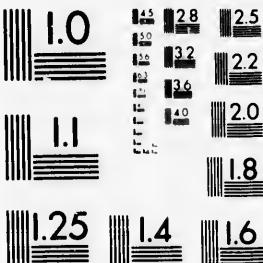
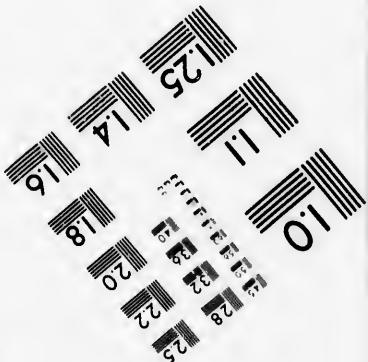
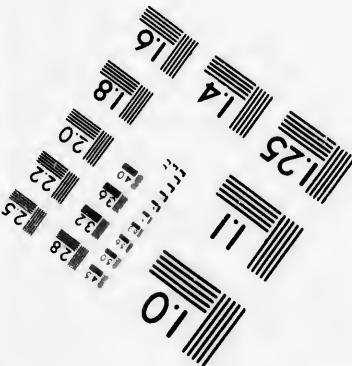


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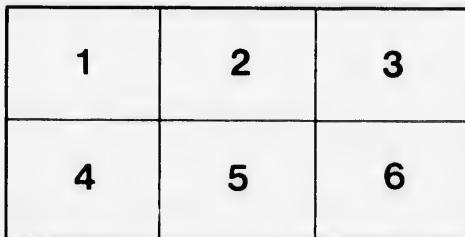
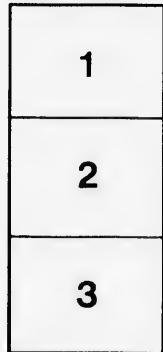
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TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE

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# TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE

BY THE

PRINCESS FELIX SALM-SALM

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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1875

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## P R E F A C E

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My poor husband published some years ago his 'Diary in Mexico.' I contributed to his 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 regrettingly 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 only 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 void 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, 1874.

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## BOOK I.

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Some Words to the Reader—The War Excitement in the United States—The falling and the rising Military Stars—McClellan Commander-in-Chief—Organising the Army—His first Review—Visit to Washington—Visiting the Camps—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 side-walks, 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 of 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 reasons 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 communication 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 Bavarian 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 discipline, 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 out-posts, 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 Aarhuis, 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

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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.

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## 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.

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

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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 Massachusetts, 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 he saw that 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 confided 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 magnificent stable buildings, justifying somewhat the name of Chantilly, borrowed from the far-famed seat of the

Princes 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—Aquaia 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 Rappahannoc, 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 a most 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 whisky, 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 horse-back—and two uniform-like costumes, which I adopted for the sole 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 skin, 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.

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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 clockwork. 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, and 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 Aquaia 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 was, however, 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 melancholic 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 heartfelt 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 'Regierungsraath.' 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

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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 dépôt. 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 in 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 recognised 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 *séances* 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 ecstacies were wonderful, and the longer the thing lasted, the louder and wilder and more piercing be-

came 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 Maillard'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. Cases were known in which persons had done this half a dozen times. 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 obliged 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 for a few years, on receiving free passage, a round sum of

money, fourteen dollars a month, and after the expiration of their term 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 finished, 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 an 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 Rockville, 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 Fredricksburg, 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 headquarters 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 Rappahannock.

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 Republican<sup>1</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> 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.

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 highly 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 parallel in the events taking place during the reign of the Commune in Paris.

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 everything 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.

Amongst the better classes of Irish were some who disapproved 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 amongst his recruits and others, and led them against the rioters. During his absence, and whilst such excitement prevailed everywhere, 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 safeguard, for she was an Irish girl, and her brogue was then the best *laissez-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 heartrending to hear their frantic cries and look into their horror-struck faces if caught by the pursuing foe. To interfere would have been utterly 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 and kindness 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 the Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Bennett was a very distinguished and extremely kind lady, who, having lived long abroad, had adopted and acquired the taste and manners of 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 great 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 very 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 yolk 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.

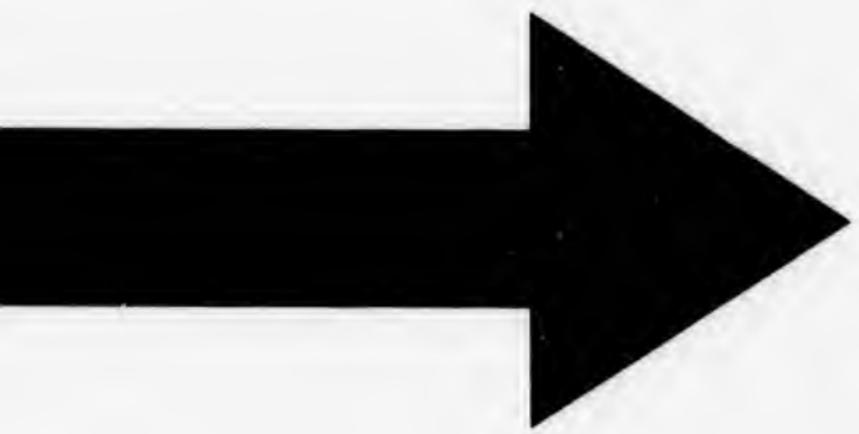
I have been told that spiritualism originated in Germany, like mesmerism, which has been connected with it. Though this belief seems to have died out in Germany, it is still in full bloom in America and in England, where spiritualism, in all its many different shades, counts its believers in thousands,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

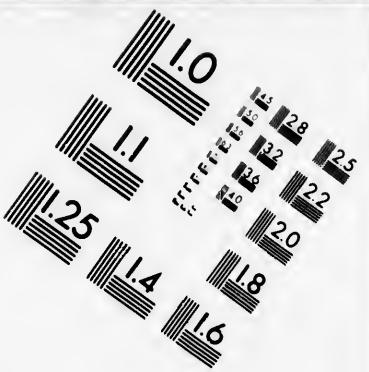
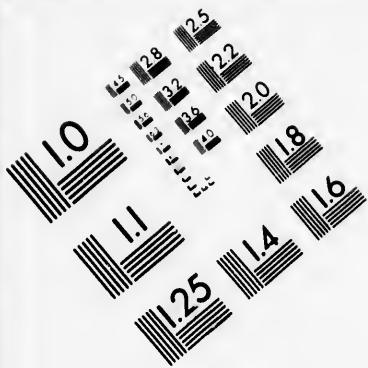
It would be almost impossible, and lead me too far, to describe all the *nuances* of this sect, which includes mesmerism, somnambulism, free-love people, &c. The leading feature of this creed is, however, at least as I understand it, the belief that the spirits of the dead do not pass from this earth, but that they remain here amongst us unseen, occupying diffe-

rent 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..

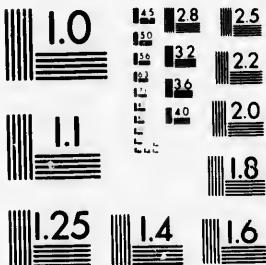
Mrs. Speirs had presented me to several great mediums. One was a 'knocking,' another a 'tipping,' and a third a 'writing' medium. The knocking medium—that is, the one which communicated with the spirits by means of knocks, answering her question by a certain number of them, meaning yes or no—was a very pretty girl, of the name of Anna Sugden. I have forgotten the name of the 'tipping'



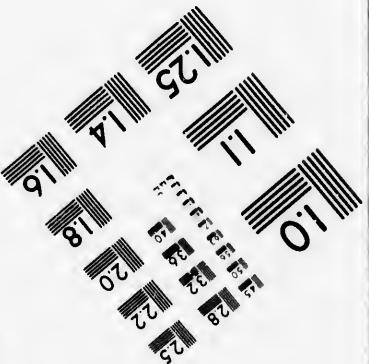




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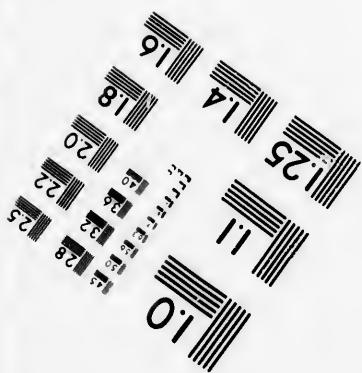


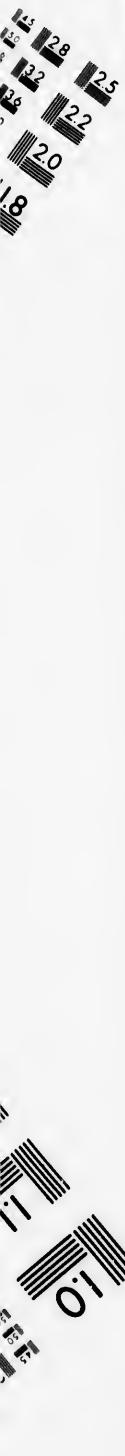
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medium, a lady who made the spirits tip tables and other heavy pieces of furniture for purposes I could not fathom. The 'writing' medium was a Mrs. Heath Adams. She caused her friends amongst the spirits to induce others to answer questions in the 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 more and more 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 relit.

The mediums declared 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 con-

fusion. 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 handwritings 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.

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## 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—Salin 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 afterwards 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 informed 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'appétit 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 Washington, 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.

At 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 very 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 their 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 never 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 con-

fidence ; 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 dépôts 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.

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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 forgotton ; 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, the soldiers had been well accounted for, battle having been fought before this, promising the country equal importance, ever vehicle wounded and hospital port which good and The large twelve upon paper and in

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 carts, 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 verandahs 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 is the case for instance with the Upper Potomac and the Susquehannah, 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 unfavourably for the civilisation of the Americans, 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 'Soldiers' 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 minus 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 *employé* in Germany who loses his place considers himself, in most cases, ruined for life, whilst an American Government *employé* 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 head-quarters.

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, Ala-

bama, 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 foliage 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 as 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. If 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.<sup>1</sup> 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 dépôt by a deputation, and the hotel where he alighted and procured rooms for us was dressed out with garlands.<sup>2</sup> In the evening he made a great speech before an immense crowd,

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> A sovereign in Europe could not be received with more pomp and ceremony than was this renowned citizen in Pittsburg.

who cheered him much. 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, over-topped 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 carrying us to Louisville, on the other side of the Ohio river. All foreigners visiting America for the first time are amazed at 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 dépôt 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 roused 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 probably 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 bureaus 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 a 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 succours 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 eggnog 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 killiedie, 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 slimy 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 hours to reach Chattanooga, where we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening, and 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 an 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.

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 in 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 to be 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 bunch 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 other days we had enough to do with our host 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, South Carolina.

Preparations were made to meet General Hood, and as it was very 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 between very on his staff, arrived and w Taylor with trains genera with bagg expe Nash ton mean gene was in B whic and mon latit cold of t was

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, Vanille 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 to wait there 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 look-out 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 like 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 pecking the red berries. Corvin with some men went in 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 prepared 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 7th, 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 the 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 Eridgeport I was much disap-

pointed, 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-marshall, 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 cruelties 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 VII.

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 Coryns—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 some time 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 all their hand-baggage. Old Grobden 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 7, at ten o'clock A.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 we 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 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 Greeben 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 dépôt. 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 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 1867 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 made 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 bloody 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 in 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 William 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 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 con-

spiracy, and neither the Vice-President, Mr. Johnson, nor high military commanders escaped suspicion.

Edwin 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 evening 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 *cortege* pass, and honour it at least by uncovering. This kind of triumphant march lasted until May 3, when the *cortege* arrived in Springfield.

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 acquain-

tance, 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 meanwhile had 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 loco-

motive—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, Tennessee. 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 even his middle could break south the t a cr light the were torre prep desp glad o'cl kno foe, the us mor sist min afte as t up bec

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 P.M., a farm close 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 the 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 ~~General~~ 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 there-

fore 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 they 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 Steuernagel, 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 insecurity 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 the 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 in Fort Pulaski, but would come and fetch me as soon as disengaged.

The Prince arrived amid 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 quartermaster of the department.

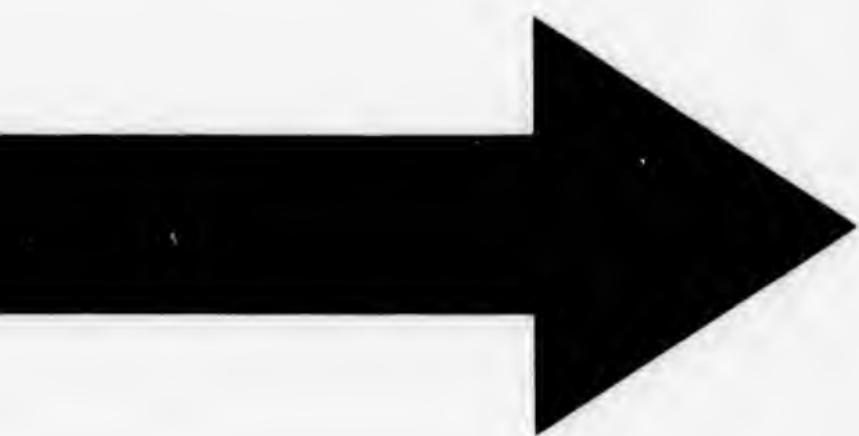
Fort Pulaski, situated on a narrow peninsula and washed by the sea, was then a most horrid place. Having sustained a siege and being partly in ruins, the accommodations for the garrison were very bad, and the place, not having been cleaned for a very long time, was filthy beyond description. In con-

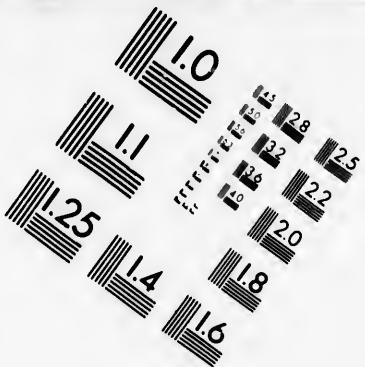
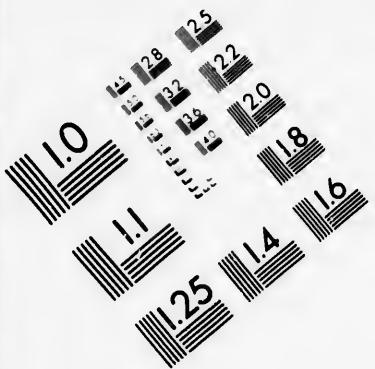
sequence of this sickness amongst the soldiers was prevalent, and a great many of them suffered from a kind of cholera or dysentery, with vomiting.

The smell and the damp in the casemates 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 5th. 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.

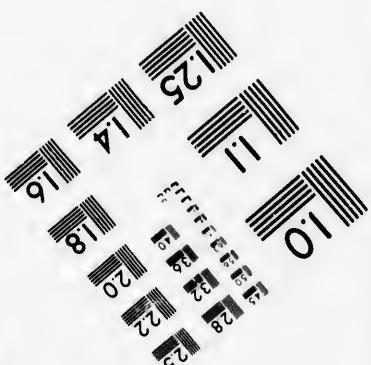
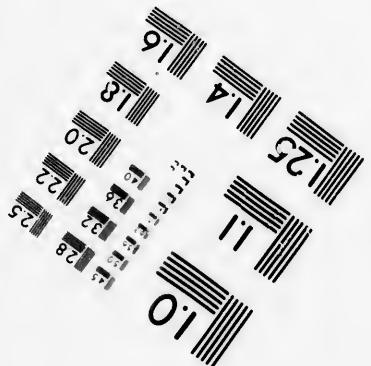
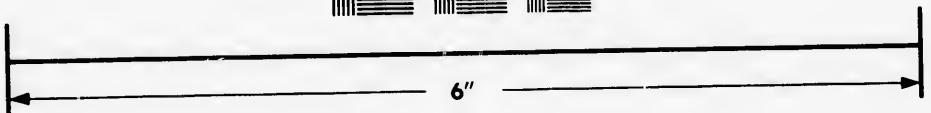
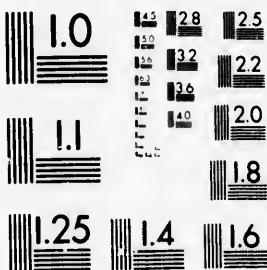
Felix got leave to go to Augusta, and we started from Pulaski on the 10th in a small sailing-boat, but were too late in Savannah for the steamer 'Gibbons.' We therefore took places in the steamer 'Fanny Lehr,' which left for Augusta at four o'clock P.M. I had a very nice state-room on the boat, but she 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







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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 that 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

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captain and crew, but also a box of fine claret and a basket of champaign. 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 therefore 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 dépôt 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 Maxi-

milian, 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 for ever.

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 quiet 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 heads a circle of stars.

The loud cicadas, 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 bass-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

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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-storied 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 dépôt 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 19th, 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.

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## CHAPTER I.

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 for 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 Zapiotes, 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 gilders 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 ... 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 generally 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, I was fortunate enough never to encounter any of these waylaying gentry.

The road and the landscape seen 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 awhile 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

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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, sugar-cane, 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, Palmár, 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 was never 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 Thun, 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 civilised 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 mountains 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 Anátruaç. 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 Anáhuac, 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 to 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 diplomats. 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.

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## CHAPTER II

Origin of the City of Mexico—The Alameda—The Pasco 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 Sanctuario 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 the 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 Tenechtitlan, 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 foundation 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 very 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 enclosed 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 Rotten 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 Il Pasco 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 Manuel 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 Pasco Nuevo.

Not far from this statue 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 peculiarly rich and becoming costume. All of them have 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 'Teocalli,' or Temple of Vitzliputzli, or, rather, Huitzilopochchi, the god of war of the Aztecs. 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, has three entrances, which are ornamented with statues and alto relievos.

At the side of one of the towers is a very curious relic of Aztekic 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 statues 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 spoilt 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, not flimsy 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 the 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 statue, 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 statues 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 in 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 Mineria—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 Popocatopel, furnish plenty of this absolutely necessary commo-

dity. 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 relieveo, 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 is called tentetl (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 tentetls 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 tentetls 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 Tlaltiluclu, 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 Zumárraga, a Franciscan, and Bishop of Mexico, 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 Clement 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 with 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 apparitions. 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 pic-

ture was transported in 1533. 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 1622, 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 higher 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 Viceroys. The blood-sucking Viceroys 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

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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 inter-

laced 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 flowers 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 their 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. That 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, their 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 Aztecs, 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 build-

ings, 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 Aztecs 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 other, 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 ranchoero 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 possible 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*, *tomatos*, 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 III.

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 executions 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 for ever 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 naïve 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 ad-

miration, 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

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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 Cunvas. 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 favourite card game of the Mexicans.

During the rainy season many people go there for a change of air—what is called 'mudar temperamento.' 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 greensward.

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 recognised 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 civilising 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 Presi-

dent 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 powerful 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 anyone 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 evergreen 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, Salm 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 gentlemen 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 awe-struck, 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 his 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, or rather horse-dog, 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 sports-

man, was tempted by the many wild ducks 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 Castelneau, 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's, 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, ‘À 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 Quincielan, and left with Salm on the 13th<sup>th</sup> 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

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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.<sup>1</sup>

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 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

<sup>1</sup> "My Diary in Mexico, &c.", by Felix Salm-Salm, General, &c., 2 vols., London : Richard Bentley, 1868.

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, fireworks, &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 demoralised 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 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.

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## CHAPTER IV.

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 head-quarters 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.

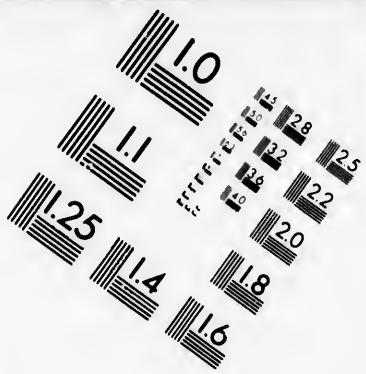
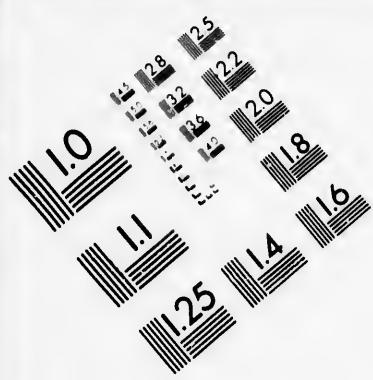
DURING the following night I dreamt that I saw my husband dying. The Emperor leant over him, held his hand, and said with deep emotion, ‘Oh, my dear friend, you must not leave me alone now!’ My husband called out my name. Fighting was going on all around, and everywhere I saw blood and all the horrors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

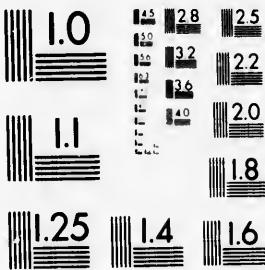


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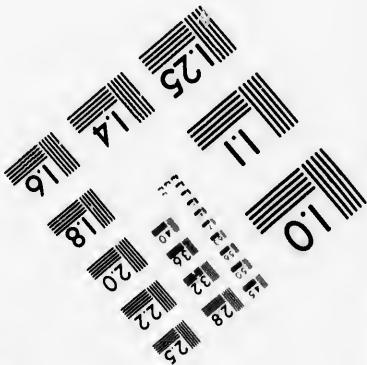
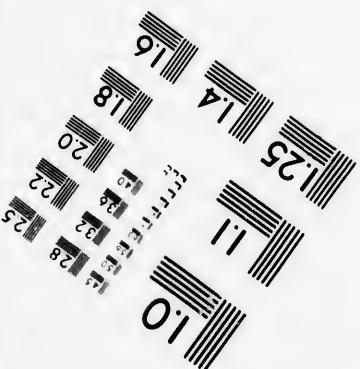




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It was natural that such a dream, three times repeated, should make me extremely uneasy, and the more so as I am a believer in dreams. I made up my mind therefore to go to Mexico, and to have an interview with Baron Magnus and the commanders of the 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 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 Chapultepec. The whole road

was filled with Liberal officers and soldiers, who knew me, however, as they had seen me at Mr. Huber'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, and 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 heard 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 field towards the garita, which was defended

by a battery. The officers commanding these recognised 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 had 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 Macholowitzsch, 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 condition 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, of 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 General had given, it appeared, this affair into the hands of Colonel ——, to whom I should have to state the conditions of the officers. I told Colonel Leon that Madame 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 the 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

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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 conditions 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 of 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, how-

ever, 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 bright 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 Spornberger, 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 Commanding 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 *sacré* 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 away my head 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 V.

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 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 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 Porfirio 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 Potosi, 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 Queretaro 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, ac-

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companied 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 broadcloth.

The President gave me his hand, led me to the sofa, on which Jimny 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 at 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 dustbin, 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 first 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 and 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 Em-

peror 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.<sup>1</sup>

We remained until nearly dark at the headquarters 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

<sup>1</sup> 'My Diary in Mexico,' &c., by Felix Salm-Salm. Richard Bentley, London. 1868. Vol. i. p. 222.

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 the 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 barial-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 VI.

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 of 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 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 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.

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## CHAPTER VII.

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 Villanueva—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 Queretaro, do all that can be useful and agreeable to the Princess.

'Your affectesimo,

'MAXIMILIANO.'

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 . . . . .	<u>750</u>
	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 unceremoniously out of his camp, I went to General Escobedo, explained to him the reasons 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 coun-

scl whom he has chosen to defend him. Having regard to 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, however, 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 to 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 or 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. Bähnsen, 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 been always repugnant, was glad to find a pretext or reason to postpone 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 his 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 intention 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 abaut, and will by beter for you and the Emperor, you ousbant, &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. Hooricks 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 Richeieu, 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 per-

fectedly 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 be still 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 Charge 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.

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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 woul'd not have told others. My

attachment to the Emperor, and my zeal in his cause, rather pleased them, and I am sure that 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 Potosi. The 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 I 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 Miramón looked as bright as if he were going to a ball, but poor Mejía 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-marshall, 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 his 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 a 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 the 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 to return it to the Emperor at night. He took it and put it on his finger; but after awhile 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 must 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 1867.

'Las dos libranzas a *cien mil pesos* que firmé hoy para los Coronellos 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 Coronelos.

'MAXIMILIANO.'

'Queretaro, June 13, 1867.

'The two bills of *one hundred thousand pesos* each, which I signed to-day for the Colonels Palacios and Villa-nueva, 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.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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