hands of the Princess Salm, and under no circumstances into those of the knights, who had made themselves rather unpopular by the supercilious manner in which they often treated the brave men who volunteered to bring these supplies to the army, which was by no means an easy or a pleasant task. My stores were therefore replete with every kind of good thing, whilst the depôts of the knights remained distressingly empty. Many of them reproached me with accepting those provisions instead of letting them be sent to their depôts, which had been established to receive them, but as many of the delegates declared that they would rather take their supplies back if I refused them, I should have acted very foolishly in doing so. Some of the knights condescended to request me to lend them part of my abundance, as they were ashamed of the emptiness of their store rooms, and I did so; but not one of them demeaned himself so much as to remember such debts.

It was natural that sometimes the donors of voluntary gifts desired that they should chiefly benefit the soldiers from their city or district, and so it happened that those whose homes were near the Rhine were well supplied, whilst the soldiers from Pomerania, East and West Prussia, or Silesia, were neglected in this respect on account of the great distance. I therefore took care to make up for this disadvantage whenever I had goods at my disposition for general use. How well supplied my stores were, may be judged from the fact that I twice supplied a whole brigade of the second army corps,—General von Fransecky's Pomeranians,—with tobacco, cigars, and spirits.

Indeed the German people took good care of their army; but as their gifts were voluntary they were supposed to have a right to inquire into the manner in which they were applied, which offended the pride of the knights of St. John, who were

not always willing to acknowledge the merit of those who gave especially if they were rich men. 'It is their duty to give, for the soldiers protect their strong boxes,' they said. If these rich men happened to be Jews they earned still less thanks, for these Christian noblemen hated Jews, though they never had been too proud to borrow money from them, or to drink their good claret and champagne.

Though I attended now and then in the hospitals and at operations, I made it my principal business to organize and to procure provisions. The success I had in it was soon noticed, by which my influence and power to do good was increased. I was well supported by Prince Alfred, though he applied himself chiefly to attending and nursing the wounded and sick, selecting for this purpose the dangerous typhus hospital. I must not forget to mention Miss Runkel either, who justified greatly the recommendation from Princess Wied. She supported me most willingly and ably, and was very useful in the hospitals, where she worked together with the good nuns, though this was somewhat against the regulation. Her good nature and good humour made her everywhere a favourite.

Dr. Busch complained that the wounded in the hospitals had no bedsteads, but were lying on mattresses placed on the floor, which made it extremely tiring and difficult for the doctors to dress the wounds, and increased also the sufferings of the wounded. As he was only Surgeon-General of the 8th, the Rhenish army corps, he was not the highest medical authority, but over him stood the officer attached to the staff of the whole First Army. He consequently had not the power to do all he wanted. I therefore was induced to interfere, and try my influence with General von Steinmetz. I called on him, drew his notice to this great inconvenience, and suggested means to alter it. I proposed to him to send me with proper authority to Nancy, where I would soon procure bedsteads, or to order that every house in Ars should supply one, or that boards should be supplied and bedsteads made. The general was rather indignant, and after having expressed his displeasure with the neglect, he ordered at once measures by which it was corrected.

I had no cause to complain that my services were not acknowledged, and I was greatly gratified by the manner in which it was done. General von Fransecky gave a dinner to

me which I could not refuse, though I was in deep mourning, and not in a frame of mind to attend festivals. Exceptional circumstances, however, justify exceptions, and make them even necessary. I accepted an invitation to another dinner which was given in the head-quarters of the First Army, which I attended in company with my brother-in-law.

My activity was not only restricted to Jouy and Ars, I went now and then to Marie-aux-Chênes, and other places around Metz, to distribute supplies, where they were wanted in the different hospitals.

Fighting was meanwhile going on around Metz continually, and we were by no means secure in Ars, which for that purpose was much too close to Fort St. Quentin. One of the hospitals was right in the line of the shots, but as it lay rather deep all shots passed over it. The wounded in the beds, weak and nervous from sickness, were frightened and excited by the noise of the shells to such an extent that it caused the death of some of them.

Several shells struck buildings belonging to the railroad station and one carried away the funnel of a locomotive.

When I was one day in the garden of the house in which were my stores, and an aide-de-camp of General von Fransecky with me, taking supplies, a shell struck ten paces from us, but fell fortunately in a ditch. My tailoring soldier August dived at once into the house, and was much ashamed when I called him from his hiding-place. But when a short time afterwards another shell fell again in the neighbourhood, we all thought it prudent to retreat until the shower was over.

At last Metz surrendered, and though the weather was very bad and we all were wet to the skin, I saw the French march out. It was a glorious but also a sad sight. I shall not describe it, as it has been done frequently, but only mention the general belief in our army that Bazaine was by no means forced to surrender, but that he sold Metz and acted as a traitor to his country.

As Princess Croy had written to request me to make inquiries about some French officers, her relatives, who had been in Metz, after having informed General von Fransecky about it, I drove on October 30, with Dr. Busch and Dr. von Kühlewetter to that city. With great trouble I found one of the officers. Count Man. who told me that the two others were

safe and well. He gave me telegrams for his wife and family, which I sent by post to Princess Croy.

When returning to Jouy and passing the gate of Metz I saw there a whole heap of chassepots, thrown away by the French, and two Prussian soldiers standing as guard near them. Now everybody wanted to have a chassepot at that time, and I also. I therefore stopped the carriage and requested the sentinels, who knew me, in my bad German, to turn their backs, because I wanted to steal a chassepot. The manner in which I expressed myself must have been very funny, for they laughed like mad and turned round, whilst Frank, the coachman, took two chassepots and put them in the carriage.

When next evening we were sitting at supper, an orderly with a gun in his hand entered the room, addressing himself to me. I was quite frightened, for I thought my theft had been discovered, and the soldier had come to arrest me. But no, General von Fransecky, remembering my wish to have a chassepot, and not knowing that I had helped myself already, sent his compliments, together with the desired object, which I gave to Alfred.

The surrender of Metz of course made a great change in our arrangements. The hospitals were evacuated as soon as possible, and I distributed my clothes amongst the soldiers who were going home. Poor good fellows, when they said good-bye to me, they had tears in their eyes, and expressed their thanks for what I had done for them in simple, heartfelt words.

Whilst in Jouy I received letters of condolence from Her Majesty the Queen, the Grand Duchess of Baden, Princess William of Baden, and many other kind persons. I of course answered that of Her Majesty at once, but most of the others I could not answer then for want of time or other causes.

I drove with my brother-in-law on November 1 to Metz to see Count Man, the relative of Princess Croy, and found that he had already left with his general. When we were lunching in the hotel in Metz I had a little adventure which I shall mention, because it was the only instance of my ever having been annoyed by rudeness during the whole war. Though I had to mix everywhere with soldiers and other persons in the camps and in the hospitals, I never had to complain of any one; I was always treated with respect.

Prince Alfred and I were sitting in a room, separated from the general dining-room by a glass door. In the latter were many officers assembled, of whom several knew me, and amongst them was a general.

When the Prince went away for a few minutes and I was alone in the room, a doctor from the 8th army corps approached the door, and looking through the glass, made signs and faces at me. I looked away and tried not to take any notice, for the doctor seemed to be somewhat under the influence of wine. At last he entered and addressed me. I answered him indignantly, and told him that he was mistaken—I was not, as he supposed, a Frenchwoman. On this my brother-in-law came, and the importunate doctor re-entered the general room; but seeing that something had annoyed me the Prince inquired, and I told him. He became very angry, at once followed the doctor and addressed him before all the officers, asking whether he knew who the lady was to whom he had spoken, and being answered in an insolent manner by the doctor that he did not care a straw, the Prince gave him a box on his ear; and on hearing the case the general and officers said that he had rightly deserved it. The thing had no consequences, for the doctor had to pocket the blow and to apologize into the bargain.

CHAPTER XXII.

Marching orders—Death of Count Waldersee—On the march—Lost the road—Brabant—In search of quarters—In a shepherd's house—How we passed the night—A wonderful snoratorio—Vienne 1. Château—An ecclesiastical cat—In Rheims—Ville aux Bois Jouchery—A Frenchified German—Madame la Baronne de Sachs. Attichy—A 'particulier'—Compiègne—The rooms of Empress Eugénie—Montidier—The 'terrible' things—Battle of Moreuil—Fog—Strange mistake—Miss Runkel taken for a 'Protzkasten'—Jimmy—My pigeon—After the battle—General von Kummer—Amiens—In Boves—Colonel Cox—The international commission—Starting for Rouen—La Feuille—A sacked château—In Rouen—Dangerous looking people—Visit to General von Manteuffel—Leaving Rouen—Le Héron—Order to prepare for battle—The battle of Querrière—Our Verbandplatz—The room for the fatally wounded—Short of provisions—Fed by the English—My assistance—Under fire—Dangerous curiosity—Rev. M. Gross wounded—End of the battle—Supper on the amputation table—Returning to Amiens—A busy night—Miss Runkel's Samaritan work—My birthday—Count Lutichau and Captain Voelkel—Telegraphing for their wives—Captain Voelkel's death—Arrival of his wife—General von Blankensee—His wife—His death—In Albert—Captain von Marien—Bapaume—General Count von der Goeben—A distracted cook—The wounded—Captain von Butler—Dead—Hospital in the convent—I discover an old acquaintance—And make the acquaintance of the black small-pox—Returning to Amiens—Arrival of officers' wives—I fall ill with the small-pox—Marching orders—Four days in bed only—In Peronne—General von Memerty—My prophetic talents—Three hundred wounded and nothing to eat—Again our English friends—Prince Alfred's exertions—Miss Runkel's exhaustion—Jimmy catching a Tartar—The glorious battle of St. Quentin—Shoes and stockings left in the mud—In St. Quentin—The Hôtel Cambronne—A doctorless private hospital—Miss Runkel's glory—My five hundred boarders—How I managed for them—Armistice—Going home—Acknowledgments—General von Manteuffel proposing me for the iron cross—Thanks in the name of the 1st army by letter of General von Goeben—Letter of General von Fransecky.

ON November 3 we received marching orders, that is, the notice

to make ready. On the 4th we saw in Metz the 8th army corps pass, and spoke to many of our friends from Coblenz, namely General v. S——, who told me of the death of Count Waldersee, who was wounded at St. Privat, and killed before Paris a few days before he had returned again to his command.

One or two days before our departure gentlemen from the city of Crefeld arrived with supplies, which they handed over to me, and I resolved to take my provisions with me and to use them in time of need. Privy Councillor Sulzer allowed me nine waggons and eighteen horses for them, and when we left Jouy on the 7th we formed quite a respectable caravan. We passed our first night at Jarny and the following at Etain. The weather had become fine, and after the busy and yet monotonous time before Metz the change of scene was agreeable and refreshing to all of us.

On leaving Etain next morning we found the road much crowded with waggons and troops, and we could progress only very slowly. Prince Alfred, who was on horseback, suggested a by-road, but we lost ourselves, and it was dark when we arrived at head-quarters, where we ought to have been at two o'clock. There we received the rather distressing intelligence that our party had been detached to another village, Brabant, some distance off, which we did not reach before eight o'clock p.m. In that village existed only one respectable house, the château, where we were billeted; but on arriving we found our quarters occupied by General von Kummer and his staff, who had believed that we had remained with the head-quarters, staying out beyond any reasonable time.

As we of course could not insist on our right and disposes the general, we looked out for other quarters. When we nearly despaired of finding any and thought of passing the night in our carriages, we discovered at last the dwelling of a shepherd who lived with his wife in two extremely dirty rooms on the ground floor, with which we were compelled to be satisfied, envying almost our horses which had found excellent stabling in the shed where once the sheep had been, transformed long ago by the natural process of eating into the substance of two-legged lions, commonly called there '*les sacrés Prussiens.*' The front room in which stood a small cooking stove, looked so dismal and uninhabitable that we all crowded into the back room, which was adorned with an immense four-post bed filling up one corner.

The shepherd and his wife were quite bewildered, but I at once won the good graces of the latter by presenting her with a few bottles of wine, a ham and some other eatables. When I expressed a wish to have the stove in the back room, she, to our surprise, lifted it, heated as it was, and carried it in.

After Miss Runkel had superficially cleaned our abode, she made some good coffee, whilst I cooked some ham and eggs for supper, and Prince Alfred brewed a hot whiskey punch. Rather enjoying our strange situation, we sat on benches around the table, eating and drinking with a very good appetite.

Then the momentous question turned up how we should pass the night, and it was resolved that we should all remain in the warm room, the gentlemen on straw on the floor, and Miss Runkel and myself with Jimmy in the four-poster. "*À la guerre comme à la guerre!*" The litter was soon made; three gentlemen, Prince Alfred, Prof. Busch, and Dr. von Kühlewetter, lay down on it, while I and Miss Runkel escalated the high four-poster.

In an adjoining compartment the shepherd had from the stable a goat and a lamb, which seemed much distressed with their change of quarters, for the lamb was bleating all night most pitifully, and its mother hushed it now and then with a comforting quaver, which displeased Jimmy who growled and snarled.

Such trifles did not matter, however; the three gentlemen evinced already some signs of sleep when the shepherdess hurriedly came in to correct a great neglect, that is, to bring me and Miss Runkel two of her nightcaps; for to sleep without a nightcap seems a perposterous idea to a Frenchwoman. The good creature was quite stupified by the uproarious laughter produced by her thoughtful kindness.

When the effects of this intermezzo had died away all settled again for sleep. Prince Alfred soon tuned a hymn in honour of Morpheus in a fine baritone snore; and Dr. von Kühlewetter accompanied him in a sentimental juvenile treble; whilst Professor Busch snored an equally cadenced deep bass, speaking of a peaceful, evenly balanced mind, and becoming the dignity of his position. It was a wonderful snoratorio rather improved by the bleating of the lamb, the quavering of the goat, and the growling of Jimmy.

Miss Runkel and I tried to follow the example thus given, and we thought we should succeed, when a surprised 'Oh!' of Miss Runkel showed that she was still awake. I need not to ask the cause of her ejaculation, for I felt it at the same moment, and Jimmy's impatient movements, which shook the four-poster, revealed to us undoubtedly the alarming truth that we were in the camp of a blood-thirsty, hostile army. Whether the French fleas were conscious that we were Prussians I do not know, but the most ferocious franc-tireurs could not have treated us more cruelly.

Well, even a night like that has an end, and thinking how the poor wounded had to suffer for their country, we meekly submitted to our fate; though we were glad when morning dawned. It was, however, a very bad morning, the rain pouring down in sheets.

We passed the night of the 10th in Varennes, and the following in Vienne le Château, where we arrived early in the house of a pastor, who gave us good rooms and a good dinner. We had a roast; the meat tasted somewhat like chicken, and we guessed that it might be a French rabbit, but we were rather astonished to hear that it had been a French cat! It was the first I ever ate, and I trust it was the last,—though it was rather good. After all, such a deceit from a clergyman grieved me.

Passing through Suipe, where we had very good quarters in a fine villa, and were treated extremely well, we arrived on November 11 in Rheims. We remained in that old city until the 17th, and had ample time to admire the fine cathedral, the triumphal arch, &c., and to discover that we had at home much better champagne than they sold at a rather high price in this home of that wine.

On November 17 we arrived in Ville aux Bois Jouchery, where we were quartered in a pretentious château, situated in a very tastefully laid-out and well kept park, belonging to Monsieur le Baron de Sachs. A gorgeously liveried footman opened the door of a saloon, announcing with great emphasis, 'Madame la Princesse!' On entering we saw a fat old lady, Madame la Baronne de Sachs; dressed up like an English frigate on the birthday of the Queen, each of her fat fingers covered up to the third joint with sparkling rings, who looked rather perplexed when she saw two insignificant persons, in

black woollen dresses without any flounces, and a white band with a red cross on their arms, enter, whom she probably took for two chambermaids preparing her for the arrival of Her Highness.

I am sure the pleasure of these pompous people was much spoilt by our simplicity, and on seeing my brother-in-law Alired in his shooting jacket their thoughts about German princes were not improved. We had an excellent lunch, but being quite disgusted with the Frenchified behaviour and speeches of these German renegades, I found pleasure in disappointing them by not appearing at dinner, pleading sickness and remaining in my bed.

The 18th of November we stayed in Braisne, and reached on the 19th Soissons, where we arrived at twelve o'clock, and were quartered in the house of a real French baron, de Sahume. The fine manners of the baroness, and the style of his hospitality, formed a striking contrast with that of the Baroness Sachs.

Soissons showed still many tokens of the recent siege. One of its suburbs was entirely in ruins, having been destroyed by the French themselves.

Sunday, the 20th, we arrived in Attichy. We were quartered in a house belonging to a tradesman, who, after having made some little money, settled as a 'particulier.' The French are a very sensible people in this respect; they do not live to work; they work to live. Their great ambition and desire is to earn enough to live independently of being obliged to work. As long as they are in business they are very industrious; they work day and night until they have made money enough to retire and to become 'particuliers.' As the habits and taste of the middle and lower classes in France are very simple and economical, it is not very difficult for steady people amongst them to save the few thousand francs which are required to live such a simple and frugal life as makes them contented and happy.

Our landlord was so much affected by the honour done to his house by having a Prince and Princess as guests, that he trembled all over and shed tears when I looked at him or addressed him. We had very good and comfortable rooms, and the proprietor and his wife waited in person upon us, for they did not keep a servant.

At six o'clock we dined. We were six at table: the 'particulier,' the 'particulière,' and her aged father, my brother-in-law, Miss Runkel and myself. The dinner, a soup with the meat in it, was placed on the bare table. The 'particulière' cut the bread and gave it to each in her hand, and with a smiling face. Our simple repast was illuminated by a solitary tallow candle, which was snuffed every few minutes by the same fingers which gave us the bread. I liked this dinner better than many very fine ones I had in France, in châteaux whose proprietors were base enough to feign German sympathies, whilst this poor honest man and patriot bravely said that he would rather die than see Prussia take one square foot of land.

Passing next morning in fine weather through magnificent woods, we arrived early in Compiègne, where we were splendidly quartered in the villa of a M. Sauvage, who was fortunately absent in Paris, eating, probably, horse steaks and roast rats, whilst we were sitting at his sumptuously provided dinner-table, drinking Prussian healths in excellent French champagne.

We remained in Compiègne four days, and visited, of course, the palace, and the once splendid, but now somewhat spoilt, rooms of the Empress Eugénie, wondering at their luxurious arrangements.

On the 25th we left Compiègne with the staff of General von Goeben, and overtook on the road General von Manteuffel and staff, with whom we entered Montidier. We had very fine rooms in the house of a gentleman, who was much affected in showing us from the window a place where five 'terrible' Prussian guns had been placed, which had fired five 'terrible' shots, which offered a most 'terrible' sight, and after which 'terrible' event the place surrendered.

Saturday, the 26th, we remained in Plessier-Rozainvillers. Next morning, Sunday, the 27th November, we marched early towards Moreuil. The weather was foggy, and soon became so dark that we could not see many paces around us. When we came to a turn in the road leading to our allotted quarters, which were in a little place somewhere between Moreuil and Amiens, we heard suddenly the rolling of musketry not far from us. Aides-de-camp were running about frantic, their horses looking in the fog like dromedaries. The whole column

halted. All waggons and carriages were ordered to the rear. I would not part with mine, and I had my will as usual ; the aides-de-camp having no time to persuade me. The French had taken advantage of the fog, and attacked us. At last I had my wish, I was in a battle ; but, alas, I did not see it ; I only heard the din of battle and the strange noise of the shells, and the malicious sharp sound of the chassepot bullets. Our friend from the staff, Major von Strantz, arrived in hot haste. ' Princess,' he cried, ' away, away, in the name of God, or you are lost ! ' I could not see it, and did not go ; but we were ordered to a near place behind a cluster of bushes in a dell, where we might be considered comparatively secure, but where we saw less than nothing. My brother-in-law's blood was up, however. He wanted to see the battle, and cantered off towards the front, allured and guided by the roll of musketry. If he was killed or wounded they at home would have charged me with his misfortune, I knew, and as his idle curiosity in that fog was foolish I sent an orderly after him to beg him to return ; but he pshawed and got indignant at the presumption of restricting his liberty of making a target of himself, and went on.

Meanwhile, poor Jimmy was a picture of despair. That he did not die of fright was a wonder ; he drew in his tail as close as possible, and took shelter between my feet.

My pet pigeon began fluttering in its basket, and I took it out on my fingers ; but on hearing all the strange noises it flapped its wings and looked alarmed ; I therefore put it again in its travelling place.

I have not yet said a word about my pigeon, which was a new pet of mine, called by some a new nuisance, on account of its harpying habits. I got it in a manner which is worth relating. An officer from Dresden, Lieutenant von Lavière, had been dangerously wounded, and his arm had been amputated. Miss Runkel and myself nursed the poor boy, and she wrote letters home for him, etc. He was very much affected by our manner of treating him, and he expressed to Miss Runkel his wish to show me in some manner his gratitude. His landlord had presented him with a young pigeon ; he had nothing else, and sent it to me—for breakfast. Had it been dead I would have eaten this sacrifice in a goddess-like manner ; but as it was sent alive I could not kill it, though at that time I might

have found it in my heart to kill a Frenchman. I resolved to keep it, and Professor Busch taught me how to feed it with soaked peas, which I took in my mouth. Alfred, who had an uneasy foreboding, urged the Professor to stuff the little nuisance to death ; but the good Professor did not, neither did I, and the Prince fed it himself out of his own mouth. It was an intelligent thing. Every morning it came on my bed, and if I were still asleep it gently pecked my eyelids or face to awaken me.

But to return to the battle. Professor Busch, the other doctors, and myself, tried hard to be permitted to go to the Verbandplatz, but we were told that we could not, as we would have to pass through a cross-fire. Moreover, we were ordered to keep as quiet as possible, and to comply promptly with the directions given, to move so many paces to the right or left, or forward or backward, as was required by the movements of the troops.

Standing near the bushes in the dale we saw the staff of General von Manteuffel, at a distance before us, on an eminence. Looking round towards us, and seeing through the fog only indistinctly my carriage and our mounted servants, he believed us to belong to the reserve artillery for which he had sent, and the officers jokingly said that he had mistaken Miss Runkel, who had remained on her seat in the carriage, for the Protzkasten (caisson).

The battle lasted from eleven o'clock a.m. until six o'clock p.m., and we all felt exceedingly hungry, for since our coffee at six in the morning we had eaten nothing. As our march of that day was so very short we had not taken anything to eat with us. By great favour we got at last some black bread and a slice of raw bacon, and I feasted on it with delight.

At last the fight was over ; I am afraid we had to make a retrograde movement, but I had my quarters at Moreuil in a cap store, called *au bon diable*.

After a battle, we were of course always very busy. At eight o'clock next morning I went to the hospital established in the school-house, where I found some old nuns, who assisted me in dressing the wounds of an officer and ten private soldiers, after which I drove with Alfred, Professor Busch, and Dr. von Kühlewetter, to see another hospital in Sains, where we found many wounded from the battle, and others who had

had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. I therefore went to General von Kummer, who gave me at once an order for meat, meat extract, and other things required ; but to provide for the moment I, with the permission of the kind-hearted general, robbed his own kitchen. He said his staff might live on half-rations for a day, and I answered it would serve him and them right, and that I was glad they had to do penance for having robbed me, two days ago, of my quarters, exposing me to attacks of a whole army-corps of ferocious little French brown hussars.

On November 29, after having attended to the wounded in Moreuil, I went to Amiens, of which the citadel was not yet in our hands ; it surrendered, however, the next day, after its brave commander had found the death desired by him, in mounting on the crest of the wall, making thus of himself a target for our sharp-shooters.

I was quartered in the house of an eminent lawyer, where we had very good rooms and were extremely well taken care of.

On December 1, Dr. Busch and I drove to Boves, where we found only twelve of our wounded, but two hundred wounded French soldiers, under the care of French doctors, who were very polite and kind to us. We breakfasted at the château of Boves, belonging to Baroness de Vaubert, who did a great deal for the wounded.

We visited, in Boves, the English Colonel Cox and his wife, who had there a dépôt of the International Society for the aid of the wounded. Though the sympathy of these English was said to be more with the French than with us I cannot complain that they showed any partiality, but have only to acknowledge their readiness to assist us, and their doing so with no stint, but in the most liberal manner. I received from them, amongst other things, several fine surgical instruments and also a splendid reputation case, which I gave to Dr. von Kühlewetter, Professor Busch's skilful assistant.

Colonel Cox was a tall, thin, particularly English-looking Englishman, and Mrs. Cox a little, very active, English lady. I shall have to mention them on another occasion, where they rendered us the most important services in great need. They gave us now a whole waggon-load of excellent things, amongst which were many delicacies and a good quantity of very valu-

able condensed milk, all of which I sent to the hospital in Sains, were still were one hundred and eighty severely wounded.

General von Manteuffel visited all the hospitals, and spoke kindly to the wounded, convincing himself that they were cared for. There were four hundred in the Museum; a most beautiful building, built by Napoleon III., containing very fine pictures and statues, of which many were gifts of the Emperor and Empress. The library had also been fitted up as a hospital. With these wounded in Amiens, Moreuil, and Sains, we had always plenty of occupation.

On December 7, we all started for Rouen, and arrived in Granvillers in a great snowstorm: it was very agreeable for us that we got good quarters in a hotel, for we needed refreshment. We met here a clergyman, the *Divisions Prediger Clausius*, who was excellent company, and no despiser of good champagne, which agreed very well with his cloth, especially as he did not like to drink it alone.

Next day we came to La Feuille, where we were quartered in the château belonging to Baron Gaston de Joubert, which offered a sad spectacle, for it looked like a plucked hen. All the *ports* were broken open, and over the floor were scattered a great variety of things, as dresses, bonnets, shawls, slippers, children's toys, books, and hundreds of other objects too long to mention.

An old man-servant of the house was very sorry for his masters. With tears in his eyes he fetched from a corner a picture representing a beautiful lady, saying, 'Look, this is my sweet mistress; and God knows what she will do when she returns and finds her home destroyed in this manner.' I do not know what troops committed this act of barbarity, or the reason of it.

The mayor sent us supper and bed-linen, but we felt very cold and desolate; for in the room in which I was sleeping with Miss Runkel the stove was worse than no stove, for it smoked and no fire could be made.

We arrived in Rouen on December 9, late in the evening, and had to dislodge three officers who had taken possession of our quarters. When we went out next day to look at the cathedral we were struck by the appearance of the people, who stared at us with such burning hatred in their eyes that it was quite painful. The streets were crowded with hundreds

of beggars, who all looked more like robbers. Most of them were workmen out of work, and the citizens were very much afraid they would plunder the city if we left it.

In the museum we found a portrait of a Prince Croy, who had been archbishop of Rouen, and whose tomb, with a beautiful monument, is in the cathedral.

Sunday, the 11th, I called with Miss Runkel on General von Manteuffel to ask him for an order for woollen things, of which the wounded were much in need, as it was very cold. Though I had seen the general often, this was the first time I spoke with him. Hearing that the want of cigars was badly felt by the officers, and having still about seven hundred left, I proposed an exchange for woollen things, which were easily to be had, as they were manufactured in Rouen, and he accepted, much amused with my talent for trade, giving me an order for the things I required.

Our staying in Rouen was by no means pleasant, for the people hated us intensely, and, if they really had had an idea how weak we were, they might have captured all of us, for, in fact, there were no soldiers in the city except the staff and the wounded.

We all were glad when we had Rouen behind us without shots being sent after us, for it was believed by several that we should not be permitted to pass the gate.

We marched out on the 17th, and near Le Héron we were quartered in the house of M. Auguste Renard, the mayor, an old man of seventy-two, who had been taken by our troops and condemned to be shot as a spy; but General von Goeben had investigated the case, and he came off with the fright. On the 18th we were in Marseille-le-Petit, and the following day in Breuil, from whence we next day were to return to Amiens to re-occupy it. The citadel had always remained occupied by our troops.

On December 23 we received from headquarters the notice to prepare ourselves for a battle. The French barred our road, and had taken a rather favorable position in the village of Querrière and the heights behind it. We advanced on the main road leading to that place, but when arrived at a house which was about six miles from it, we were ordered to stay there and wait for further orders. It was towards eleven o'clock, a.m., when we had to advance again until we saw the

village of Quèrrière about a musket-shot before us, and our troops forming for the attack. It was as wonderful a winter day as I have ever seen. The sun was shining brightly, though it was cold, and the snow appeared like sparkling silver. The columns of our infantry advanced in the regular and steady manner I had seen often in our manœuvres near Coblentz and Cologne.

Professor Busch looked out for a proper site to establish a 'Verbandplatz.' There stood a little house on the road, a shoemaker's shop, which seemed convenient; it was in every way a better place than any in the field, offering protection against the cold, which would have rendered any operations nearly impossible. The house had already attracted the attention of some other ambulance party arriving before us, but after much deliberation, hastened by some bullets, it was considered too near the front and given up. Professor Busch, however, seeing no other place near, decided on establishing ourselves there, trusting to chance and good luck.

Some slightly wounded were already there, and, as the place was very confined and they had to remain outside, where they were exposed to being wounded again, the professor wished to have them carried back to the place where we had stopped at first for further orders. No means of transportation being at hand, I offered my light carriage, and Frank, the coachman, drove several times to the house on the road, and went afterwards even on the battle-field, in the rear of our advancing troops, to pick up some wounded.

Our house was very small and consisted of only two narrow rooms. We had, of course, brought with us all necessary things, and arranged these rooms as a 'Verbandplatz.' The floor of one of them was covered with straw, being reserved exclusively for those who were wounded beyond any hope and must die. In the other room were placed the tables for amputation.

The wounded were brought in in great numbers, and amongst them were sixteen deadly wounded, who were laid in the afore-mentioned room to die. These were mostly those that had received wounds in the body, and who bled inwardly to death. They did not suffer so much as those whose limbs were shattered, and had, therefore, no idea of the danger of their situation.

Amongst those deadly wounded was a young soldier wounded by a piece of a shell in the abdomen. The professor saw at once that there was no hope; he therefore only stuffed as much lint as possible into the fearful wound, and had him laid aside on the straw. The poor man, who did not feel much pain, believed himself neglected, and when I came to look after him he complained to me that the wounds of the others that came after him were dressed; he wanted to be dressed also, and to be sent back to the hospital at Amiens, &c.

Poor fellow! It would have been too cruel to tell him that he must die; and the Professor told me to give him some morphine and whatever he wanted to drink.

Alas, we had nothing to drink, neither wine nor brandy; and it was so much required by the wounded and others too, for it was, as I said, very cold. There arrived help at the right moment; an English captain, sent by Colonel Cox, brought us a whole waggon-load of good things, as port wine, sherry, brandy, whiskey, biscuits, condensed milk, etc., not forgetting warm blankets and warm clothing. This International Society was indeed a blessing to us, and they were everywhere at the different 'Verbandplatze.' I am sorry that I have not retained the names of the gentlemen who rendered us such good services; but in fact I was too much occupied always to inquire, and did not know even the names of many with whom I worked together for weeks. I remember, however, that of an American, Mr. Goodenough, also belonging to the International Society, and the person, though not the name, of a young Englishman of some noble family, who made himself very useful.

The English captain did not bring provisions for the wounded only; it had not been forgotten that other people would require refreshments also, and there was plenty.

We all had our hands full of work, for Professor Busch had to perform nine amputations; and in the other room on the straw were lying sixteen mortally wounded, who all died there. I assisted at all the amputations by chloroforming the men; made hot water, washed off the blood, and cleaned the sponges, knives, and other surgical instruments, etc., whilst soldier servants carried in the wounded, fetched water and what else was required.

We were too busy to pay much attention to the sound of shells passing over our house, for Professor Busch said it would be time enough to think of our security when a shell should strike the roof, which, however, fortunately did not happen. The things going on outside were interesting enough to attract my curiosity, and whenever I had a moment to spare, wanting some fresh air, I went outside to see how the battle was going on. This was, however, a rather dangerous curiosity, which cost much to the division pastor, Rev. Mr. Gross, from Coblenz. He had attended to his merciful duty, comforting some dying, and went to the corner of the house to take some air, when he was struck by a bullet and rather severely wounded.

The scene was a most lively one, for every moment wounded arrived, or officers of the staff running with messages to different places, stopping for a moment at our house and accepting gratefully some much-needed refreshment.

Our house became soon too full, and many poor wounded had to remain for hours outside in the bitter cold, until rough peasant carts arrived to carry them to the hospital in Amiens, where Miss Runkel had remained. Professor Busch and all of us felt the greatest pity, and were quite distressed when we saw the poor amputated carried like sheep in these rough vehicles, in which they suffered immensely on their long drive to Amiens, which was more than ten English miles off.

I regretted much the want of such ambulances as we had in America, and which were so immensely useful. At some other part of this work I have spoken about them and other American sanitary arrangements, to which I refer.

Querrière was taken by our troops, and darkness ended the battle, but not our work ; but much could not be done by the light of the candles which we found amongst the provisions brought by these kind, thoughtful English people. We were, however, utterly exhausted ; wrapt up in our work, we did not feel that we were hungry and thirsty ; but now nature would have its due. A tired and hungry doctor from some other station dropped in, and so did several officers ; we were about a dozen persons in the little room.

I rinsed the kettle I had used, and with condensed milk I made some splendid chocolate. The amputation table was superficially wiped with straw ; and sitting and standing around

it we enjoyed our chocolate and English biscuits, whilst in the next room were sixteen dead and dying, and in the corner of our room a heap of cut-off arms and legs.

It was past eight p.m. when we, tired as hunters, arrived in Amiens, not however to rest or sleep, for much work awaited us in the museum. Of course the wounds had been dressed on the battle-field in a hurried manner, and had to be redressed again now. Poor surgeon-general Dr. Wagner, of the second army corps, who died afterwards of typhus, Professor Busch, some other doctors, Miss Runkel, and myself worked until three o'clock a.m., when we went to our well-earned rest,—but only for three hours. At six o'clock next morning we were up again, for a renewal of the battle was expected; but as there was only slight skirmishing going on, and doctors enough in the field, Dr. Busch thought that his presence would be of more avail in the hospital.

Amongst the many wounded was an artilleryman, whose face was one black mass, a hardened crust covering it like a vizor. One hand was also burnt, and his foot was pierced by a long shaft of iron, torn off from the carriage of the gun when the caisson exploded, being struck by a shot. The Professor feared that he would lose both his eyes, but gave him in charge of Miss Runkel, who, with the greatest patience, bathed his poor eyes with a sponge to soften the crust, and after many days she at last succeeded in removing it. Lifting with a little lint the much swollen eyelids, Miss Runkel was delighted on hearing him exclaim that he could see. His eyes were indeed saved, and his other wounds also healed.

The 25th of December was poor Felix's birthday and mine also; it was the first I had passed without him, and I was extremely sad. To overcome my thoughts, I worked all day in the hospital. Somebody had told my good landlady that it was my birthday, and she invited all my friends to a celebration dinner at seven o'clock p.m., but I could not take part in it, though my brother-in-law was rather angry with me, for my non-appearance grieved the kind people of the house. Next day, however, when the birthday of Prince Alfred was celebrated, I could not refuse.

I had arranged in Amiens a kind of private hospital of my own, where were lying officers ill with typhus, to whom, after the battle, were added some wounded. Amongst these latter,

but in the 'Petit Lycée' hospital, was a young officer from Coblenz, a friend of ours, Count Lutichau, and also a Captain Voelkel. Both of them had young wives, and their only thought was with them, and ever and again they wished to have them near their bed. I therefore promised to telegraph for them ; but found it very difficult to keep my promise, for I had to go to many persons and at last to apply for permission to the commander of the army himself.

The wounded were happy when I told them that I had telegraphed, and they counted the hours. Whenever poor Lutichau heard me he opened his large black eyes and asked with such a longing voice whether his dear wife had not arrived yet. Travelling in that time, was, however, a difficult thing, depending on chance and taxing patience to the utmost. Both Countess Lutichau and Mrs. Voelkel lived in Coblenz. The latter being retained by some circumstance or other, the countess started alone, and arrived on the morning when poor Captain Voelkel died. About twelve hours later in the middle of the night, when I was already in bed, somebody knocked at my door ; it was Mrs. Captain Voelkel ; I felt so very sorry for the poor young wife, who was quite stiff with cold, for the weather was very severe, and I gave up my bed to her.

The young widow wanted to take the body of her husband home ; and I had to run about to the prefecture, the headquarters, to order a coffin, etc., and all the people employed in that sad affair came to me. Countess Lutichau was more fortunate, she had the happiness to nurse her husband and see him recover.

In the commencement of January we received notice to provide proper accommodation for General von Blankensee, who had typhoid fever. The general, who had been suffering already some time from fever, would not admit that he was ill, but at last when he became delirious, he had to go to Amiens. On his arrival, and descending from the carriage, two soldiers offered to assist him, but he shook them off impatiently, saying that he was not so ill and weak that he could not walk alone, and collecting all his strength he really did ; but he was so wasted and pale that it was pitiful to look at him.

As he felt uncomfortable in the narrow hospital bed and wished for a wider one, I tried to satisfy him, and could not manage it in any other manner than by entering with some

soldiers an hotel and helping myself to a good convenient bed. The landlord lavished a whole flood of French exclamations and complained at the prefecture; but the prefect, Count Lehndorf, did not deal very severely with me, and the general retained his bed. He was indeed very ill, and I nursed him with great care, myself cooking for him. He, however, wanted to see his dear good wife, and the thought of her did not leave his mind for a moment. As he was so dangerously ill, we telegraphed for her; but she lived far away in Germany, and day passed after day, each probably appearing to the poor general like a week. At last she arrived after eight days, and the joy of her husband was great; he repeated over and over again, 'I knew she would come, I knew it.' I arranged a small adjoining room for her, and he had at last the consolation of dying in the arms of his beloved wife, a few days after her arrival. The poor woman was nearly heartbroken, and her sufferings opened all the wounds of my heart; it was almost beyond my strength.

All these ladies wrote afterwards kind letters to me, thanking me for the care I had bestowed on their husbands, and the little services I was enabled to render them. Though I did not go to the field to satisfy my vanity or earn any praise, I felt gratified by such letters, of which I received many even from private soldiers, who, when at home amongst their families, remembered that I had dressed their wounds, taken care for their comfort and spoken kind words to them.

In the night of January 4, we were ordered to Albert, near which place a fight had occurred in which the 8th regiment of cuirassiers had been engaged. It was bitter cold when Professor Busch, Dr. von Kühlewetter, Prince Alfred and myself drove there. We found in Albert, Captain von Marien, of the 8th cuirassiers, who lay in a private house. He was very badly wounded, and the Professor decided that he must suffer an amputation. Whilst the Professor cut off his leg I chloroformed him, and afterwards the captain requested me to telegraph to Deutz for his wife, which was done from Amiens, where I, however, could not go myself, as we were wanted in Bapaume. A fight had taken place near that town on the 2nd and 3rd, and on evacuating it the French had carried off our wounded.

As we entered Bapaume the alarum was sounding, for it had

been reported that the French were advancing. Whoever has not seen such a scene cannot imagine it. The place was only occupied by cavalry, commanded by General Count Groeben. When we entered his headquarters the General had left, but we found in the kitchen his distracted cook, the roast on the spit and a good meal in preparation. When I saw him pack up the half-cooked meat, and everything he could grab in his hurry, I stopped him, requesting him to run if he liked behind his general, but to leave us the victuals, for Bapaume looked as if there was nothing eatable to be had in it. The cook defended manfully his general's dinner, but yielding to my persuasion and perseverance we at last secured a sufficient supply. The French, however, did not come that time, and Count Groeben had been airing himself all day for nothing.

We heard that the French had carried our wounded to a village not far off, where they were left, the French having evacuated. These wounded, about one hundred, we found in the most miserable state. They had been carried off from Bapaume on horseback, or thrown pell-mell into carts, and though many of them were very severely wounded their wounds were not dressed for several days. Amongst them was Captain von Butler, who had a shot through his lungs. After having examined him Professor Busch told me that there was no hope, and requested me to give him a dose of morphine to comfort him, and do what was possible, but die he must ; and so he did.

The wounded were all brought to a convent, forming a part of a building used as a barrack, and in communication with it. After the wounded had had their wounds dressed, my first care was to look out for something for them to eat. I found in the kitchen a man, Heinrich, whom I had often seen, as he was head-waiter at Perron's, a fine restaurant in Bonn, and who had volunteered to go to the war as a cook. I knew him to be a practical, handy man, having met him before in the war and admired the good care which he took of the wounded in a hospital to which he was attached. He was very serviceable now ; he cooked for the poor wounded, and assisted me, and I was always pleased when I saw him occasionally at Perron's, where he is still head-waiter.

Looking about in the convent serving us as hospital, I entered a darkened little room, where I found a bed with some-

body in it. On examining the patient, I started back rather frightened, when looking in the black face of a Frenchman, left there ill with the small-pox.

We remained a night and a day in Bapaume, when again came news of an advance of the French, and General Groeben left with his troops. We started several hours after him, and the French arrived, only much later, having ascertained that the Prussians had evacuated the place.

I returned to Amiens. I found plenty of work in the museum, where we had about five hundred wounded brought from different places, mostly in a state of exhaustion, and the Professor urgently demanded that they should be well nourished and have between their regular meals each, bread and butter, with meat, and a glass of wine, which gave Miss Runkel and myself enough to do.

Poor General Blankensee died, as I mentioned before, and Mrs. von Blankensee wanted to take home his body. Mrs. Captain von Marien had also arrived, accompanied by Mrs. von L——, her friend, and a nun, with a letter of recommendation from Colonel von Wedell, the staff commander of Cologne, an old friend of mine, who sent everybody to me. Though I had scarcely a minute to spare and my usual duties were fatiguing me to the utmost limit of my strength, I had not only to comfort these poor afflicted wives, but also to advise them and to attend to their most trifling affairs, as they were amongst us like the babes in the wood.

Mrs. von Marien, who was very delicate and nervous, of course wanted to be with her wounded husband in Albert, but on hearing that it was again occupied by the French, she became frightened and undecided, went many times out and in the carriage, until at last her love conquered, and she went off with the nun; her friend Mrs. von L——, whose husband was also a captain in the cavalry, remained behind, and Count Lehndorf kindly provided quarters for her in the town-hall, where she had the pleasure of seeing her husband, whilst her friend nursed and comforted Captain von Marien, who died however.

Calling one day on Count Lehndorf on some business, I had a pain in my back and a dreadful headache. The Count on looking in my face exclaimed, quite alarmed, 'For God's sake, Princess, what is the matter with you? Have you not

seen your face? Go home at once, and to bed, for you are very ill.'

I had not seen my face that morning, for I could do my hair and toilet without a looking-glass; it was red and inflamed all over, and returning to my quarters I at once sent for Professor Busch. When he looked at me he made a rather long, serious face, for I had caught the small-pox in Bapaume from the Frenchman who had been left behind in the hospital.

Prince Alfred was quite beside himself. The Professor did not give me any other medicine but hot milk, as much as I could drink, and I am happy to say that the thing turned out better than any of us expected, owing, as the doctor said, to my healthy blood and good condition. I did not get the black small-pox, but a more harmless kind, which left only three little marks on my face.

When we on the 16th of January received marching orders for Peronne, where a skirmish had occurred, and a battle was expected, I had been in bed only four days, and Professor Busch said, if I got up and caught a cold I should die. I did not, however, care if I did, and left also for Peronne, where General von Memerty was severely wounded, and lying in a private house. He had a shot in the same place as that from which poor Captain von Marien died, and when Professor Busch examined the state of the wound he said that it was too late for amputation, and ordered a plaster of Paris bandage, which I prepared. When it was done, Dr. von Kühlewetter asked me in a whisper, 'What do you say, Princess, will he die?' I shook my head and said confidently, 'He will live.' The doctor believed in my faculty for seeing life or death in the face of a patient, having been always correct in my prophecies. I cheered up the general who eagerly looked in my eyes, and told him that everything would go well with him. He said afterwards, that the expression of my eyes had given him great comfort and confidence, adding some compliments to these eyes, which of course pleased me because they were honestly meant.

We found in Peronne about three hundred wounded, all in a very miserable state. Professor Busch said that they must be taken to Amiens, but have something to eat before leaving. There was nothing to be had in that utterly devastated place, and we were in despair, when again our good English friends

came to our assistance. They brought us a great quantity of good things, especially potted meat, which was highly welcome and much needed. Finding in the kitchen of a barrack three large boilers, I had them filled with water, put in the meat and every crust of bread we could find, and with this I made a good soup with which Prince Alfred and Miss Runkel fed the poor wounded. Prince Alfred was untiring in his merciful duties as a knight of Malta ; he was always on the spot day and night, and doing the most menial services, in nursing, not only the wounded, but especially those ill with typhus or small-pox, of whom there were a great number amongst the French. All the patients we found in Peronne were placed in carts and conveyed to Amier

People reading at home in the papers of battles and of the number of dead and wounded, cannot easily imagine the sights we saw, the heartrending scenes through which we had to pass, and the immense deal of work we had to do. When evening came we were often utterly exhausted. One night, when Prince Alfred by mere chance passed a yard, he saw in the snow a dark human form, and coming near he found Miss Runkel senseless on the ground. Having worked all day, she was sitting at the bedside of a wounded man, when the smell, added to her exhausted state, became too much for her ; she went out to have some fresh air and fainted.

Jimmy the dog had a better life than we had. In Amiens he did not hear any firing and was happy ; but I suppose he was ashamed at being so idle, or the war-fever raging around seized him,—he wanted to fight the French on his part also. One day, when coming with me out of the hospital, he met a large French dog, of the Newfoundland breed, carrying a basket in his mouth. Jimmy scarcely saw him before he charged. The large Frenchman, quietly putting down his basket, caught poor Jimmy by one of his ears, and having torn out a piece, he took up his basket again and trotted off, leaving Jimmy profusely bleeding in my arms. Though I sympathized greatly with my favourite's defeat, I could not but admire his big enemy, which was the most dignified Frenchman I ever saw.

On January 19, 1871, General von Goeben beat the French in the battle of St. Quentin, in the most decided and glorious manner. They were commanded by General Faidherbe, replacing General Bourbaki, who was left to be beaten somewhere else.

When we went to St. Quentin we passed over the battlefield, which was still strewn with dead and all kinds of arms. The ground in consequence of rains, was extremely soft, and the French found it just as hard to run away as the Prussians to run after them. Evidence of this was found in the many boots and even stockings we saw sticking in the mud.

Arriving in St. Quentin we did not find General Goeben, as he was in pursuit of the nimble-footed enemy. We took up quarters in a little hotel and commenced work. A hospital had been established in Le Petit Lycée, where we had nearly five hundred wounded.

When General von Goeben returned to St. Quentin he required the little hotel for head-quarters, and we had to look out for some other house. It was found by Prince Alfred in a splendid place, discovered by the knights of St. John, who had established there their depôt, and had still room enough for Professor Busch and his whole party.

This house belonged to the family of Cambronne, and had been locked up since the death of its last proprietor. It was very spacious and provided with a very well supplied wine-cellar and other provisions. Amongst other things I discovered, behind a carefully-locked door which attracted my attention, a great quantity of preserves, fruit, jellies, and jams, which I acquired in the regular way of requisition for my wounded; and the same was the case in reference to the wine-cellar, from which a good number of bottles were used for the hospital.

I have already said that there was not much love lost between the knights of St. John and the doctors. The former assumed an authority to which the doctors would not submit, as it became indeed sometimes very troublesome and hindering; the knights indignant at this want of respect, could not forbear showing their displeasure, and annoying the doctors whenever they had an opportunity.

M. von Brinken, in charge of the depôt in the Hôtel Cambronne, in order to show that the knights of St. John were not as ignorant and unpractical in reference to the arrangements required for a hospital as these irreverent scientific leeches asserted, had resolved to establish a little hospital of his own, which was intended to become a kind of pattern hospital. As it seemed, however, a pity to place the wounded in the magnificent house itself, the hospital was established in a rather

dismal-looking outhouse, which might have served as a manufactory of some kind or other. As Professor Busch and others, however, found that the site of this outhouse was by no means healthy, M. von Brinken had to make *bonne mine au mauvais jeu*, and transfer the wounded, mostly if not all Saxons, to two splendid halls of the mansion itself, which were arranged for that purpose. M. von Brinken, had, however, counted without his host, as he found out very soon, for the doctors, who had their hands full at the great hospital in the Lycée refused attend the private hospital in the Hôtel Cambronne.— Though Professor Busch lived in the same house, and now and then visited the wounded lying there, he had more important duties, which occupied him nearly all day somewhere else; and M. von Brinken had no other assistance than that of Miss Runkel, who for longer than a week worked herself nearly to death. She washed herself the feet of her twenty-six patients, who arrived mostly in a most filthy state, before she placed them in the clean beds, and dressed their wounds to her best ability. She had also to cook for them all, and even to carry the water. Only much later she got a French woman to assist her in these menial duties. I could do for her but little, as I had more than enough on my hands with my five hundred wounded in the official great hospital.

The end of the thing was that the knight had to give in and to break up his doctorless hospital, removing his wounded to the Lycée, where Miss Runkel took especial charge of the officers' ward.

At the head of the dépôt of the knights in the Hôtel Cambronne was, as said before, M. von Brinken, who was followed later by Count von Sierstorppff, and besides him were at times other knights in the house, as Count Schafgotsch, Count Finkenstein and others, with whom we passed some most pleasant hours after having attended the duties of the day. Mine were by no means easy. Leaving the dressing of the wounds to the doctors and the nurses, I made it again my especial duty to provide for the nourishment of my five hundred people. I created order in the large kitchen, and took care to have my larder always sufficiently supplied.

Before I left in the evening I gave out what was required for the first breakfast, and ordered what was to be cooked for dinner next day. Early in the morning a carriage furnished

by the Prefect fetched us from our house. Having convinced myself first that all my orders had been executed, I prepared myself the lunch. I, with two assistants, cut bread for all the five hundred, buttered it, and put on it some meat or jam. Before I left for my own dinner I went to the kitchen, superintended the cooking and tasted the dinner for my wounded, giving my orders for special cases.

After dinner, when the wounded had had their coffee I took with me a good supply of cigars from the stores of the knights, and went through the different wards distributing the cigars myself, not trusting always the attendants, who coveted this much desired article, which commenced to get scarce. On this occasion I spoke to the men, inquiring what they had had for lunch and dinner, thus making sure that my orders had been carried out properly. Then I superintended the preparations for supper, and having made my arrangements, for next day, I went home, mostly dead beat. If I had much work and trouble I at least had the satisfaction that the commissary department of the hospital was in excellent order, and that everything went on like clock-work.

Miss Runkel attended, as I mentioned before, to the wounded officers. When she had ascertained from me all that was to be had next day for dinner, she went with this *menu* to the officers to hear what each of them might prefer, and communicated it to me.

Thus the hospital was carried on, from the 20th of January until the 10th of February when I left for Germany. At that time the armistice had been concluded, and my brother-in-law wished to go home to look after his family and his private affairs, and his eldest son Leopold was also to take leave of absence. They were of opinion that I could not well stay alone behind.

The doctor wished Miss Runkel to remain at least, promising to see her home safely after peace was concluded; but having become much attached to me, and her family not wishing her to remain alone with the army, she consented to return and to stay with me as my friend and companion.

With this my activity in the war ended. I did my duty to the best of my ability, and if I may trust to the expressions of thanks in many letters which I received, I am justified in believing that my services were of some avail.

The commander of the army to which I was attached, General von Manteuffel, who had observed my activity both in the hospitals and in the battles of Moreuil on November 27th, and in that of the 23rd of December near Querrière, ordered the surgeon-general of his army, Dr. Westphal, to take information in reference to my behaviour and activity as a nurse. He therefore applied officially to the surgeon-general of the 8th army corps, Professor Dr. Busch, and after having received a report from him and submitted it to General von Manteuffel, the latter asked for me from His Majesty the order of the iron cross, which request was forwarded to Versailles by an especial courier. He received, however, the answer that this order could only be given to men, but that a decoration for the women who had distinguished themselves in the war would be awarded and that I should receive it. This decoration was bestowed on many thousands of women throughout all Germany, whether they worked on the battlefield, or hundreds of miles away from it; and as it could only be awarded according to the reports made by local authorities, it has now and then been given to persons who had some local influence, although their exertions for the army were rather trifling.

After General von Manteuffel had gone south, General von Goeben commanded the 2nd army, and I had the pleasure of receiving from him the following letter :

‘ Amiens, the 5th March, 1871.

‘ In reply to the letter received from your Highness, I, on your parting from here, feel urged to express in the name of the 1st army the thanks which the same owes to you. During all the war until peace your Highness has with the utmost self-sacrifice uninterruptedly kept in view the difficult task which you undertook voluntarily at the commencement of the war, and has benefited the sick and wounded in the most efficient manner. The army thanks you for this generous devotion from thousands of hearts, and as I have the honour of commanding now the 1st army I beg to be allowed to express to your Highness this thanks in the name of all, and especially of those whom the careful hand of your Highness has nursed and solaced in the hard days of suffering.

‘ Requesting your Highness to accept the assurance of the greatest respect, I have the honour of remaining, etc.

‘ (Signed) VON GOEBEN,

‘ General of Infantry.’

Having asked the gallant commander of the 2nd army corps, General von Fransecky, for his photograph for my album of the war, I received from him the following letter, which I publish more on account of its distinguished amiable writer than for my own satisfaction :

'The kind letter with which your Highness favoured me has been duly received the day before yesterday here in Strasburg, where I have been since a few days, in my new position as commanding general of the newly formed 15th army corps. Thanking you for it very heartily I need not add that its reception, as a visible token of your continued favour and grace, makes me very happy. I have often remembered the time, in which I saw your Highness work with such devoted and self-sacrificing, with such effective and beneficial activity for our sick and wounded in the hospitals and depots at Ars-sur-Moselle, and never ceased greatly admiring and thanking you for it ; and I am sure that at home many grateful hearts will still remember you for a long time afterwards, and proclaim your praise thankfully and honouring you. None of the many noble women, who like you have undertaken to care for and nurse the wounded in the field hospitals, have equalled you in zeal ; none have been able to surpass you in success,—of this I have been a witness ! The reward of heaven will and cannot fail you, and the dear gracious God who took from you your husband will from henceforth let spring from those works of Christian charity the richer blessings ! He will be your protector and comforter, when and where you should feel yourself alone ! !

'It was very amiable and gracious of you to follow with your thoughts myself and the Pomeranian Army Corps on the ways which fate led us just before Paris, and then to the Swiss frontier, and that you bestowed your sympathies and praise on the feats of arms of our soldiers, which were favoured and rewarded with success by good luck. Please to accept for this likewise my heartfelt thanks. It is a fine reward for a soldier to hear from the lips of a pretty and noble lady the acknowledgment of having done his duty. And *that* we have done all—but not *more* !

'Understanding fully your grief in breaking up your home in Coblenz. I sympathise with it from the depth of my heart. In the bosom of your relatives in Anhoit I hope you will find that rest and comfort you require so much, after the hard times you had since the summer of last year. Also your grief will be soothed there, where all feel it so deeply with you !

'Since your Highness has shown such friendly interest in my fortunes during the war, I may suppose that my transfer from the 2nd to the 15th Army Corps and its meaning will not have escaped your notice. His Majesty the Emperor and King, in placing me at the head of this new army corps and these newly acquired countries, intended to give me a proof of his particular confidence, and in this expression I feel spurred on anew to do everything in my power to make myself worthy of this confidence. The task which I found to be accomplished here is, however, *very difficult*—and until now I do not see anything around me but chaos ! I feel, however, strong in my good will and confidence and reliance in myself—and what is still the principal thing, in God. With *His* assistance I hope to pull through !

‘ Herewith I beg to forward the ordered photographs; I hope to replace them soon by better ones. It has become usual in the world to exchange photograph for photograph; will your Highness present me with yours as an evidence of your favour? You will follow at least graciously the usus!

‘ With the expression of the greatest respect and devotion, I have the honour of signing as

‘ Your Highness's most obedient,

‘ FRANSECKY,

‘ General of Infantry.

‘ Strasburg, April 7th, 1871.’

CHAPTER XXIII.

Going to Germany—In Anholt—My husband's debts—Different views—Returning to my deserted home—Sympathisers—Pestered to death—A last appeal to a brother—A princely answer—What I resolved to do—Baron Edward Openheim—Going to Berlin—A private audience with his Majesty the Emperor—What happened in it—General von Treskow—My offer accepted—Audience with my gracious Empress—Moving to the Augusta hospital—Noble nurses—Visit of Emperor and Empress—A present from Her Majesty—Lost—Called home—Moving to Bonn—Persecutions—A forged signature—Law suit—My health failing—In Luzern—Going to Clarence—To Pisa—To Naples—Eruption of Mount Vesuvius—I want to see it very near—Jimmy's distress—Pompeii.

ESCORTED by my nephew, Prince Leopold, and accompanied by Miss Runkel, Jimmy, and my pigeon, which I intended as a present for my youngest niece, Princess Flaminia, in Anholt, I left Amiens. Before returning to my so long deserted, once happy home in Coblentz, I had resolved to pay a visit to Anholt, in order to consult with my brother-in-law in reference to my future. My poor husband had in his letter recommended me to Prince Alfred's care, and the latter had assured me repeatedly that he would assist me as a brother.

When the war broke out so suddenly, and we had to leave Coblentz, it was impossible to make any arrangements. I was afraid to return there unprepared, for I knew very well what I should have to encounter. Necessity had compelled me to renounce the heritage of my husband, and I did so under the advice of my brother-in-law, as I was unable to pay all his debts, of which the greater part were contracted before he married me.

There existed, however, debts which had been incurred

during our life in Coblenz, and amongst them a great number of unsettled household bills owing to servants and tradespeople, which I felt in honour bound to pay, even if I should have to make the greatest personal sacrifices. I knew very well that I was not bound by law to do so, but there are laws superior even to those managed by the courts and lawyers. These debts were comparatively trifling, amounting in all to a few thousand thalers, and I expected from Prince Alfred that he would enter into my views and assist me in carrying them out.

Prince Alfred had assisted his brother frequently. Though not compelled by the laws of the country to do so, other laws to which I alluded above made this assistance a duty. The trifling appanage to which Felix, as a younger brother, had been entitled by the law of the country, was applied to the payment of debts made when in the Austrian service. On his return from Mexico, Prince Alfred allowed him out of his own pocket twelve hundred thalers a year, and paid part of his debts, for which a life assurance policy served as a security. It was paid to Prince Alfred, and thus his sacrifices were considerably diminished. Moreover, by the death of poor Felix, the annuity of twelve hundred thalers and the regular appanages expired. I am far from blaming Prince Alfred for acting with circumspection, for he had himself many children.

The Prince did not think it necessary for the honour of his family to pay usurers and sharpers who had profited by the improvidence of the young prince his brother, and his views in this respect were approved by other men who are better judges than myself in reference to such a subject; and these views were not repugnant to my feelings either.

But far different was it in reference to straightforward, unquestionable claims, debts contracted with tradesmen who had furnished us the necessities of life, people who lived by their honest trade, as grocers, butchers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, &c., not to speak of house-servants, whose several claims it was impossible to settle before leaving for the war. There my views differed from those of my brother-in-law, who maintained that I was not bound to pay them, and refused to lend me the money to do so.

During my short sojourn in Anholt I did not succeed in altering his opinion, which disappointed me much. By his brave behaviour in Mexico, and his glorious death, my poor

husband had done more for the honour of his family than any of its members for several hundred years ; and I imagined that the head of that family might perhaps be inclined to honour his memory by sacrificing a few paltry thousands, and the more as he, as mentioned before, received the sum for which Felix's life was insured, and had no longer to pay his annuity.

I shall not say more about it, but only state facts necessary to justify the course I was compelled to pursue in consequence of this refusal.

The prince offered me rooms and free station in his castle, where I might have lived to the end of my life by his grace. As I had, however, my pension from His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, which I did not owe to the family of Salm but to myself, and moreover, a small pension as the widow of a Prussian major dead on the battlefield, and for other reasons I declined that offer, and returned, with rather bitter feeling in my heart, and only about 200 thalers in my pocket, to Coblentz.

When I entered my old home, the first I had since my marriage, and where I had passed a happy time, I felt as a mother who has lost her babe may feel on first entering the empty nursery and seeing there the toys with which her darling once played. Opening my husband's writing-table and looking around in his room, every trifling object reminded me of some little occurrence or some words spoken by him ; and my grief, for which I had, as it were, no leisure during the ardent duties of the war, broke out now with renewed force.

The sympathy shown me by the ladies of Coblentz and all my friends there was indeed a soothing balm, but it could not make me forget my loss, nor prevent me from reflecting upon my isolated and wretched situation, which did not even allow me the melancholy luxury of grieving in peace. Rude reality knocked at my door in the shape of clamouring creditors.

Poor people ! they were perfectly right to ask payment for things they had furnished, mostly on my own orders, for which they had paid their own money, earned by their own industry and work. Who can blame them if they did not understand my sad and desolate condition ? Used to look upon princes with a certain respect, they could not imagine that a princess should not be able to pay a few thalers, or at least to procure them from the family of her husband, to save his memory

from the dishonour of robbing poor tradesmen. I cannot blame them that they perhaps ascribed to my unwillingness or meanness what was the result of utter incapability to satisfy them, and if they expressed their opinion rather freely. It may be a certain class of people will shrug their shoulders at my unprincely weakness in caring for such things ; but the fact is, that I felt utterly unhappy and wretched ; for to such humiliations I had never yet been subjected. I was in a constant fever, for whenever the bell rang I expected another creditor, or when I looked through the window, I saw one standing opposite, watching the house with angry eyes. Madame von Corvin, though sad also because she had just lost her mother, came from Frankfort to Coblenz to comfort me ; she was a witness to my humiliations and my fear, and so was Miss Runkel, who did all she could to press off from me these excited creditors, of whom I was the more afraid the more I was convinced of the justice of their demands.

I felt certainly great reluctance in applying to His Majesty, who had done already so much for my husband ; but on the other hand I had no other help in this country.

The Emperor was however still in France, and the clamouring creditors were at my door. Prompt action was required. Under these circumstances, I remembered a man with whom I had become acquainted during the war, and who had made on me the impression of being a good and noble feeling man, —Edward Oppenheim, the great banker of Cologne. Representing to him the situation in which I was placed, I requested from him a loan of two thousand thalers, which were sufficient to satisfy the most urgent necessities. The Baron responded to my confidence in the most amiable manner.

When the Emperor returned to Berlin I went there, accompanied by Miss Runkel. Colonel von Corvin not having returned from France Madame Corvin had not yet taken another home, but was living herself in lodgings, where there was no room for me and Miss Runkel ; I had therefore to go to an hotel.

On my request, Count Lehndorf, the aide-de-camp of His Majesty, called on me, and making him acquainted with the object of my visit to Berlin, I requested him to procure for me a private audience with the Emperor.

This audience was graciously granted, and I shall always

cherish it as one of the most precious recollections of my life ; not on account of its material results, but far more because it made me love and admire still more our kind Emperor, and as I, in this audience, which lasted nearly an hour, had the satisfaction of seeing that my views about what I owed to the memory of my husband, were not ridiculed, but fully approved as correct and proper by the highest authority,—the first Prince and gentleman of the world, the great Emperor of Germany.

His Majesty was extremely kind and gracious, and listened with great attention and patience to my lengthy explanation and request. When I asked frankly whether I was right or wrong in feeling bound in duty to pay the debts of my husband, which were made whilst I lived with him in Coblenz, though I had refused to accept his heritage, and declared that I would abide by the decision of His Majesty, the Emperor answered, with a certain emphasis and a glow of honest indignation in his noble face, that I certainly was right in wishing to pay the poor honest tradespeople, though I might accept the benefit of the common law in reference to Salm's old debts contracted with usurers and sharpers.

I told the Emperor that I had borrowed two thousand thalers from Baron Edward Oppenheim, which I should have to refund first ; but that I required four thousand thalers more to come to an arrangement with that class of creditors whom I intended to pay. His Majesty referred me to General von Treskow, his adjutant-general, saying that he would arrange with me that matter. I declared to this well-meaning, excellent gentleman, that I would not accept this money otherwise than as a loan, which I would repay by giving up my whole widow's pension until it was repaid. The Emperor, fully understanding the feeling which dictated this offer, was gracious enough to approve and accept it, with the modification, however, that I should repay only four of the six thousand thalers, and give annually only half of my pension for this purpose.

General von Treskow proposed to request Field-Marshal von Herwarth to arrange the settlement of my affairs, as I would not receive the money myself ; but considering that it would be a great trouble for the veteran general, and that a man of business was more used to such things, I insisted on requesting Baron Oppenheim to take charge of that business, with which he kindly complied.

Of course whilst in Berlin I first paid my respects to Her Majesty the Empress and Queen, whom I saw there for the first time after the death of my husband. Her Majesty kindly inquired about my affairs and future plans, and hearing from me that my presence in Berlin would be required for a longer time, and further that I was thinking of taking charge of some hospital, Her Majesty graciously offered me a room in the Augusta hospital, where I not only would save great expense but have an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the management of such an establishment. I, of course, accepted with the greatest thanks.

The Augusta Hospital is a creation of Her Majesty, and under her special protection and care. It is situated in finely laid-out grounds, and consists of a main building and two American barracks connected with it. It is certainly the finest and most elegant hospital I have seen on the Continent, and is not intended to be a general hospital, like the charity and other establishments in Berlin, but more to afford accommodation for sick persons who are able to pay for their board and treatment, though there are also about a dozen beds for poor people.

In establishing this hospital Her Majesty, thinking of the many poor daughters of noble families intended to create, for a number of them at least, a field of noble activity, by which they might benefit society and find at the same time protection against care and want.

At the head of this hospital was a Countess Rittberg ; and four other ladies, belonging to noble families, assisted her, with a number of nurses and servants. These ladies wear all a rather simple but extremely becoming uniform dress, and are distinguished by a round white brooch with a red cross on it. Each two of these ladies have very elegantly and properly arranged apartments, and there are besides other rooms for their accommodation, as a dining-room, etc. They have free lodging in the hospital, and about fifteen pounds a year pocket-money. The first dress is given to them, but afterwards they have to provide for their clothing themselves.

The whole hospital makes a very agreeable impression, for all the arrangements are very practical and convenient, and on going through the different wards one has not the uncomfortable feeling experienced in many public hospitals, where econ-

omy seems the principal object, and the bareness of the rooms and passages reminds one of a prison or a barrack. The mind of sick people requires as much refreshment as the body ; and to look for days or weeks on the grim simplicity of bare white-washed walls is by no means cheering. I am therefore of opinion that a certain amount of ornamental elegance is just as necessary in a hospital as cleanliness ; and neither ornament nor cleanliness are wanting in the Augusta hospital.

Though I was much pleased with this pattern hospital, it still seemed to me as if the kind intentions of Her Majesty were not perfectly fulfilled, and that the exclusive employment of noble nurses was rather prejudicial to practical success. Though the hospital may be directed by a lady, I think it would be preferable if some sisters of charity were substituted for the noble nurses. Sisters of charity make nursing the sick the duty of their life ; they have done with family connections, have been trained to unreasoning obedience, and are most excellent nursing machines with which a sensible director can work a hospital most admirably. The noble nurses, coming from the midst of their families, bring with them to the hospital prejudices, habits, and tastes which do not always agree with it, and make it extremely difficult to maintain strict discipline, without which such establishments cannot prosper.

Notwithstanding these objections to noble nurses, I was extremely pleased with my sojourn in the hospital, and with the amiable ladies employed in it. Her Majesty the Empress visited the hospital frequently, mostly accompanied by Countess Haake. One day, when the royal visit was announced and all were in their rooms, the Empress, followed by the Emperor, entered the room which I occupied together with Miss Runkel. Countess Haake presented Miss Runkel to their Majesties, and the Emperor said some kind words to her, inquiring for her brothers who had been officers in the war. His Majesty is almost always in a good humour, and makes frequently kind jocular remarks, which leave always with those to whom they are addressed a very pleasant feeling ; for in the jokes of the Emperor there is never a tinge of malice ; he is goodness itself.

I remained a fortnight in the Augusta hospital, and would have stayed until all my rather complicated affairs had been settled, if I had not received letters which made my presence in Coblenz necessary.

Two days before I left, Her Majesty visited the hospital, and came to my room. Sitting down on my sofa she took a small parcel and a photograph out of her pocket. The parcel contained a black brooch of onyx, with a locket at its back. Cutting with a pair of scissors her photograph to the proper size and fitting it in the locket, she gave me the brooch, requesting me always to wear it in remembrance of her ; she had worn it herself in very sad moments. Much affected by this great kindness of my most gracious sovereign I put on the brooch, and inclined to superstitious ideas as I am, I imagined it was a kind of talisman protecting me against evil, which I must guard like the apple of my eye. As the fastening seemed to me not secure enough, I went on my return to Coblenz to Mrs. Goldschmidt the jeweller, and asked her to make me an extra chain as an additional security, but she laughed at me and said that the fastening was as secure as could be. Still it was not so. When I, one evening, undressed, I discovered with dismay that this my supposed talisman was gone : and I became the more excited, as I never lost anything and now imagined that my good luck was lost with it also. I advertised in several papers offering a reward exceeding the value of the brooch, but in vain ; it was not found, at least not restored to me. I was really afraid to meet Her Majesty again, and when a friendly lady advised me to buy a similar brooch, assuring me that the Empress would not become aware of the change, I could not follow her advice, as it was repugnant to my feelings. The Empress did not notice my loss, but I always felt guilty for not confessing it to her.

When I returned to Coblenz I was very sad and uncomfortable in my lodging, where everything reminded me of the happy past. Moreover it had never agreed altogether with my ideas of a home, and to live now with other people in the same house was insupportable to me ; I wanted a home where I was not disturbed by others. Much as I would have liked to remain in Coblenz, where I had so many kind friends, I could not find such a small house as I wanted, but in Bonn, which place I liked always very much, I was fortunate enough to find one which suited me in every respect, and which I rented for a less price than I paid for my lodgings in Coblenz. The house belonged to the banker of Bonn, Mr. Cahn, who had fitted it up very tastefully for his recently deceased wife, while

he was building his splendid castle on the Rhine in Plittersdorf, called Auf dem Rech.

The fatigues which I had undergone and the troubles which I experienced impaired my health, and the annoyances caused me by the importunity of many creditors of my poor husband made me still worse. Becoming aware that I had paid some, they imagined that I must pay all, and pursued me in the most annoying manner. One of them produced even a bill signed not only by Salm, but bearing also my own signature. I had not signed the bill produced ; it was a forgery ; but the Jew, believing himself to be in the right, went to law. The court, decided in my favour, as the expert declared that the signature was not mine ; but I had to appear several times and at very inconvenient moments, for twice I was obliged to interrupt my travels and to return from great distances to Bonn.

The physicians advised me to go to Switzerland for a change of air, and I went to Luzern, accompanied by Miss Runkel. To travel under my real name would have been very expensive, and therefore I entered the pension Kaufman in Luzern under the assumed name of Baroness Stein. Though my health improved there I became even sadder than I had been before, and I resumed the idea of taking charge of an hospital, or if I should not find one, of going to a convent.

After two months' sojourn in Luzern, I returned to Bonn. My affairs were being arranged by Baron Oppenheim, but he would and could not satisfy all the creditors, who imagined that they, not succeeding with the Baron, could force me to pay by making my life wretched.

My intention of retiring to some hospital or convent was confirmed still more ; but all my friends opposed vehemently, and I once more was induced to hope for a better time. My health becoming bad again I was sent in October, 1872, to the Lake of Geneva, where I lived in the pension Ketterer in Clarence. There I found several officers recovering from the late war, with their wives, and other ladies, and led quite a peaceful, agreeable life. There I saw Prince Albrecht of Prussia for the last time, and became acquainted with the Countess his wife, and her two sons.

I remained in Clarence over Christmas ; but when it became cold the doctors advised me to go to Italy, and I went to

Pisa. In the house of a Dr. Feroce I had a very large and pleasant lodging, for which I had to pay only five hundred liras for three months. Everything was cheap in proportion. From a restaurant close by, kept by the brother of our landlord, we received two most excellent and rich meals, with wine at discretion, for three liras each a day.

Though I was incognito there, a priest, who gave me lessons in Italian, had discovered who I was. In consequence of this I became acquainted with many persons belonging to the society of Pisa, as Countess Pandulfo, Countess Samiviatelli, and other very agreeable ladies and gentlemen, with whom I passed a pleasant time. I made frequent excursions in the neighbourhood, mostly on horseback, and liked especially to ride through a deer park of the king's, where deer and boars were quite tame, browsing quietly when we passed, or looking at us fearlessly.

Though I might say many things about Pisa and other places in Italy, I have to consider that this is much-trodden ground, and moreover, that my book has become more bulky already than I intended. I shall therefore limit myself to a very rapid sketch, in order not to tire the reader.

The great event of the day was at that period the eruption of Vesuvius, and I wanted to see it. I went therefore to Naples, where the people were in great fear, for the ashes were falling over the city, and a fate like that of Herculaneum and Pompeii was thought possible by many. When the eruptions and the flow of lava had ceased, everybody, especially strangers, wanted to see the effects of the eruption as near as possible; and I went also with Miss Runkel and Jimmy, joining a large company. The guides would not permit us to go beyond a certain place, saying that a further advance was extremely dangerous. I am somewhat incredulous in respect to such assurances and curious to ascertain their truth. I therefore prevailed on two guides to go with us beyond the safety-line. Finding, however, soon, that the thing was indeed somewhat venturesome, I insisted on Miss Runkel staying behind with Jimmy at a certain place which I would pass on my return.

The more we advanced the more interesting became our excursion, though we were compelled to jump over rather wide chasms, where one wrong step would have carried us to

Vulcan's workshop. My further progress was, however, brought to a sudden stop, by Jimmy arriving in a pitiful state. Miss Runkel, tired of holding the heavy dog on her arms, put him down when we were out of sight; but Jimmy followed me, and getting on some hot lava he burned his feet. I took the poor fellow up and we returned the same way we had come—an undertaking that became unexpectedly difficult by my having to carry a heavy load in my arms. We returned, however, without accident to the place where the rest of the company had remained, and refreshed ourselves with a bottle of *lacrymæ Christi*, regretting much that the vineyard where it had been grown was covered several feet deep with ashes, from which the tops of the vines scarcely peeped out. At a place where two roads branched off stood a statute of St. Antonio. The burning lava, which had overflowed everything, stopped right before it, leaving it uninjured, which was looked upon as a miracle. The fact I have seen myself.

We paid also a visit to Pompeii, where we saw very strange things, bearing evidence that the people two thousand years ago were as wicked as they are now. As Murray and Baedeker are in everybody's hand, I refer to them, and save the trouble of describing imperfectly what they have described with far more art and knowledge than is at my disposal; and as to my impressions on seeing all the Pompeiian wonders, I suppose they were the same as are experienced by most visitors who come there as ignorant as myself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I want to enter a convent—Applying to the Empress—Letter of Count Armin—A card from Baron S—— to the German minister in Rome—In Rome—Count Brazie de St. Simon—His portrait—His mixtum compositum wine—His hobby-horse—I make an impression on the old diplomatist—Effects—Seeing San Angelo—The Prison of Benvenuto Cellini—Causing the death of the old Count—Monsignore Merode—Two audiences with the Pope—Declares that I have no talent for a nunnery—Private mass by Monsignore Merode at the grave of San Pietro—Presents from the Pope—A once celebrated lady and pretended princess—Rev. Joseph Mulloly—The Church of St. Clement and its subterranean wonders—What called me home—Invitation to Rostock in Mecklenburg—In Warnemunde—Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg—The ‘Stromfahrt’—Festival—Curious Warfare—Called home again—Bad health—In Scheveningen—An American gold uncle—Change of affairs—I buy a house in Bonn—Have rented it to Baron Gerolt—Journey to Spain—Madrid—Count W———A river without water—The palace of the Duke of Ossuna—Invested by the Philistines—The picture gallery—The Armoury—Curious armour, &c.—The Theatres—A characteristic adventure—In the Prado—Duchess de la Torre—Serrano—Queen Isabella—Victor Amadeus—The attentate—Disturbed state—Returning to Bonn—A few last words—End of the book.

I HAD not given up the idea yet of entering a convent, but my friends had so far prevailed upon me that I was in no hurry to take such a step. I had resolved to apply to the highest authority of our Church, His Holiness the Pope, and to do what he should order me. From Pisa I had written to Countess Schulemburg, requesting Her Majesty to give me a letter of recommendation, which might facilitate my steps. Her gracious Majesty, complying with my request, caused Count Armin to send me such a letter, which was directed to Monsignore Merode.

I had also written to Baron Oppenheim, and he sent me a

card for Count Brazier de St. Simon, the German minister in Rome, from Baron S——, one of his friends, who had been once in the legation of the count, with whom he imagined he was on excellent terms.

When the count received this card, he said to his secretary of legation, 'Heaven knows what person that fellow has thrust on me! I shall not take any notice of her;' and it was with some difficulty that he was prevailed on to call on me, which he did only after three days, as I had forgotten to put on my card my lodging in Rome. It was found out, however, by an old Italian factotum of the ambassador, who was a most interesting, original person.

When he called, his first question before taking a seat was, 'How did you become acquainted with that fellow, princess?' When I told him that I had never seen 'that fellow'¹ his face became friendlier; he sat down, and I succeeded in winning the good graces of his Excellency in a most uncommon degree, which favour was further increased when we by chance came to speak about animal magnetism and similar subjects, which were his hobby-horse, and on his discovering that I was not only greatly interested in that matter but had had some practical experience.

Count Brazier de St. Simon was a little dried-up old man, with a few grey hairs and projecting cheek bones, but very quick, small, grey eyes. His clothes hung about him as in a scarecrow, and were always the same; I believe he had not more than one suit, and that was a rather singular one for an old ambassador. It was made of some thick English woollen stuff—for the count felt always cold—grey with red lines, forming large squares. Notwithstanding this dress he looked not vulgar, but like a man of distinction, like an old diplomat. He was past seventy, though he would not acknowledge his age, and when the census was taken he put himself down ten years younger than he really was.

He was very stingy, and about that many anecdotes were circulated. In his position he could not evade giving now and then a dinner; but his dinners were dreaded on account of

¹ As the Count was a rather queer old man, I believed him prejudiced against the Baron, with whom I became acquainted much later; but I am sorry to say that I ought to have followed the warning of the old minister, for I found out that he was perfectly correct in his estimation of the Baron.

his bad wines. Once, when at such a dinner he was sitting between the English and the Russian ambassadors, he advised them not to drink the wine they had before them, but to drink with him. The other wine, though very good, he said, did not agree with him ; he called it 'mixtum compositum,' and such indeed it was. A cask, arriving from a farm he had somewhere, broke, and the wine was rather spoiled, but he improved it by mixing it with some cheap Florentine wine.

He was very angry that he had to give up his fine lodgings in Florence, and to go to Rome, of which he would not see anything, though he was now and then compelled to go out with persons recommended to him. He was very lively, and his conversation was amusing, for he was rather sarcastic and witty.

I do not know by what gifts I won the favour of this singular old man, but I cannot doubt that I made an impression on him ; for he showed it in a manner which could not but convince all who were acquainted with him. He fetched me every morning in *his* carriage—a hired one, for he kept none—offered me always *his* box in the theatre—of course he had none—and gave me even nice little dinners and luncheons, to the wonder of his secretary of legation, Count W——, who is by marriage connected with the Salm family, and who generally took part in our parties and excursions.

The old ambassador would have liked very much to mesmerise me, and he tried to persuade me ; but I laughed it off.

I owe the good old count much thanks, for he accompanied me everywhere, and showed me all the sights of Rome and surroundings. When he was with me in the Castle San Angelo and we had seen all the rooms, which had made him rather warm, I am sorry I insisted on his accompanying me to see the prison of Benvenuto Cellini, for he caught a severe cold there, from which he never recovered, and he died soon after my departure.

The letter of Count Arnim promised me a very kind reception on the part of Monsignore Merode, the former secretary of war of the Pope, and since then cardinal. He belongs to a great Belgian family, and is extremely rich. He is a man in his best years, a very portly gentleman, looking more like a disguised officer of cuirassiers than a high dignitary of the Church, of which he is, however, one of the most distinguished ornaments.

There is nothing monkish or ascetic about Monsignore Merode ; on the contrary, he has all the manners of a man of the world, and is very polite and agreeable. In his purple dress, with his large golden cross, he looked elegant and splendid. I saw him frequently, and to his kindness I owed several privileges which are not generally granted.

I confided my desire to him to enter a convent, but he did not approve of it ; and his reasons had already half convinced me, when he procured me an audience with the Holy Father, which honour I had twice.

The Pope had been already informed of my intention and person. He said he did not think I had a vocation for a nunnery ; he advised me to reflect on it somewhat longer, and to stay at least one year more in the world, to see whether I would not change my mind. This advice of the Holy Father was extremely kind, his clear mind anticipated what would happen ; he read my character, for indeed I changed my mind, and before the year had passed I did not think any more of burying myself in a nunnery.

Monsignore Merode introduced me to a distinguished priest, who understood English, and to whom I could confess ; and after having done so Monsignore himself conferred on me the distinction of celebrating, assisted by one priest, a private mass on the grave of the holy apostle St. Peter, that is in the little chapel, and giving me the holy sacrament. After that he presented me, on the part of the Holy Father, with a splendid golden Agnus Dei, in Roman mosaic, with the inscription '*Pix tibi*' on the reverse, also with a large-sized photograph with the signature of His Holiness.

Victor Emmanuel was then in Rome, and I saw him frequently pass ; but everybody will understand that I would and could not make any attempt to be introduced to his court.

On the promenade I saw also an interesting personage, who had been in some connection with Victor Emmanuel, and was now the wife of a great politician. She appeared always in a grand carriage, with an immense princely crown on its panels, for she pretended to have been formerly the wife of a German prince of a well-known family, though this former husband had only the same name, without being a prince or having any connection with the family. There are, for instance, many Mr. von Salms and Mr. Salms in Germany, and it is the same with other family names.

This lady, who once exerted a certain influence, when she was handsome, is now rather past ; but in order to make the world believe that she is still young, she has hired or bought a baby, which is always carried after her when she descends from her carriage and makes a promenade. I saw her descend thus, and noticed, what I heard before, that she wore very short dresses to show her small feet, which were encased, not in boots, but in shoes with old-fashioned cross ribbands.

Of this lady, her husband, and the king himself, the most amusing anecdotes are told in society ; but as such anecdotes lose much in print, I must not communicate them here. In publishing Roman experiences discretion is advisable.

Amongst my clerical acquaintances, I must not forget to mention that of a most excellent and distinguished man, my confessor, the R.P.F. Joseph Mullooly, O.P.S.T.L., prior of SS. Sixte and Clement ; what the letters before and behind his name mean I do not know, I copy them from the title-page of a work he has written about his church, the most remarkable wonders of which he was kind enough to show and explain to me himself.

The church of St. Clement is very old, and the most perfect type of the old catholic basilicas ; but in 1857 was discovered under this church another much older, which on purpose had been covered with earth. In this old edifice have been found not only precious marble columns and mosaics, but most valuable fresco pictures, dating from the third to the ninth or tenth century. It was extremely difficult to get at these valuable relics, for it had to be done without endangering the actual church.

But even underneath this most ancient building have been discovered walls, which according to antiquarian researches date from the three distinct periods of heathenish Rome.

The fresco pictures are highly interesting, and as their subterranean wonders have been accessible only since 1866, many visitors to Rome will scarcely know anything of them, and artists and antiquarians who should happen to read my book will thank me for having drawn their notice to St. Clement.

I had been only five weeks in Rome, where I should have liked to have stayed much longer, when a law-suit, which I mentioned before, made my personal appearance in Bonn necessary.

I had been a short time in my house when my dear friend Mrs. von G—— invited me to stay with her some time. The Colonel, her husband, had given up his idea of leaving the army and had now a command in Rostock, in Mecklenburg.

Whilst Miss Runkel took care of my house in Bonn I left for Rostock. When, however, after a short sojourn there, Col. von G—— had to attend to certain military manœuvres which would keep him from home for several weeks, we resolved to go to the watering-place of Warnemunde, on the Baltic.

On my arrival in Rostock I had requested at once an audience with the Grand Duchess Dowager, the sister of our Emperor, and also called on the ladies of honour of the Grand Duchess. Whilst I was with the Grand Duchess Dowager in Heiligendamm near Rostock, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, who had heard of my presence, entered the room, and I was presented to them.

During my sojourn in Warnemunde occurred an annual popular festival, in which the Grand Duke and his court always take part. When their Royal Highnesses came to Warnemunde and saw me in passing by my window, they shook hands and graciously invited me to the 'Stromfahrt' in the evening.

Several hundred boats of all sizes, headed by that in which was the court, went down the Warne river, accompanied by music. The boats were all decked out with flower garlands and canopies, illuminated with a great number of Chinese lanterns. It was a most lovely, animated scene, for amid great merriment and laughter was carried on an original warfare between the crews of the different boats. At the Roman carnival people shoot at each other with confetti, but here they used flower bouquets which before being thrown were dipped in the river. It was rather a wet game, and to protect our toilets we wore all our waterproofs. It was amusing to observe the lovely young Grand Duchess, who entered with much spirit into this sport, her whole face beaming with pleasant excitement, whilst throwing incessantly bouquets in all directions. The festival lasted until ten o'clock p.m., when the royal party mounted their carriages and returned to Heiligendamm.

The same troublesome law-suit about the forged signature which called me back from Rome, interfered again with my plans, and on an urgent letter of my lawyer I had to return to Bonn.

I was, however, not permitted to stay at home yet. I felt very weak and ill. The physicians said that my whole nervous system was in disorder, and advised me to go again to the seaside, and I selected Scheveningen. There I became so weak that I had to be carried up and down the staircase, and had to go in a perambulator to the shore.

It is true I had undergone many fatigues and mental anxieties, and they certainly had had an influence on my health; but during the excitements and occupations of the war my energy had carried me through, and I might have escaped any bad consequences, if I could have had rest. More than all bodily fatigues and mental anxieties of the past years, the humiliations and mortifications to which I had been subjected since my return, in consequence of money affairs, undermined my health. Besides this, the whole position in which I was placed made me melancholy. My very limited income compelled me to restrictions which excluded me from the company to which I was used, and I thought it much easier to live in a convent than to live in the world without means. This care was, however, taken from me in a manner which occurs more frequently in novels than in reality, but which was fortunately reality, and changed at once the aspect of affairs and restored my health.

Whilst I was in Scheveningen, feeling most miserable, I received the news that a distant relative in America had left me a legacy. The exact amount of this legacy was not stated, but a sum, which seemed to me at that time very great, was placed at my disposal. I believed it then to be all I had to receive, and was anxious to employ the money in a judicious manner, and, if possible, to acquire with it a house of my own. In this I succeeded beyond my expectation. When I rented the house in Bonn from Mr. Cahn, he said, in the course of conversation, that if I wanted to buy it he would let me have it for a certain moderate sum. Since that time the price of houses had increased considerably, and I knew that a good many thousands more than the sum mentioned by Mr. Cahn had been offered to him. I reminded him, however, of his offer; and though it was not made in such a manner as to make any legal obligation, he was kind and honourable enough to make good his word, and I bought the house at many thousands below its actual value.

The sum which I received was, however, not the whole legacy, but only accumulated interest, of which I was informed later.

I had nearly forgotten this old relative, whom I had seen only when I still was a child. I was then extremely lively and daring, and he had taken a great fancy to me. Whether he was then already rich I do not know; but for many years I had scarcely heard of him. He had, however, learnt from the papers that I had married a prince; had read everything written about my adventures in Mexico, etc.; and being pleased with all this he made over to me his considerable account at his bankers, of which capital the interest was to be paid to me after his death, as long as I should remain unmarried.

I had let my house, furnished as it was, to Baron von Gerolt, our former minister in Washington, as I intended to travel for a long time. For this reason, and also being afraid of the winter, I resolved to go to a southern climate, and decided to visit Spain. As Miss Runkel wanted to return for a time to her family, I took with me one of my cousins, Countess Constantine Salm-Hoegstraeten.

On our arrival in Spain the weather was very bad and unfavourable for travelling; I therefore went directly to Madrid, and alighted in the Fonda de Paris, where we felt rather miserable. My good luck would, however, have it that we met in Madrid an old acquaintance from Rome, Count W——, formerly secretary of legation there, who had been sent meanwhile as chargé-d'affaires to Madrid. Though he had only been a short time in the city he knew more of Spanish affairs than I did, and with his assistance we found excellent lodgings in the Casa de Nuespedes de Señor Jose Perez, which happened to be empty, and altogether at my disposition.

Everything reminded me here of Cuba and of Mexico; but I cannot say that I much enjoyed the Spanish dishes, and I was glad when we found in the excellent restaurant in the Calle Alcazar Parisian fare.

Speaking of Madrid I shall follow the same plan as I did in Rome; that is, not to infringe on Murray's handbooks, especially as that about Spain, written by Mr. Richard Ford, is most excellent. I admired, or rather wondered at, the ugliness of Spanish churches in comparison with those in Italy, and at the solid bridges over an imaginary stream, the Manza-

nares. This river was so dry that the many picturesque-looking washerwomen could scarcely find water enough in its bed for their purposes. After thunderstorms the river is said to swell within a few hours to a dangerous size, but this is, however, only of very short duration.

From a *casa del campo* in the Manzanares valley one has a beautiful view of Madrid, especially of the palace and of the artillery barracks, which acquired some notoriety on account of what happened there in the revolt. There, at the side of the monastery of St. Fernando, is also the palace of the Duke of Ossuna. I wanted to see it, but was refused entrance without tickets. These were of course easily procured, and when people heard that I was a relative of the duchess, everything was shown me most readily. It is a splendid dwelling, and I admired much the order in which it was kept by the creditors of the duke, who had taken possession of the palace.

Though the duke is perhaps the richest man in Spain, his whole fortune consists in landed property; half Andalusia belongs to him, I believe; but owing to the unsettled state of Spain, the fields were not tilled, and the farmers did not pay any rent. Thus it may be easily understood that the richest man in Spain was momentarily in difficulties and in the hands of his creditors.

I saw, of course, all the sights of Madrid and its celebrated picture-gallery. An amiable artist, Señor de Grau, of whom I bought a fine aquarelle, was kind enough to be our cicerone. I took with me photographs of the most celebrated pictures of Titian, Velasquez, Murillo, and Rubeens, but will not describe them, because 'my paper is at an end,' and Mr. Ford has done it sufficiently.

The Armeria I visited also, and admired the wonderful armoury of kings and heroes. The finest armour seems to me that of Philip II., which was presented to him by the city of Pampeluna. The most wonderful is, however, that of the Elector of Saxe—I do not know which—which has ample room for a couple of Spanish nights. Astonishing to me was the armour of Christopher Columbus, whom I always imagined with a compass and not with a sword in his hand. He must have had not only a big head, but also an almost gigantic body, offering a rather ugly appearance.

In the cupboards are exhibited many historical curiosities,

of which the authenticity is as doubtful as of many more holy relics. There is, for instance, a sword of the Cid, rather short and broad; the sword of Roland, etc. As very interesting, were pointed out to me two old curious shooting-irons, said to have come from Majorca, already one hundred years before the invention of gunpowder by Berthold Schwarz.

I went also frequently to the theatres, and saw at the Italian Opera-house 'Anna Bolena,' which was performed rather badly. Excellent, however, was the Spanish theatre, where I enjoyed many lively comedies, which I witnessed without understanding much of the language. Still more pleased was I with the Teatro del Principe, where historical pieces were represented most beautifully, and where I admired the correct costumes.

Whilst waiting for the commencing at the theatre, we had a little characteristic adventure. We were sitting down on some empty chairs, when a rather wild and suspicious-looking extremely dirty individual placed himself close before me. Robberies being by no means rare in Madrid—my purse was cut out of my dress in a church—I felt alarmed, and so did Count W——, who accompanied us. As the fellow did not move, the count pushed him somewhat rudely back, without imagining that by doing so he would raise a storm. The injured man made a great noise; a crowd collected at once, and with them came some policemen. The dirty robber-like fellow turned out to be the owner of the chairs, and came only to collect his fare. After the thing was explained the count offered, as a peace-offering, an apology in the shape of a gold coin; but the dirty Spaniard refused it with the disdain of a caballero, declaring himself, however, satisfied if the count would shake hands with him. The count would have rather parted with his goldpiece, for the offered hand was shockingly dirty, but knives being very loose in Madrid he complied with the dirty caballero's request though he felt all the evening uncomfortable, no water being at hand.

We went, of course, frequently to the Prado, where we admired the Spanish ladies in their yellow satin robes, black mantillas, and big fans. I, of course, bought at once such a mantilla and a fan, and as my complexion is somewhat Spanish, I flatter myself that I looked much like a native.

In the Prado I saw frequently a very *chic* coupé, with a lady dressed elegantly in the Parisian style. She was the Duchess de la Torre, the wife of Marshal Serrano—a great man now.

Notwithstanding her mode of life, the Queen was very popular with the loyal Spaniards, who used to say, whatever she may do at home, (when she puts on her gloves, she is every inch a queen. Serrano was hated, for he treated the Queen, to whom he owed everything, shamefully. The measure was full at last; he fell into disgrace. The Queen said to him: 'I have made you a general; I have made you a marquis; I have made you a duke,—but I never could make you a gentleman.'

That he certainly was not, and never will be, whatever may be his titles or his politics. He now became hostile to the Queen, causing infamous newspaper articles to be written, and declaring himself in some public degree, that she was a queen on whom wives and daughters of Spaniards must be ashamed. But who made her what she was?

After Prim's death Serrano turned radical. He offended the Queen of Amadeus in the most insulting manner by forbidding his wife to be godmother to one of her children. We have not yet seen the end of Serrano. May he meet his deserts!

Being a woman, I must not defend Queen Isabella; though I may venture to say that she deserves more compassion than the contempt and ridicule with which she has been treated. Kings like her, even if not better princes, are judged very leniently, but queens with morbid passions are forgiven only if great as sovereigns.

I also saw frequently King Victor Amadeus, either on horseback or in his carriage, driving himself. He is a thin, insignificant-looking man, much too simple in his habits to win the love of the Spaniards, who have no sympathy with citizen kings. He was almost always seen together with his queen, who is a very virtuous woman and good wife, and who was more popular than Victor Amadeus.

The King was, however, a man of pluck, and showed it at the great attempt against him. The history of this attempt is still a mystery. I saw the narrow street in which it took place, and it is difficult to understand how the bullets could have missed him. Still more difficult is it to explain why the police did not take any measures to prevent such a crime, as it was prepared without much secrecy and evidently expected by the police, for the governor of the city followed the carriage of the

King in a fiacre about a hundred paces behind it. The leader of the conspirators was killed on the spot but—it seems purposely—was so disfigured that he could not be recognized. Other persons arrested escaped from prison, and thus the prophecy was fulfilled that the attempted regicides would never be punished.

It had been my intention to travel in Andalusia, to make researches in reference to relatives of my mother, but things in Spain took a turn which made travelling in the country very inconvenient and even dangerous, and under these circumstances I resolved to give up my purpose and to return home.

My task is done ; my book at last finished. When occupied with writing it, and absorbed in my recollections of the past, all I have told seemed very interesting—to me : whether it be interesting to the public, or whether I should have done better to leave my book unpublished, is a question which now suddenly oppresses me in an uncomfortable manner.

I suppose I must take my chance, like greater authors, and prepare myself against some critics, who will say, with a shrug of their shoulders, ‘ American, Mexican, and French wars ! Why, that’s ancient history ; we are tired of it. Why did she not write the history of next year ? ’

I most humbly beg to remark that I do not pretend to write history at all ; but only my personal adventures during three great wars, in which I by chance had to take part. I would not have ventured to write a book at all, had not some men, whom I believe to be competent, encouraged me, saying that the narratives of personal adventures of eyewitnesses, if told simply and truthfully, are much valued, because they serve to fill up with flesh and give colour and life to the skeleton-like dry histories presented to us so frequently by most learned military authors or professors of history.

What I experienced and saw during these ten eventful years I have described simply and truthfully, expressing my opinions perhaps with too little reserve ; whether they are worth anything is a question which will be answered by others, and I have only to excuse myself for speaking too much of private affairs, which have really nothing to do with the great historical events which form the frame of my narrative. If I have

failed in this respect I have no other excuse than that I have acted, as it were, in self-defence. Some persons, taking advantage of my unprotected position, have amused themselves with commenting on my doings, or not doings, throwing out hints and suggestions which might create prejudicial opinions about me in persons whose judgment is not indifferent to me. To set them right I had to make known some facts which I otherwise might have withheld. If these facts are not always agreeable to the persons concerned, I cannot help it ; everyone has first to look out for himself. I am not a person to suffer in silence.

In taking leave of the kind readers who may perhaps be interested in my fortunes, I beg to say that I have at last found that rest for which I longed so much. I have a home with which I am perfectly satisfied, am independent in every respect, and have some true friends who know and love me ; more I do not desire.

THE END.



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