

## PREFACE.

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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 radiant 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.