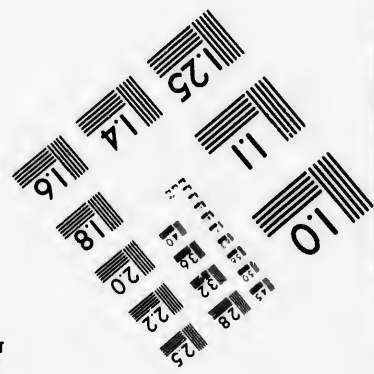
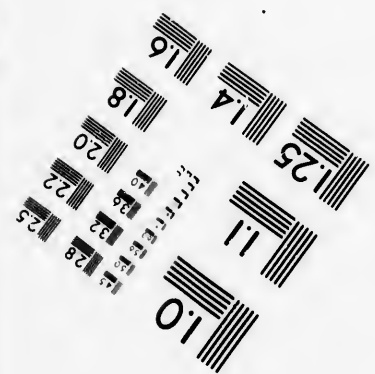
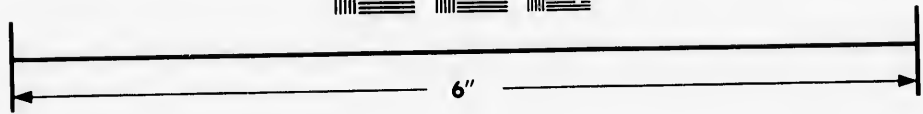
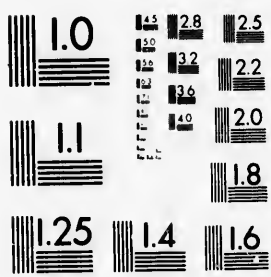


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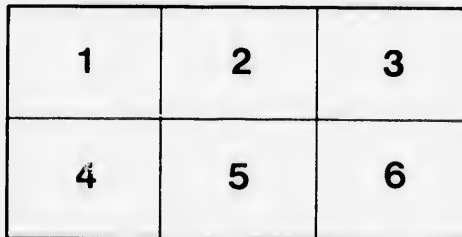
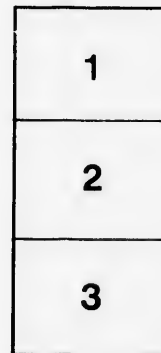
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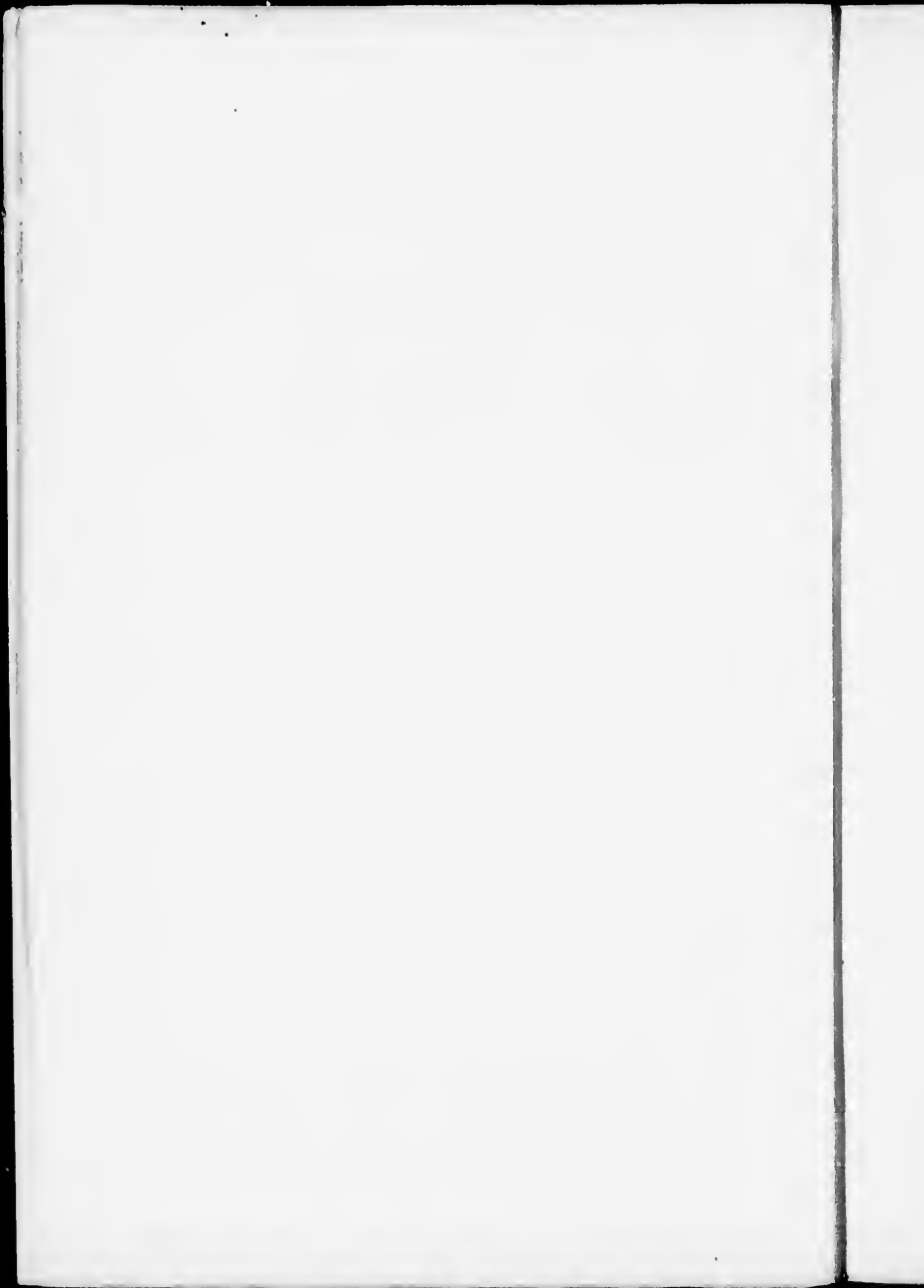
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TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE

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TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE

BY THE
PRINCESS FELIX SALM-SALM

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



REFERENCE

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty

1876

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BEFORE I was up next morning a guard was placed at my house. Everybody who went in was permitted to pass, but on coming out he was arrested. This fate was unsuspected by Dr. Basch, who came in the morning on the part of the Emperor to bring me the paper mentioned in the preceding chapter. When he left my house he was arrested by General Refugio Gonzales.

Two servants of the Emperor came with the

message that he wished to see me immediately. I knew then already that Colonel Palacios had broken his word of honour, and that Dr. Basch had been arrested, for an officer of Escobedo's staff sent me this news in a little note, which I destroyed. I prepared to leave my house as if I knew nothing.

When I stepped over the threshold General Refugio Gonzales addressed me, grinning over his whole face, and told me that General Escobedo wished to see me immediately. I replied that I was just on my way to pay him a visit.

When I arrived at head-quarters, I was led into a large reception-room, which was filled with a great many officers. Some of them seemed amused, as if expecting an interesting scene; others looked with compassion on me. One of them approached me and whispered, 'All is lost!'

After awhile Escobedo came. He looked as black as a thunderstorm. In a polite but sarcastic tone he observed, 'That the air here in Queretaro did not seem to agree with me, that it was indeed very bad.' I assured him that I never felt better in all my life; but he insisted that I did not look well at all! He had a carriage ready, and an escort to take me to San Luis Potosi, where I should feel much better.

I told him that I had no desire whatever to go there, but thanked him much for his kindness. He could not bear this any longer, and his anger over-

mastered him. He said he found it so extremely wrong in me, so against all feeling of gratitude and honour, that I, after he had shown me so much kindness and treated me so well, tried to bribe his officers and to bring him into an embarrassing position.

‘I have done nothing, General, of which I need be ashamed, and what you yourself would not have done in my position.’

‘We will not argue that point, madame ; but I wish you to leave Queretaro.’

‘General,’ I answered, ‘you know that I am powerless now, and that the Emperor is lost. But my husband is here also, waiting for his trial, and I request you to let me remain here. Confine me in prison, or in my room, and place a guard over me, if you will ; I will remain quiet.’

The General would not listen to this ; he was too angry, and said that after what I had done I might even assassinate his officers.

I was indignant at this, and told him that he had no right to think thus of me, even if I wished to save my husband and my Emperor.

He answered, I might go to the President under a guard, and plead there for their lives, but not here. I was not the only person who had to leave ; the foreign ministers had received the same orders.

‘But, General,’ I replied, ‘I assure you the ministers had nothing whatever to do with my plan, and would not have dared support it.’

'I know that,' he said, contemptuously ; ' and just because they are such cowards they may go.'

' But, General, the Emperor will then be utterly alone, and without anyone to assist him in his last arrangements.'

'What good,' he burst out, ' can such old women be to a man ? Pretty people are the ministers ! Two of them have already run away without even waiting for their baggage.'

These two frightened representatives were, of course, Baron Lago and Mr. Hooricks. All the officers of Escobedo laughed at them, and the General himself told me later in Mexico, that if one of these men had requested him to see the Emperor and take leave of him, he would not and could not have refused. But they did not even make the attempt, and Baron Lago ran off with the codicil to the Emperor's last will unsigned !

I of course have not the slightest scruple in stating that I consider the behaviour of these gentlemen as contemptible as possible, and that I fully subscribe what the Emperor said about the *mis*representative of Austria ; but if they or anyone else should doubt that General Escobedo expressed himself so undiplomatically about these diplomatists, I appeal to the General himself, who is not the man to deny what he said ; and to his whole staff, who heard it, and especially to Colonel Doria.

I saw nothing was to be done at present, and I

had to leave Escobedo's head-quarters. These had been removed long ago from the Hacienda de Hercules to the city, and were only a few houses from mine in the same street. As I saw the ominous carriage with four mules before my door, I went there of course, expecting that time would be granted to me to prepare and go upstairs. I was about entering the door of my house, which was ajar, when a little captain, who escorted me, shut the door, and made a movement to seize my arm. This exasperated me. I felt as if I had become suddenly six inches taller and that I became deadly pale. As quick as lightning I drew from under my dress my little revolver, and pointing it at the breast of the horrified captain, I cried, 'Captain, touch me with one finger and you are a dead man!'

The captain protested that he did not intend any force, but that General Escobedo held him responsible, and that he was compelled not to permit me to go out of his sight. I told the poor little fellow that he might accompany me. I should take my time to prepare and pack up, and I was in a rather dangerous humour. I told him then to go where he liked. I would go up, and up I went, revolver in hand, the captain following.

I wanted to gain time, in hopes 'that something might turn up,' and declared now that neither I nor my servant understood packing. I must have some one who could do it, and he might try to get

one. At his wits' end, the captain now went back to General Escobedo, from whom he returned, after about half an hour, with an escort of six men. The General had received him very badly, and said he would put him under arrest if he could not compel me to go. He had orders to bring me to Santa Rosas at the foot of the Sierra Gorda, and to place me there in the diligence for San Luis Potosi.

I saw now that nothing more could be done, and commenced packing, when a servant of the Emperor came with a message that he wanted to see me immediately. I requested the captain to let me write a few lines to the Emperor, but this was refused, and the servant sent out of the room.

I caused the captain to send to Escobedo for permission to take leave of my husband, which was refused also. Then I wanted to write to him, and was at last permitted to send off a few lines, which the captain dictated to me, and which were delivered to my husband. Salm did not understand anything of the whole business, and sent me rather a peremptory note, commanding me to come and see him.

When I was ready with my packing I stepped into the carriage, followed by my girl, Jimmy, and a small trunk. Some time before Colonel Villanueva had arrived; I had given him the two cheques, which he promised to return to the Emperor, whom he would see immediately, and also my husband.

I suppose the Colonel transmitted some order to

the captain, and when I had taken my place, and the coachman was just going to start, he told the man to drive to head-quarters.

As soon as I heard that I jumped right over my maid, and trunk, and Jimmy, out of the carriage, and declared that I would not go there; that I did not want to see Escobedo again, and be exposed to his sneering remarks and those of his officers. If the General wished to see me, he might come to me. The captain sang again his song of instructions, &c., and I declared positively I would not go to Escobedo. At last Colonel Villanueva interfered, and the captain promised to wait until he returned with other instructions from the General, which he soon did.

Villanueva related afterwards to my husband this whole scene, which, he said, had amused him greatly, though certainly it was not amusing to me, for I was in a towering passion. Escobedo had laughingly said, when the Colonel told him what a fix the little captain was in with me, that he would rather stand opposite a whole Imperial battalion than meet 'the angry Princess Salm,' and ordered that I should be brought at once to the place arranged. Finding him so reasonable I did not offer any further resistance, and re-entered the carriage.

In Santa Rosas I was quartered in a comfortable room, in a hacienda belonging to one of the Liberals, by whose family I was treated with kindness. Next

morning, when the diligence passed, I found places taken for myself and maid, and an officer, in citizen's dress, escorted me. That gentleman satisfied himself with keeping me in view; he never spoke to me, and none of the other passengers knew that he was my guard.

At that time I was of course very furious against General Escobedo; but if I consider what I attempted to do, and that I was by no means yielding, I must acknowledge that I was treated throughout with great forbearance and courtesy, not only by General Escobedo, but also by Mr. Juarez his minister, and by all Mexicans with whom I came in contact. Even in the United States, where ladies enjoy considerable prerogatives, I should have experienced far different treatment, as many Confederate ladies will testify.

Having gone through the whole late French war with the Prussians, and become acquainted with their views in reference to discipline, I must say that I still more wonder at and admire the lenience of the Mexican military authorities in regard to me. I must, however, say a few words in explanation of this behaviour, which will appear rather strange to German readers.

Attempts to escape occurred very frequently in these civil wars, where it happened not rarely that generals became prisoners of other generals, who soon again became their prisoners. Endeavours to escape

were considered as very excusable and natural, and were not punished with too much severity by the generals, in order not to create a precedent which might perhaps tell against themselves. Escobedo himself had once been a prisoner of Mejia, and condemned to be shot by a court martial; but Mejia had not only assisted him in his escape, but even furnished him with money for it. What Escobedo expected his own friends to do for him, he could not punish too severely in friends of the Emperor, and he was satisfied with making such attempts impossible.

When I arrived at San Luis Potosi, my guard left me. Alighting at an hotel, I now sent for Mr. Bahnsen, who came and kindly invited me to his house. I wished to see the President the same evening, but was told to come the next morning. He was, however, too busy to receive me, and sent Mr. Iglesia, to whom I related everything which caused me to be exiled to San Luis. Mr. Iglesia said he knew very well that they had many rascals at Queretaro, who might be bought by money. He agreed that, if I had had gold ready, my plan would have succeeded.

When, in the course of the conversation, I asked him to tell me frankly whether, in his inmost heart, he would not have been glad if the Emperor had escaped, he smilingly answered, 'Yes, I should.'

I spoke to him of my anxiety with regard to my

husband, and asked whether it were not possible that I might return to Queretaro to be near him. He advised me to wait awhile, until after the execution of the Emperor. As I insisted on seeing Mr. Juarez, the minister told me to come at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Although I had planned the escape of the Emperor, Mr. Juarez received me in his usual manner. I commenced by speaking about the plan for the Emperor's escape, but he told me that he knew all, and evaded answering those same questions I had put to Mr. Iglesia, but his whole manner impressed me with the idea that the escape of the Emperor would not have been very disagreeable to him either.

Mr. Juarez told me that I should have to remain at San Luis, and be under surveillance. When I spoke about the Emperor and my husband, the President said he was afraid that nothing could be done for the Emperor, and that he must die; but as for my husband I might be perfectly satisfied. For the moment nothing could be done, but even if he should be condemned to death he would not be executed, on which he gave me his hand and his word of honour.

The Emperor had been sentenced to death at the time I was on the road, and was to be shot three days later. Baron Magnus was still in San Luis when I reached that place. He again saw the Pre-

sident, but was assured that nothing could save the Emperor. The Baron pleaded for another delay of three days, and the President consented only because Baron Magnus wished it, and because he did not desire to show extraordinary haste or unnecessary severity; but it was useless. The Prussian minister was so perfectly convinced of it that, when he left San Luis for Queretaro, he took a physician with him—to embalm the Emperor! Now, I ask, what sense was there in such behaviour? To ask for a respite of three days under such a conviction was an act not only of sickly weakness, but of cruelty; for it could not but inspire the poor Emperor with delusive hopes, which made their final failure far more difficult to bear. The only excuse I have for the step of the Baron is that at that time he was really almost unaccountable for what he did, for he was walking about like a man who had lost half a dozen of his five senses.

Had this gentleman remained in Queretaro and scrawled his name under a good bill of exchange, on which ready gold would have been provided at once, instead of opening his diplomatic windbag and squandering his pinchbeck coin of valueless words in San Luis, he would have saved the Emperor; the Prussian Court would have rejoiced in paying for such a purpose; decorations of all sizes would have been showered upon him, and he would have earned

a reputation for ever remembered by history, instead of regretting now in vain what he might have done, 'if he had known.'

I was like one distracted during all that time, and day and night I revolved in my head how the Emperor might still be saved. I frequently saw Mr. Iglesia, but each time I left him I became more and more convinced that the Emperor was lost beyond hope. Again I tried to obtain another delay of eight days, on better grounds than those of Baron Magnus, though rather weak also, until I should receive an answer from President Johnson, whom I knew well, and whom I would urge by telegraph to send another more energetic protest against the execution of the Emperor. But Mr. Iglesia told me, and so did President Juarez later, that a further delay could not be granted, and that they regretted much to have yielded to the request of Baron Magnus, as the President had been accused of intentionally prolonging the agony of the Emperor, a reproach made him especially by the foreigners, who called him a cruel, revengeful, and barbarous Indian.

The last day before the execution now came; the Emperor was to be shot on the following morning. Though I had but little hope, I was resolved to make another effort, and to appeal once more to the heart of that man on whose will depended the life of the Emperor, whose pale face and melancholy blue eyes, which impressed even a man like Palacios,

were constantly looking at me. It was eight o'clock in the evening when I went to see Mr. Juarez, who received me at once. He looked pale and suffering himself. With trembling lips I pleaded for the life of the Emperor, or at least for delay. What I blamed in a man—in Baron Magnus—might be pardoned in a woman. The President said that he could not grant it; he would not prolong his agony any longer; the Emperor must die to-morrow.

When I heard these cruel words I became frantic with grief. Trembling in every limb and sobbing, I fell down on my knees, and pleaded with words which came from my heart, but which I cannot remember. The President tried to raise me, but I held his knees convulsively, and said I would not leave him before he had granted his life. I saw the President was moved; he as well as Mr. Iglesia had tears in their eyes, but he answered me with a low, sad voice, 'I am grieved, madame, to see you thus on your knees before me; but if all the kings and queens of Europe were in your place I could not spare that life. It is not I who take it, it is the people and the law; and if I should not do its will the people would take it and mine also.'

In my raving agony I exclaimed, he might take my life if blood was wanted. I was a useless woman, but he might spare that of a man who might still do so much good in another country. All was in vain.

The President raised me up, and repeated to me that the life of my husband should be spared; that was all he could do. I thanked him and left.

In the ante-room were more than two hundred ladies of San Luis assembled, who came also to pray for the lives of the three condemned—Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia. They were received, but had no more success than myself. Later Madame Miramon came, leading in her hands her two little children. The President could not refuse to receive her. Mr. Iglesia afterwards told me that it was a most heartrending scene to hear the poor wife and the innocent little ones praying for the life of their husband and father. The President, he said, suffered equally at that moment from being under the cruel necessity of taking the life of a noble man like Maximilian, but he could not do otherwise. Madame Miramon fainted and was carried out of the room.

The trying scenes through which the President had gone that day were too much for him. He retired for three days to his room and would not see anyone. I could not close my eyes that night, and went with many other ladies of our party to church to pray for the condemned.

In the course of the morning the telegraph conveyed the sad news that the execution had taken place, and that all was over.

In the evening I went to see Madame Miramon. She was so much changed that I scarcely recognised

her, She told me that she would stay a few days quietly at San Luis, until she had recovered strength enough to travel to Queretaro and receive the body of her husband. I much desired to return to that city also, and gave a great deal of trouble to Mr. Lerdo and Mr. Iglesia, for scarcely one day passed that I did not importune them by my visit.

Mr. Lerdo was the right-hand man of Mr. Juarez, and enjoyed not only his perfect confidence, but had also the reputation of being a great politician. He does not look at all like a Mexican, for he is fair and has blue eyes. He is a very refined gentleman and most exquisitely polite. I had written to my husband to ask the permission of Escobedo for my return, and as he granted it, the President yielded to my repeated request, but I had to give him my word of honour that I would not engage in any enterprise to assist in the escape of my husband or any other prisoner.

On July 1, I arrived in Queretaro, and went again to the house of Madame Vicentis, though she was absent. My husband looked thin and pale, and was, as is almost always the case with prisoners, very impatient and excitable. He had still fresh in his memory the death of the Emperor, and would not believe either in the promises or the word of honour of the 'blood-thirsty Indian.' He thought of nothing but escape,

and in that I could and would not assist him, even when his trial was near at hand, and everybody was certain that he would be condemned. I believed in the assurances of Juarez, Lerdo, and Iglesia, who had told me that he and the other Generals would be condemned to death only to satisfy the people, but that only some of them, if any, would be shot, and my husband certainly would be saved.

As in his excusably angry feelings Salm was not very amiable with the officers who guarded him, he could not expect much kindness from them. Difficulties of all kinds were placed in the way of my seeing him, and the Liberal officers found a pleasure in spreading alarming reports only to torment the prisoners.

Prejudiced as my husband was, he believed those rumours more than my assurances, and made me feel uncertain and anxious. When his trial came on it was thought best that I should go to Mexico, where Mr. Juarez and the whole Cabinet were at that time, and I accordingly set off about the 12th of July.

In Mexico the rumour was current that all the prisoners would be shot, and I, like many other relations of them, felt great anxiety in consequence. About twenty wives and sisters of prisoners went to see the President, who sent us Mr. Iglesia, by whom we were told that a delay of two weeks had

been granted. The minister repeated to me the assurances made before, and advised me to remain quietly in Mexico until it had been decided where the prisoners were to be confined, then he would assist me in managing that my husband should come to Mexico.

The decision did not come for a long time, as all the papers of the different prisoners had to be examined again; and as Mr. Hube advised me also to wait, I remained meanwhile with his family in Tacubaya. At last, in September, it was ordered that the prisoners should remain in Queretaro, and I started the same night for the city, where I arrived on September 8.

My husband and all the other Generals imprisoned with him had been condemned to be shot in July. Their execution, which was to take place on the 19th, was first postponed for five days, and then *sine die*. As I knew for certain that my husband would not be shot I did not feel much anxiety, and remained in Mexico; but he did not trust my assurances, and even provided for the embalming of his body.

Though I brought with me an especial permit from the Secretary of War to see my husband whenever I liked, all kinds of difficulties were placed in my way, and my visits made as disagreeable as possible. By the intercession of a German who served in the Liberal army, Colonel von Gagern,

this was altered for the better, and to the kindness of this worthy officer my husband and the other prisoners owed very much. The Prince was even permitted, on giving his word of honour, to go now and then in the city, and I could remain with him in prison until ten o'clock in the evening.

The citizens of Queretaro behaved very kindly towards the prisoners, and supported them by providing for their meals and other comforts. My husband has described his prison life in his book, and as I could but copy him I shall pass over this period of my stay in Queretaro, and only mention my rather curious transactions with the physician who had embalmed the Emperor.

It is well known what difficulties the Liberal Government placed in the way of those persons who were sent to fetch the body of the poor Emperor. But not only the Government speculated with the body,—Dr. Licca, who had embalmed him, did the same. This doctor had made a plaster of Paris cast from the face of the Emperor, and Dr. Basch wrote to my husband to procure it for him. He commissioned me to speak to the doctor, and I went accordingly to see him.

This doctor was a low, mercenary wretch, who already had made his name infamous by betraying General Miramon, and by the brutal manner in which he treated the body of the Emperor. When he plunged his knife into the corpse, he said, 'What a

delight it is for me to be able to wash my hands in the blood of an Emperor !'

This man had retained all the clothes which the Emperor wore when he was shot, part of his hair, beard, &c., and was waiting for a purchaser of these relics. He asked me twenty thousand pesos for them, and I requested him to make a written inventory of all the things he had, and also the price he asked for them. Probably to bribe me, he gave me part of the Emperor's hair and beard, and a piece of the red silk sash which was saturated with his blood ; and to my husband he sent a piece of the Emperor's heart in alcohol, and a bullet which was found in the body. I spoiled, however, the speculation of this wretch, by showing the inventory he gave me to Admiral Tegethoff and President Juarez. He was sued for trying to sell what did not belong to him, and condemned by the court.

On the morning of the 8th of October the order arrived that the prisoners were to be transported from Queretaro to their different places of detention, namely, Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. On the 9th, at one o'clock P.M., they left under an escort, and on parting the inhabitants of Queretaro presented them with all kinds of catables, and showed their sympathy in a very affecting manner.

I followed with the wife of Colonel Diaz and Colonel von Gagern in the diligence, and met the

prisoners on the 10th in San Juan del Rio. There I took breakfast with my husband, and went to Mexico in advance of him.

The prisoners were placed there first in the common house of correction, and all visitors excluded; but this was altered in a few days, and they were transferred to the convent of Santa Brigida, where they were very well quartered, and where they received a great many visitors, who all brought them flowers, fruit, cigars, and other comforts.

I and friends of my husband exerted ourselves with all persons of influence to bring about a change in his position. If we could not persuade the authorities to exile instead of imprisoning him, we would try at least to retain him in Mexico, instead of sending him to Oaxaca. Salm, however, who did not think that this would be granted, wished at least to be permitted to go to Vera Cruz, because he believed that escape from there would be easier than from a place in the interior.

On the 26th of October, in the morning between five and six, I received a note from my husband, informing me that the prisoners were to be transported at once to Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. Their departure had been kept secret in order to prevent their many friends from showing their sympathy. I arrived in the convent when they had already left, but overtook them at the garita. They were transported through the streets, not like generals

and prisoners of war, but like convicts, marching between an escort of cavalry by two and two, my husband and old General Castilio arm in arm at their head. Their miserable condition affected me so much that I wept aloud.

All the precautions taken by the authorities had not been able to prevent many ladies from collecting at the railway station to say farewell to them. As I could not accompany the prisoners on their march, and moreover as my presence in Mexico was necessary in the interest of my husband, I took leave of him also, hoping to see him soon released, and to depart with him to Europe from Vera Cruz.

In Tehuacan, the head-quarters of Porfirio Diaz, my husband was very amiably received by General Baz, chief of the staff, who told him that he had been strongly recommended to the Commanding General from Mexico. Porfirio Diaz treated him indeed very kindly. My husband was allowed to go about in the town as he pleased, and dined with the General and his family. When he left after two days of rest Porfirio Diaz gave him letters of recommendation to two generals in Vera Cruz, for he had received permission to go there instead of to Oaxaca.

In Vera Cruz my husband, with the other Generals, was detained in the casemates of the Fort San Juan d'Ulloa, situate on an island near that city.

In my task to work for his release I was kindly assisted by all the Americans from the North and the South living in Mexico, and I have especially to thank Mr. A. P. Perry, the correspondent of the 'New York Herald;' Dr. Skelton; and above all the new Chargé d'Affaires of the United States in Mexico, Mr. Plumb, who was instructed by Mr. Seward, who knew my husband very well, to intercede for him with the Mexican Government. President Johnson caused Mr. Seward to write a private letter to Mr. Juarez in reference to the Prince, and told me later, when I saw him in Washington, that it was done in consequence of my several letters to him.

Admiral Tegethoff had also interested himself for the Prince, and in the middle of November he sent me a card of congratulation, as Minister Lerdo, with whom he had dined, had informed him that the President had just signed the release of my husband.

This release was taken by Baron Magnus to Vera Cruz, and communicated on November 13 to my husband, with the request to report to the commander of the city. The Prince intended to leave for Europe in the English steamer sailing on December 3, and telegraphed for me to come. I answered that I would be with him in four days.

When Salm reported to the commander of Vera Cruz, this General insisted on his leaving by the next

steamer, the 'Panama,' which started on November 15, at eleven o'clock A.M., and to his great regret he had to obey orders.

My despair may be imagined when I arrived the following day.

I resolved not to return to Mexico, though I had left there all my things, and not to wait in Vera Cruz for the next European steamer either, but to sail at once in a little French steamer to New Orleans, and from there to New York, where I hoped to procure means to go as soon as possible to Europe, for I had very little money.

It was a rather disagreeable voyage, for coming from a hot climate I had no clothes suitable for a cold country; and arriving in the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York, I had to keep in my room until some were made for me.

I was quite astonished at the reception I had in New York. When my arrival was made known in the papers I received an immense quantity of bouquets from everywhere, and wherever I showed myself, in the hotel or in the street, people crowded and cheered me. I was much affected by this unexpected show of sympathy.

From New York I went to Washington to see my sister, and also President Johnson, and other persons who had assisted my husband, to thank them.

Though I required some rest after so much

trouble and excitement, I longed to join my husband, and after having procured the money I required, I left New York for Brest, on December 28, on board the 'Ville de Paris.'

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BOOK III.
IN EUROPE

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CHAPTER I.

Brest—First impressions—A four-legged baby—Paris—Castle Anholt—Prince Alfred—His family—Our position—Journey to Vienna—Audience with the Emperor of Austria—Result—Salm in the hands of his old enemies—Flight—My audience with the mother of Maximilian—Her present—Munich—Countess Salm-Hoegstraeten—Return to Westphalia—Princess Minna—Prince Alfred dangerously ill—Rheingrafenstein—von Stein—Meeting with Corvins in Rorschach—Castle Wiggen—The Rorschach Hill—The Lake of Constance—Mrs. Raggebas—Visitors—A visit to Combe Varin—Professor Edward Desor—Baron H. and wife—A Russian Baron and his daughter—Prince Hohenzollern—At the Weinburg—Off to Berlin.

To travel alone several thousand miles is a very heavy task for a young woman, especially if encumbered by a dog, whom nobody would any longer call a little dog, and which, in fact, weighed nearly twenty pounds and had distressingly long legs. Little children are great encumbrances in travelling, but they are at least looked upon as pardonable nuisances; whilst a dog is persecuted by railway and diligence conductors, and even captains of steamers, with a zeal approaching fanaticism. A baby may be shown openly—and this is rather the pleasant side of baby transportation—conductors cannot object; whilst a dog must be carefully con-

cealed from the lynx eyes of prying conductors, who will not always be appeased by pleading words, even if accompanied by more persuasive silver. If Jimmy could write his memoirs his book would be read with great sympathy, not only by the whole canine tribe, but also by all ladies who cherish a four-legged pet.

New Year's Day on board the 'Ville de Paris' was a most miserable day, for the weather was extremely rough and everybody was sea-sick, myself and Jimmy included.

We arrived on January 6, 1868, in Brest, where I went to the Hotel Lamarque. I sent at once a despatch to Felix and his brother, and was very much disappointed on receiving next day the news that my husband was prevented from coming for me to Brest, but that he expected me in Paris.

I was of course in a very bad humour, and it may be ascribed to this circumstance that the first impression which Europe made on me was by no means favourable. Everything appeared to me extremely small in comparison with what I had left in America. The rivers looked all like miserable creeks, the mountains like mole-hills, and the trees like toys. The people in the hotel were, however, very kind, and assisted me to the best of their ability. The landlady accompanied me next morning to the depôt, to facilitate difficulties which possibly might occur in reference to Jimmy, as dogs were severely prohibited in first-class

carriages. To submit that noble dog to the ignominy of the dogs' quarters in the train was revolting to all my feelings, and in order to protect him against such a degrading proposition he, with the help of the landlady, had been dressed up as a baby, and a thick veil covering his dear long snout concealed him before the sharp eyes of the railroad guards. The young lonely mother found sympathy with them, and I had a *coupé* all to myself.

I arrived in Paris on January 9, at one o'clock A.M., and found at the depôt my dear husband waiting for me. In the pleasure of the meeting I forgot myself, and the guard discovered that my baby had four legs. He seemed very much alarmed, but a Napoleon calmed his fears, and we drove away very happy.

We intended to leave Paris on the same night for Schloss Anholt, the residence of Alfred, Prince Salm-Salm, Felix's elder brother. We were, however, detained a day longer, having to make many purchases.

Paris pleased me much, though it presented itself under very unfavourable circumstances, for the weather being extremely bad a gloom was spread over everything.

On leaving Paris for Schloss Anholt, in Westphalia, it was only natural that I felt somewhat nervous. Though Felix had assured me that I should be received most kindly by his whole family, I had

still some apprehensions, fearing the formal and ceremonious stiffness which I imagined to be inseparable from all Prussian families.

I arrived in Anholt on January 11, at ten o'clock A.M., and all my fears were speedily removed by the very kind manner in which I was received by my husband's brother and his numerous family.

Prince Alfred zu Salm-Salm, Duke of Hoegstraeten, Rhein and Wildgraf, &c., &c.—all his titles may be seen in the Almanac of Gotha—is, notwithstanding all his pompous titles, a very simple, unpretending, kind, and very polite man, who did not look upon me as a stranger, but treated me from the first moment as a sister, so that I felt at once at home.

Schloss Anholt is an extremely old, extensive, imposing-looking Castle, built around a tower, which stood there before the Christian era, having been erected by the Romans. The whole Castle is like Amsterdam, built on wooden piles, which have become like stone in the course of time. The whole ground around is swampy, and by digging only one foot deep water is to be found. The Castle is surrounded by a splendid park, which is improving every year, and protected by a moat with drawbridges, which are drawn up every night.

The house contains very fine halls, with an

armoury and other relics of olden times, and above one hundred rooms.¹ All this is very fine and noble, but it did not altogether correspond with the ideas I had about a princely palace. Used to the luxurious dwellings of the rich people of North America, everything appeared to me somewhat primitive and as it were uncivilised. I wondered at the uncarpeted staircases and rooms, where only patches here and there covered the dark oaken flooring, which was made so slippery by beeswaxing that I found difficulty in walking, and really fell down on entering my bedroom.

There do not exist in North America such feudal dwellings, and as there are no feudal ideas to be found either, I did not look exactly with the same feelings of pride and satisfaction on this simplicity as the members of the family. Modern elegant dwellings, however, may be procured by every rich cheesemonger, but such grand halls, solid staircases, &c., are to be found only in the seats of noble old families.

If I felt somewhat disappointed in reference to Castle Anholt, the people living there all did their best to make me comfortable and feel at home. Prince Alfred, though Prince and Duke, did not differ in his manner and behaviour from

¹ The picture-gallery is extremely fine, and in it are to be found highly valuable originals of Correggio, Rubens, and other celebrated old masters.

other well-bred gentlemen, and his daughters were quite natural, kind, and good-hearted girls, with no stupid pride or any other nonsense about them.

The household of the Prince was carried on in a style becoming his position ; everything was well regulated and agreeable. The weather was not very favourable, and the family were mostly confined to the Castle, where we passed the time with home occupations and amusements. My brother-in-law taught me how to play at billiards and his daughters how to spin, which afforded me much pleasure.

When the weather permitted we had a ride on horseback, or in a pony-chaise, or a walk to a neighbouring farm, where we took coffee. Felix and his brother went out shooting hares, and I joined them occasionally with my fowling-piece, and sometimes succeeded well. In a word, we led a quiet country life, which was to me very pleasant after the exciting scenes I had gone through, but of which but little of interest could be said without entering into details.

The future of my husband occupied Prince Alfred a good deal. Though Felix might have lived to the end of his life in Castle Anholt, such an idle and dependent existence would not have suited either him or me, and it was his great desire to enter the army again. Felix had served before both in the Austrian and Prussian army, and it deserved some

consideration where he would have the best chances. His sympathies were entirely with Prussia, but having once left that service when still a very young officer, it was rather doubtful whether he would find there a position he could accept in his advanced age, after having occupied places of some importance. In Austria his chances seemed to be better ; he had been the chief of the household of the Emperor Maximilian, had been distinguished by him especially, and been his companion in prison. Moreover, the late Emperor had remembered him in his last will, and expressed otherwise confidence and love towards my husband. It was therefore reasonable to expect that he would be favourably received by the Imperial brother of his late friend and Emperor.

There existed, however, still other difficulties, which were by no means easy to conquer, and which were not only fraught with danger, but attended by circumstances of an especially unpleasant and annoying character.

I mentioned the reasons which caused my husband to leave Europe—his debts. These debts were not paid yet, and were not forgotten either by his creditors. Though these people had given up nearly all hope of ever recovering them when my husband went to America, their hope was again revived by his return, which became known through the papers in connection with reports which still strengthened these hopes. It was said that the Emperor Maximilian had

left a legacy to my husband, and on this his creditors speculated. It would have been easy to come to an arrangement with them as long as my husband was still in Mexico, but this having been neglected, his return made such an arrangement far more difficult. Some of these creditors addressed his brother, and though Prince Alfred was much inclined to do a great deal for him, he could not think of satisfying their extravagant demands, as he had himself a rather large family, and besides knew very well in what manner these debts had been contracted, and how shamelessly some of these usurers and sharpers had profited by the extravagance and carelessness of his young brother.

Before coming to any decision in this serious matter and taking any steps, it was necessary to ascertain what chances my husband might have in reference to his future career.

It was therefore agreed between Felix and his brother that the former should go to Vienna. He wished to go there alone, leaving me behind in Anholt, which, however, did not suit me. I had promised the poor Emperor to see his mother, Archduchess Sophie, and I was anxious to fulfil my promise. The opposition of my husband was overruled by Prince Alfred, and both of us left for Vienna on February 14.

The weather was extremely fine, and the journey pleased me much, for I saw for the first time the

Rhine and its beautiful scenery. Westphalia is not the most favourable part of Germany, but our road led through countries which pleased me far better, and reconciled me to the fatherland of my husband, my future home.

Arriving in Vienna we alighted at an old, very good hotel in a narrow street, the Archduke Charles. I was extremely pleased with Vienna, which is indeed a most beautiful city, with charming surroundings.

Next day a nephew of my husband, Prince Alfred, dined with us. He was then an officer in the Austrian army. Another of the sons of my husband's brother was an officer in Prussia. I said before that the sympathies of the old Catholic nobility of Westphalia were always divided between Austria and Prussia, and that it was usual for some of their members to serve in the Austrian, others in the Prussian army.

As soon as our arrival became known in Vienna we received many visits, especially from old acquaintances from Mexico. Dr. Basch called, and also Col. v. Kodolitsch and Admiral Tegethoff.

On the 18th my husband had an audience with the Emperor of Austria, from which he returned rather dissatisfied, for he might have expected a more gracious reception. The reserve of the Emperor may, however, be easily explained. After the catastrophe of Mexico a great many persons arrived in Vienna who

all had served Maximilian, and expected to be rewarded for their services extravagantly by his brother. The Emperor was indeed annoyed very much, and in self-defence had to look somewhat coolly on the numerous claimants. This may explain the unsatisfactory reception of my husband, though his exceptional position with Maximilian might perhaps have justified a slight exception on the part of his brother. Decorations are very cheap at Courts, and often bestowed much out of place, and they were so without doubt on the breast of Baron Lago, about whom Maximilian had expressed himself so explicitly. Kind and yielding as he was, however, he had given to this impotent diplomatist a written testimony of his good behaviour, which the Baron took good care to present as soon as possible in Vienna, and in consequence of which he obtained a decoration, on which he, however, ought never to look without blushing. From this noble Baron the Emperor probably received information in reference to my husband, for a letter which Maximilian gave the minister to show in Vienna, in order to inform the Emperor of the intimate connection existing between the poor Prince and my husband, Baron Lago had destroyed, afraid that it might be found upon him and endanger his precious neck. Thus it happened that the friend of Maximilian did not receive from his brother even such a token of his satisfaction as was granted to a Baron Lago! He felt much grieved

and mortified, and when on the next day an aide of the Emperor offered him a small amount of money, or an annuity, he declined, for poor as he was, he felt rather humbled by such an offer. This was, however, certainly not the intention of the Emperor.

The presence of my husband in Vienna did not remain unnoticed by his creditors in that city, and on February 22 he was arrested. He was released, however, on paying two thousand five hundred dollars to the officer, and to prevent a repetition of such an occurrence he accepted the offer of a wiser or more speculative creditor to conceal him in his house. Not feeling at ease there either he thought it safer to decamp, and he left Vienna.

I had requested an audience with Archduchess Sophie, and had to remain. As the Empress was not in Vienna I could not be presented to her, nor to the Emperor either. Maybe he would not have received me, as was the case with Madame de Miramon, though she had an autograph letter from poor Maximilian, recommending her and her family to his brother. She remained five weeks in an hotel waiting for an audience, and had to leave Vienna without having been able to see the Emperor. I have explained already the seeming harshness of this kind Prince. The claims made upon him by people who had served his brother became indeed alarming, and if he had once commenced to satisfy them he would

not have known where they would stop. When things became more settled, and he was enabled to go into the affairs of his brother, he did not forget Madame Miramon, and provided for her in a very noble and handsome manner.

Archduchess Sophie received me on February 27. She was extremely kind, cried a good deal, and thanked me much for what I had done for her beloved son. She said she had been much opposed to his going amongst such barbarians, and I had to tell her all he had said, and how he had looked, &c. She was indeed very much affected.

Her gratitude restricted itself not only to words. Soon afterwards was offered to me on the part of the Emperor an annuity of twelve hundred dollars, which I thankfully accepted, and about a fortnight after this visit she sent me, through Countess von Fürstenberg, a splendid bracelet, with the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian, as a keepsake.

I left Vienna on February 28, and met my husband waiting for me at the station in Munich. We paid a visit to an aunt of Felix, who lived there, a Countess von Salm-Hoegstracten, whose husband was not at home, but in Bonn with one of his brothers. We passed a pleasant day with the Countess and her daughter, who were charming, kind people, and left on March 2, early in the morning.

Arriving in Bonn at half-past nine P.M., we were

received at the station by the Counts Albrecht and Herrmann Salm-Hoegstraeten, who has a house in Bonn. We stayed next day in this city, with which I was very much pleased.

In the afternoon we received a visit from the eldest son of my husband's brother, Leopold, the hereditary Prince of the house of Salm-Salm, whom I saw here for the first time, as he did not live in Schloss Anholt, but in Godesberg, where he was under hydropathic treatment. This very important personage did not say much, but stared all the afternoon in my face.

We returned to Anholt rather sad and discouraged, for our future looked dark. Without having arranged with his clamouring creditors my husband could not think of entering the army. This arrangement became more difficult every day, for as soon as the creditors were aware of the desire to settle, and that the reigning Prince was willing to assist, their exactions became extravagant beyond all reasonable bounds. Under such circumstances it was impossible for us to remain in Germany, and we seriously reflected on leaving it again, but where to go we did not know.

Though my brother-in-law and his family did all they could to make us feel at home, we could not shake off our sad thoughts. We were groping in the dark, and for a long time we could not come to any resolution.

Life in Anholt went on as usual in a quiet way, and was only interrupted now and then by visits from relations or visits we paid to them. Amongst others we visited the widow of Prince Emil Salm, a brother of Alfred and Felix, who lived in Cleve, where her two sons were at a college. Her name was Minna. Felix liked her very much.

Time passed on without anything definitive being decided in reference to us. Alfred, however, endeavoured to come to an arrangement with my husband's creditors, and to facilitate this it was thought expedient that we should leave Germany for a time.

During our stay in Mexico we had always kept up a lively correspondence with our friends the Corvins. The Colonel, who had a position in the United States Treasury, became tired of greenbacks and seven-thirties, accepted a position as special correspondent to the 'New York Times,' and returned to Germany in 1867. He lived then with Mrs. Corvin in Berlin, and we had arranged to meet somewhere in Switzerland, where we intended to spend our summer together.

When we were nearly ready to start my brother-in-law, Prince Alfred, fell very seriously ill, and the whole family was much distressed and alarmed. Everybody liked Prince Alfred, for, being a very good and kind man and father, his death would not only have been deeply felt by all his children

and relatives, because they loved and respected him, but also because a very great change would have resulted from it.

The most celebrated physicians were fetched from Bonn, but they agreed that Alfred was most dangerously ill, and that there was little hope of his recovery. All the members of the family and also the Duke of Croy arrived in Anholt, and on Friday, April 3, Alfred received the holy sacrament. But from that time he improved and began to recover slowly. At the end of April he was out of danger, and on Tuesday, May 5, we left Anholt for Switzerland, taking the steamboat at Cologne.

On our way we paid a visit to the ancestral castle of the Salms, the former residence of the 'Rhin-graves,' the Rheingrafenstein, which is now a ruin still belonging to the family. As my husband had good reasons for not making it known who he was, we had resolved to lay his title aside and to travel under the name of Von Stein.

Travelling through Basle to Constance we took there the steamer, and arrived on May 9 in Rorschach, in the Canton St. Gall, Switzerland, where we met the Corvins, who had arrived two days before us.

Rorschach is a large village hard on the Lake of Constance, which would be called a city in many parts of America. It is just opposite Friedrichshafen in Württemberg, and situated at the foot of a hill nearly

three miles long, which rises from the lake about two thousand feet high. I was not in a frame of mind to enjoy anything, and that, I suppose, was the reason that I did not then like the place, though the Corvins were delighted with it. We alighted at the Hotel Garni, close to the lake, the railroad running right before the house. As I did not like the accommodation at all, we looked out for some other place, and went in a boat to Arbon, situate on a projecting kind of peninsula. From the garden of the inn there we had a splendid view of the Saentis mountain and its glaciers, but the inn being rather too rustic for our taste, we did not like to stay there.

Salm and Corvin went prospecting about, and discovered a little old castle about a quarter of an hour from Rorschach, situate on the slope of the above-mentioned ridge, something like two hundred feet above the surface of the lake. Its name was Castle Wiggen, and it belonged to a former Landamann of St. Gall, Mr. Hoffmann von Leuchtenstern, who had resided there several years, but who lived then, since he had become a widower, in St. Gall. Hearing that the castle was in perfect repair and furnished, we were desirous of renting it, and went to St. Gall to speak to its owner, who was willing, and we took it.

Salm and myself occupied a very large corner room, with an adjoining bedroom. From the windows we had a most splendid view over the Lake of

Constance and its shores. The Corvins took the opposite corner room, separated from ours by a hall with a large window, in which were inserted in stained glass the arms of former owners. Whilst our rooms were modernized, that of our friends was left in its primitive state. The walls were gaudily and curiously painted, and provided with many cupboards. The furniture consisted of a large oaken centenarian table and straight-backed chairs, a narrow bed in a recess, and another very large one standing free in the room. The most remarkable object in that room was, however, the stove: it was the biggest and most respectable stove I have seen in all my life; a whole *Irish* family might have lived in it, and it is worth a description. On four solid iron feet, about two feet high, rested a more than three inches thick stone slab of six feet by three and a half, and on it stood, built of green, glazed, curiously ornamented square tiles, the main structure of the oven, capacious enough to hold a whole cartload of wood. On this square compartment rose, built of the same material, a round tower, reaching nearly up to the high ceiling. In the ornamented battlement of this tower were inserted the arms of the Schlabberitz, who once lived in the castle. The most curious and suggestive part of this stove was, however, to me the space between it and the wall. A few steps of green glazed slabs led to a seat made of the same

material. It did not require much fancy to imagine sitting there some grey-headed old knight with a large tankard at his elbow, or a venerable grandmother, her wrinkled face rising above an enormous stiff frill.

Old pictures, portraits and others, of more or less value, in tarnished gold or simple black frames, all looking somewhat mildewed, ornamented the rooms and halls, in which stood beautifully carved, enormous wardrobes of black walnut, with locks and keys that seemed to have been wrought by Tubal Cain.

The hall between ours and the Corvins' rooms was closed by a strong iron-fitted door, opening on a stone staircase winding up in a round tower. On the top of this tower was arranged a little room, from the window of which a wide view was to be had in all directions.

The tower was entered from a large hall on the ground-floor, through which one came to the yard, closed by a farm-building and cow-stables. On the opposite side of the building was, enclosed by a wall from which some turrets had been removed, a little garden with fruit-trees, flower-beds, and vegetables, kept in order by the couple who were in charge of the castle, and who lived in a kind of *entresol*. Peaches and pear-trees and creepers covered the outside wall of the castle, which stood on a gentle eminence. Its slope was a luxuriant meadow, studded with beautiful fruit-trees.

Though at that time I was dissatisfied with everything, because I was much troubled in mind, I must say now that this Castle Wiggen is a beautiful spot. From the back room one looked right upon the long Rorschach hill, of which the slope falling off towards the lake is indeed a little world in itself. Approaching Rorschach from the lake, when still the snowy mountains behind the ridge are to be seen, this slope looks rather insignificant; but on coming nearer and the high mountains disappearing, it looks more interesting; but to become fully aware of its beauties, one must stay for a longer time and explore it. It is indeed, as I said, a little world in itself. There are little villages and farms, deep gullies with rocks and water rushing over them; fine woods and splendid meadows, covered with beautiful flowers like a garden. Everywhere crystal springs are bubbling. Towards the top of the ridge are pine-woods. It is a rather long and toilsome way up to them, but it is worth the trouble to make it, for behind these woods is the crest of the ridge, from where the enraptured eye looks on the Saentis, which seems so close by that every little rock on it can be seen. At the other end of the ridge the view is even finer, for before us are the Rhine valley, the mountains near Ragatz and Chur, and the Tyrolean Alps.

The beauties of the site of Rorschach, though it does not strike visitors on a first view, have been

fully appreciated by connoisseurs. The Queen Dowager of Württemberg, who is now dead, had between Rorschach and Bad Horn a fine country-house, where she resided every summer. At the opposite side, nearer to the entrance of the Rhine into the lake, is Castle Wartegg, the residence of the Duke of Parma. On the same line, not on the lake but on the top of the ridge, stands the very stately old Castle of Wartamsee, which has been restored by an Englishman, who, however, lost his money in Baden-Baden, and had to sell that fine place, which since then has changed hands several times. Not far from Rorschach, in the Rhine valley, is the Weingurg, a country-seat belonging to the Prince of Hohenzollern.

Rorschach is built hard by the lake. It was once a very flourishing mercantile place, and many rich merchants dealing with Italy lived there. Several fine old houses, with curiously sculptured windows and balconies, especially in the main street, bear testimony to their taste and wealth. It is still an important place, and one of the grain markets of Switzerland. Close to the lake, on the haven, stands an extensive old corn-house.

In summer Rorschach is very lively, for an immense number of travellers pass through, coming either from Lindau or Friedrichshafen, on their way to the interior of Switzerland. Steamers are going to and fro, the railroad whistle is heard in-

cessantly, and all these steamers and trains are crowded, loaded with travellers from every part of the world—or societies, schools, colleges, &c. out on a pleasure excursion. Most of these passengers pass only, but very many think it worth while to stay a day or two in Rorschach, and in the several hotels of the place company is always to be found, almost every day fresh faces.

As it was inconvenient to walk every day to Rorschach for our meals, though the distance from Wigggen would be considered trifling in a city, we commenced housekeeping in the castle. It is true the cooking apparatus of centuries ago was very insufficient, but we had all been used to camp life, and found it not very difficult to put up with little imperfections and simple fare.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the bank of the lake, where we made friends with a gardener who had charge of an extensive villa, belonging to some Stuttgart gentleman, and were allowed the use of the bathing-house, which was indeed a great comfort. A bath in the Lake of Constance is indeed a treat. Though it is the largest of the Swiss lakes, it is only a pond in comparison with our American lakes. In fine weather one can see every house in Friedrichshafen on the Württembergian shore, though the steamer requires an hour and a half for the passage. Still it is beautiful, and one does not tire of looking on its ever-changing surface. Now it is as

blue as an Italian lake; in the next quarter of an hour it is green, which is its most usual colour, shaded off from emerald green to the darkest hue. A landscape painter could not find anywhere a more favourable place for studying water and sky than at the windows of our bright and pleasant room. Small as the lake appeared to me, in stormy weather it can assume quite a formidable aspect and foam like the sea. Skippers say that it is dangerous, and accidents to ships are by no means rare. Some years ago one of the largest steamers was wrecked close to the port of Rorschach.

It is plainly to be seen where the Rhine enters the lake, and the course of the river is still to be traced a great distance. The place near the entrance of the Rhine is rather ill-reputed, on account of an eddy making it dangerous to inexperienced boatmen. Salm went one morning out fishing alone in a small boat, with nothing but a piece of bread and a small flask in his pocket. Knowing that he was a very persevering sportsman, I did not wonder at his not being back to dinner; but when, late in the afternoon, he still had not returned, and our glasses swept the lake in vain, looking out for his boat, we all became alarmed and afraid of some accident, though the weather was fine and the lake like a mirror. At last he arrived, but utterly exhausted and in a pitiful state. His face was burnt quite red and the inside of his hands was peeled off. As the place where

the Rhine enters the lake was famous for salmon, he ventured there, but not being sufficiently acquainted with the dangers of that locality he got in the famous eddy, and was kept there for hours, no help being near.

The lake is still famous for its fish, though the steamships have done a great deal of harm. Some years ago a renowned fisherman from Horn caught in one morning 800 cwt. of fish, a fact scarcely credible, but which was confirmed as true by many persons. Salm and Corvin engaged that lucky man to initiate them in his art, and they went frequently out fishing on the lake, mostly trolling for salmon-trout and pike, but with indifferent success. Once Salm had a bite and he became quite excited, for according to all indications an enormous salmon had taken the bait. Instead of giving the fish line and letting it exhaust its strength, Salm in his eagerness pulled in with all the strength of his arm, and the result was, as every votary of the craft might have foreseen, that he nearly capsized the boat by falling on his back, the salmon getting off with six hooks in its mouth. Salm was much teased for this uncourteous behaviour of one of his cousins towards the 'Rhinegrave,' for salmon is Salm in German, and the family derive their name from this denizen of the Rhine, the Salms having two salmons in their coat of arms.

I contented myself with fishing with the rod,

remaining on shore. Though I am not very fearful in general I dislike water, for on looking on it I think, shudderingly, of sea-sickness.

We made of course many excursions to the mountains, and though sometimes fatiguing, they were pleasant. We visited now and then the fine village of Heiden, about six miles from Wiggen, beyond the crest of the Rorschach hill and beautifully situated. Many people live there through the summer, and the place is quite celebrated, as Professor Graefe, the eminent oculist, stayed there every summer, and people from every part of the world came there to consult him.

We visited also sometimes Castle Rorschach, the decayed residence of the old lords of Rorschach, and once the residence of an abbot of St. Gall, who sustained a siege and died there. It is situated some hundreds of feet above the village, and is now owned by a man who has been everywhere in the world, and who looks like an Italian robber. He keeps in the castle a kind of restaurant, and many people go there to drink his good wine and enjoy the splendid view.

More frequently we visited a place only a short walk from us, close to Castle Wartegg. It was called 'im Wiedien,' and belonged to a man of the name of Raggebas, whose family have owned the house and surrounding fields for centuries. The very insignificant-looking house was built against the hill, and

one entered with reluctance, first, a room where workmen from the neighbouring quarries were smoking horrid tobacco, eating horrid cheese, and drinking a horrid fluid called saft, a kind of weak cider made of pears, a whole pint of it costing but a fraction of a penny.

From there one came into another room, where a better class of people, and amongst them some servants of the Duke of Parma, were drinking their coffee or pint of wine. Through this room one came to the third largest room, which was reserved for those persons who were imagined to belong to the higher classes. All the rooms were scrupulously clean and pleasant. The owner of this farm, who was a wealthy man, never aspired to a higher place in society than had been held by his ancestors. He was a free Swiss peasant, and, wearing all the year round his blouse and hobnailed shoes, he carried his milk to his customers and worked on his farm, leaving to his wife and servant the care as to housework and attendance on the guests.

Mrs. Raggebas became a great friend of ours, as she had been of the late Duchess of Parma, who often came and had a chat with her. She was a middle-aged, pleasant, kind, and polite peasant woman, who kept her house in trim order, and everything she served was excellent and ridiculously cheap.

When we came there in company of six or eight persons and enjoyed all the luxuries to be had, as

splendid coffee, excellent cream, cake, honey, and good Tyrolean wine, we never succeeded in running up a bill surpassing five francs; and when paying, Mrs. Raggebas always forced upon us a quantity of cherries or pears, adding with a reassuring smile in her Swiss dialect, 'Koscht nix.'

She had a maid-servant, who was remarkable also. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer herself, but not liking her stepmother she preferred serving. She was a rather tall, pleasant-looking girl, with an open though not pretty countenance, who was held in great respect by all the men on account of her strength, which she once used in a very laughable manner. A little stranger, with a high, well-brushed cylinder hat, attempted to flirt with her in a country-like fashion. Looking upon him at first with some amused astonishment, she settled the question by quietly taking hold of his waist with both her hands. Then she lifted up the little amorous man as one does a baby, and ramming his precious beaver against the low ceiling so that it went down over the nose of the stunned little fellow, she went away laughing.

When the weather was not favourable we were occupied at home; Mrs. Corvin with painting in water colours, and I with learning German, for which I had engaged a teacher from Rorschach. Corvin had discovered in the castle an old library full of curious books, into which he dived with all the zeal of an antiquarian. Salm wrote his *Diary in Mexico*, which

was published some time after, myself adding to it a part of my own diary.

Visitors were not wanting, for many persons we knew passed through Rorschach and stayed there a few days. Amongst others came an old comrade of Salm's in the Austrian army, Baron Hauser, with his pretty wife, the daughter of the Trieste banker, and a colonel from Bregenz paid us now and then a visit. The same did a Baron Alten (a staunch Welf, who followed the fortunes of his deposed king), with his daughter, an agreeable girl.

Parties to Bregenz, Ragatz, Heiden, and St. Gall interrupted now and then our monotonous but rather pleasant life, which would have satisfied me still more if the unsettled state of Felix's affairs had not troubled my mind and embittered all enjoyment. My husband went from Rorschach to Munich and Vienna to bring about some arrangement, but without effect; and from Schloss Anholt we did not receive much comfort either.

In the first days of August, Mrs. Corvin resolved to pay a visit to a friend of her youth, the celebrated savant, Professor Edward Desor, who lived near Neufchatel, and she invited me to accompany her. Switzerland is not Mexico, and I need not describe what I saw. Though the weather was not very good, I was delighted. At a station beyond Neufchatel, I believe Noiraigre, the carriage of the Professor waited for us, its owner excusing himself on the ground of a

slight indisposition. The road to his country-seat was uphill work, for Combe-Varin (that is its name) is situate five thousand feet above the sea. It was formerly a hunting-house of a noble family related to Mr. Desor, and has been changed by him into a very comfortable Swiss dwelling-house. The Professor's name is well known in the learned world. He was a long time in America, and a companion of Agassiz. Now he has settled in Switzerland, and is a senator of influence in his canton. He is a bachelor, but his house is never empty of visitors, for he has many friends in every part of the world. We found there a Mr. Reinwald, a publisher from Paris, with his wife, and a Professor Eisenlohr from Carlsruhe, a great scientific gun, who died, however, some time ago.

The Professor does not look like a professor, but more like a country gentleman, and his household does not resemble that of a bachelor either.

Everything was extremely comfortable, and in all Switzerland I never met a better provided dinner-table. Mr. Desor is somewhat of an Epicurean, as every sensible man ought to be who can afford it. I felt somewhat out of my depth in this learned society, but all of them being men of the world they dealt mercifully with me, and our visit was very pleasant.

We made from Combe-Varin some fine excursions, and paid a visit to a friend of the Professor's, Mr. Fritz

Berthond, who lived at a village, Fleuris, in a house elegantly furnished in Parisian taste.

We remained four days in Combe-Varin, and left on August 8 for Zurich, where we met my husband, with whom we returned to Rorschach. Some days afterwards Mrs. Corvin left us for Frankfurt, and the Colonel took his quarters in the Hotel Garni in Rorschach, whilst we were looking out for comfortable quarters in that village, as it now soon became dark, and it was inconvenient to return late to our castle. We were fortunate enough to find in the finest of the old houses of Rorschach a large hall, furnished and decorated in the rococo style, with two adjoining rooms, and left old Wiggen on August 23.

We passed our time quite agreeably, for we had always nice company. Baron Hauser, with his wife and children, came to Rorschach, and also frequently Baron Alten with his daughter. In Heiden we became acquainted with a Mademoiselle de Dusterloh, a very handsome, sprightly young lady, to whom we became much attached. Her father, Baron von Dusterloh, who had an estate in Kurland, Russia, arrived also, and when he had to go to Berlin he left his daughter under my care. Our company was increased by Mr. Morpurgo, the brother of Baroness Hauser, an agreeable young man suffering from the poetical fever. Everything turned to verse in him, and he could not keep it to himself. We were of

course victimised, but the bashful manner in which he administered to us his poems made it tolerable.

On September 3 Corvin left us, and we accompanied him to Friedrichshafen in the steamer. This place is larger than Rorschach, and many people prefer it, because they have a view of the Swiss mountains.

On September 10 Prince Hohenzollern and family arrived at the Weinburg, and we were invited to come and see them. The Weinburg is a beautiful place, deriving its name from the vineyards surrounding it, where are grown the most delicious grapes.

I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the great and genuine kindness with which we were received and treated by this most excellent and amiable family. The Prince, who is a general in the Prussian army, is a fine noble-looking man, with an extremely benevolent face, and the Princess his peer in every respect. With them were staying their second son, Prince Charles of Roumania, Baron von Schreckenstein, captain and aide-de-camp to his father, and his wife, and the Baronesses Esebeck and Lindhein. The Prince is very rich, and though not related to the King of Prussia he has great influence, which, however, he does not use, keeping far from mixing either with internal or external politics. As the name shows, the Prussian family and that of the Prince come from the same stock, and the Hohen-

zollerns of Hechingen and Siegmaringen are even of the elder line. They remain Catholics, while the Royal Family of Prussia are Protestants.

I need not repeat here the circumstances which made Prince Charles of Hohenzollern accept the rather troublesome position of Prince of Roumania. It is said that he often regretted that step, and would have preferred to return as a simple officer to Berlin. Whenever he made a journey it was rumoured that he would not return, probably by people with whose wishes this would have coincided. At all events, he is still in Bucharest, and as far as I know without any intention of leaving it.

We dined several times at the Weinburg, and passed there very agreeable hours. The Prince presented me with an album containing photographic views of the Weinburg, and the Princess frequently sent me fine flowers and grapes; and all came to see us in Rorschach. Jimmy was highly displeased with these visits, for the dogs of the Weinburg were not so hospitable towards him as their masters towards his, and he had with them a rather severe fight.

The kindness of Prince Hohenzollern was, however, not restricted to mere politeness; he understood and sympathised with the position of Salm, and promised to assist him, which he did in a very noble and princely manner.

It was deemed expedient and even necessary that

we should go to Berlin to pursue the endeavours of Felix to get a suitable position in the Prussian army. We therefore left Rorschach on October 2, and I was very glad, for it was at least a step towards a final settlement, for which I longed much. These perpetual troubles and anxieties, these false hopes and delays, were almost more than I could bear, and I was yearning with all my heart for rest.

In passing Mayence we met there an old friend of my husband's, a Mr. Kalmar, and his wife, who was with him at Paris at a very sad period of his life, before he left for the United States. We went over to Wiesbaden to see that celebrated beautiful watering-place. Of course we tried our luck at the roulette-table. I sacrificed a few gilders, but Salm won, to my envy, a good many.

Next morning we started for Bonn, where 'Uncle Herrmann' waited for us at the station, and took us to his house. We made the acquaintance of a Baroness Frank, whom we visited at her beautiful country-house, which might be rather called a palace, situated on the opposite side of the Rhine, not far from the Drachenfels. The hereditary Prince of Anholt came also to see us, and we all made a nice party to Rolandseck.

On October 7 we left for Berlin, and arrived late in the evening at the Hotel St. Petersburg, Unter den Linden.

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CHAPTER II.

Salm's Diary in Mexico published—Prince Kraft Hohenlohe—Baron Magnus—Audience with Princess Charles of Prussia—Countess Seydewitz—At Baroness Schleinitz's—Salm major in the Guards—Audience with Her Majesty the Queen—Countess Schulemburg—Countess Benckendorff—Fast habits—Coblentz—Society there—The Prussian army—Prussian officers—The regiment 'Queen Augusta.'

As we expected to stay for several months in Berlin, we looked out for more convenient quarters. We moved first to the Hotel de Brandenburg, and from there to private lodgings in the Kanonierstrasse. My husband had been so long away from Berlin that he had become almost a stranger in that city; but fortunately the Corvins had returned to their residence there, and Baron Magnus lived also in Berlin, where his brother is a great banker. We found also a nephew, Prince Max Salm-Salm, whom the king had made lieutenant in the regiment of Dragoons of the Guard. It is still a privilege of the princes of former sovereign houses that they may be appointed officers at once, but they have to pass through their examination afterwards.

We were of course frequently with the Corvins; in fact, we saw each other daily, we either stay-

ing with them or they visiting us. Baron Magnus came also frequently as usual, and endeavoured to take the direction of all steps to be taken by my husband. It was, however, a very trying time, for we had first to feel our ground, to form all kinds of connections, to make calls, &c. Both Felix and myself were therefore in a very bad humour, and our friends had a rather hard time with us.

Though I did not feel at all disposed, my husband insisted on my going very often to the theatre, or to take part in other amusements. As the season was still favourable we visited Potsdam, which is indeed a beautiful place. We saw Sans-Souci, the New Palace, the Marmor Palace, which all interested me much, as I had never before seen such royal residences. We visited also the tomb of Frederick the Great, which is in a very simple vault underneath the pulpit in the garrison church.

Meanwhile the book of my husband, 'My Diary in Mexico,' written at Rorschach, had been published both in the English and German languages. Though much had been written before about that dreadful catastrophe in Mexico, this book was received more kindly by the public than we could expect, and was read by many persons of high standing and influence in the Prussian capital.

In the commencement of November Felix was received by the King, who was extremely gracious, and invited him on the 10th to dinner. He returned

from there much elated and full of good hopes. Many of his old comrades remembered him now and behaved very kindly, and were willing to assist him in his endeavours to re-enter the Prussian army. Amongst them was Prince Krafft Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, who was a general in the Prussian Artillery, much in favour with the King. He came frequently to see us, and behaved altogether extremely kindly and serviceably.

The Queen of Prussia was at that time not in town, and that was an impediment to my being presented to other members of the Royal Family and at Court. On November 12, however, Baron Magnus called and made a very important and mysterious face. He said he came at the request of the Princess Charles, the sister of the Queen, who wished to see me, though it was somewhat against etiquette.

In consequence I wrote to the first lady of honour to the Princess, requesting an audience. The former, a Countess von Hagen, and the Countess von Seydewitz, lady-in-waiting, immediately called on me, but I was not at home.

On the 14th I went to the palace of Prince Charles, where I was received by her Royal Highness in the presence of her lady-in-waiting, the fore-named Countess Seydewitz, one of the handsomest ladies and finest figures I have ever seen. The Princess received me with the utmost kindness, and I had good reason to be highly gratified with my

first appearance amongst persons belonging to the Prussian Court, for everybody was extremely polite and kind to me.

On the same evening Countess Seydewitz called, and we drove together to Baroness Schleinitz, wife of the minister of the royal household, where we found company. The conversation turned much upon affairs in Mexico and the Emperor Maximilian. One gentleman of the company, whose name I had heard only imperfectly when he was presented to me, expressed himself in a manner with which I did not agree, and I answered him somewhat sharply in defence of my late emperor and friend, to the great amusement of the company, for that dissenting gentleman was the Austrian minister.

When the ice once was broken things went on extremely well. Many persons belonging to the Royal Court called, amongst them Count Perponcher, and several other distinguished persons. Felix had written to the Countess Schulemburg, requesting an audience for both of us. The Queen was indisposed, but the audience was granted for a few days later.

Meanwhile I received a note from Princess Charles, who wished to see us once more, as she was leaving for Nizza. We accordingly went to her palace, and were presented to her husband, Prince Charles of Prussia, the brother of the King, whom he does not resemble in the least.

We received also visits from Count Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe, and Mr. Bancroft, the American minister. Baron Magnus came frequently, bringing us good news in reference to the affairs of my husband, who was to my great satisfaction appointed a major in the 4th Regiment of Guards, the regiment 'Queen Augusta,' of which her Majesty is the chief. Had he not left the Prussian service as a young lieutenant he might by that time have been a colonel; but Felix was nevertheless highly gratified, for he preferred his place of major in the Prussian army to his title of General in the United States and in Mexico.

On December 17 I received a letter from Countess Schulemburg, saying that the Queen would receive us next day at three o'clock P.M.

Though I am not very nervous in general, and the manner in which I had been received by her sister might have encouraged me, I must say I felt actually nervous when I drove to the royal palace. Everybody spoke of the Queen with so much love, praising her kindness and amiability, still she was—the Queen. Though I did not expect to see her with crown and sceptre, I could not get rid of the idea that she would receive me sitting on a throne under a dais, surrounded by superbly-arrayed ladies watching every movement of mine with a criticising eye.

I was ushered into a room, where I did not see

anything I had anticipated, and looked in vain for a throne. In that room was a fine and stately lady, elegantly but simply dressed, whom I took for one of the Court ladies who would lead me to the presence of the Queen. I stopped irresolutely, but when Felix made his lowest bow and kissed the extended hand of that lady, I became aware that I was standing before the Queen herself. Though somewhat disappointed and perplexed on account of the absent throne and royal state, I was more than indemnified in looking on that noble, beautiful face, with its inimitably gracious and benevolent smile.

When the Queen had taken a seat, and we were seated beside her, she commenced speaking about poor Emperor Maximilian, whom she regretted very much. She was kind enough to express herself very graciously about the part I had played in that tragedy, and though she did not say that she expected to see me with an Indian feather dress and a bow and arrows, or at least a revolver in my belt, I imagine that the Queen was somewhat disappointed in her turn at seeing a woman such as those of whom she saw daily many prettier and more remarkable. But whatever impression I might have made, her Majesty was so exceedingly kind that I felt highly gratified and quite bewildered and happy when we, after about half an hour, were graciously dismissed. Felix kissed her hand, and I wished to do the same, but the Queen did not permit me.

Next day Felix dined with the King, and after dinner we drove to Countess Schulemburg, who had invited us for the evening. She was a very amiable lady, liked by everybody, and extremely kind to me. Being a stranger at Court, and afraid of sinning frequently against etiquette, I asked her advice, which was very valuable to me.

Some days later we dined with Countess Benckendorff, daughter of General Prince Croy, and first cousin to my husband. The Countess is very rich, and lived in a very elegant house in the Behrenstrasse. We had many invitations and saw very pleasant company, where I was both amused and shocked, as the manners of those high-born German ladies differ very much from those of the Americans. Though the opinion prevails in Germany that American ladies are very fast, I must say that the German ladies have no great cause for blaming and criticising them, for from what I heard and saw I came to the conclusion that they beat in this respect their American sisters. I was much astonished on seeing many of the ladies smoke in company with the gentlemen, not only cigarettes, but cigars, like old smokers. I thought it best to do in Rome as the Romans do, and smoked also, though I do not like it. The Queen is rather strict, and not pleased at all with the fast manners of these ladies, but though they behave well of course in her presence, they do as they please when amongst themselves.

On Monday, December 21, Felix left for Coblenz to join his regiment, and after having made all my arrangements and paid my farewell visits, I followed him on the 24th, and met him next day at the station in Dusseldorf with Count Hermann Salm and the hereditary Prince of Anholt. We stayed a day in Bonn to celebrate my and Felix's birthday, for we were both born on December 25, a curious coincidence.

On the 26th we arrived in Coblenz, our future home. Having no house yet, we remained in the Hotel de Treves, which is a most comfortable hotel.

I need not describe Coblenz, for everybody has visited the Rhine. It is certainly a beautiful place, and the favourite residence of Queen Augusta, who has done much to beautify it with splendid promenades and tastefully laid-out grounds, an undertaking which offered great difficulties, arising from the circumstance that Coblenz is a fortress, but which has been carried out with a success as perfect as can be. The new promenade is a great ornament to the city, and will remain an everlasting, endearing monument of the predilection and love of Queen Augusta for Coblenz.

The frequent presence of the Queen had in every respect its influence in this city. It changed, as it were, its character of a provincial town, and bestowed on it many advantages and peculiarities of Royal residences. Though this influence extended

more or less over all classes of inhabitants, it made itself especially felt on those forming the society of Coblentz. This society consisted, as almost everywhere in Prussia, of the families of persons who are employed in the service of the Government, and amongst these the military officers formed the most numerous and the leading part.

In no other country military officers occupy a position in society similar to that in Prussia, and it is the natural consequence of the justly admired and praised military organisation in this country. It is generally acknowledged that Prussia owes to this organisation its prominent place amongst the States of Europe, and other countries are endeavouring to introduce this excellent system, hoping thus soon to reach similar results, and to counteract the military and political preponderance of that Power.

Though it cannot be denied that the victories won on the battlefield by the Prussian army are the result of this military system, and that the imitation even of the mechanism of this system must increase the efficiency of rival armies, it will not be sufficient to produce the same effects as in Prussia, if those rival States do not endeavour to create amongst their people the same spirit and feeling which pervade the Prussian nation.

Other nations, prejudiced and blinded by vanity, will indignantly contradict even the suggestion that this spirit and feeling amongst the Prussians are of

a higher order than amongst themselves, and will point to former successes and to the patriotism and self-sacrificing enthusiasm shown under urgent circumstances. These historical facts are undeniable, but they only prove that all nations, if stimulated by extraordinary agencies, are able to act just as bravely as the Germans did in the last war. Courage and patriotism are to be found even amongst the most debased nations, and it requires only the proper means to awake them from their slumber. Other armies have fought just as bravely as the Prussians, and other people have shown even more enthusiasm than they did, when their national independence or liberty were endangered.

If the superior scientific military skill of Prussian generals and the superior tactics of their troops won the victories on the battlefields, the educational virtue of the Prussian military system—whether intentionally or only indirectly, I am not able to judge—has had other effects which are perhaps even more important and beneficial than those that were the real cause of the introduction of this system. In Prussia these educational effects are fully appreciated by most people, but I believe that they are not sufficiently noticed in other countries, and I must say that I had not even an idea of them before I came to Prussia, and belonged as it were myself to its army.

It always seemed to me astonishing, that many

nations should leave the defence of their country and its interests to hirelings, for I should think that the protection of his home and family was the most sacred and most noble duty of every citizen. It was thought so at least in olden times. But we find almost everywhere that with the increase of wealth and opulence people acquired different ideas, and that they found it more convenient to pay men who made war their profession. The consequences were in all cases the same. The standing armies created everywhere despotism and tyranny, and once free and noble nations became debased. When this effect was felt it was almost too late, and to remedy this evil was so difficult that more than a century has passed by without removing all the pernicious influences. These influences are still felt, and they are the cause of the repugnance which rival nations feel against the introduction of the Prussian military system.

If we look at the state of the standing armies of past times, which, however, are still in the memory of many living we find that their elements consisted of the dregs of the nation. Whoever was not thought good for anything else was still judged good enough to become a soldier. Thus it came about that the presence of an army had everywhere a demoralising effect, and that citizens looked upon soldiers with aversion, if not with disgust. The armies were not only despised as herds of demoralisation, they were also hated as the

tools of despots, and it is very characteristic that the desperate declaration of a member of an honest family to go amongst the soldiers, was received with a horror which very old people even in Prussia remember still with a smile; a horror which by no means has died out everywhere, for this traditional and once well-justified aversion of citizens against the profession of arms has remained still, enough in many countries to counteract the introduction of the Prussian military system in such a manner as to compel the Governments to act with great caution and reluctance. And even these Governments seem to be far from understanding the spirit of this system, which is proved by introducing, as I said before, only its mechanical organisation, ascribing to it solely the admirable successes of the Prussian armies. The consequence will be a very imperfect result, and Germany, which has now adopted the Prussian system in its perfection, may look on the weak endeavours of their rivals without apprehension.

The present generation in Prussia has grown up under this system, conceived and introduced by enlightened statesmen, and it has changed the whole character of the people in a most wonderful manner. By this system the army, once a hotbed of vice and degradation, notwithstanding its great efficiency from a purely military point of view, has become as it were the high school for the nation, where young people acquire those qualities which make them not only

efficient soldiers, but also good men and citizens—both able to defend the independence of the nation against foreign arrogance and aggression, and the law and Government against internal enemies.

The Prussian schools have a reputation throughout the world, but their progress and success was hindered greatly by influences from which they have been freed only quite recently; and without the course of training which every Prussian has to undergo in the army, where these hindering influences were less powerful, Prussia would not have been enabled to get to be the head of Germany and to make that country what it is now.

In Prussia every able-bodied young man must enter the regular army, and for a certain time, varying from one to three years, be a soldier; that is, he must join some regiment, and remain with it all the time. Nobody is exempted—nobleman and peasant, prince and artisan—all have to enter the army as private soldiers: substitutes are not permitted. The time of presence with the regiment is three years, as a rule, but exceptions are made for the so-called volunteers, who have to serve only one year. Though they have to pay a certain very moderate amount of money for their equipment, this advantage is by no means granted them by reason of this payment. A young man might offer hundreds of thousands for it without success, if he were not able to prove that he has that degree of education which permits the sup-

position that a shorter presence with the army would be sufficient to make him a perfect soldier. Every one who claims this advantage has to submit to an examination, or to produce a testimony from the head-master of one of the Royal Colleges (Gymnasiums), stating that he has advanced to a certain form of this educational institution.

To foreigners it seems extremely hard that young men have to interrupt their career for such a long time to play at soldiers. National economists are indignant that so many hands are taken away from industry or agriculture, calculating to the penny what damage is done by it to the country. Though these calculations may be very correct, these adversaries to the Prussian military system forget that this loss is more than sufficiently compensated for by the improvement of these hands; for the agriculturist and tradesman will be sent back to his home endowed with qualities which enable him to follow his occupation with far greater success than before. He does not learn only how to handle his gun and to practise the goose-step; he has to undergo a course of education which makes him in every respect a better man. Care is not only taken to improve and complete what he has learnt in his rural school, his bodily development is likewise considered. Besides this, and that is highly important, he becomes used to order and cleanliness, and by intercourse with

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his comrades his views are enlarged and his whole tenor of life improved.

His comrades are not, as was in olden times the case, the scum of the nation, for at his elbow stand in rank and file the young men of the best families of the country ; and even if one should bring with him low habits and propensities, the example and influence of this class of comrades, which is rather prevailing in number in consequence of the attention paid to national education, would serve as a check and improve his morals.

After having served his time with his regiment a young man will, in most cases, return much altered and improved, and as his connection with the army is not ended yet with his term of actual service, this salutary influence will always be refreshed by his annual return for a few weeks to some military body. Up to a certain age this connection with the army is continued ; he belongs to the Landwehr, and in case of war he has to join his regiment at the shortest notice. The last war has shown what this Landwehr really is, and gloriously proved in every respect the excellence of the Prussian military system. Hard as it seemed to foreigners that married men had to leave their families and avocations to fight the French, 'because their king was slighted by the minister of Napoleon III.,' they had plenty of opportunity to see with what *joyous* readiness everybody followed the summons, proving that these

soldiers were no mere killing machines, but enlightened citizens, who understood perfectly that they were called upon to defend what is most sacred to every thinking man.

Officers commanding Prussian soldiers must possess qualities to make them fit to command such men. Discipline is a powerful agent in an army, and formerly it was the only means to govern the wild, unruly rabble. It is still an indispensable necessity, but in the Prussian army of to-day it has to be maintained in a manner different from that applied a century ago. Those barbarous punishments, of which we read shudderingly, cannot be applied any more; brutal force alone will not do; discipline must now be sustained by the intellectual and moral value of those wielding its power. Russians might be commanded by worthless men, if they had only courage and knowledge of their military duties; Prussian soldiers, as I described them above, can only be commanded by officers who are gentlemen in every respect. This necessity is fully acknowledged by the Prussian Government, and the utmost care is taken in the education of officers. It is not sufficient for them to know their duty in the field and on the drilling ground; they must possess a certain degree of general education, enabling them to hold their ground in every grade of society.

The examination through which officers have to pass is rather difficult, and no influence whatever can

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make it more easy. I know princes who found it too hard and could not become officers. I know even a case, where a count, connected with the most influential persons, had to enter the army as a private soldier for three years, because he was not able to pass his examination as a volunteer!

It is therefore not to be wondered at that the epaulette is the key to every society. Everybody knows that an officer is a gentleman, which is by no means the case in all other countries. This favoured position of the military officers in Prussia is the necessary and natural consequence of its military system, and also the reason why many noblemen and others who have means enough to live independently remain all their life long in the army.

It would, however, be erroneous to suppose that all effects of the former state of things have died out in the Prussian army. Traditional ideas and prejudices are not easily effaced, and many of them are still to be traced even in the present Prussian army; and military chiefs who became officers when the idea and word of 'constitution' was still offensive, think their maintenance not only beneficial but even absolutely necessary. Civilians and young representatives of the people will not admit that the position of officers is an exceptional one, requiring a different treatment both from the laws of the country and society, and assert that this idea is still a remnant of the old bad *régime*, when officers prided

themselves on being body-servants of the King, and felt indignant when reminded that they were servants of the State and people. I can only state the fact that something of this feeling is still existing, and that officers think themselves nearer connected with the King than any officer of the civil service. This feeling will remain in existence as long as Prussia remains what is called a military State, and as long as the King and all princes of his house wear the military uniform.

Another reminiscence of old traditions is the rivalry between the officers of the Guards and those belonging to the Line, the former imagining that they hold a higher rank, which again is the feeling of the officers of the Line in reference to those of the Landwehr. Without examining the cause and justice of this feeling, I will only state from experience that it is also still existing, or at least was existing when my husband entered the regiment 'Queen Augusta.'

This regiment belonged to the Guards, and being garrisoned out of its district, on account of the Queen's frequent residence in Coblenz, it occupied in that garrison a separate, rather independent position, its Colonel being its highest authority there, for brigadier, division, and corps commanders were in Berlin. The officers of this regiment mostly kept amongst themselves; an intimate intercourse between them and families belonging to other regiments

was exceptional and rare. The families of a few of the highest civil officers residing in Coblentz, as in the capital of a district, acted as it were as the only connecting links between the families of our regiment and those belonging to the troops of the Line.

Many officers of the regiment 'Queen Augusta' were married, and these different families formed as it were only one. I was received in this family with a readiness and cordiality which pleased me greatly, and to which I responded with all my heart.

After the unsettled life I had led since my marriage, and all the exciting scenes I had witnessed, I longed for rest and a home; my hope of finding in little Coblentz a happy home was much increased by this amiable behaviour of the ladies towards me. I shall always remember the time of my sojourn in that city with very pleasant feelings and gratitude.

CHAPTER III.

Our society—Countess Haake—In Berlin with the Corvins—Another audience with the Queen—The King—A queer cousin—Prince Salm-Horstmar—A princely apostle—Housekeeping lessons—Mrs. General von S—Salm's revolt—I try my hand at match-making—Excursions—Mr. Moriary—Princess S—W—and her sons—Mésalliances—A poetical friend—Coblentz life—Public tea-gardens—The Queen in Coblentz—Princess Liegnitz—'Uncle Herrmann'—The Grand Duchess Dowager of Mecklenburg—In Ems—Their Majesties—The Queen as a godmother—Baron Gerolt—Why he resigned—Mr. Bancroft—His meanness—In Ems with his Majesty—My cousin, the Duchess of Osuna—Breakfast with their Majesties at Sayn—Military manœuvres—Visit to Anholt—Prince and Princess of Wied—A party at her Majesty's—Grand Duchess of Baden and Princess William—A ball at her Majesty's—I dance with the Grand Duke of Weimar—Breakfast at her Majesty's—Dinner at Neuwied—Prince and Princess of Roumania—The Count of Flanders—Departure of the Queen—Christmas in Anholt—A *battue*—Bitter reflections.

HAD I the talent of writing novels, I should find many interesting types of character within the circle of our society in Coblentz; but not having this talent, I shall restrict myself to very hurried sketches.

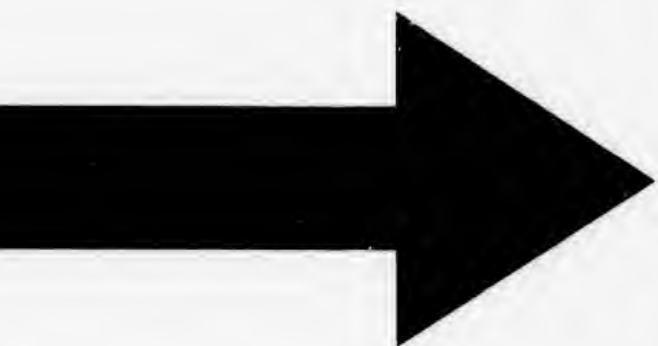
Life within the circle of regimental society has its peculiarities, originating from a combination of causes. The officers belonging to it, though differing in military rank and age, are in reference to society all equals, members of one family. The wife

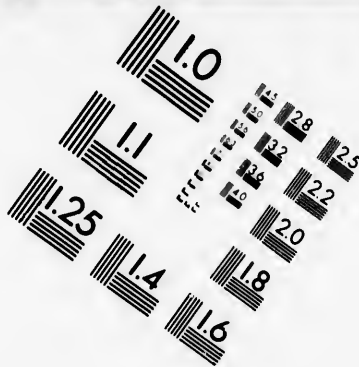
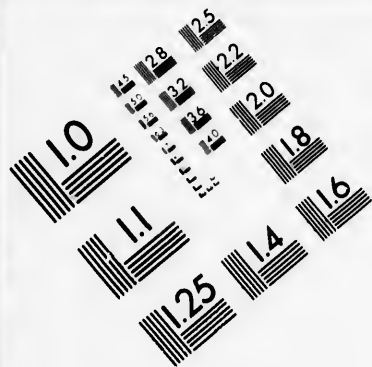
of an officer is no isolated being, who may live as she pleases; she belongs to a corporation, who claims the right to control her behaviour in a more extended degree than general society, and she has to submit to the customs and laws of this corporation, which are the result of the exceptional position of officers. In everything she does she must consider the interest and feeling of the corps to which she belongs, as the actions of each single member reflect on the whole community. In consequence of these relations an officer is not at liberty to marry as he pleases; he can only choose a wife who is considered by the whole corps as worthy to enter the family. Does passion lead him to disregard this, he must cease to be an officer. From this results the advantage that each wife of an officer shares all the social advantages granted to his class. The title of wife of an officer admits her to every society, for she must be a gentlewoman, an advantage which is not granted to all wives of officers in the civil service, even if the rank of their husbands should be considered higher.

This is, I think, the principal cause why almost everywhere in Prussia the officers' families take the lead in society; which is most decidedly the case in places like Coblentz, which have a large garrison.

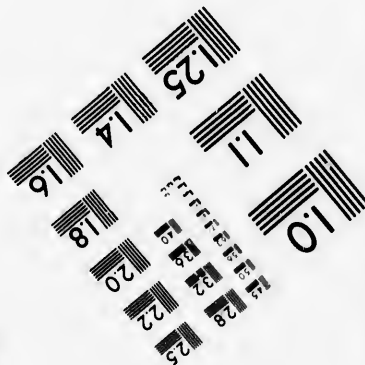
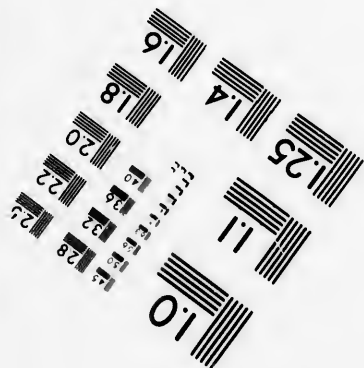
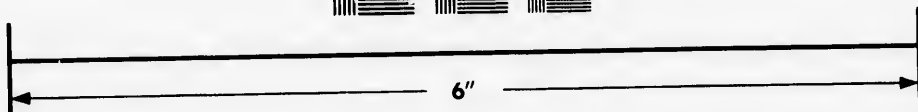
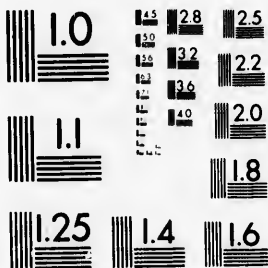
Society in that city acquires still an additional tinge, making it different from that in other garrison towns, by the frequent presence of the Queen in Coblentz, for the officers and the wives of officers







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belonging to the Queen's own regiment were considered as it were forming part of her Court. This being the case, the admittance of a new member was not alone left over to the high military authorities, but more to the decision of the Queen. This was the cause why the appointment of my husband was delayed, for the King would not act for himself, but had first to ascertain the wishes of the Queen, who was then absent from Berlin.

It was one of my first duties to call upon the ladies of our regiment and make their acquaintance, as well as that of some other ladies forming part of their society.

The former Colonel of our regiment had become a Major-General, and his official connection with his former command had ceased, though he remained in Coblenz. His wife had also to resign her place as mother of the regimental family, which had to be reserved for the wife of his successor; but she loved her old regiment, and resigned her place of mother only for that of a grandmother.

Mrs. General von S—— was a very lively, sharp-witted, nimble-tongued lady, whose conversation was pleasant and amusing, because always seasoned with a particle of gossip and *maldisance*. An adept in housekeeping, she knew exactly the price of butter and eggs, and could calculate to a farthing how much a penny would fetch at compound interest in a century. She did not put her light under a

bushel, but liked both being asked for advice and giving it amply and in minute details.

She was not quite adored by the wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mrs. von G——, a very true-hearted, good woman, much beloved by everyone. She became my most intimate friend. Amongst her many talents was one of verse-making, and I served now and then as a target for her poetical arrows. She was a highly accomplished lady, and I think of her often with love, and regret that fate bid us part.

The handsomest lady in our regiment was the young wife of Captain von C——. She was the daughter of a Polish countess, whose husband had taken part in the revolutions of his country, and who, after his early death, had been leading a rather roving, adventurous life, which had not remained without influence on her young daughter; she was, however, greatly admired by all gentlemen, for she was very pretty, elegant in manner and toilet, rather lively and coquettish, and very well educated, speaking German, French, English, and Polish fluently.

The sister of her husband was the wife of a civilian officer, Mr. von M——, a very good and agreeable woman, who had the great misfortune of losing her husband by a sudden distressing illness.

The highest civil officer in the district was Mr. von P——, a very distinguished, able man, much beloved and respected by everybody. His wife was not so much liked as her husband, for she was an

extremely weak, always undecided and fluttered woman, on whom one never could rely. She had a son who was a lieutenant in our regiment, and a fine grown-up daughter.

A general favourite of all ladies and gentlemen was the most excellent wife of the Landrath of the district, Mrs. von F——. She appeared to me perfection in every respect, and was indeed an accomplished lady, wife, mother, and housekeeper; and with all these qualities combining beauty, high education, kindness of heart, and great amiability. Her household and family might have served as a pattern. Mrs. von F—— was the realised ideal of a German matron, as it lives in the fancy of German poets. She had a family of eight children, and I did not see any reason why it should stop at that number. With all that Mrs. F—— was very elegant. She was, in fact, the leader of our society, and nobody thought even of disputing her this place.

I do not think there is to be found anywhere a society without a sprinkling of old maids, either belonging to the subdued, soft, resigned class, who have not found a husband though deserving one, or to the crabbed, prickly species, who have remained single because they were too clever and sharp, and frightened away marrying men; spinsters with eyes as searching as those of custom-house officers, tongues as sharp as razors, and wagging even in sleep.

We were not neglected in this respect either, and favoured with a number of noble spinsters belonging to the latter class, and being held in high respect, alloyed with some dread, not because they were bad-tempered or malicious, but on account of their awful cleverness. They understood everything best, and were not stingy with their treasure of knowledge either; they gave it away lavishly, even without being asked. They had studied everything, read every book or pamphlet, and whenever a topic turned up in conversation and one of them was present, Brockhaus, Pierer, and Meyer might remain undisturbed, for each of them was a living encyclopædia.

Another unmarried lady who now and then appeared amongst us was Countess Haake, the 'Palast Dame' of the Queen, who had been with her since her Majesty's entrance into Berlin in 1827, and it may be imagined that everybody strove to win her good graces. I need not say more about this lady, as I have stated somewhere else that she strikingly resembled the Princess Iturbide of Mexico.

Though everything in the Hotel de Trèves, where we lived first, was excellent, our first care was to look out for a house. Assisted by good luck and our new friends, we found one which suited us in every respect, and I went in February to Berlin to buy my furniture and other things required for housekeeping. Not liking to live in an hotel without my husband,

I accepted the invitation of the Corvins to stay with them.

On the day of my arrival I called on Countess Schulemburg, requesting an audience with the Queen, who received me on February 23 even more graciously than the first time. After having been with her a short time she rose, calling out, 'His Majesty!' I rose hurriedly, and was presented to the King, who had entered. He received me very kindly, and having taken notice of that part of my diary contained in my husband's book, he spoke about Mexico, complimenting me most graciously about my 'tapferes Benehmen.' He spoke German, the Queen kindly interpreting what he said, though he understood what I answered in English. His presence made on me the same impression as on everybody who had had the honour of being addressed by him, and I now understood perfectly the love and enthusiasm with which my husband always spoke of his Majesty. He remained about five minutes, and I then went home quite delighted with my reception.

During this stay in Berlin I made the acquaintance of a rather queer and original relative of my husband, Prince Charles Salm-Horstmar, and his wife, a born Princess Hohenlohe. The Prince was a great devotee and philanthropist, but nothing of this was betrayed by his exterior, for though he was lame he was dressed in a highly dan-

dified style, to which the very simple, almost homely appearance of his wife formed a rather strange contrast. He was an enthusiastic promoter of piety and virtue, and he and his wife had undertaken to establish a reformatory for unfortunate girls, but they had to give it up in despair. Having some doubts about matrimony in combination with his profession of apostle, he had resolved to remain a bachelor all his life, and in consequence of this fancy renounced the majorate of his family to his younger brother. But even the most devoted men are not shot-proof against the arrows of the little great mischief-maker, and our pious cousin fell desperately in love with Princess Elise, before whose charms his celibate resolutions crumbled to dust. Princess Elise did not exactly share the abnegatory inclinations of her virtuous Prince Charles; she regretted much the renunciation of the majorate, which left her husband only a very moderate income, and thinking that money was no hindrance to devotion, she tried all she could to find a legal flaw in the proceeding, but without success.

While Felix was still sowing his wild oats and persecuted by the Jews, his pious cousin imagined that this was the proper time for working the salvation of his soul. Being still rich at that time, he thought it necessary to win first the confidence of Felix by keeping at bay the hook-nosed fiends who troubled him, a well-conceived stratagem which

would have been perhaps successful if my poor husband had had any talent for devotion. I am, however, sorry to say that he was then very worldly, and though he consented to live with his would-be reformer in Paris, and even to join in his devotions and prayer meetings, he cheated him in a very wicked manner.

Every night when the princely apostle had dismissed him after prayer with his blessing to his bed, my scapegrace husband stealthily left the house through a back window, where his friend and comrade Kalmar waited for him to join some meeting, which was no prayer meeting, whilst Prince Charles, somewhat suspecting the effect of his teachings, watched the front door of the house.

When my husband was induced to leave for America, his cousin crammed his trunks with tracts and pious books, the latter to be studied on the passage and the former to be distributed amongst the savages and civilised wicked Americans. When living for a time with my husband in New York, I found all these packages still unopened. Discovering these spiritual treasures, I presented them to my Methodist landlord, acquiring by this gift an undeserved odour of sanctity.

On April 10 I moved at last to my new lodgings. It was in the first storey of a nice house, consisting of ten rooms, and was very convenient. Though married several years I had never had a

home of my own, and having lived much in the camp and there become used to shift-making of every description, I felt highly satisfied with the completeness of my arrangements and with my nice furniture, though it was in fact rather simple. As officers can never be certain how long they will be permitted to stay at one place, moderation in this respect was strongly advised by Mrs. General von S—— and my poetical friend, the wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel, who were my tutors and teachers in everything concerning domestic arrangements and housekeeping. Though I felt extremely proud and happy to have at last a home of my own, it was still not exactly what I longed for, for my ideas of home differed from those of people in Germany, and were more those of the English.

I have mentioned before that the grandmother of our regiment, Mrs. von S——, was an excellent housekeeper. She was delighted to find me utterly ignorant in this respect, and most eager to listen to her culinary and other revelations. As the pay of officers is rather insufficient, considering the position they are expected to hold in society, strict economy becomes a necessity with them, and Mrs. von S—— was an adept in all these mysteries. She had calculated to the farthing the price of everything, and tried especially to impress upon my mind the great truth that one silbergroschen spent regularly a day makes twelve thalers a year; therefore ten silber-

groschens a day make a hundred and twenty thalers, a calculation which struck me with awe. This great truth therefore became my guiding star through the maze of housekeeping, and I was such an apt scholar, or at least such an eager one, that I in my ambition not only adhered to the strict rules laid down by Mrs. von S——, but even surpassed them. That all servants were thieves was a gospel with Mrs. von S——; they were all greedy and wasteful, and all cooks and housemaids had very hungry sweethearts. The men-servants loved their masters' wine and cigars, and the grooms considered it as a great blessing that horses were born mute; in a word, all required a very sharp look-out and great strictness.

The manner in which I followed the housekeeping rules of Mrs. von S—— had consequences which astonished me much, and made me very angry with my servants, who all held opinions exactly opposite to those of Mrs. von S——. When the cook ran away and other tokens of mutiny transpired amongst the rest of the servants, I was very indignant, and always believed I was in the right; but this belief was somewhat shaken when my dear husband revolted, and acted with an energy to which I was by no means used in reference to me. He said that he became thin and starved with my housekeeping; that he was ashamed of my stinginess; that he wanted a proper household, becoming his station; and that Mrs. von S—— with her starvation code

might go to Jericho. He engaged a perfect cook and made other alterations, which increased the silbergroschens spent a day to an alarming figure.

Though shaking my head I had to submit, and we lived as he thought proper. His relatives seemed to approve of it, and to be rather pleased with our house, for our spare room for visitors was occupied all the year round by some of them, and not rarely I had to give up my own bedroom.

Looking over my diary of that time, I am astonished to find that scarcely one day passed without some entertainment, party, or pleasure excursion. This was very natural. Officers have much time to spare, and are in general a light-living people and very social amongst themselves. The five or six ladies who formed the particular set to which I belonged saw each other daily, and there was always amongst them occasion for some entertainment, and besides we gave regular parties, each in her turn. When relatives from outside came to visit one of us they had of course to be entertained, and thus an occasion for a smaller or larger party was never wanting.

Speaking of strange visitors reminds me of an incident occurring at that time, in which I played a part as a match-maker, and very successfully, for the couple brought together by my means are very happy. A few pages back I mentioned that, while living in Rorschach, a young Miss von D—, from Kurland,

was confided to my care by her father. She was a very pretty girl, and her photograph was in my album.

We had in our regiment a Lieut.-Colonel von O——, who was a bachelor, and expected by everybody to remain one to the end of his life, as the arts of all our young ladies and their mothers had been exercised upon him in vain; he was a very agreeable and therefore desirable man. One day, when looking over my album, he seemed to be spellbound by the photograph of Miss von D——, inquiring most eagerly who that beautiful lady was. Now chance would have it that I had just received a letter from her, informing me that she and her father were at Schlangenbad. Salm and myself, who liked both Miss von D—— and the Lieut.-Colonel, thought that it might lead to a match if we brought them together, so we invited Baron D—— and his daughter to meet us at Bingerbrück, where we went, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel von O——, of whom I had written nothing to Miss von D——. The Lieut.-Colonel was still more charmed by the life original of the photograph which had inflamed him, and Miss von D—— seemed also to be pleased with him, though she did not suspect his serious intentions.

The Lieut.-Colonel was deeply in love, and as a proof of that fact may serve the circumstance that he had not the courage to 'pop the question,' though he was several times alone with Miss von D——,

and that she returned to her Russian home without the Colonel having unburdened his heart. I, of course, had taken care to inform Miss von D—— of the sickness of the poor man, and though she was at that time not in love with him, she liked him much, and I was justified in my belief that he would not be refused.

To propose in writing would not do, and it was at last resolved that the Colonel should remember an invitation of the Baron's, made to us all at a dinner, to come and visit him in Kurland. This Lieut.-Col. von O—— really did, somewhat to the embarrassment of the Baron, who probably suspected his intention, and did not want to part with his lovely daughter, for he took the utmost care not to leave him alone with her for a single moment. Thus the day of departure approached without the Colonel having had an opportunity of making a declaration to the lady. He was in despair, when at last a chance was offered. The Baron had to leave the room for a few moments, and when he returned the proposal of the Colonel had been accepted by his daughter. He stormed and fumed, but the young lady had a will of her own, and the Colonel returned to Coblenz a happy man.

When the weather was fine we made visits in the country, either riding there on horseback or going by rail or steamer. An Irishman, Mr. Moriarty, had bought the old Castle of Lahenstein, a short distance from Coblenz, and restored it in a splendid manner. He was an agreeable man; we became acquainted

with him and saw him often, either in Coblenz or at his castle, where he used to receive us in the most friendly and hospitable manner.

Another castle not far from Coblenz belonged to the princely family of S— W—, and was occupied by the Princess Dowager of W—. She had been once a great and celebrated beauty, and was still a strikingly handsome, very accomplished, and most amiable woman. Her castle was splendid, and its church and chapels quite delighted me. With all this and all her riches she was not happy, for her sons gave her a great deal of trouble. The eldest son and heir was such a scapegrace that he was judged unfit to become the head of that branch of the house of W—. He was therefore induced to renounce his birthright in favour of his second brother. But, alas! this second son turned out no better, and both these brothers shocked the whole high nobility by marrying two Jew girls—sisters, daughters of a Berlin usurer.

Great exertions were made at that time to persuade the second son to renounce the majorate and his hereditary seat in the Prussian First Chamber in favour of his youngest brother, who was then an officer in a Prussian regiment of cavalry, and married to a French princess related to the Bourbon family. This he refused to do, and also to be divorced from his wife. He said, 'I love my wife, and as to the majorate and to my seat in the chamber, no law can deprive me of my right; I certainly shall maintain it.'

This he did, and on his becoming of age his mother had to leave Castle S——, to the great regret of all the neighbouring families, who of course sided with the mother, with whom they had been on the most friendly footing for many years, and who retired to a country-seat she bought on the Lake of Geveva.

To atone in some way at least for our, not idle, but rather gay and useless manner of living, a number of Catholic ladies had formed a sewing society, which met regularly on certain days for a few hours in the Convent St. Barbara. My poetical friend, who was a most zealous Catholic, belonged of course to this society, and I became a member likewise. She also induced me now and then to go with her to some other convent, where we did not make clothes for the poor, as in St. Barbara, but where we mended the garments of the priests, which required repairing very badly.

The Queen visited us not rarely in St. Barbara's Convent, and on seeing me there she was very kind, and expressed her approval at my being occupied in that manner.

Though I liked pleasure, gay company, and dancing, I never felt more satisfied than I did at home, quietly sitting at the sewing-machine I had bought, and which I learnt to use extremely well ; or going out for a walk with one or two of our friends, and passing some pleasant hours in one of the public restaurant gardens in the New Promenade of the

Queen, listening to the music of the band, or chatting amongst ourselves.

In England or in America this kind of enjoyment is utterly denied to ladies belonging to society, and all of them would shudder at the very idea of sitting down in a public garden amongst smoking and beer-drinking people of all classes. Whoever has travelled in Germany will find it, however, everywhere, and agree that it is rather pleasant, for the Germans behave at such places always extremely well, and nobody need be afraid of being annoyed or shocked by noisy or indecent behaviour. Of course I do not speak of the resorts of the low classes.

I must say nowhere people understand how to amuse themselves in a more sensible manner than they do in Germany, and other nations might indeed learn from them. Foreigners visiting Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, or any other of the larger German towns, are always surprised on visiting one of those public places, where many thousands of persons—men, women, and children—are sitting at little tables, eating and drinking, and chatting, or listening to most excellent music. Everything goes on pleasantly, and scarcely ever any disagreeable sound is heard or any quarrel occurs. Everybody is drinking wine or beer, but drunken people are rare, and one may live for months in a city without ever seeing in the streets an intoxicated person.

The presence of the Queen in Coblenz was always hailed with great pleasure, for she was much beloved by all classes, and showed herself very grâcious and amiable towards everybody.

To be noticed by her and invited to her parties was of course the aim and ambition of a great many people, and as she was so very kind, her kindness was not rarely much tried by the importunity of persons who found means of being admitted, though they might better have stayed away, as their position did not entitle them to such an honour.

The Queen gave generally two great balls, to which everybody was invited—that is, people of all classes; and also two great *cafés-dansants* in the garden, where ladies appeared in bonnets and street toilet, and where dancing was going on on the gravel.

She also frequently gave little dinners to a more select company, and parties of a similar kind, where the ladies appeared in evening toilet, though not in low dresses. The same was the case at her teas, to which were invited rarely more than twenty or twenty-five persons, and which were of a more intimate character. The Queen sat there often occupied with some embroidery, or a lottery was arranged for little trifles, bought or worked for that purpose. The great amiability of her Majesty made these parties always very pleasant.

As it is almost impossible to mention all inte-

resting things and persons I saw during my stay in Coblantz, if continuing in the manner in which I commenced, in hope to save space I think it better to follow my diary, and dwell on those incidents which seem to deserve it.

At the end of June my Catholic lady friends were greatly excited, for they expected the arrival of the newly-appointed Catholic Army Bishop, Mr. Namszanowski. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and garlands in his honour, and on June 26 all the ladies of the sewing society assembled in their rooms in the church, where the bishop was presented to us. He called at my house at noon, when Mrs. von G— and Mrs. von C— were with me; we all knelt down, kissed his ring, and received his blessing; but Salm would not kneel down, though he also kissed the ring of the bishop. He was, however, frequently with him, and on July 1 we took supper with him and four other priests at my enthusiastic friend's.

When the season in Ems commenced we went frequently there. On July 10 we rode over to pay our respects to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the sister of our beloved Emperor, whom she resembles very much, especially in manner, her face beaming with true kindness. Jimmy, who had accompanied me on this visit, as he had been especially invited by the Grand

Duchess, who is a great lover of dogs, established himself at once on the sofa, and she was so pleased with my impudent long-legged friend that she asked for a photograph of him.

On the 15th Countess Haake called, asking me and my husband to come at four o'clock to see her, to pay our respects to Princess Liegnitz, who would be there. As my husband was in Ems I went alone. Princess Liegnitz, the consort of Frederick William III., the father of our Emperor, who is much respected and beloved by the whole Royal Family, received me very graciously, and when I went next morning to the station to see her off she was so kind as to present me with one of the many bouquets she had received.

On the same day I went with my husband, and the Hereditary Prince of Anholt and 'Uncle Herrmann,' to Ransbach, shooting roebucks. There I saw for the first time a roebuck in the wood, and heard his voice. German hunters call his cry 'schmaelen,' which verbally translated means scolding. We remained until the 18th in Ransbach, and though we did not kill a single buck we passed a very pleasant time in the wood, and in quite a romantic shooting-lodge of Count Herrmann, which reminded me of the time of my camp life.

On the 20th we went to Ems, paying our respects to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, and not finding her at home I left the photographs

which she had requested. On the Promenade, his Majesty the King sent word that he wished to see me. He gave me his hand, walked with me about half an hour, and was very kind and gracious. Both the King and the Queen interested themselves very much about many things of which I imagined that they had scarcely time to think. They asked many questions in reference to our domestic life, and that of other officers; inquired even into details, which all seemed to interest them. When I, some days later, sat at dinner in Ems, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg sent for me, and I went with Jimmy to pay her my respects.

Mrs. von F—— had given birth to her usual baby—the ninth, I believe—a sturdy little boy, and her Majesty the Queen honoured him with being his godmother. As the Queen wanted to arrange about the christening, she quite unexpectedly desired our attendance in the afternoon of the 27th. Felix being out shooting, I had to go with Mrs. General von S——. Countess Haake, who is rather strict, noticed at once the absence of my husband, but Colonel von Stiehle, the commander of our regiment, had already excused him to her Majesty.

The christening took place next day in the house of Mr. von F——, who was one of the chamberlains of her Majesty. About fifty persons were present in the dining-room, where an altar had been arranged. The Queen held the heavy little boy, who

was called August, during all the service, which lasted nearly twenty minutes, and only gave him up at a certain part of the ceremony, the nature of which did not permit a Protestant to touch the child, for Mr. von F—— was a Catholic.

In the afternoon of next day we went to a concert given in a public garden in the Queen's Promenade, the Swiss House. Both their Majesties were present; I was sitting near the Queen, and the King, friendly as usual, shook hands with me.

When we next day were sitting in St. Barbara's Convent, sewing for the poor, the Queen visited us, staying for half an hour, and having a kind word for everyone present.

When out on the Promenade with my husband in the evening, we had the great pleasure of meeting a dear old friend from America, to whom we owed much gratitude, and who under all circumstances had acted to us extremely kindly, Baron Gerolt zur Leyen, the former German minister in Washington. I have already spoken of him on another occasion, and of the great esteem which he enjoyed in America. During the twenty-five years he represented Prussia he did a great deal to facilitate the communication between Germany and the United States, which was thankfully acknowledged by all merchants. It created, therefore, great indignation in America when the cause became known which induced him to resign his place. Though this happened only at

the end of the late French war, I shall mention it here, as I may not have another opportunity.

Mr. George Bancroft was minister of the United States in Berlin. Though I was told that he, as an historical author, could not be compared either to Prescott or Motley, his voluminous work about the United States had won for him a fair, well-merited reputation, as historical authors are rather rare in his country. Mr. Bancroft had studied in Germany, and understood the language, though he spoke it rather indifferently. Whether he had all the qualities required of a diplomatist I cannot judge, but I know that he was very agreeable to the Prussian Government, and utterly distasteful to all Americans. That was very natural, for he showed not only everywhere his great admiration for Germany, and especially Prussian institutions, but courted and flattered all high-titled persons, whilst he neglected the Americans who either lived in Berlin or passed through, offending them often rather grossly. The President was frequently urged to recall him, but for a long time without effect, as he was so agreeable to the Prussian Court, whose interest he had more at heart than that of his country—said his enemies amongst the Americans.

Mr. Bancroft made himself very often ridiculous in company by his eccentric behaviour, his nonsensical speeches in bad German, &c., and said, when he had had a glass of wine, sometimes rather un-

diplomatic things. Once at a dinner, I think given by Mr. von der Heyd, when affairs between France and Germany predicted a near rupture, he said that if a war should occur between the two countries the United States would certainly side with Germany.

Such words from the lips of a minister could not fail to create some sensation; the French minister in Berlin reported them to Paris, and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Napoleon expressed his astonishment to General Dix, then minister in Paris, who was still more astonished. He wrote a friendly letter to Mr. Bancroft, which was answered rudely. The incautious words spoken in his cups by the old man were reported to Washington and created a diplomatic ebullition. How Baron Gerolt was mixed up in this affair I do not know, and how he displeased Mr. Bancroft neither, but the latter had a grudge against him, and avenged himself in a manner speaking by no means well for the character of that minister, and which cannot be patched up by all the laudatory articles in certain German papers.

When the war between Germany and France broke out in 1870, Baron Gerolt was very much astonished by a letter from Mr. von Thile, who replaced Count Bismarck during his absence from Berlin. He was warned to be more cautious in his expressions and behaviour than heretofore, as Mr. Bancroft had complained of his comporting him-

self in a manner likely to produce bad feelings between Germans and Americans.

As this utterly unfounded denunciation had not the desired effect, Mr. Bancroft repeated his accusation against 'his friend' the Baron in still stronger terms, adding that he tried to induce American subjects to enlist in the Prussian army. Though the latter part of his denunciation must have appeared ridiculous to Count Bismarck, this minister had some confidence in Mr. Bancroft's veracity and honour, and wrote to Baron Gerolt a rather sharp letter, ending with the threat that, if he did not mend his ways, the Count would be obliged to request his Majesty to call Baron Gerolt to Berlin to defend himself.

This cruel letter mortified the old gentleman very much, and caused him to give in his resignation. The speech which President Grant made on his leave-taking, and in which he flatly contradicted the base falsehoods communicated by his minister to the Prussian Premier, and also the sentiments which were expressed in regard to his doings at a dinner given in his honour by the most eminent merchants of New York, afforded him some comfort.

In acknowledgment of his merit, and as a testimony of the regard in which Baron Gerolt was held in the United States, his friends there presented him with a splendid piece of plate of solid parcel-gilt silver, which arrived in Berlin when the Baron had

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just arrived there. The Empress desired to see it, and at a dinner given on the birthday of the Russian Emperor it ornamented the Imperial dinner-table, where it was generally admired. On hearing that the Baron was in Berlin, the Emperor and the Empress at once sent a gentleman to his hotel, congratulating him on the reception of such a beautiful and well-merited testimonial. On hearing this Prince Bismarck, who was present at that dinner, called the messenger back, saying, 'Please tell the Baron the same from me.'

Though the resignation of the old minister had been granted with all honours, the title of actual Privy Councillor, with the predicate Exceclency having been bestowed upon him, there had still remained a cloud between him and the great Premier, and this message was therefore highly gratifying to the worthy old diplomatist.

On August 7 we drove to Ems. On the Promenade I met his Majesty the King, who gave me his hand, and asked whether we were going to the theatre. I would have liked to go but I could not, having Jimmy with me, and that spoilt fellow would have cried himself to death if shut up in an hotel room, or placed under the charge of a stranger.

Next morning I got up at five o'clock, and Felix, myself, and Captain von C—, with his wife, rode on horseback to Ems. When the King saw our party he came and bade us good morning. He

was extremely gracious and kind, patted my horse, and said he was pleased to see me on horseback.

The kind notice which their Majesties took of me caused of course many pangs of jealousy, even amongst my nearest friends. Mrs. General von S—endeavoured to persuade me that the King had been much displeased at my appearing on horseback near the Promenade in Ems. She knew it for certain from reliable sources. I did not believe it, for if the King had been displeased he would not have come to bid us good morning, and his noble, open face would not have had such a kind expression.

If I had entertained any doubts in this respect they would have been removed next evening when we attended a great ball given by her Majesty the Queen. The King was as kind as usual, and made some jocular remarks on the too-long train of my dress, which my dressmaker had sent immediately before the ball, and which hindered me in dancing.

I was at that ball introduced to the Duchess of Ossuna—Eleonore, born Princess Salm-Salm, and first cousin of my husband. The Duchess is an extremely handsome, most elegant and amiable woman, and we soon became great friends.

On the following morning, the 11th, we were invited to a *déjeuner* at Castle Sayn by the Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein. The Queen with one lady

attendant, the King with his aides, Prince Reuss, his minister in Petersburg, my husband and I, were the only guests.

On the 12th my husband was out on the drill-ground with the whole regiment, and I visited with Mrs. von G—— the Convent of Moselweiss, where were forty-three nuns and sixty-five pupils. Very much pleased with everything I saw there, we went home, and met on our way her Majesty the Queen, who stopped and spoke to us. When we had left, she sent to recall us to look at the monkey of a poor Savoyard, whose good luck it was to meet this Royal fairy. We had the honour of accompanying her Majesty on her way to the palace.

When I, on the 14th, went to Ems to pay some visits, I met in a *coupe* of the train Lord and Lady Palmerston, who were on their way to Wiesbaden, and we were soon engaged in lively conversation.

It was now the time of the military manœuvres, and though I had been in two wars I had never seen such a military show, for what I saw in America was not to be compared to it. On August 17 I was in Cologne, when an officer accompanied me to the drill-ground to see the cavalry manœuvres. I was quite delighted with the beautiful horses and the wonderful precision with which all movements were executed.

When the manœuvres were over, the General com-

manding the troops presented to me his whole corps of officers, and made a very flattering little speech, expressing his pleasure in welcoming me on their exercise-ground.

On the 20th I attended the manœuvres of the infantry, commanded by General von S——, which were also very fine; and on the 21st I went to a *café-dansant* given by her Majesty the Queen, which lasted until past seven, where I danced a great deal and amused myself much.

Thus I passed a rather gay season, every day bringing with it some party, and a little rest was desirable. I therefore accepted with pleasure an invitation to Castle Anholt, where several of our male relatives were expected for partridge-shooting. I remained a fortnight, and we passed our time in a quiet pleasant manner.

Her Majesty returned to Coblenz in November, and we were invited to tea on the 4th. I had the honour of sitting next to her on her right-hand side, and she was very kind, as usual, to my husband and myself. The Queen showed us the splendid album of the Rhine with which she had been presented.

On November 8 I went with Felix to Neuwied, to pay our respects, and to congratulate Princess Elizabeth on her engagement with Prince Charles of Roumania. The hereditary Prince showed us some of the rooms which were arranged and deco-

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rated for the wedding, which was to take place on the 18th.

On the 10th we attended a very large party given by her Majesty, where we heard some Swedish singers engaged for that occasion. I was presented to the Grand Duchess of Baden and Princess William of Baden, whose lady of honour, Baroness Beust, called on me next day.

On the 13th the Queen gave a ball, where I amused myself very much, for her Majesty was so extremely kind and amiable. I danced with the Grand Duke of Weimar in the same set with the Grand Duchess of Baden and Princess William.

On the 17th we were invited to a breakfast at her Majesty's. It was only a small party, consisting of the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern, Prince and Princess of Wied, Count and Countess of Flanders, the newly-married couple, the Prince and Princess of Roumania, with their Roumanian cortége, and Princess von Solms-Braunfels. Except Countess von P——, who had to attend her Majesty, no ladies of Coblentz were present.

In the afternoon we drove to Neuwied, where we arrived at five o'clock, just in time for the dinner, which was a grand, ceremonious affair, where all the rules of etiquette and rank were strictly observed. The Prince of Roumania had brought with him all his ministers and a number of ladies and attendants, who reminded me much of the Mexicans, at least in

outward appearance. Most of these Roumanian nobles I should not have liked to meet in a lonely road.

After dinner was a concert, followed by fireworks, and it was not before two o'clock next morning that we arrived in Coblenz. We did not, however, fail to be at the railroad station to say good-bye to the Princess of Roumania, who left for her new home, and to give her the *bouquet d'usage*.

At the dinner in Neuwied I was presented to the Count of Flanders, the brother of the poor Empress Carlotta of Mexico, and married to a daughter of the Prince of Hohenzollern. The Count is a tall, agreeable man, with whom I had a long conversation, which was somewhat difficult on account of his bad hearing. He asked much about Mexico, and said many flattering things to me. Speaking of the illness of his sister, he said that there was no hope whatever of her recovery.

The next day being our sewing day at St. Barbara's, the Queen came to say adieu to the ladies, as she was soon going to Berlin. Salm and I saw her, however, on the 22nd, when her Majesty had invited about twenty-five persons for tea. The Queen arranged a little lottery with cards for the company. Salm won a bust of our dear King, and I a match-box. Next evening we went to the inauguration of the theatre; the Queen and her whole court were present to see 'Fidelio,' which was very badly given.

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The time until Christmas was a continuous string of parties. I, of course, had also to give some coffees and teas, and besides to entertain our circle when it was my turn. I longed indeed for some rest, and was glad when we went, on December 25—both Felix's and my birthday—to Castle Anholt, where we found only the family. The 26th was the birthday of Prince Alfred, Felix's brother, which was celebrated in a quiet, pleasant manner, only amongst ourselves.

On the 29th was to take place a shooting-party, a *battue*, and several other members of the family arrived—the Duchess of Ossuna, the Duke of Croy, the Princes George and Philip, and Princess Stephanie Croy. The Duchess of Ossuna and myself went in a pony-carriage to see the *battue*. I took a little gun with me and fired at a hare, but did not harm it, though I killed one next day, when the *battue* was continued. I remained until one o'clock P.M. on the grounds, when the ladies came to look at the *battue*. As it was very cold and the snow very deep, I returned with them to the Castle.

Next day, being the last in the year, we went skating in the morning, and remained together in the evening until the New Year. I went to my bed very sad and with a very heavy heart, for I could not anticipate anything good for the New Year.

It is true Salm's wishes had been gratified; he was in a position in the army of which he was proud;

we had a little home ; society treated us as well as could be, and their Majesties and the whole Royal Family received us in a manner which affected me very much and raised the envy of many. In other respects we were not to be envied, however, for our position and our means to maintain the same were out of all proportion.

Though I am not of an envious character, I could not repress some bitter feelings, looking on the difference between us and other members of our family. I was not indifferent to the social advantages derived from the high title we bore, but I could not be blind either to its disadvantages, circumstanced as we were, and which made it almost a derision. My sense of justice revolted against the law which treated two brothers so differently. Whilst one lived in a magnificent castle, surrounded by some square miles of broad acres belonging to him, and yielding him a large rent-roll, the other had scarcely so much a month as cost sometimes one dinner at his brother's castle. This brother was indeed a good and kind brother, but still it was hard to depend on his goodwill, and, moreover, he had a large family.

This feeling of injustice was still increased in comparing the merit of my husband with that of other members of his family. A long time ago their ancestors had been men of fame ; but since two centuries there was scarcely one amongst them who had done anything worth the notice of the world,

whilst my husband at least had won fame for himself.

He was a Prince, like his brother, and it was expected of him that he should live according to his title, whilst the same laws which gave it him deprived him of the means to sustain it. In this respect the English custom seemed to me far more reasonable. There only the head of the family has the title and the duty to represent it in society, nobody expecting of younger brothers more than is expected of other gentlemen.

We might have lived happy and not surpassing our income, if Salm could have lived like other majors; but Felix was a Prince, and even if he had wished to economise, for which, however, he had little talent, in consequence of his education, he could not live so quietly and retiredly as prudence would have advised, for propriety required of him more than from other officers of his grade. Though I saw all the evil consequences of such a course I had to submit, and being obliged to fulfil the social duties expected from a Princess, and being also by no means free from the inclinations of other women, I did as I was told was proper—and tried not to think of the end. In this I succeeded tolerably well up to the end of the year, but knowing that its first days would bring an immense number of little bills, I greeted the first of January with a very heavy heart.

CHAPTER IV.

New Year—The 'little bills'—In a whirlpool—Our new Colonel, Count Waldersee—In Berlin—An evening party at her Majesty's—The brother of Maximilian—Audience with their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess—Their great kindness—Grand Court-day—I conquer China—Baroness Schleinitz—Grand Opera Ball—The whole Court present—Carnival in Coblentz—Balls—Fancy Ball at Mr. von C—'s—A Spanish Quadrille—Fancy Ball at General von Herwarth's—A fishy Quadrille—Mayence—Prince of Holstein—Bonn—Professor Dr. Busch—1st of April—Studying in the Hospitals—Salm promoted—Sad forebodings—Return of the Queen to Coblentz—Season in Ems—The Duke of Ossuna—His Majesty the Emperor of Russia—Princess Rose Salm-Salm—An unpleasant occurrence—At Prince Solms-Braunfels—Thirteen at the table!—Our set in Ems—With his Majesty—The Duchess of Ossuna and her train—Prince Albrecht of Prussia—Brilliant misery—Again in Bonn—Rumours in Ems—Supper with the King—A Review in Ems—Dinner at her Majesty's in Coblentz—A café-dansant—Caught in a shower—Arrival in Ems—The King and Benedetti—Sensation—Supper with his Majesty—How the King looked—I tell his Majesty that I shall go with the army—Concert at the Swiss House in Coblentz—How the King and Queen were received—War declared—Taking leave of his Majesty—Affecting scene—The King gives me his photograph—Panic in Ems—Return to Coblentz—The behaviour of the Germans—Leave-taking of the Queen—Approval of my resolution—In Bonn—I receive a certificate from Professor Dr. Busch—In the Aula—Professor Dr. Busch appointed Surgeon-General of 8th Army Corps—I am to accompany him—Arrival of Colonel Corvin—Of Mrs. von Corvin—Of Princess Minna and Florentine Salm—Preparations—Dark forebodings—A conversation between Salm and Corvin—The regiment 'Queen Augusta' leaving—Farewell to Salm—A sad mother and sad wife.

On my return to Coblentz I did find the 'little bills.' They arrived in shoals, but necessity compelled me

to go on in the usual way. The season was not over yet, and teas, suppers, and balls had to be attended. I tried to forget my troubles—not to think of the future, and to enjoy the present. At a great ball given by General Herwarth von Bittenfeld I danced every set, and amused myself in spite of all gloomy prospects.

When, on the 16th of January, it was my turn to give a party to the circle, I had the pleasure of receiving our new Colonel, Count Waldersee, Colonel von Stiehle having been called to Berlin on some other duty. I was much pleased with our new Colonel, for he was not only a very agreeable man, but also a very distinguished officer. He had been sent the year before to the French camp at Chalons, where many foreign officers were invited to admire the high excellence of the grand French army. The effect produced on Count Waldersee was by no means a grand one. He was utterly astonished at the state of that army, and especially of their tactics, saying that they were still nearly a century behind, predicting for them a very great defeat if they should dare to provoke a war with Prussia. He had expressed these views in his report sent in to the War Department.

The 'little bills' caused me to make a business journey to Berlin, and Felix accompanied me. We travelled together with Lieutenant-Colonel von G—— and his wife, my dear poetical friend. Her

husband had bought an estate with a little château somewhere in Silesia, and with a tooth-breaking name, and given in his resignation. On my suggestion, the ladies of the regiment had given her a keepsake, which was, however, I am sorry to say, a most ugly, paltry writing-portfolio, which she scarcely would think worth a place on her writing-table. I regretted her leaving much, for I lost in her a very dear good friend.

In Berlin we met Baron von D—— from Kurland, his pretty daughter, and Lieutenant-Colonel von O——, whose marriage we attended on the 20th of January. Before we went to the dinner in the Hotel de Rome, Countess Haake called, informing us that the Queen wanted to see Lieutenant-Colonel von G—— and us next day.

The father of the fair bride led me to dinner, which was splendid.

Next day we drove to the palace, and were received at one o'clock by Countess Haake. A little while afterwards came the Queen, who gave us her hand, and was as gracious as she always was.

I had, of course, to make many calls, and go to many places. On the 24th we went to the Opera to see the ballet 'Fantasca,' which was beautiful. The Queen was present, and with her in her box was Archduke Leopold, the brother of the Emperors of Austria and of Mexico. The family likeness of this brother brought back to me sad reminiscences of

Mexico, and I felt very much oppressed by the thought that I should have to meet him next day at a party given in his honour by her Majesty.

The King, Queen, Crown Prince, and Crown Princess, and about one hundred and twenty persons were present. The manner in which I was received by all the members of the Royal Family was even kinder than usual, and must have been noticed by the Archduke, for when we on his desire had been presented to him, he acknowledged our services rendered to his brother in Mexico in such ostentatious language, that I, though of course much flattered, still felt somewhat annoyed, and the more so as many things the Archduke said about Mexico grated on my feelings, being made unusually sensitive by the family likeness of the Prince to his brother. I was glad when that conversation was over.

Next day I received a note from the Crown Princess, who wanted to see me at seven o'clock P.M., and accordingly I drove to the palace. When I had entered the room the attending lady of honour and chamberlains were dismissed, and I remained alone with their Royal Highnesses, who were so extremely kind to me that I felt quite affected. I remained about half an hour. When taking my leave the Crown Princess kissed me and I kissed her hand. The Crown Prince accompanied me to the foot of the stairs, and kissed my hand before all the servants,

an honour which was as much embarrassing to me as it was gratifying.

On the 27th, in the afternoon, I was in bed before making a toilet for the great reception at Court in the evening, when by the negligence of the waiter in the hotel, and the stupidity of my maid, Baroness Schleinitz was brought to my bedside. I felt much annoyed, but the fine tact and amiability of her Excellency helped me to get over my embarrassment, and I accepted with pleasure her invitation for supper after the grand Court ceremony.

It was the first time I attended such a great field day at Court, and it was only natural that I was agreeably excited and curious. I made of course a very careful toilet, and wore a yellow silk dress with a six-feet long train, which is worn hanging over the left arm. The ceremony took place in the White Hall in the old palace, where are all the Royal state rooms. When all the many richly and elegantly dressed guests were marshalled in a hall adjoining the White Hall, according to their rank, their Majesties appeared in full Royal state. Our gracious Queen looked most beautiful, and every inch a Queen. Two young noblemen, in splendid uniform, carried her long gorgeous train when she passed before her guests, saying some friendly words here and there.

In the White Hall, where a concert took place, I at last had my wish to see King and Queen sitting

on a kind of throne, raised some steps above the floor. To the right and left of their Majesties were sitting on fauteuils the other members of the Royal Family, whilst the guests were seated in rows before them. In the first row were sitting the foreign ambassadors and ministers, and behind them the Princes and Princesses. I was sitting in the third row, right opposite their Majesties, at the side of Princess Putbus, and behind me were the members of the Chinese embassy, just then present in Berlin, giving the whole assembly a particularly interesting character.

The concert was very fine, and Madame Lucca sang admirably. In the pauses refreshments were presented, with which my Oriental neighbours seemed much pleased. My humble person attracted their attention, perhaps on account of my yellow dress, as yellow is the Imperial colour of the Chinese, and they showed me their respect by attempting to feed me with ice cream, and with their own spoon. This ludicrous calamity was noticed by his Majesty and amused him much, and on going through the ranks he came twice to my seat, saying a few friendly words.

When the highly interesting ceremony was over I drove to the house of Baron von Schleinitz, the minister of the Royal household, and found there several members of the diplomatic corps. The ladies put their trains aside, and we had a splendid

supper, enlivened by a bright conversation, in which the incidents of the evening were discussed. After supper we enjoyed our cigarettes, and returned home at two o'clock A.M., much delighted with all we had seen and heard.

On January 28 took place one of the great Subscription Balls in the Royal Opera House, and as I had never had an opportunity of attending one we would not miss it. These balls had been introduced many years ago under the patronage of the Court, and every season two, or even three, of them took place. These balls were very popular, for they afforded the public an opportunity of seeing the whole Royal Family, who never failed to attend them, for the King of Prussia and his Princes liked to mix with the people, by whom they are much beloved. These balls are public—that is, on applying to the intendant of the Royal Theatres for tickets these are sent to as many persons as may move in the house without too great inconvenience. No respectable person is excluded, and the tickets are to be paid for, each costing, I believe, five thalers.

I must say I was not prepared for the splendid scene which dazzled my eyes on entering. The Opera House was beautifully decorated for that purpose. The floor of the pit was raised to a level with the stage, the whole forming one immense hall, lighted up in the most brilliant manner, and very tastefully decorated as a ball-room. From the large

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Court box a broad staircase led to the hall, and all the boxes up to the highest tier and the hall itself were filled with above two thousand ladies and gentlemen, all in their best toilets. The many different brilliant uniforms, with their glittering decorations, moving everywhere amongst the black dress-coats, made the whole elegant crowd less monotonous than is the case, for instance, in America, where the black coat alone is to be seen.

The King and Queen, followed by all the members of the Royal Family, always open the ball by leading the polonaise, after which they return to the Royal private boxes; but twice more they walk once up and down the hall, speaking on their way to many persons they know. As the crowd is great, and everybody desirous of seeing the Royal procession as near as possible, the intendant of the Royal Theatres goes ahead, followed by Count Puckler leading the Palast Dame of the Queen. They are followed by the King and the other Princes of the family, each leading a Princess or one of the ladies of the Court.

Dancing was rather difficult on account of the crowd, and there can scarcely be more dresses torn and spoilt at a drawing-room in England than at a Subscription Ball in Berlin. Supper and refreshment halls were arranged, and stalls with ice creams and cooling drinks to be found in the passages.

I was sitting in a box together with Mrs. General

von Witzleben, looking with much interest upon this highly amusing and lively scene. Her Majesty, knowing that the leave of absence of my husband was expired, and that he had to return to Coblenz, sent for us to say adieu. When we left the box of the Queen we met Prince Charles, the brother of the King, who stopped and spoke to us; and afterwards the Crown Prince came, shook hands with us, and charmed us by his amiability. We had received from him an invitation for a ball on the 31st, but as my husband had to leave we had to decline, with great regret.

We left soon after the Queen, at about half-past eleven, and went to supper at Countess Benckendorff's, meeting there some diplomatists, who are always amusing company. It was again two o'clock A.M. before we reached home.

We left next day at seven o'clock P.M. for Coblenz, where we resumed our usual life. On February 4 I went to a ball given by General von S—— at the military casino, ending only at two o'clock in the morning; and the same evening I attended to our circle, where Mrs. von C—— invited us to a fancy dress ball, and next morning we went to Cologne to look about for our costumes. The landlord of the Hotel Disch gave us all desired information, and sent for a Miss Maria Merjack, who assisted us, and whom we engaged to come to Coblenz to teach us different Spanish dances; for

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Mrs. von C—— and myself had decided on appearing in a Spanish quadrille.

On the 9th again was a great ball given by General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, when I danced every set, with old and young gentlemen.

Another fancy ball at General von Herwarth's was decided on for February 23, and as I could not possibly exclude myself from taking part in it, I joined a sailor or fisherman quadrille in the costume of the people of Alsen, in compliment to the General (who won a victory there in the Danish war); and, in an evil hour, we ordered our costumes to be made by Mr. Kemp, in Bonn, recommended I do not know by whom.

We had now a busy time with preparing for the two fancy balls, and practising Spanish dances and the hornpipe; but, besides this, we had to attend to other social duties outside Coblenz. Having received an invitation from the Governor of Mayence, the Prince of Holstein, we went there on the 15th, and stayed at the house of Major von Bloch, an old friend of Felix's. The ball was splendid; I danced every set and many extra tours.

The Prince of Holstein was much liked, though he was very strict. When we drove next day to the station, and he accompanied me, he saw in the street a soldier who was the worse for liquor. The Prince called out at once a thundering 'Halt!' and had him arrested, threatening him with all kinds of punish-

ment. Taking pity on the poor fellow, I said to the angry General, in my bad German, 'Durchlaucht, sei Du ein gutes Mensch, und lass das arm Kerl laufen!' which amused him so much that he laughed, and in this good humour the man got off with a reprimand.

On the 19th the fancy ball at Mrs. von C——'s took place. The costumes in general were not nice at all, and our Spanish quadrille went off very indifferently. I danced with Mr. von C——, who danced the fandango more like a Polish bear than a Spaniard, and seemed to have a particular spite against my toes.

We had laid down a rule amongst ourselves in reference to the balls and evening parties given by us; which was very sensible, as many amongst us were not rich. According to this regulation, not more than two dishes of meat were to be given, and only red and white table wine. Mr. von C—— however, who was a wealthy man, asserted that a fancy ball was an exceptional case, and gave a sumptuous supper and an immense quantity of champagne, which caused some remarks from General Herwarth. These remarks annoyed Mr. von C—— so much, that he in his vexation got very drunk and went off to his bed, by which I had the advantage of getting rid of him as a partner for the cotillon, which I danced then with our new Colonel, Count Waldersee, who was a far superior dancer and man.

The fancy ball at General Herwarth's took place on the 23rd. We were all in a great flutter, for our sailor dresses from Bonn did not arrive until very late in the afternoon. The ball was very crowded, and dancing was rather difficult. Before it began Count Waldersee approached the old hero, General von Herwarth, addressed him in nice appropriate verses, and delivered to him a laurel crown with black and white streamers. I amused myself very much, though our sailor costumes were horrid; we looked all like fishwomen, and shuddered at our own ugliness. We danced, however, our hornpipe tolerably well, had a good and pleasant supper, Count Waldersee leading me to it, and we did not go home till morning—at three o'clock.

How I longed for the end of all these balls, and, thank Heaven, it came soon, for the one I gave on February 28 was the last of the season. We had eighty-six guests, and the ball went off to the satisfaction of everybody. I danced every set, with young and old, and made myself as amiable as I could. When all was over, after two o'clock, and I was at last in my bed, I was most happy that everything had passed off so well.

It had been decided on between me and my husband that after the balls, &c., of the season were over I should go to Bonn, to consult one of the celebrated ladies' physicians there, and stay for so long in that city as it should be thought necessary

by him. I therefore went to Bonn on March 18, and consulted Professor Busch, who had been strongly recommended to me by the brother of my husband.

Professor Busch is one of the most renowned physicians in Germany, and is also one of the kindest and best men I have ever known. As he thought it necessary for me to remain under his treatment for a time, I invited a cousin of my husband's, Countess Constantine Salm-Hoegstraeten, to come and stay with me, and afterwards to accompany me to Coblentz.

As my state of health did not require me to stay at home, I went now and then to Coblentz, or paid visits in the neighbourhood, and became also acquainted with the wife of Professor Busch, who has a whole nestful of pretty children and a grown-up daughter, in whose company I spent very pleasant hours.

On April 1 I was taken in several times. Amongst other things I received, per rail, a large box, in which, carefully packed in hay, I found a brandy bottle containing some fine French liquor, on the label of which was written, 'To take in the mornings, at noon, and in the evenings, one glassful. Coblentz, April 1, Salm, M.D.' The label itself, made by some artist, represented a landscape, with Bonn in the background; a very prominent stork, in the foreground, in a swamp, held in his bill—not, as

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readers might expect, a baby—but a very big disappointing frog.

Whilst I was in Bonn I had an opportunity of satisfying a desire I had formed already in Coblentz, on hearing that her Majesty would be pleased if the ladies of her regiment occupied themselves with nursing the sick in the military hospitals. Seeing the kindness and skill with which Professor Busch and his assistants, Dr. von Kühlewetter and Dr. von Mosengail, treated the sick and wounded, I was extremely eager to learn from them how to dress wounds, and to assist even in operations. The Professor was pleased with my earnestness, and it was agreed that I should go through a course of surgery somewhat later.

In the middle of April, having returned to Coblentz, the colonelcy of the crack battalion of our regiment became vacant by Lieut.-Colonel von O—— being promoted to some higher command, as was expected long since by Major von R——, who hoped to be his successor. He was, however, disappointed, for the order arrived from Berlin that Salm should take the command of the 'Fusilier Battalion.' This created some astonishment in Coblentz, and General von Herwarth, supposing some mistake, as Major von R—— was in fact the senior field-officer, telegraphed to Berlin to ascertain whether he was correct. The answer confirmed Salm's promotion, which he, I think, owed principally to the manner

in which he had once, in Queretaro, commanded and led to battle the famous Cazadores, about which the King had repeatedly complimented him.

Though I explained before how we were situated, and this was reason enough to feel uneasy and anxious sometimes, it was still not a sufficient cause for the deep sadness which overcame me very frequently since the New Year. I was sometimes utterly dejected, and, lying in my bed, I cried myself to sleep. I felt an indefinable dread pending over me, and a foreboding that something very sad would happen often in the middle of the gayest company so forcibly that I involuntarily shuddered.

Spring came, and exerted also on me its cheering influence; we made many excursions up and down the Rhine, mostly in agreeable company; but still this dreadful foreboding of evil never left my side, and such passages as the following, under May 15, occur frequently in my diary: 'I am very tired, and would like to sleep that long sleep which knows no awaking.'

Time, however, went on as usual, and the summer season promised to be rather gay, for the Queen had returned to Coblentz, and high guests from all parts of the world arrived in Ems. We drove there on May 19, starting already at five o'clock A.M., to be in time for the promenade. With us were Countess Constantine Salm-Hoegstraeten, and Princess Rose Salm-Salm, the young pretty wife

of Alfred, second son of my husband's brother, born Countess Lutzow.

On the Promenade we met our brilliant cousin, the Duchess of Ossuna, and also the Duke her husband, one of the richest men of Spain. When in citizen's dress nobody would have guessed that the short, rather thickset man, who liked to laugh at and to make rather doubtful jokes, was such a great personage; but when in uniform no Chinese mandarin could look more magnificent, for his whole body was covered with decorations and stars of every description.

After having walked a little while, we were all sitting down to rest when his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, who knew the Duke very well, as he had been Spanish ambassador in Petersburg, joined us and took a seat next to me. Salm and myself were presented, and he was very gracious to us. After half an hour, which passed in a very pleasant and interesting conversation, his Majesty left, quite alone and unattended as he had come, except by a large mastiff, which followed him everywhere like his shadow.

The Duke of Ossuna invited us to a very agreeable supper in the Kursaal. Rose suddenly felt unwell, and the Duchess went out with her in the garden to take some air. When sitting down for a moment, a man, dressed like a gentleman, but apparently under the influence of liquor, who was pleased by Princess

Rose's pretty young face, approached and grossly insulted her. The Duchess was so indignant that she could not even say a word, and the poor Princess so frightened that she was incapable of rising. At that moment I came with Countess Constance, and the fellow sat down on a chair quite close and reiterated his insults. I at once expressed to him my indignation about his behaviour to ladies, when he knowingly said, 'Ladies! ah well, they are no ladies!' The Duke and my husband were still upstairs in the room settling the bill, but at my call the Prince came at once, and having been informed of the behaviour of the stranger, he went up to him asking for his card, for, as I said before, the fellow looked like a gentleman. He had no card, and on this and what he said Salm became furious, and his sword, always very loose in its scabbard, flashed out at once. When the man saw that, fright sobered him, and he ran away as fast as he could. Some policemen who were near ran after him. He was a man from Hamburg, who had made a bet to drink a great number of bottles of champagne within a certain short space of time. The authorities obliged him to leave next day.

On May 22 the Duchess of Ossuna had invited us to a dinner at Rheingrafenstein, in the neighbourhood of which her stepfather, Prince Solms-Braunfels had a villa. I was presented there to the Prince and Princess, and the Duchess's half-

sisters. We spent a pleasant day and came home rather late.

In the following weeks I was almost always in Bonn, to continue my cure and to pursue my studies in the hospitals. On the 24th I went with the doctors to the operation room, and assisted at three operations made by Professor Busch. I was not in the least nervous, and saw and noticed everything with the greatest interest. On June 1 I commenced to assist the Professor and learn how to dress wounds. I attended also in the operation room, and admired the consummate skill of the Professor, who cuts off a leg or an arm in an incredibly short time.

On June 6 I went to Coblenz to the christening of a child in the English church in the Queen's palace. After that we dined at the hotel, and it was discovered to the dismay of several, amongst whom I was one, that we were thirteen at the table! Amongst these thirteen were my husband and Colonel Count Waldersee, who both were dead before three months!

As the physician thought it beneficial for me to use the waters of Ems, I went there to remain for a time, on the 20th. The Duchess recommended to me her physician, Dr. Vogel, who called and advised me to bathe and to drink the water mixed with milk.

In the afternoon friends came from Coblenz, and

we all went to the Promenade at seven o'clock. In our company were the Duchess of Ossuna with her sister Mary Solms, Count and Countess Waldersee, and General von Berger. When we were sitting around a table the King, who had arrived only in the afternoon, came and sat down between the Duchess and myself, remaining nearly an hour. His Majesty looked extremely well, and was in very good humour.

I had the honour of being every day in his company, for at the Promenade he almost always walked with us. On the 22nd his Majesty invited the Duchess and myself to the theatre, and he took his seat between us.

On the following day I felt very ill, and telegraphed for Professor Busch. The good Professor, though his time was so precious, came, and I presented him to Eleonore, who wished to consult him also. I had to remain in bed for several days, and a great number of persons came and called on me.

On the 28th, when I was better, the Duchess called with a whole train of admirers, who remained an hour, filling my room with smoke.

Though the weather was not favourable, I went out with visitors coming from Coblenz for a short promenade, which, however, became a long one, as his Majesty honoured us by joining our company.

In the evening we took supper at the Kurhaus in company with Prince Albrecht, the youngest brother of his Majesty, who seemed to like our little circle, formed by the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna, Count and Countess Larisch, some of our relatives coming from Coblentz, the aides-de-camp of the King, the Duke of Ugest, Count Perponcher, &c.

! Next morning the Duchess and train again filled my room with smoke—the ladies smoking likewise—until I became quite dizzy. Felix arrived with Mr. and Mrs. von C——; in the evening we all went to the Promenade, and after it to the theatre, his Majesty sitting between Eleonore and myself. After the theatre we all took supper at the Hotel Prince of Wales, and at eleven Salm and von C—— returned to Coblentz.

On the 30th I attended a dinner at Coblentz, but returned for the evening promenade, and looked from the balcony of the Kurhaus at some fireworks. His Majesty, Prince Albrecht, and several persons of the Court, were present. The fireworks over, we all went to the Hotel Prince of Wales, where we had the honour of taking supper with the King and his brother. I sat opposite his Majesty, who presented each of us ladies with a rose. After supper the whole party accompanied the King to his residence.

Though I was not insensible to the kindness shown to me by everybody and the distinction bestowed on me by the most exalted personages, which

would have made many others perfectly happy, I was as sad as could be when alone, a feeling of dread always hanging over me like a thundercloud. This feeling was made worse by reflecting on my position, of which the outside contrasted too strikingly with its real state, and which perhaps was not guessed at by others. I was treated as an equal by persons to whom thousands of thalers were as insignificant as were to me so many schens, and Heaven knows what trouble I had to keep up appearances, when even the expenses for my gloves were more than I could afford. However, I was in for it, and could not retreat, though I shuddered at thinking of the end. I tried to forget it, and to pursue my course with as good a mien as possible.

It was hard enough, and I was very much vexed when Countess Larisch surprised me next morning in a crying fit, though I had to shake it off and to go to the Promenade, where his Majesty's extreme kindness did not fail to pour oil into my sore heart.

Felix had invited our set to an evening party at our house in Coblenz. I had invited also Prince Albrecht, but his Royal Highness had to decline, as he had a little party himself.

I was quite astonished to see in what an excellent manner my husband had made all arrangements. Our party consisted of twenty-one persons. We had a dance, and all were as merry as could be.

I had, however, an inflammation in my ear, and little Kitty, a baby pup of Jimmy's, which I had with me that night, knocked against it in such a manner that I became nearly mad with pain. I went next morning with Felix to Bonn, where I had to stay a whole week, but it was no quiet week either, for Felix's brother came with some other relatives, who had been on a visit to Anholt, and the hereditary Prince was always there.

On July 6, the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna, Count and Countess Larisch, and Felix increased our company. Whilst the rest of us, after having seen the sights of Bonn, went to dine at the Hotel Royal, the Duke satisfied his rather curious whim to see the dead bodies ready for dissection in the anatomical room, and Felix had to accompany him.

In the afternoon I had a long consultation with Professor Busch, and I went to his new house and in his pretty garden. Seeing Mrs. Busch surrounded by such pretty, healthy children, a blessed mother and wife, happy in every respect, and comparing her condition with mine, I felt quite wretched, and had a crying fit which made me quite angry, for I was afraid she would tell the Professor, who always treated me like a child, and would have laughed at me.

Next morning, when I was very low-spirited, I received a despatch from Felix calling me back. I therefore said good-bye to the kind people in Bonn

and went to Coblenz, and in the afternoon returned with Felix to Ems, where we arrived at eight. On the Promenade we saw the King sitting with our usual company. His Majesty rose, shook hands with me, and invited me to sit down. After he left we went to supper at the Prince of Wales. Prince Albrecht sat at my side. He was in a very good humour, and said many funny things.

Everybody will still remember that summer of 1870, and especially the important scenes enacted in Ems, which had such serious and dreadful consequences. The candidature of the young Prince Hohenzollern for the vacant throne of Spain was then the great topic of the day, and hundreds of eager eyes looked into the face of our noble old King to read off from its expression the future of the European world. When, on the evening of the 8th, His Majesty honoured our company as usual, and was sitting next to me, he spoke about Spain, and said that he did not feel satisfied with Prince Hohenzollern's acceptance of the crown of that country, fearing that evil might result from it.

On the 11th all sorts of rumours were current. We spoke with the King only a few moments in the morning, and made, with the Duchess, Countess Furstemberg, Countess Larisch, and several gentlemen, a delightful party in the woods, from which we returned at eight o'clock P.M. We found Felix in

Ems, and we all made a promenade with his Majesty. On coming home I found an order of her Majesty the Queen for dinner next day, and the same was received by the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna, and the Counts and Countesses Furstemberg and Larisch.

Next morning the Augusta regiment arrived at Ems, and passed in parade before the King and Prince Albrecht, standing with their staffs by chance right opposite my windows. That over, we drove to our house in Coblentz, and went to dinner in the palace at five o'clock. The Queen was very gracious, and gave me a little lecture about my health, and Countess H—— was quite malicious, making some pointed remarks, which, however, did not hurt me.

The dinner was soon over, for the Queen had after it a grand *café-dansant* in the garden, where about two hundred people from Coblentz appeared in their best looks and finery.

We all should have liked to stay to the end of the festival, but her Majesty would not allow us, as we were under medical treatment, jestingly saying that she would not deprive his Majesty the King of his usual company. She had ordered the express train to stop for us near the palace, and about seven o'clock we had to leave.

In walking from the palace to the bridge where the train stood, we were surprised by a pelting shower, which made sad havoc with our bonnets and

dresses, though I did not suffer much, for I sheltered myself under the ample petticoats of my magnificent cousin, who laughed at my expedient of using her as a tent. Our whole party arrived like drowned rats on the Promenade, or like wet peacocks, which seemed the impression of his Majesty, who joked us about our fine feathers being ruffled by the rain.

Just when the King left us and went away with Count Lehndorff, the French minister, Count Benedetti, stopped his Majesty and said something to him, on which our noble sovereign became two inches taller, and his kind face acquired an expression that I had never before seen upon it. Making an impatient movement with his hand towards Count Lehndorff he went away alone, leaving the oily Frenchman quite petrified. All who were near were very curious, and the news of this rather strange occurrence ran like wildfire through all Ems, creating great excitement.

On July 13 I was up early, and went to the Promenade, where I saw the King walking with General von Treskow, his Adjutant-General. His Majesty looked sad, and his conversation seemed of an important character. After having breakfasted in company with Prince Albrecht and several other ladies and gentlemen, I attended to some trifling business and made some calls. During my absence Prince Albrecht came to see me, I suppose to invite

me to supper, which he did afterwards together with the rest of our clique, when he met us in the evening on the Promenade.

Felix and Mr. and Mrs. von C—— had arrived and were invited also. We supped in the Kurgarten—about twenty-five persons. I was sitting between Count Eulenburg (who had arrived from Berlin, instead of Count Bismarek, who was expected) and Count Furstemberg. The King looked perfectly calm and serene, and nobody could have seen in his face that he expected a declaration of war. I said to him that I, in case of war, would go with the army to nurse the wounded, and that I fortunately had learnt how to do so already in the hospitals at Bonn.

‘Then really you think there will be a war?’ his Majesty said; ‘well, if there should be one, I am sure you would do good service; but do not cut off too many ears.’

I was in earnest, and wrote next morning to the Queen to ask permission to go in case of war with the army as a nurse. Everybody in Ems was much excited; nothing was known yet for certain, but it was generally believed that there would be a war with France, and this belief was confirmed when it became known that his Majesty would return to Berlin.

In the afternoon I went with a party to Coblenz, to the concert at the Swiss House in the Queen’s Promenade. The concert was much crowded, and

all the ladies of our regiment and their friends were present and sitting together. When the King and Queen appeared they were received with great enthusiasm, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and crying at the same time. This token of our love seemed to please his Majesty, as well it might, for it came from the inmost of loyal hearts; the Queen was much affected and had tears in her eyes.

The King came and shook hands with me, and when we, with Count and Countess Waldersee, had gone after the concert to Ems, we promenaded with his Majesty and accompanied him to his door.

Next day, July 15, 1870, was a memorable day, which will be remembered in history many thousand years. War between Germany and France had been declared, and our dear King was to leave for Berlin at eight A.M. We all went to the station to say farewell to him and give him bouquets.

Our leave-taking was an affecting scene. The good King had tears in his eyes, all the ladies cried, and even the aides-de-camp and General Treskow were crying like children. The King gave Eleonore, Countess Larisch, Mrs. von Schreckenstein, Mrs. von Pommer-Esche, and myself each his photograph, and I kissed his hand, much against his will.

We breakfasted with Prince Albrecht and General von Herwarth, but we all felt very sad and remained so all day. At seven o'clock P.M. Countess Larisch fetched me to go with Eleonore and others

to Lahnstein to see the Duke off. When he was gone the Duchess went up to the Castle, but as we did not feel in a mood to follow her, I with Mrs. von S——, and the Princes Philip Croy, Solms, and Hohenlohe, returned to Ems, where we took supper with Prince Albrecht, his aide-de-camp, and three other ladies. His Royal Highness was also more serious and silent than usual.

Next morning little Ems offered a curious spectacle. Everybody seemed to be in a panic. People were running about like ants when their hill has been disturbed by a stick. The streets were crowded with porters carrying luggage, for everybody hurried home. Landlords were distracted and forgot their bills, as did many of their guests. Mrs. von S—— was quite frantic, raving about her curtains and furniture, believing that the French would be before her in Dusseldorf. Prince Croy appeared, and mildly censured her for thinking more about her furniture than about her husband, who was, however, not very likely to come in too close contact with the French, as he was aide-de-camp to an inactive General, Prince Hohenzollern.

Felix arrived for me in the afternoon, and I returned with him to Coblentz. This city was filling with a crowd of soldiers, reservists joining their regiments, who poured in by thousands from all directions, mostly anticipating the official summons. Their number was so great that all of them could

not be quartered, and many bivouacked in the streets or found shelter in outhouses and barns.

The Germans are generally a very quiet, rather phlegmatic people, and I was greatly astonished at the sudden change that had come over them. Their enthusiasm was wonderful to witness, and still more so was the manner in which it expressed itself. There was no mad shouting and bragging to be heard anywhere, but the face of each reservist or recruit one met in the street showed that he came with a good-will; all were fully convinced that they would not have been called from their fields and firesides if there was no good cause for it; for their confidence in their superiors was unbounded, as was their love for their country and the King standing at its head. Even those who did not understand the real cause of the war did not grumble; they were wanted by their King to defend his honour, identical with that of his people, their beloved Fatherland, and its boundary stream, the Rhine, against its nearest neighbour. As this neighbour had provoked the war when least thought of, everybody supposed that the French were fully prepared, and it was therefore believed that their columns were already in full movement towards the Rhine, and that they would reach that river before the Prussian army was ready. This circumstance caused much anxiety amongst officers and private soldiers, and spurred everyone to the greatest possible exertions. Whenever a day

passed without any news from the French it was considered as a great gain, for it was a day won for the necessary preparations. Though people were rather inclined to over-value the efficiency of the French army and the bravery of its soldiers, nobody was afraid of them if the Prussian army could once gain its position.

On July 17 the Queen took leave of her regiment. She told Salm that she had received my letter, and was much pleased with my desire to follow the army, and that I might do so at the proper time. I therefore went next day to Bonn to attend in the hospitals, and to learn still as much as possible. There I found the Princess Wied, Countess Renno, and Countess Nesselrode, who remained with Professor Busch in the hospital from the morning until six o'clock P.M. to become acquainted with the duty of nurses.

I had requested the Professor to take me with him in the field if he should go, and he consented, giving me at the same time a certificate, stating that I had studied one month in the *clinique*, and that I was able to do very good service.

Knowing that the Queen on her way to Berlin would pass Bonn, I was of course at the station, where Professor Busch accompanied me. Her Majesty was cheered enthusiastically on her arrival. I showed her my certificate, and she was very gracious, giving me her hand, and saying that we should meet again soon.

Next morning I was already, at seven o'clock A.M., in the hospital, where other ladies also arrived, and we all dressed wounds and assisted in the operation-room.

At eleven o'clock I went with Mrs. von Loe to the Aula of the University, where the Professors had invited the students to a meeting. We two were the only ladies present in this great gathering; but I am glad that I was there, for I shall never forget that scene. Several Professors addressed the students in short speeches. Professor Busch, who was extremely popular with them, suggested the idea of forming a corps to assist the wounded on the battle-field. His speech and proposition were received with enthusiastic applause and cheering by the hundreds of fine youths who are the flower of the nation, and who were all ready to go.

In the afternoon Professor Busch brought me the very welcome intelligence that he had been appointed Surgeon-General of the 8th, the Rhenish, Army Corps, for now I was sure of having the best opportunity of nursing my husband in case of his being wounded.

When I returned to Coblenz, in the evening of July 21, I found, with Felix, Corvin, who had arrived from London, and stayed with us in our spare room. They had refused him a through ticket to Cologne in London, believing that the French would make the passage impossible. He was going with

the army as a war correspondent for the 'New Free Press of Vienna,' the 'Gartenlaube,' and some American and English papers.

Next day my cousin, Princess Minna Salm-Salm, arrived with her eldest son, Florentine, a boy of about seventeen, who was still in the college, but entering the battalion of my husband, the King having made him a lieutenant. Mrs. von Corvin arrived at the same time from Hamburg. She had attended there in the hospitals, and intended going to the field also.

It was then a busy, thrilling time, and there was no house, no family in Coblenz, nor, in fact, in all Germany, where preparations for the war were not being made; the wives and mothers trying to overcome their very naturally sad forebodings and feelings.

In my little home everything was topsy-turvy, for both of us were to leave it for an indefinite space of time. Salm was in high spirits, and busily preparing for the field. His things were packed and lying about in the rooms. All these preparations were near being made useless, for when he, with Corvin, went out for a walk, and passed a gate in the fortifications which workmen were putting in order of defence, two large beams fell down with a crash six inches before their feet; one step more and both would have been killed.

On Monday, the 25th, Count Waldersee had

assembled the whole Regiment Augusta on the Exercierplatz. All the reservists, many of whom had been more than a year away at home, had entered and swelled its strength to the normal number of three thousand men, and the Colonel wished to see whether they still remembered what they had been taught. He went through all the manœuvres of a mimic battle, and everything went off in such an excellent manner, without the slightest mistake or fault, that Salm and Corvin returned home quite enthusiastic with admiration, more than ever convinced that troops like these would not find their equals in the world, and that they need not fear a contest with any army.

When Salm in the afternoon was with me and Corvin in his room, busy at his writing-table, and seemed puzzled about something, the Colonel asked what troubled him. 'Oh,' he answered, laughingly, 'I am undecided whether I shall take with me my best cigars I brought from Havana, or an inferior field sort.' 'Take the best,' answered Corvin, 'for if you are shot you have at least had yourself the pleasure of smoking them.' 'Indeed,' said Salm, 'this time I shall be killed, I am sure of it.' 'Why,' asked Corvin, 'what makes you think so? You have gone through the whole American war unharmed, and the Liberals before Queretaro did not fire with dumplings either.' 'It is different this time; after all they have written about me in the papers and said here, many eyes will be upon me,

and I am under the necessity of exposing myself more than I should perhaps do otherwise. I am only sorry,' Salm continued, 'for the poor boy, my nephew, and almost regret that I induced his mother to send him with me. He is a brave, ambitious boy, and I am sure he will be always near me and will be killed also.'

Listening to this conversation my heart rose to my throat, for I had felt long ago what my husband said; I was almost sure that I should never see him again alive.

On Tuesday, July 26, the whole army commenced its movement towards the French frontier. The French marshals had made a great mistake and lost precious time, fooled by the skilful manœuvring of the garrisons of Saarlouis and Saarbrücken, which succeeded in making the French believe that the whole Prussian army was close behind them, when it was still forming, many hundreds of miles off. General Moltke would rather run the risk of letting the French advance to the Rhine, than that of a defeat if meeting them prematurely with insufficient forces.

The Regiment Augusta was to march also on that day. I had wished so much to go with the regiment, to be near my husband, for I always imagined that nothing could happen if I was with him. Count Waldersee was willing, and said if I really wished to go I might go in the hospital

waggon, but Salm was decidedly against it and I had to submit. I suppose he was right, for warfare with the Prussian army was indeed a far different thing from what it was in the United States or Mexico.

Though all preparations were made already the evening before, I rose at three o'clock A.M., for the regiment was to march at half-past five. I never in all my life felt so wretched as I felt on that morning. I had said good-bye many times before to my husband under similar circumstances, but never had apprehended that anything would happen to him; an inward voice telling me always that we should meet again. This time it was different. Suddenly was revealed to me the meaning of that dread which had hovered around me since the commencement of the year. I walked about like one in a dream, and whoever saw me might have imagined that I felt but little, for the greatest grief is silent. I might have remembered that thousands of loving wives perhaps had at that time feelings similar to mine, but in the moment of parting such reflections afford no consolation, for nobody thinks of making them, as sorrow dwelling in the heart and not in the brain does not reflect. In that dreadful moment I could not even feel for poor Minna, who had to part from her boy, and whose heart was as heavy as mine, for she also had the feeling that she should never see him again.

When clasping my brave Felix for the last time in my arms, it was like a leave-taking on a death-bed; and when he was gone, and even the sound of the horses had died away; it seemed to both of us, Minna and myself, that we had heard the rattling of the funeral car.

Silently we fell into each other's arms in a close embrace, mingling our tears; and our fervent prayers for husband and son went up together to the throne of the Almighty.

CHAPTER V.

My preparations for the field—Miss Louisa Runkel—Leave-taking in Anholt—Prince Alfred and three sons in the war—Difficulties about a horse—I try impossibilities—Make them possible—With General von Steinmetz, chief of the first army—*En route*—My defeat—Hermeskeil—Trèves—Disappointment—Saarlouis—Imprudent ducks—Hensweiler—Glorious news—In a brewery—Prince Adalbert of Prussia—An Admiral on dry land—The distant thunder—Of Spichern—Saarbruck—Meeting Corvin—Entering on my duties—The starving French prisoners—Confusion—The battle-field—Arrival of the King—A raid on the Royal kitchen—Carrying off my booty—Caught by his Majesty—My confusion—In the Hospitals—The 18th of August—Fearful dreams—Vague rumours—Starting for the front—Felix killed—Florentine killed—How my husband died—Letter of Rev. Mr. Parmet—Letter of Sa'm's servant—My vow—Going on a sad errand—A fearful night in Remilly—Ars-sur-Moselle—A melancholy task—'Mother Simon'—How I found my poor husband—Bringing home the bodies—Funeral in Anholt—Last words of love.

TIME and occupation are the only effective remedies against sorrow. I had no leisure to indulge in the 'luxury of grief'—which is, however, only a luxury for the weak. As I was to go with the army also, or at least to follow it as close as possible, I had to finish my preparations, and next to consult with Professor Busch. Mrs. von Corvin and I left at nine o'clock in the steamboat for Bonn, where we found Miss Louisa Runkel, who was to accompany

and remain with me in the war. She had been recommended very highly by Princess Wied, and after having seen her in Coblenz I accepted her as a companion. She had also attended the hospitals and learnt how to nurse the wounded, and was desirous of going with me, because her two brothers were officers serving in that army of which Professor Busch was surgeon-general, and of course she wanted to be as near to them as possible.

Princess Minna arrived in Bonn later in the day. After supper Mrs. von Corvin left for Frankfort at twelve o'clock P.M., and thus closed that very sad day.

Next morning Dr. Busch came and gave me a letter for Prince Alfred, my brother-in-law in Anholt, and instructions in reference to another which I was to write to Prince Pless, whom the King had placed at the head of the sanitary commissioners formed by the Jehanniters, Knights of Malta, and otherwise.

I left Bonn together with Minna, who returned to her Castle Rhede, near Wesel. We had to remain three hours in Oberhausen, waiting for a train to take us farther, and I profited by this opportunity to write my letter to Prince Pless.

There was great confusion in Oberhausen, for a great number of people for miles around had collected to see the trains pass, all filled with soldiers, and following each other nearly every hour. It was a most lively scene. The soldiers were in the best

spirits, for the enthusiasm with which they were greeted by the people on their whole way throughout Germany could not but produce the most cheering effect. The whole journey from the far east of the monarchy to the Rhine was an uninterrupted festival. There was no window on the roadside from which the soldiers were not cheered, and even from houses that scarcely could be seen from the road handkerchiefs waved them a farewell. One could see the heart of the people was in the war, and foreigners who happened to be at that time in Germany were struck with admiration.

Princess Minna left me in Wesel, and I took leave of her and of dear old Jimmy, who was to stay with my cook in Castle Rhede. I was very sorry to part with my faithful companion, who had been with me in two wars ; but now he had become rather old and spoiled, and the hardships of a campaign would have been too much for him ; moreover, he was always frightened out of his senses on hearing a shot.

I arrived in Anholt at half-past one A.M., and found the whole family up to receive me. As I had to leave at five o'clock, and Prince Alfred also, we did not go to bed at all.

Though I had gone to Anholt to say good-bye to the family I also went there in hopes of getting from my brother-in-law a horse, as he had so many in his stables, and Felix had taken with him his two

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and also my horse. I was, however, much disappointed in my expectations, for my brother-in-law had really no horse to spare. His eldest son, who was an officer in the reserve, and attached to the staff of General von Goeben, mounted himself out of his father's stables, as did two other sons who were both officers, and the father himself, who was a Knight of Malta, went with the army.

Whilst Alfred stayed in Cologne with the Knights of Malta, I went on to Bonn, where I arrived at three P.M. dead-beat. It was good luck that I arrived at all that day, for in Cologne I was told that no passenger trains would leave for several days. Seeing, however, a train ready to start, and inquiring, I heard that it was an extra train for the Hereditary Princes of Hohenzollern and of Weimar. The Prince of Hohenzollern, a very agreeable, unpretending gentleman, was the innocent cause of this war, as is generally known. As I was well acquainted with him he permitted very readily my travelling with him, and presented me to the Hereditary Prince of Weimar, who was going to join the head-quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia. The latter was still a very young gentleman. Prince Hohenzollern, who was a colonel, went also to the Crown Prince.

On the 30th I received an answer from Prince Pless, telling me to go to President von Bernuth in Cologne to receive from him a ticket of legitimation, and I started at five o'clock P.M., accompanied by

Prince Leopold Salm-Salm, whom I had seen frequently in Bonn. As no passenger train was running we had to go in a transport train. I received from the President von Bernuth the first legitimation card issued in Cologne and also the white band with the red cross. We returned to Bonn at ten o'clock, sitting with the conductor in the caboose of another transport train.

I had still to accomplish several very difficult things, and that in a rather short time, viz., to procure a legitimation ticket for Miss Runkel, to procure a horse, and lastly but by no means leastly the permission to take one with me, and to receive forage for it, which was rather important. Having heard from Prince Leopold that Baron Oppenheim in Cologne had a horse, which he might perhaps be inclined to sell, I called on that gentleman, but I was disappointed, as he dared not sell me the horse, because it was rather unmanageable and a runaway.

I went on August 1, to Coblenz, where Mr. von Pommer-Esche gave me most readily a ticket of legitimation for Miss Runkel. If I had intended to go only as a simple nurse to the war, I might have done so now; but that was not my intention. I wanted to be in a position to do more and to be officially attached to the staff of the army like an officer. Everybody to whom I spoke about it shrugged his shoulders and declared such a thing to be impossible. It is however my belief that the

only way to success is not to believe in impossibilities, and further it is one of my practical rules, if I wish a thing always to ask it directly from the highest authority.

The highest person in the army in which Dr. Busch was surgeon-general was General von Steinmetz, its commander-in-chief. He had been described to me as an extremely strict and rough man, of whom everybody was afraid. My experience taught me that these rough men are frequently very reasonable, and I was resolved to try my luck with the dreaded general.

Early in the morning I went to his headquarters, where my request to see the general seemed to create quite a consternation. Not being frightened at all I insisted, and an officer, though shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders, was induced to take in my card, and to the surprise of everybody I was admitted.

The commander of the First Army, General von Steinmetz, was a very kind little man with snow white hair, with large blue eyes, and a look like that of the eagle. When we sat down I commenced to explain what I wished, namely to be permitted to accompany the staff on horseback and to be allowed forage and quarters for my horse and myself. I of course supported my rather extraordinary request—almost unheard of in a Prussian army—with all reasons and statements at my dis-

position, and in the most wonderfully broken German. The general did not say a word, but suddenly rose and rang the bell,—not to show me out as I feared for a moment, but to send for his quartermaster-general. When that officer appeared the general asked whether it was possible to grant my request, and it was granted on the officer's declaration that it certainly could be done if his Excellency would order it.

Well, I had my permission, but I had still no horse, and there was not to be had a saddle-horse in the whole city. The proprietor of the Triersche Hof had however a double-pony, which I thought might do, though he had never had a saddle on his back. Mr. Mars was persuaded to part with it for two hundred thalers.

This care off my mind I left Coblenz at three o'clock with Miss Runkel and my pony, and was very glad to find in the train Professor Busch. At six o'clock we arrived in the Victoria Hotel in Bingen, where we stayed the night.

Next morning we left at ten o'clock A.M., and arrived at four o'clock in Birkenfeld, a little quaint place belonging to the Duchy of Oldenburg. From there we went straight to Hermeskeil, Dr. Busch mounted on his beautiful mare 'Norma,' and I very proudly on my double-pony. Now I have ridden all sorts of horses in many different countries, and had

the reputation of being rather at home in my saddle ; but this queer pony seemed to despise all my equestrian art, and to have decided on my humiliation. He plunged and kicked in the most atrocious manner to get rid of the strange thing on his back. Not succeeding in it, however, he was struck with a bright idea on seeing a very convenient deep ditch. He jumped into it with a sudden determination, rolling over in delight, and propelling me on to the opposite side, where I performed sundry acrobatic movements to the astonishment of the spectators. Much satisfied with his success, the pony got up and showed his exultation at my defeat by jumping and kicking like mad. He was, however, secured, and when I got upon his back again he behaved henceforth quite reasonably, kicking only once the old Schimmel of Dr. Busch ridden by his servant.

The whole village of Hermeskeil was filled with troops, but we succeeded in finding a room which I shared with Miss Runkel. Everybody was much excited, for the report circulated that the French had taken Saarbruck.

We had been ordered to go to Trèves, where we should find the headquarters of General von Steinmetz. When we arrived at 6 o'clock P.M. in that old city we were greatly disappointed on hearing that the general had left, and nobody could tell where he was. Dr. Busch sent out telegraphic despatches

in all directions to find out the general's headquarters, but we had to go to bed without being the wiser.

In the night at 2 o'clock A.M., somebody knocked against my door. I was rather frightened, for I thought the French were in the city; but it was Prince Leopold, my nephew, who had arrived from General Steinmetz's headquarters, and thus relieved me much.

Next morning at five o'clock we left per rail for Saarlouis, a little fortress near the French frontier. It was August 4, and we found the people much excited and very busy, for the French were expected every moment to appear before the fortress.

Whilst waiting near the station I saw two nice plump ducks waddling most incautiously before my eyes, and anticipating the scarcity of victuals always to be found where large masses of troops are collected, and remembering my old campaign principle never to be short of provisions, I took information, most dangerous for the welfare of the said ducklings, and acquired them from the owner by means of persuasive words and silver, and the skilfully thrown-out suggestion that the expected French were extremely fond of fowl.

We rode from Saarlouis to Hensweiler in company with my nephew, who left us here for the headquarters of General von Goeben. We managed to dine in that village, and then continued our

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march to Tholey the headquarters of General Steinmetz, who received us very kindly. The threatening movement of the French against Saarbruck had compelled him to advance at once, and that was the reason why we did not find him in Trèves. After much trouble we found a room in the house of a notary, whose wife gave us a supper for which Dr. Busch paid amply by saving her dangerously ill baby. As there was only one bed in the room we divided its contents, Miss Runkel remaining in the bed and I establishing myself on the floor.

Next day the news of the battle of Weissenburg was received, and on the following arrived the still more glorious of Wörth, which caused much rejoicing.

On Saturday the 6th, we were for the first time billeted in a large beer brewery in Hensweiler, where Prince Adalbert of Prussia was also quartered. The Prince had arrived the day before in Tholey, where I had paid him a visit which he returned. His Royal Highness was the Admiral of the Prussian fleet, but as he liked to see the fighting he joined the army, as he did in 1866, where an aide-de-camp was killed at his side.

The Prince was, however, not only a lover of good fighting, he appreciated good eating also ; and, by no means willing to starve or to feast only on French frogs, he had taken with him his cook and a large kitchen and provision-fourgon. But alas, the

kitchen batteries did not move as fast as the rest of the Prussian batteries, and had not arrived in Hensweiler, to the vexation of the Prince and us also, for he had invited our sanitary party to dine with him. As a dinner without anything to eat is still worse than Hamlet without Hamlet, I suggested to the Prince a picnic dinner, priding myself on my two ducklings, which the notary's wife in Tholey had roasted for me the day before.

It seemed, however, as if the animal creation had conspired to drive out my conceit; my pony had commenced by humbling me, and now my ducklings put me to shame; instead of being ducklings they proved to be patriarchs of their tribe, and to judge from their toughness they must have been the very duck couple which Noah took into his ark. The gallant Prince tried in vain the merit of his teeth—whether genuine Hohenzollerns or Abbots I do not know—when our painful exertions were interrupted by a sound I knew only too well, the booming of guns some miles off. The Prince, who was somewhat deaf, as an admiral generally is, would not believe in a cannonade, and said that the sound came from the cellar of the brewery where the empty barrels were having a ball. Everybody knows now that the glorious battle of Spichern was fought on that day, prematurely brought about by accident, spoiling the programme of Moltke, who had planned it for the next day.

Next morning we left at eight o'clock for Saarbruck, where we arrived at noon. The scenes there have been described by hundreds of able pens, and will still be remembered by almost everyone, therefore I need not describe them, and shall restrict myself to my particular department.

Riding into the yard of an inn I had the pleasure of meeting Corvin, who had arrived before me. He went off to the battlefield, and I attended to my duties with Dr. Busch, without changing my riding dress. We visited at once nearly all the greater hospitals; but in fact the whole town was changed into a hospital, and wounded soldiers were lying in every yard, in every house. The preparations were inadequate to the great quantity of people who required immediate help, and though the many surgeons did their utmost their number was insignificant, and the whole sanitary machinery still disorganised.

The inhabitants of Saarbruck did all they could, but the immense number of troops in and around that town had nearly eaten up all their provisions, and food of any kind, even bread, was becoming very scarce. The wounded suffered most for want of food, for they could not look about for it themselves, and many of them were utterly forgotten and in a state of starvation.

Seeing that my assistance as a nurse was but of little avail, and that I could do more good in another manner, I made it my especial business to hunt for

provisions. I applied at once to the Johanniters, but their store-rooms were still empty, though plenty of supplies were on the road, and expected to arrive every moment. I therefore went to private persons and houses, and had tolerably good success.

It was very natural that our own soldiers had the first claim to our assistance, but there were also in the town a great number of French prisoners and wounded who needed it just as much. Pinned up in a yard were about four hundred of them, officers and men, who had eaten nothing for about two days, and who were nearly mad with hunger.

Some people of Saarbrucken and especially ladies showed their sympathy with the French in a rather injudicious manner; and, as caution was much required, the enemy being so near, orders had been given to prevent the communication of these sympathisers with the French prisoners. When therefore a number of ladies arrived with a great quantity of bread for them, they were refused admittance. I fortunately arrived at that time, and seeing that the distressing state of the poor French made delay very cruel and fatal, I used my authority and had the bread distributed amongst them. I shall never forget that scene; I had never seen the like before. With eyes starting out of their sockets, and with trembling hands the bread was snatched from us and devoured with an avidity which was quite distressing to look at.

Those wounded who had found a place in hospitals or barracks were bedded well enough, but hundreds of

others who had been brought into poor private houses or sheds, were lying on the bare floor not rarely even without a little straw. The doctors complained that the wounded were dying under their hands for want of stimulants and food and other necessary things. Under these circumstances I remembered an offer made to me when I was last in Cologne, trying to buy a horse from Baron Edward Oppenheim, the most wealthy banker of that city. He was a member of the central committee of the association, formed for the assistance of the soldiers in the field. Hearing that I was going with the Surgeon-General of the 8th Army Corps, he invited me to apply at once to him if I was in want of anything for the wounded. I therefore telegraphed to him for 250 hair mattresses, and in an incredibly short time, sent by an extra train, they arrived, with many other useful things, for which, as I heard afterwards, the Baron paid out of his own pocket.

August 8 was a busy day, for from the morning until ten o'clock at night I was dressing wounds, and comforting and nursing the dying. I am not very sentimental, but the sights I saw and the scenes I witnessed, would have pressed tears out of a stone. Habit, however, soon blunted the edge of this feeling sufficiently not to interfere with my duty; had this not been the case I could not have endured it three days.

On the 9th, I dressed the wounds of twenty men,

whom I found quite alone, without a doctor or a nurse, in the citizens' casino. In the morning my brother-in-law, Prince Alfred, arrived, and I brought him to the Hotel zur Post, where we were quartered, until we moved a short time after to a very comfortable private house at the Schlossplatz.

After dinner I rode over with Dr. Busch to the village of Spichern to visit the wounded Frenchmen, of whom we found one hundred and eighty, destitute of everything. We returned to Saarbrück, riding over the battlefield of the sixth, and looked with astonishment at the bastionlike projecting steep, and high hill which our brave soldiers had scaled after a five times renewed attack, led by the renowned fortieth regiment, of whom two companies held at bay for several hours twenty thousand French on August 4.

Most of the dead had been buried already, and burying was still going on. The dead were much disfigured, with the exception of a poor boy, whose face had a happy, smiling expression as if he was sleeping and had a most happy dream; his eyes were closed and his parted lips showed two rows of pearly teeth.

Returned to Saarbrücken I took at once possession of an empty waggon I encountered in the street, and drove with it to the depôt of the Johanniters, which was well filled now with plenty of provisions. The principal difficulty arose now from the scarcity of

means of transportation, for horses, cars, waggons, and men were very rare. My waggon was soon filled and Miss Runkel drove with it to Spichern, to distribute the most welcome supplies amongst the French wounded, whilst I visited the hospitals.

I was much astonished to find nowhere any of the nuns or sisters of mercy from whose assistance we expected so much. The fact is they were very slow in coming and much needed. I wrote down what was wanted in the different places, and took care myself that the things were procured and delivered into the right hands. Where things were required which were not to be found in the depôts I gave money to buy them.

His Majesty the King, Count Bismarck, and General Moltke arrived in the evening, and my brother-in-law and his son Leopold, who had accompanied us from Spichern, paid at once their respects to the King.

I sent next morning a note to Prince Radzivil, to come and see me, but instead of him another aide of the King, Count Waldersee, the brother of our colonel, came, and brought me, from the King, Count Bismarck, and the aide-de-camp, about 120 thalers in gold, to be applied to the benefit of the wounded.

On August 11, I was all the morning with the professor in the hospitals assisting him in some wonderful operations. As many of the wounded

in the citizens' casino required good and strong beef soup, and other strengthening food, and Dr. Busch said, 'they must have such things or die,' I went to the kitchen of the King and coaxed the head cook, who at once promised to attend to my wishes, and after a time I went over with a soldier carrying some large pails, which the brave chief of the royal kitchen batteries filled with delicious broth, fortified by good beef merged in it. As nobody was at hand to carry it, and the royal head-quarters were not far across the street from the casino, I carried two of the pails myself. Just when I was crossing the street, a carriage swept round the corner with His Majesty the King in it. Though not ashamed of my work I felt rather embarrassed at being caught thus, and put the pails down behind me, screening them with my dress, when the King, who had seen me, stopped the carriage and descended. He came towards me, grasped my hand, and said very kind words, which I shall never forget. Smilingly looking around me to discover the cause of my embarrassment he saw my two pails, and when I told him that I had stolen them from his kitchen for his dying brave soldiers, the expression of his kind face became still kinder, and he said that I had done quite right, and that I was at liberty to rob his kitchen to my heart's content.

On August 12 Dr. Busch and myself drove to the convent of Neudorf, where thirty severely

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wounded men were nursed by the nuns, who gave me a long list of things required. I sent them next day forty mattresses and a whole waggonful of provisions.

When we went again to Neudorf Professor Busch made some operations, in which he was assisted by some Wurtembergian medical students, who were however not sufficiently used to the horrors they saw around them; for when one of them assisted the Professor in the resection of an elbow, his hand trembled so much that Dr. Busch put him impatiently aside, and requested me to assist him, which I did with a steady hand and to his satisfaction.

Thus I was busy from the morning to the night and Miss Runkel assisted me faithfully. We went several times to Spichern, where we found the French wounded lying on straw sacks placed on the ground in stables, which made us very angry with the doctors, who had been too lazy to send to Saarbrucken for bedsteads. Dr. Busch took care that they were sent.

To the many wounded were soon added a number of soldiers suffering from a dangerous dysentery, of which many died in a few hours.

This malady seems always to prevail in armies in the field, and we had it also in America.

I had caught a very severe cold and had to remain two days in bed with a very painful swollen face,

which made me very impatient as it prevented me from attending to my duty. Though there was plenty for me to do everywhere, the longing to go nearer to the front, in order to be nearer to Felix, became so strong that I made up my mind to go alone, if Professor Busch should be retained much longer in Saarbrücken. I made inquiries about the trains going to Metz, where we heard that fighting was going on; but the information I received was very unsatisfactory, as I was told it would require eight days to go to Nancy.

On August 18, the day of the battle of Gravelotte—of which we then of course knew nothing—my feeling of dread became alarmingly oppressive, for I had had the most fearful dreams about battles, and felt almost sure that something had happened to my husband. Until the 20th, we heard in Saarbrücken only vague rumours, but when I went on that day with Dr. Busch to Saarlouis, where we had to wait at the station several hours, many trains with wounded arrived from the battlefields near Metz. There I saw a wounded soldier from the Augusta regiment; he belonged to the battalion of my husband, and told me that they had been in the battle of the 18th and behaved extremely bravely, but he pretended not to know whether Felix was wounded. I however felt an indescribable anguish, and when we late in the evening returned to Saarbrücken, and I went to bed, I saw in a half-awake

vision, poor Felix dead at my side, with a fearful still, pale face.

Early in the morning on August 21, I called on Mrs. von Berenhorst, who was in Saarbrücken to nurse her brother, Major von Nettelbeck. She had also a son in the troops before Metz, of whom she had heard that he was wounded, and she was going to the front with us, for at last we were ready to start.

When I was about leaving my quarters Professor Busch came and told me that my poor husband was killed! He was mortally wounded on the 18th and died after three hours. Poor little Prince Florentin was dead also.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings, for words would be insufficient. All I can say is that I wished to be dead also, for I felt utterly alone and forsaken; and life a burden. I had, however, to fulfil a sacred duty, a promise made long ago in America, and repeated solemnly when my husband left me. He wished that in case he should be killed I should bring his body to Anholt, and have it buried at the side of his father and mother.

In Saarbrücken I found Lieutenant von Arnim who was severely wounded, and also the colour-sergeant of Felix's battalion; from them and from others afterwards I heard the details of his glorious death. He could not die otherwise, and notwithstanding my misery I felt proud of him.

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position of the French at St. Privat, my husband at the head of his brave fusileers remained on horse-back, a convenient target. A shot struck his horse, which became unmanageable and ran away towards the French. My husband succeeded in getting off its back, and in joining his troops on foot, when a bullet broke his right arm. He would not leave the battlefield, but took his sword in his left hand. Thus he remained twenty minutes, when a second bullet pierced his breast, and a third struck his leg.

Poor Florentine had been killed already at the first volley by a shot in his head. He died on the spot. Count Waldersee was wounded about the same time as Felix by a shot in his body. He was carried back, but on hearing that my husband was lying wounded on the field, he gave orders to carry him to the rear. Volunteers were called out for that purpose. When they laid Salm down for a moment, a shot struck the man who volunteered first to carry him. My husband ordered them to remove the waterproof in which he was wrapped, and to cover with it the poor honest soldier.

Salm's last moments were described to me in a letter, which I received from the reverend priest who attended him. I shall give this description :

“Doncourt, August 21, 1870.

“On the 18th August, in the afternoon, the second division of the Guards, to which I have the honour to belong as

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Catholic division chaplain, entered into the battle against the strongly fortified Saint Marie aux Chênes and Saint Privat la Montagne. About seven o'clock, your husband, severely wounded, was brought to the Verbandplatz. A bullet had pierced his breast and gone out at his back, a second one had pierced his arm, and a spent bullet contused his leg. Insupportable pain made him groan. Taking hold of my hand, he requested me to administer to him the last comforts of our holy religion. The doctor had given him before a dose of opium. Then I administered to him absolution and the holy ointment; he requested to be laid in a bed; his servant stood weeping at his litter. In the village Saint Ail, which was forsaken by its inhabitants, all doors were locked. They were opened with axes and crowbars. I found a bed, and we carried there the severely wounded man, who, in dying, still pressed to his heart the covering of his colours. He requested me not to leave him, and I readily promised it. We cut off from his body his uniform, to be able to dress his wounds the better. He asked for chloroform, but the doctor thought himself obliged to refuse, and on my soothing words he suppressed his pain. He complained of burning thirst; there was no water in the village. I gave him my field flask with red wine, which he emptied eagerly. To his faithful servant he handed his money and his watch, to transmit to your Highness. A doctor came. It was dark; we had no candle. I searched all the dwellings, and at last got from a soldier a little end of a candle. The wound was examined, newly cooled. The opiate commenced to have effect, and he became somewhat calmer. He asked me how his nephew had died; he had received a bullet in his head. Then he caught my hands, and entreated of me to write to your Highness, and to support him in the hour of death. Whilst he was sleeping I was again

called off to the Verbandplatz, where the dying wanted my assistance. I returned as soon as possible; he was a corpse. I gave his pocket-book to his servant, and directed his notice expressly to a paper contained in it, which was the acknowledgment of a banker, stating that the Prince had deposited with him about 9,000 thalers. A soldier brought the revolver of your husband to me in the horse-stable, where I slept that night; this souvenir of Maximilian of Mexico I gave, on the 19th, likewise to his servant, and also his sword (if I am not mistaken, without scabbard). The sword of the young prince has been taken care of by the division. I also ordered the servant to draw off the rings from the corpse, and to deliver them to your Highness. I think there were three of them. He died as a Christian at peace with God, as a hero on the field of honour. The last question he asked me was about the state of the battle. When I told him that the enemy retreated slowly, his face brightened, and he thanked God. "I shall die, and am willing to die; only procure me some chloroform, and comfort my wife." These are the last words I heard from his pale lips.

‘PARMET,

‘Division-Chaplain Royal Second Guard Division.’

My husband's faithful servant wrote to me as follows:—

‘When we, on the 18th, at four o'clock p.m., became engaged, the bullets whistled about my head, so that we thought nobody would remain alive. We had scarcely been under fire, when Prince Florentine fell, the second or third man, by a shot through his mouth, and was dead at once without pain. Half an hour later, my good comrade, our other servant, Klein, was killed also on the spot. Immediately afterwards a bullet grazed my thigh, which did

not do any harm, only hurt somewhat. And when we had been about an hour and a quarter under fire, somebody called out, 'His Highness is wounded.' I went at once with the horse I still had to the spot; there I cried aloud when I saw my good master so severely wounded. I gave my horse to some other man, who was slightly wounded, and assisted in carrying him, and urged the others on till we came out of the fire. When we were out of it we put him on a cart, and brought him to the Verbandplatz, and then I ran to fetch the doctor, and whilst his wounds were dressed I told the chaplain, who administered to him the sacraments. Then we carried him to the village, and laid him on a bed. I nursed him as well as I could, and believed he would recover, for the doctor (I suppose, to comfort him) said the bullet had passed under the ribs and was not fatal; but he said in two hours, "I must die;" and then I was alone with him, and he told me that he received the shot through his arm twenty minutes before that through his breast, but for that wound he would not leave his troops; and the sword and torn coat I should give to his brother as a keepsake; but I was not able to do so, as the things are kept here, and will be sent soon, as I was told. And several times he asked whether we had conquered; and I could tell him still that ours were victorious. I was to greet the officers of our regiment, and many times his brother. That he has repeated to me several times; and his wife and all relatives; and several times he inquired after little Prince Florentine: he could not speak much for pain. Then he said I should have a coffin made, and a cross on it with his name, which I have done, but with great trouble, as there were no people in the village, but three soldiers have constructed one. Thus he died quietly shortly before eleven o'clock. I called to him the names Jesus, Marie, and Joseph, and have prayed

for him. And then I remained with him until he was buried, when his Highness Prince Leopold was present also.

‘JOS. KOESTER.’

The servant, when questioned afterwards relative to the paper contained in the Prince's pocket-book, which had been read by the chaplain, wrote about it as follows: ‘At the funeral of his Highness, which was attended by the Hereditary Prince Leopold, I transmitted to the latter a portemonnaie and pocket-book, remarking that in the latter was contained a paper recommended to me as being of great importance. The Prince received these objects, and gave me a gratification. Prince Leopold will certainly remember it, for he has looked into the paper, and has read it doubtlessly.’ Prince Leopold does not remember anything about such a paper, and it has disappeared altogether. The whole affair is a mystery to me, as I really do not know from whom poor Salm could have received a sum so considerable for our circumstances.

The sacred duty I had to accomplish sustained me and prevented me giving way to my grief, blunting thus its too keen edge, for it required all my energy. The knights of St. John, the officers, and my brother-in-law Prince Alfred, all tried to dissuade me from carrying out my purpose, assuring me that it would be impossible in the present moment, and suggested that I might at least wait

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some time, or still better, until after the war. All of them remonstrated in vain; I would have gone to the grave of my poor Felix, if I had had to walk on foot all the way.

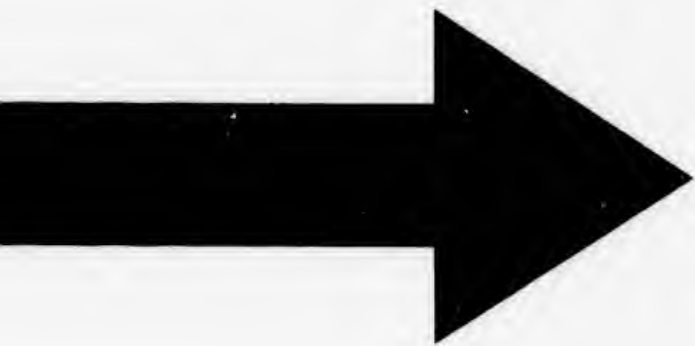
We started at midnight. Miss Runkel was with me, and also Mrs. von Berenhorst, who did not know that her son was killed, believing him only to be wounded.

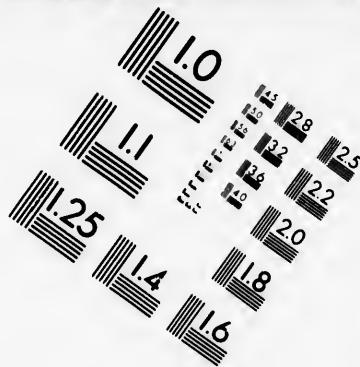
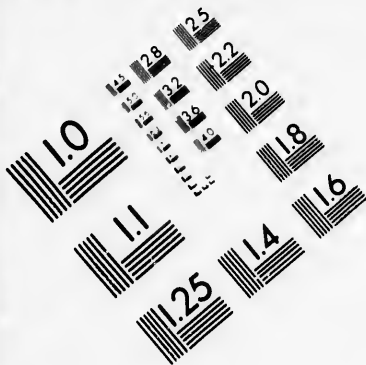
At Forbach we went in an excellently well-arranged hospital train sent from Wurtemberg, and slept in beds, of which there were two hundred in the train for severely wounded, besides accommodation for fifty more slightly wounded.

Prince Alfred, not having found me in Saarbrücken, arrived just before we started from Forbach, and as he did not succeed in detaining me, he resolved to accompany and assist me.

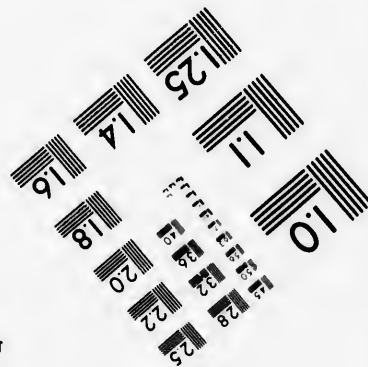
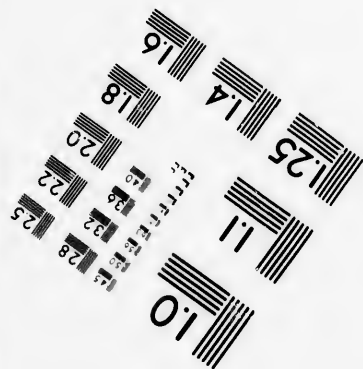
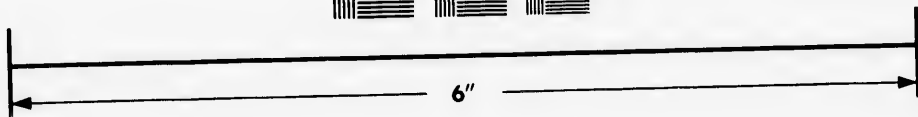
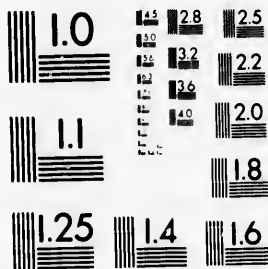
We arrived on the 23rd in Remilly, which was crowded to excess with troops and with wounded, and we could not find any other shelter for the night than in a railroad car, in which not only cattle, but also sick soldiers, had been conveyed, and which was in a most horridly filthy state. We succeeded, however, in procuring some mattresses, with which we covered the bottom of the waggon. In this abominable place Prince Alfred, Professor Busch, Dr. von Kühlewetter, Mrs. von Berenhorst, Miss Runkel and myself, and the old valet-de-chambre of Alfred, passed the night!







**IMAGE EVALUATION
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The next night we remained in a little château, near Covy, belonging to a Madame de Wendel, and on the 25th we arrived in Ars-sur-Moselle, where I obtained a room in the house of the apothecary, and at once ordered zinc coffins to be made. The man who first had accepted the order, bribed by the price offered, became however afraid after reflection, and refused to attend to it, fearing that the French, if they returned, as was confidently expected, would hang him, because he had made coffins for Prussian officers. I was therefore obliged to use compulsion, to remain in his workshop and watch him whilst he unwillingly made the coffins for my dear Felix and Florentine, which was indeed a very melancholy task.

Professor Busch was quartered in a very fine large house, situate in a beautiful garden in Jouy-aux-Arches, opposite Ars, on the other bank of the Moselle. We went there in the evening and succeeded in finding a room in the same house. When next day I went on foot to Ars with Prof. Busch, we met Colonel von Berenhorst with his daughter-in-law, who had heard that she also was a widow, for poor young Berenhorst was not only wounded, but killed on the 18th, not far from St. Privat, the Saxon troops to which he belonged standing next to the Prussian Guards.

In the evening of the 27th several members of our family met in Jouy, all being with the army

before Metz. There was Prince Alfred, his sons Leopold and Florentine, the latter serving in a regiment of jaegers; the Counts Alfred and Otto Salm-Hoegstraeten, and Prince George Croy, a knight of Malta.

On Sunday August 28, the zinc coffins were finished, and I started with them for St. Mary-aux-Chènes. It was a rainy, cold day, weather quite in accordance with my dismal errand.

Finding an abode in a kind of shed built by the knights of St. John, and serving as their headquarters there, I saw in an adjoining compartment a rather stout, middle-aged woman in a plain black dress, busily employed with cooking. She was the generally respected Mrs. Simon, a Saxon, who has won in that war a well-merited fame by her practical good sense and energy, employed with great success for the benefit of the soldiers. Conquering all opposing difficulties, however great, she succeeded in being allowed to be always with the front of the army, accompanied by a well-trained body of nurses, provided with everything required for the wounded on the battlefield, where indeed help was most needed. The activity of 'Mother Simon,' as she was called by the grateful soldiers, who were all full of her praises, cannot be sufficiently appreciated. She furnished the most striking evidence that the leading knights of St. John committed a great mistake in placing difficulties in the way of nurses and voluntary

sanitary associations, who wished to go on the battlefields and not to be bullied and treated contemptibly by snobs several miles behind the front. Great complaint was made everywhere about this mistake, which caused a great deal of suffering, which might have been prevented. Those soldiers who were wounded in a manner which permitted their transportation to the dépôts behind the front were tolerably well cared for, but those who were wounded too severely, and who had to remain on the battlefield, were sadly neglected. They had to lie in yards or filthy peasant houses on the bare floor, often even without straw, without any food, and not rarely even without water. It was therefore not to be wondered at if, of those who had undergone amputation on the battlefield such a frightful proportion died in the hospitals; for having been without food or any stimulant, their little remaining strength, already taxed to the utmost by the amputation, became utterly exhausted by the cruel and rough transportation on common peasant cars, in which they lay often for many hours, huddled one upon the other like calves sent to the market. Many, I am sure, owed their lives to 'Mother Simon's' being on the spot. I hope the lesson taught by her will not be forgotten whenever another war shall occur.

We soon found the grave in which the officers of the Augusta regiment had been buried together. On the top of them stood the rough deal coffin in

which my poor Felix had been laid, together with Florentine; it was only slightly covered with earth and a corner of it protruded.

When the men had laid the coffin bare, I insisted on the removal of its lid, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my brother-in-law and others. I wished to look once more on the face of my dear, beloved husband, believing myself stronger than I was. When the men complied with my request, and I saw instead of the dear face only a black mass, my strength failed me and I fainted.

I must not speak of these moments. Every feeling reader will understand them. I had the coffins with the two bodies placed in a waggon which followed the carriage of — a knight of St. John, who kindly accompanied us on this sad journey. Thus we returned to Ars-sur-Moselle. There I had to remain a day longer to wait for wooden cases, which had to be made for the zinc coffins, according to the sanitary regulations.

Meanwhile an order from the headquarters of the king had arrived, placing at my disposition an extra train, and on it I started for Anholt, accompanied by Mrs. von Berenhorst and Miss Runkel, my brother-in-law remaining behind, as he wanted to be near his two sons, in case anything should happen to them.

The night of the 30th we passed in a little

hotel in Luneville, the following in the train, arrived on September 1 in Mayence, and on the 2nd in Anholt, where the two bodies were placed first in the little chapel.

On September 3, the obsequies took place, with all the funeral pomp becoming the family. The two coffins were carried to the church, which was draped in black, and high mass was celebrated. Minna, the mother of Florentine, had arrived. All the daughters of my brother-in-law were present, and also Prince Alfred, junior, who having left recently the Austrian service could not take part in the war and remained at home with his wife, Princess Rosa. Let me pass over details. It is too painful for me to dwell long on this sad period.

When all was over, and poor Felix placed near his father and mother, together with Florentine, in the family vault, it was as if a great load had been taken off my mind. I had faithfully fulfilled my duty and kept my vow. I felt that my dear husband's soul was at rest now, and peace came over mine also. But I felt that I must not trust it; that it was dangerous to ponder over my woes. Had I, as my brother-in-law desired me to do, remained in Anholt until the end of the war, I should have gone mad. I knew that I must forcibly tear myself away, and battle against the inclination of nursing my grief, and that I could only conquer it by help of great activity. Therefore, I had resolved to

return to the army immediately, and attend still more assiduously than before to my duty.

The last token of love I received from my dear husband was a postal card, written immediately before the battle of Gravelotte. Here it is:—

‘In one hour we begin the great battle. With God we will be re-united; but if I should be killed, darling, beloved Agnes, I beg your pardon for every trouble I ever have made you, and that I always have loved you, and that I take *this only* love with me in my grave. My brother will take care of you. Keep me in your kind remembrance. From all my soul,

‘Your true and loving husband,

‘FELIX.

‘(Kiss little Jimmy).

‘In the field, near Metz, the 18th of August, 1870.

‘Dear, God bless you. Thanks for your love and everything you have done for me.’

CHAPTER VI.

Returning to the war—In Cologne—The Knights of St. John—Baron Edward Oppenheim—In Jouy-aux-Arches—Voluntary nurses—Reforms—Gifts from Cologne—My store-rooms—Prince Alfred—Miss Runkel—Shells—Surrender of Metz—Theft—Bad conscience—A rude doctor—A princely box on the ear.

PRINCE ALFRED, my poor husband's elder brother, was, as I said before, a knight of Malta. The especial duty allotted to him had been to accompany the sisters of mercy and voluntary nurses to the different places where their services were required. On my resolution to return to the field he made himself free from that duty, in order to be near me and take me under his protection. Having had until then no occasion for his horses he had left them at home, but now he wanted me to bring some with me.

I went next to Cologne, where I procured the necessary tickets of legitimation and permits for the free conveyance of my carriage, horses, and whole party. Having attended to this, I left Anholt with a carriage, two fine coach-horses and my brother-in-law's English favourite mare, Miss Runkel, Mr. Frank,

Prince Alfred's English coachman, and my orderly, August. The latter was a soldier detailed to my service in Saarbruck, who remained with me during the whole campaign. He was by trade a tailor, from Koenigsberg in Prussia, and as he was not very strong the army could spare him.

I remained two days in Cologne, where I visited the hospitals, which were under the excellent direction of privy councillor Dr. Fischer, and admired greatly all the sanitary and other arrangements superintended by the Oberpresident von Bernuth, who was the chairman of the central committee in Cologne. Everything there was perfect. The immense stores were well filled, and supplies arrived regularly. Applications made from different parts were carefully and liberally attended to and answered with a promptitude which was especially praiseworthy and beneficial. Men, mostly selected from the mercantile members of the associations, accompanied such convoys—people who had business habits and who understood how to distribute the things with order and in a judicious manner, and compared with whom the knights of Malta and St. John were at a great disadvantage.

These knights have been much abused and ridiculed, and, though it cannot be denied that they offered many weak points and furnished ample material for ridicule and censure, it is only just to consider what can be said in their defence.

They were all noblemen, and mostly wealthy ; owners of great estates ; princes, counts, and barons with a long pedigree, living mostly in their castles. Leaving the management of their estates and households and the care of their broad acres almost always to their stewards, they lived an easy life, were used to command as masters,—in a word, were aristocrats to the core. It is true all of them had been soldiers, but it was mostly long ago, and if they retained any habits of their soldier life they were not those of a private or corporal or poor plodding subaltern officer, who had to turn every thaler six times in his hand before he spent it. The war of 1866 was so very short that not much experience could be acquired in it by such knights as attended it. Now they were called to fulfil the traditional duties of their order, of which perhaps only very few, if any, have a definite idea. To expect such services of them as were required centuries ago from members of their order was out of the question. They were now great lords, and Christian humility is not the first among their virtues. If they condescended to accept an office it could be only one becoming their social position. Many say that it was a mistake to place them as they were placed, asserting that they did more harm than good ; an opinion held especially by the medical gentlemen, who perfectly understood their business, and knew exactly what was required for wounded and sick,

having acquired ample experience in attending all the year round in hospitals, which was of course by no means the case with these knights.

There were amongst them many who earnestly wished to do good service, and even some who made themselves extremely useful, descending from their stilts and using their hands and feet like other men ; but, alas, with most of them the will was better than the capacity, and the more they did the more harm and confusion resulted from it.

Most of the stores and magazines were placed under the care of some knight of these orders. An immense quantity and variety of things were sent in, and it was expected that they should be distributed judiciously. To arrange and keep in order such stores, and receive goods and send them off, required a certain business routine and exertions which were utterly out of the depth of most of these noblemen, and any clerk of a mercantile house would have beaten them in this.

Many were satisfied with having their stores always well filled, not daring to distribute anything before fresh supplies had arrived to keep them so, not caring whether here or there something was urgently required. Used to patronize, they often distributed the stores more according to favour than to necessity ; and complaints about partiality and injudicious division were very frequent, creating great dissatisfaction amongst the many associations who

at last found it more to the purpose to send practical men with their convoys of goods, who judged for themselves where help was required, instead of delivering their things into the depôts of the knights and leaving the distribution to them.

The ladies I found employed in Cologne in the different hospitals and establishments for the support of the soldiers in the field vied successfully with the male members of the association. Everywhere they kept the most perfect order, and, being good house-keepers, they applied their domestic rules to their establishments. All I saw busily employed there wore the same simple dress, which did a great deal to remove the uneasy feeling produced by mixing with persons belonging to a different social sphere.

Baron and Baroness Oppenheim and other ladies belonging to the committee gave me an immense quantity of things which I knew were most required in the hospitals before Metz, and I left Cologne with three railroad cars, one loaded with the carriage and forage, the second with the horses and Mr. Frank and August, and the third containing Miss Runkel and myself and all the welcome gifts from the central committee of Cologne.

I was lucky enough not to be detained anywhere long, and we arrived after eight days at Jouy, for all the stations were extremely crowded and the rails stopped by trains with wounded or provisions for

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the army. Those who never before learnt patience did so in travelling during that time to the army.

Requiring, first, quarters for men and horses, which care my brother-in-law kindly left over to me as I had brought them along, I called the morning after my arrival on the privy councillor, Sulzer, who stood at the head of the commissariat or quartermaster's staff. He was an extremely able and practical man, whose services have been highly acknowledged by the Government. He very readily answered to my request; I was billeted with Miss Runkel, Mr. Frank, and August and four horses, in the large house where Dr. Busch was quartered; and my brother-in-law was lodged there also, as well as dear Jimmy, whom I had taken with me. The poor dog had so pined for me and his master that he had become quite lean and nearly blind. When he was again with me he recovered soon, and the film covering his eyes disappeared also.

I urged on Dr. Busch the necessity for work, and asked him what there was to do and what was wanted. 'We have here five hospitals,' he said, 'crowded with men severely wounded, and everything is wanting.' The poor wounded had no properly cooked food, and it was my first care to establish kitchens for them. The difficulty was to find proper female assistance, for though there were plenty of voluntary nurses, they were for the greater part mere voluntary nuisances, with their crinolines, plumed

bonnets, and mincing manners. They were, I might say, female knights of St. John, for what I have said of these was still more applicable to most of those female *Schlachten bummeler*, who never forgot that they 'volunteered' a duty, and despised rules and orders; and above all discipline and punctuality. Instead of arriving at seven o'clock in the morning, they came at ten or eleven, or remained away, just as they pleased, making earnest doctors wish that they had remained at home altogether, though others flirted with and protected them.

These fine ladies, amongst whom were some with a 'von' before their names, were quite indignant if I expected them to assist in the kitchen, to cook, or to perform other duties, by which they thought themselves degraded. They were always quarrelling amongst themselves, and the hospitals in which they attended were far different from that one in which four sisters from Coblenz were nurses.

I told Professor Busch that I wanted regular sisters of mercy, instead of voluntary nurses, and it was resolved to procure them. I therefore applied to Count Hompesch, a knight of Malta, who was stationed in Covny, and most readily complied with my request. Sisters from the order of St. Vincenz de Paul arrived soon, to replace the voluntary nuisances, and things improved in a wonderful manner. These sisters did not flirt and look out for husbands, for they had done with the

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world ; they were not ashamed to do menial services, and did not quarrel amongst themselves. Quietly and obediently they did what was required of them by their superiors, and even those doctors who were inclined to take the part of the voluntary nurses had to admit that they themselves and the wounded profited greatly by the change.

Now I arranged that in each of the hospitals a kitchen was established, and also a store-room, from which the patients' wants could be satisfied at once, whilst formerly the nurses had always to apply to some Johanniter, which caused delays and other disagreeable things.

Not long after my return from Jouy and Ars-sur-Moselle, Baron Edward Oppenheim arrived from Cologne, with a great omnibus filled with many things, which I had told him were especially wanted. He showed himself very zealous, visited all the hospitals, even the typhus hospital, and convinced himself of the shortcomings and want and the manner in which the voluntary gifts of the people were used and distributed. The youngest brother of the baron was a lieutenant on the staff of General von Kummer, whose troops were stationed very near Metz, and Baron Edward, curious to see everything, went round with him, exposing himself more than was prudent.

The things which he brought with him were not taken from the stores of the committee in Cologne,

but bought by him and paid for out of his own pocket. As he was better pleased with my manner of distribution than with that of the knights of St. John, he confided them all to me, and they were the first foundation of the magazine I established, for the example set by Baron Oppenheim found many imitators. Deputies from Elberfeld, Barmen, Hamburg, Bremen, Crefeld, and other places, arrived with an abundance of supplies. There were an immense number of bottles of fine wines, barrels of spirits, bales of tobacco, cigars, woollen and linen clothes of every kind, &c. The knights of St. John became rather jealous and annoyed when these gentlemen arrived with the special order to deliver their gifts into the hands of Princess Salm, and under no circumstances into those of the knights, who had made themselves rather unpopular by the supercilious manner in which they often treated the brave men who volunteered to bring these supplies to the army, which was by no means an easy or a pleasant task. My stores were therefore replete with every kind of good thing, whilst the depôts of the knights remained distressingly empty. Many of them reproached me with accepting these provisions instead of letting them be sent to their depôts, which had been established to receive them, but as the delegates of many cities declared that they would rather take their supplies back if I refused them, I should have acted very foolishly in doing

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so. Some of the knights condescended to request me to lend them part of my abundance, as they were ashamed of the emptiness of their store rooms, and I did so; but not one of them demeaned himself so much as to remember such debts.

It was natural that sometimes the donors of voluntary gifts desired that they should chiefly benefit the soldiers from their city or district, and so it happened that those whose homes were near the Rhine were well supplied, whilst the soldiers from Pomerania, East and West Prussia, or Silesia, were neglected in this respect on account of the great distance. I therefore took care to make up for this disadvantage, whenever I had goods at my disposition for general use. How well supplied my stores were, may be judged from the fact that I twice supplied a whole brigade of the second army corps,—General von Fransecky's Pomeranians,—with tobacco, cigars, and spirits!

Indeed the German people took good care of their army; but as their gifts were voluntary they were supposed to have a right to inquire into the manner in which they were applied, which offended the pride of the knights of St. John, who were not always willing to acknowledge the merit of those who gave, especially if they were rich men. 'It is their duty to give, for the soldiers protect their strong boxes,' they said. If these rich men happened to be Jews they earned still less thanks, for these Christian

noblemen hated Jews, though they never had been too proud to borrow money from them, or to drink their good claret and champagne.

Though I attended now and then in the hospitals and at operations, I made it my principal business to organise and to procure provisions. The success I had in it was soon noticed, by which my influence and power to do good was increased. I was well supported by Prince Alfred, though he applied himself chiefly to attending and nursing the wounded and sick, selecting for this purpose the dangerous typhus hospital. I must not forget to mention Miss Runkel either, who justified greatly the recommendation from Princess Wied. She supported me most willingly and ably, and was very useful in the hospitals, where she worked together with the good nuns, though this was somewhat against the regulations. Her good nature and good humour made her everywhere a favourite.

Dr. Busch complained that the wounded in the hospitals had no bedsteads, but were lying on mattresses placed on the floor, which made it extremely tiring and difficult for the doctors to dress the wounds, and increased also the sufferings of the wounded. As he was only Surgeon-General of the 8th, the Rhenish army corps, he was not the highest medical authority, but over him stood the officer attached to the staff of the whole First Army. He consequently had not the power to do all he wanted.

I therefore was induced to interfere, and try my influence with General von Steinmetz. I called on him, drew his notice to this great inconvenience, and suggested means to alter it. I proposed to him to send me with proper authority to Nancy, where I would soon procure bedsteads, or to order that every house in Ars should furnish one, or that boards should be supplied and bedsteads made. The general was rather indignant, and after having expressed his displeasure with the neglect he ordered at once measures by which it was corrected.

I had no cause to complain that my services were not acknowledged, and I was greatly gratified by the manner in which it was done. General von Fransecky gave a dinner to me which I could not refuse, though I was in deep mourning, and not in a frame of mind to attend festivals. Exceptional circumstances, however, justify exceptions, and make them even necessary. I accepted also an invitation to another dinner which was given in the head-quarters of the First Army, which I attended in company with my brother-in-law.

My activity was not only restricted to Jouy and Ars, I went now and then to Marie-aux-Chênes, and other places around Metz, to distribute supplies, where they were wanted in the different hospitals.

Fighting was meanwhile going on around Metz continually, and we were by no means secure in Ars, which for that purpose was much too close to Fort

St. Quentin. One of the hospitals was right in the line of the shots, but as it lay rather deep all shots passed over it. The wounded in the beds, weak and nervous from sickness, were frightened and excited by the noise of the shells to such an extent that it caused the death of some of them.

Several shells struck buildings belonging to the railroad station, and one carried away the funnel of a locomotive.

When I was one day in the garden of the house in which were my stores, and an aide-de-camp of General von Fransecky with me, taking supplies, a shell struck ten paces from us, but fell fortunately in a ditch. My tailoring soldier August dived at once into the house, and was much ashamed when I called him from his hiding-place. But when a short time afterwards another shell fell again in the neighbourhood, we all thought it prudent to retreat until the shower was over.

At last Metz surrendered, and though the weather was very bad and we all were wet to the skin, I saw the French march out. It was a glorious but also a sad sight. I shall not describe it, as it has been done frequently, but only mention the general belief in our army that Bazaine was by no means forced to surrender, but that he sold Metz and acted as a traitor to his country.

As Princess Croy had written to request me to make inquiries about some French officers, her rela-

tives, who had been in Metz, after having informed General von Fransecky about it, I drove on October 30, with Dr. Busch and Dr. von Kühlewetter to that city. With great trouble I found one of the officers, Count Man, who told me that the two others were safe and well. He gave me telegrams for his wife and family, which I sent by post to Princess Croy.

When returning to Jouy and passing the gate of Metz I saw there a whole heap of chassepots, thrown away by the French, and two Prussian soldiers standing as guard near them. Now everybody wanted to have a chassepot at that time, and I also. I therefore stopped the carriage and requested the sentinels, who knew me, in my bad German, to turn their backs, because I wanted to steal a chassepot. The manner in which I expressed myself must have been very funny, for they laughed like mad and turned round, whilst Frank, the coachman, took two chassepots and put them in the carriage.

When next evening we were sitting at supper, an orderly with a gun in his hand entered the room, addressing himself to me. I was quite frightened, for I thought my theft had been discovered, and the soldier had come to arrest me. But no, General von Fransecky, remembering my wish to have a chassepot, and not knowing that I had helped myself already, sent his compliments, together with the desired object, which I gave to Alfred.

The surrender of Metz of course made a great

change in our arrangements. The hospitals were evacuated as soon as possible, and I distributed my clothes amongst the soldiers who were going home. Poor good fellows, when they said good-bye to me, they had tears in their eyes and expressed their thanks for what I had done for them in simple, heartfelt words.

Whilst in Jouy I received letters of condolence from Her Majesty the Queen, the Grand Duchess of Baden, Princess William of Baden, and many other kind personages. I of course answered that of Her Majesty at once, but most of the others I could not answer then for want of time or other causes.

I drove with my brother-in-law on November 1 to Metz to see Count Man, the relative of Princess Croy, and found that he had already left with his general. When we were lunching in the hotel in Metz I had a little adventure which I shall mention, because it was the only instance of my having ever been annoyed by rudeness during the whole war. Though I had to mix everywhere with soldiers and other persons in the camps and in the hospitals, I never had to complain of anyone; I was always treated with respect.

Prince Alfred and I were sitting in a room, separated from the general dining-room by a glass door. In the latter were many officers assembled, of whom several knew me, and amongst them was a general.

When the Prince went away for a few minutes and I was alone in the room, a doctor from the 8th army corps approached the door, and looking through the glass, made signs and faces at me. I looked away and tried not to take any notice, for the doctor seemed to be somewhat under the influence of wine. At last he entered and addressed me. I answered him indignantly, and told him that he was mistaken, —I was not, as he supposed, a Frenchwoman. On this my brother-in-law came, and the importunate doctor re-entered the general room; but seeing that something had annoyed me the Prince inquired, and I told him. He became very angry, at once followed the doctor and addressed him before all the officers, asking whether he knew who the lady was to whom he had spoken, and being answered in an insolent manner by the doctor that he did not care a straw, the Prince gave him a box on his ear; and on hearing the case the general and officers said that he had rightly deserved it. The thing had no consequences, for the doctor had to pocket the blow and to apologize into the bargain.

CHAPTER VII.

Marching orders—Death of Count Walderssee—On the march—Lost on the road—Brabant—In search of quarters—In a shepherd's house—How we passed the night—A wonderful snoratorio—Vienne le Château—An ecclesiastical cat—In Rheims—Ville aux Bois Juchery—A Frenchified German—Madame la Baronne de Sachs, Attichy—A 'particulier'—Compiègne—The rooms of Empress Eugénie—Montidier—The 'terrible' things—Battle of Moreuil—Fog—Strange mistake—Miss Runkel taken for a 'Protzkasten'—Jimmy—My pigeon—After the battle—General von Kummer—Amiens—In Boves—Colonel Cox—The international commission—Starting for Rouen—La Feuille—A sacked château—In Rouen—Dangerous-looking people—Visit to General von Manteuffel—Leaving Rouen—Le Héron—Order to prepare for battle—The battle of Querrière—Our Verbandplatz—The room for the fatally wounded—Short of provisions—Fed by the English—My assistance—Under fire—Dangerous curiosity—Rev. Mr. Gross wounded—End of the battle—Supper on the amputation table—Returning to Amiens—A busy night—Miss Runkel's Samaritan work—My birthday—Count Lutichau and Captain Voelkel—Telegraphing for their wives—Captain Voelkel's death—Arrival of his wife—General von Blankensee—His wife—His death—In Albert—Captain von Marien—Bapaume—General Count von der Groeben—A distracted cook—The wounded—Captain von Butler—Dead—Hospital in the convent—I discover an old acquaintance—And make the acquaintance of the black small-pox—Returning to Amiens—Arrival of officers' wives—I fall ill with the small-pox—Marching orders—Four days in bed only—In Peronne—General von Memery—My prophetic talents—Three hundred wounded and nothing to eat—Again our English friends—Prince Alfred's exertions—Miss Runkel's exhaustion—Jimmy catching a Tartar—The glorious battle of St. Quentin—Shoes and stockings left in the mud—In St. Quentin—The Hôtel Cambronne—A doctorless private hospital—Miss Runkel's glory—My five hundred boarders—How I managed for them—Armistice—Going home—Acknowledgments—General

von Manteuffel proposing me for the iron cross—Thanks in the name of the 1st army by letter of General von Goeben—Letter of General von Fransecky.

ON November 3 we received marching orders, that is, the notice to make ready. On the 4th we saw in Metz the 8th army corps pass, and spoke to many of our friends from Coblenz, namely, General v. S—, who told me of the death of Count Waldersee, who was wounded at St. Privat, and killed before Paris a few days after he had returned again to his command.

One or two days before our departure gentlemen from the city of Crefeld arrived with supplies, which they handed over to me, and I resolved to take my provisions with me and to use them in time of need. Privy Councillor Sulzer allowed me nine waggons and eighteen horses for them, and when we left Jouy on the 7th we formed quite a respectable caravan. We passed our first night at Jarny and the following at Etain. The weather had become fine, and after the busy and yet monotonous time before Metz the change of scene was agreeable and refreshing to all of us.

On leaving Etain next morning we found the road much crowded with waggons and troops, and we could progress only very slowly. Prince Alfred, who was on horseback, suggested a by-road, but we lost ourselves, and it was dark when we arrived at head-quarters, where we ought to have been at two o'clock. There we received the rather distressing

intelligence that our party had been detached to another village, Brabant, some distance off, which we did not reach before eight o'clock p.m. In that village existed only one respectable house, the château, where we were billeted; but on arriving we found our quarters occupied by General von Kummer and his staff, who had believed that we had remained with the head-quarters, staying out beyond any reasonable time.

As we of course could not insist on our right and dispossess the general, we looked out for other quarters. When we nearly despaired of finding any and thought of passing the night in our carriages, we discovered at last the dwelling of a shepherd who lived with his wife in two extremely dirty rooms on the ground floor, with which we were compelled to be satisfied, envying almost our horses which had found excellent stabling in the shed where once the sheep had been, transformed long ago by the natural process of eating into the substance of two-legged lions, commonly called there '*les sacrés Prussiens.*' The front room, in which stood a small cooking stove, looked so dismal and uninhabitable that we all crowded into the back room, which was adorned with an immense four-post bed filling up one corner.

The shepherd and his wife were quite bewildered, but I at once won the good graces of the latter by presenting her with a few bottles of wine, a ham and some other eatables. When I expressed a wish

to have the stove in the back room, she, to our surprise, lifted it, heated as it was, and carried it in.

After Miss Runkel and I had superficially cleaned our abode, she made some good coffee, whilst I cooked some ham and eggs for supper, and Prince Alfred brewed a hot whiskey punch. Rather enjoying our strange situation, we sat on benches around the table, eating and drinking with a very good appetite.

Then the momentous question turned up how we should pass the night, and it was resolved that we should all remain in the warm room, the gentlemen on straw on the floor, and Miss Runkel and myself with Jimmy in the four-poster. "*A la guerre comme à la guerre!*" The litter was soon made; the three gentlemen, Prince Alfred, Prof. Busch, and Dr. von Kühlewetter, lay down on it, while I and Miss Runkel escalated the high four-poster.

In an adjoining compartment the shepherd had removed from the stable a goat and a lamb, which seemed much distressed with their change of quarters, for the lamb was bleating all night most pitifully, and its mother hushed it now and then with a comforting quaver, which displeased Jimmy, who growled and snarled.

Such trifles did not matter, however; the three gentlemen evinced already some signs of sleep when the shepherdess hurriedly came in to correct a great neglect, that is, to bring me and Miss Runkel two of

her nightcaps ; for to sleep without a nightcap seems a preposterous idea to a Frenchwoman. The good creature was quite stupefied by the uproarious laughter produced by her thoughtful kindness.

When the effects of this intermezzo had died away all settled again for sleep. Prince Alfred soon tuned a hymn in honour of Morpheus in a fine baritone snore ; and Dr. von Kühlewetter accompanied him in a sentimental juvenile treble ; whilst Professor Busch snored an equally cadenced deep bass, speaking of a peaceful, evenly balanced mind, and becoming the dignity of his position. It was a wonderful snoratorio rather improved by the bleating of the lamb, the quavering of the goat, and the growling of Jimmy.

Miss Runkel and I tried to follow the example thus given, and we thought we should succeed, when a surprised 'Oh!' of Miss Runkel showed that she was still awake. I needed not to ask the cause of her ejaculation, for I felt it at the same moment, and Jimmy's impatient movements, which shook the four-poster, revealed to us undoubtedly the alarming truth that we were in the camp of a blood-thirsty, hostile army. Whether the French fleas were conscious that we were Prussians I do not know, but the most ferocious franc-tireurs could not have treated us more cruelly.

Well, even a night like that has an end, and thinking how the poor wounded had to suffer for their country, we meekly submitted to our fate ;

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though we were glad when morning dawned. It was, however, a very bad morning, the rain pouring down in sheets.

We passed the night of the 10th in Varennes, and the following in Vienne le Château, where we arrived early in the house of a pastor, who gave us good rooms and a good dinner. We had a roast; the meat tasted somewhat like chicken, and we guessed that it might be a French rabbit, but were rather astonished to hear that it had been a French cat! It was the first I ever ate, and I trust it was the last,—though it was rather good. After all, such a deceit from a clergyman grieved me.

Passing through Suipe, where we had very good quarters in a fine villa, and were treated extremely well, we arrived on November 11 in Rheims. We remained in that old city until the 17th, and had ample time to admire the fine cathedral, the triumphal arch, &c., and to discover that we had at home much better champagne than they sold at a rather high price in this home of that wine.

On November 17 we arrived in Ville aux Bois Jouchery, where we were quartered in a pretentious château, situated in a very tastefully laid-out and well kept park, belonging to Monsieur le Baron de Sachs. A gorgeously liveried footman opened the door of a saloon, announcing with great emphasis, 'Madame la Princesse!' On entering we saw a very fat old lady, Madame la Baronne de Sachs,

dressed up like an English frigate on the birthday of the Queen, each of her fat fingers covered up to the third joint with sparkling rings, who looked rather perplexed when she saw two insignificant persons, in black woollen dresses without any flounces, and a white band with a red cross on their arms, enter, whom she probably took for two chambermaids preparing her for the arrival of Her Highness.

I am sure the pleasure of these pompous people was much spoilt by our simplicity, and on seeing my brother-in-law Alfred in his shooting jacket their thoughts about German princes were not improved. We had an excellent lunch, but being quite disgusted with the Frenchified behaviour and speeches of these German renegades, I found pleasure in disappointing them by not appearing at dinner, pleading sickness and remaining in my bed.

The 18th November we stayed in Braisne, and reached on the 19th Soissons, where we arrived at twelve o'clock, and were quartered in the house of a real French baron, de Sahume. The fine manners of the baroness, and the style of his hospitality, formed a striking contrast with that of the Baroness Sachs.

Soissons showed still many tokens of the recent siege. One of its suburbs was entirely in ruins, having been destroyed by the French themselves.

Sunday, the 20th, we arrived in Attichy. We were quartered in a house belonging to a tradesman,

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who, after having made some little money, settled as a 'particulier.' The French are a very sensible people in this respect; they do not live to work; they work to live. Their great ambition and desire is to earn enough to live independently of being obliged to work. As long as they are in business they are very industrious; they work day and night until they have made money enough to retire and to become 'particuliers.' As the habits and taste of the middle and lower classes in France are very simple and economical, it is not very difficult for steady people amongst them to save the few thousand francs which are required to live such a simple and frugal life as makes them contented and happy.

Our landlord was so much affected by the honour done to his house by having a Prince and Princess as guests, that he trembled all over and shed tears when I looked at him or addressed him. We had very good and comfortable rooms, and the proprietor and his wife waited in person upon us, for they did not keep a servant.

At six o'clock we dined. We were six at table: the 'particulier,' the 'particulière' and her aged father, my brother-in-law, Miss Runkel and myself. The dinner, a soup with the meat in it, was placed on the bare table. The 'particulière' cut the bread and gave it to each in her hand, and with a smiling face. Our simple repast was illuminated by a solitary tallow candle, which was snuffed every few minutes by the

same fingers which gave us the bread. I liked this dinner better than many very fine ones I had in France, in châteaux whose proprietors were base enough to feign German sympathies, whilst this poor honest man and patriot bravely said that he would rather die than see Prussia take one square foot of land.

Passing next morning in fine weather through magnificent woods, we arrived early in Compiègne, where we were splendidly quartered in the villa of a M. Sauvage, who was fortunately absent in Paris, eating, probably, horse steaks and roast rats, whilst we were sitting at his sumptuously provided dinner-table, drinking Prussian healths in excellent French champagne.

We remained in Compiègne four days, and visited, of course, the palace, and the once splendid, but now somewhat spoilt, rooms of the Empress Eugénie, wondering at their luxurious arrangements.

On the 25th we left Compiègne with the staff of General von Goeben, and overtook on the road General von Manteuffel and staff, with whom we entered Montdidier. We had very fine rooms in the house of a gentleman, who was much affected in showing us from the window a place where five 'terrible' Prussian guns had been placed, which had fired five 'terrible' shots, which offered a most 'terrible' sight, and after which 'terrible' event the place surrendered.

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Saturday, the 26th, we remained in Plessier-Rozainvillers. Next morning, Sunday, the 27th November, we marched early towards Moreuil. The weather was foggy, and soon became so dark that we could not see many paces around us. When we came to a turn in the road leading to our allotted quarters, which were in a little place somewhere between Moreuil and Amiens, we heard suddenly the rolling of musketry not far from us. Aides-de-camp were running about frantic, their horses looking in the fog like dromedaries. The whole column halted. All waggons and carriages were ordered to the rear. I would not part with mine, and I had my will as usual; the aides-de-camp having no time to persuade me. The French had taken advantage of the fog, and attacked us. At last I had my wish, I was in a battle; but, alas, I did not see it; I only heard the din of battle and the strange noise of the shells, and the malicious sharp sound of the chassepot bullets. Our friend from the staff, Major von Strantz, arrived in hot haste. 'Princess,' he cried, 'away, away, in the name of God, or you are lost!' I could not see it, and did not go; but we were ordered to a near place behind a cluster of bushes in a dell, where we might be considered comparatively secure, but where we saw less than nothing. My brother-in-law's blood was up, however. He wanted to see the battle, and cantered off towards the front, allured and guided by the roll of musketry. If he

was killed or wounded they at home would have charged me with his misfortune, I knew, and as his idle curiosity in that fog was foolish I sent an orderly after him to beg him to return; but he pshawed and got indignant at the presumption of restricting his liberty of making a target of himself, and went on.

Meanwhile, poor Jimmy was a picture of despair. That he did not die of fright was a wonder; he drew in his tail as close as possible, and took shelter between my feet.

My pet pigeon began fluttering in its basket, and I took it out on my fingers; but on hearing all the strange noises around it flapped its wings and looked alarmed; I therefore put it again in its travelling place.

I have not yet said a word about my pigeon, which was a new pet of mine, called by some a new nuisance, on account of its harpying habits. I got it in a manner which is worth relating. An officer from Dresden, Lieutenant von Lavière, had been dangerously wounded, and his arm had been amputated. Miss Runkel and myself nursed the poor boy, and she wrote letters home for him, etc. He was very much affected by our manner of treating him, and he expressed to Miss Runkel his wish to show me in some manner his gratitude. His landlord had presented him with a young pigeon; he had nothing else, and sent it to me—for breakfast.

Had it been dead I would have eaten this sacrifice in a goddess-like manner; but as it was sent alive I could not kill it, though at that time I might have found it in my heart to kill a Frenchman. I resolved to keep it, and Professor Busch taught me how to feed it with soaked peas, which I took in my mouth. Alfred, who had an uneasy foreboding, urged the Professor to stuff the little nuisance to death; but the good Professor did not, neither did I, and the Prince fed it himself out of his own mouth. It was an intelligent thing. Every morning it came on my bed, and if I were still asleep it gently pecked my eyelids or face to awaken me.

But to return to the battle. Professor Busch, the other doctors, and myself, tried hard to be permitted to go to the Verbandplatz, but we were told that we could not, as we would have to pass through a cross-fire. Moreover, we were ordered to keep as quiet as possible, and to comply promptly with the directions given, to move so many paces to the right or left, or forward or backward, as was required by the movements of the troops.

Standing near the bushes in the dale we saw the staff of General von Manteuffel, at a distance before us, on an eminence. Looking round towards us, and seeing through the fog only indistinctly my carriage and our mounted servants, he believed us to belong to the reserve artillery for which he had sent, and the officers jokingly said that he had mistaken

Miss Runkel, who had remained on her seat in the carriage, for the Protzkasten (caisson).

The battle lasted from eleven o'clock a.m. until six o'clock p.m., and we all felt exceedingly hungry, for since our coffee at six in the morning we had eaten nothing. As our march of that day was so very short we had not taken anything to eat with us. By great favour we got at last some black bread and a slice of raw bacon, and I feasted on it with delight.

At last the fight was over; I am afraid we had to make a retrograde movement, but I had my quarters at Moreuil in a cap store, called *au bon diable*.

After a battle, we were of course always very busy. At eight o'clock next morning I went to the hospital established in the school-house, where I found some old nuns, who assisted me in dressing the wounds of an officer and ten private soldiers, after which I drove with Alfred, Professor Busch, and Dr. von Kühlewetter, to see another hospital in Sains, where we found many wounded from the battle, and others who had had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. I therefore went to General von Kummer, who gave me at once an order for meat, meat extract, and other things required; but to provide for the moment I, with the permission of the kind-hearted general, robbed his own kitchen. He said his staff might live on half-rations for a day, and I answered

it would serve him and them right, and that I was glad they had to do penance for having robbed me, two days ago, of my quarters, exposing me to attacks of a whole army-corps of ferocious little French brown hussars.

On November 29, after having attended to the wounded in Moreuil, I went to Amiens, of which the citadel was not yet in our hands; it surrendered, however, the next day, after its brave commander had found the death desired by him, in mounting on the crest of the wall, making thus of himself a target for our sharp-shooters.

I was quartered in the house of an eminent lawyer, where we had very good rooms and were extremely well taken care of.

On December 1, Dr. Busch and I drove to Boves, where we found only twelve of our wounded, but two hundred wounded French soldiers, under the care of French doctors, who were very polite and kind to us. We breakfasted at the château of Boves, belonging to Baroness de Vaubert, who did a great deal for the wounded.

We visited, in Boves, the English Colonel Cox and his wife, who had there a depôt of the International Society for the aid of the wounded. Though the sympathy of these English was said to be more with the French than with us I cannot complain that they showed any partiality, but have only to acknowledge their readiness to assist us, and their doing so

with no stint, but in the most liberal manner. I received from them, amongst other things, several fine surgical instruments and also a splendid amputation case, which I gave to Dr. von Kühlewetter, Professor Busch's skilful assistant.

Colonel Cox was a tall, thin, particularly English-looking Englishman, and Mrs. Cox a little, very active, kind English lady. I shall have to mention them on another occasion, where they rendered us the most important services in great need. They gave us now a whole waggon-load of excellent things, amongst which were many delicacies and a good deal of very valuable condensed milk, all which I sent to the hospital in Sains, where still were one hundred and eighty severely wounded.

General von Manteuffel visited all the hospitals, and spoke kindly to the wounded, convincing himself that they were cared for. There were four hundred in the Museum; a most beautiful building, built by Napoleon III., containing very fine pictures and statues, of which many were gifts of the Emperor and the Empress. The library had also been fitted up as a hospital. With these wounded in Amiens, Moreuil, and Sains, we had always plenty of occupation.

On December 7, we all started for Rouen, and arrived in Granvillers in a great snowstorm: it was very agreeable for us that we got good quarters in a hotel, for we needed refreshment. We met here a

clergyman, the *Divisions Prediger Clausius*, who was excellent company, and no despiser of good champagne, which agreed very well with his cloth, especially as he did not like to drink it alone.

Next day we came to La Feuille, where we were quartered in the château belonging to Baron Gaston de Joubert, which offered a sad spectacle, for it looked like a plucked hen. All the locks were broken open, and over the floor was scattered a great variety of things, as dresses, bonnets, shawls, slippers, children's toys, books, and hundreds of other objects, too long to mention.

An old man-servant of the house was very sorry for his masters. With tears in his eyes he fetched from a corner a picture representing a very beautiful lady, saying, 'Look, this is my sweet mistress; and God knows what she will do when she returns and finds her home destroyed in this manner.' I do not know what troops committed this act of barbarity, or the reason of it.

The mayor sent us supper and bed-linen, but we felt very cold and desolate; for in the room in which I was sleeping with Miss Runkel the stove was worse than no stove, for it smoked and no fire could be made.

We arrived in Rouen on December 9, late in the evening, and had to dislodge three officers who had taken possession of our quarters. When we went out next day to look at the cathedral we were struck

by the appearance of the people, who stared at us with such burning hatred in their eyes that it was quite painful. The streets were crowded with hundreds of beggars, who all looked more like robbers. Most of them were workmen out of work, and the citizens were very much afraid they would plunder the city if we left it.

In the museum we found a portrait of a Prince Croy, who had been archbishop of Rouen, and whose tomb, with a beautiful monument, is in the cathedral.

Sunday, the 11th, I called with Miss Runkel on General von Manteuffel to ask him for an order for woollen things, of which the wounded were much in need, as it was very cold. Though I had seen the general often, this was the first time I spoke with him. Hearing that the want of cigars was badly felt by the officers, and having still about seven hundred left, I proposed an exchange for woollen things, which were easily to be had, as they were manufactured in Rouen, and he accepted, much amused with my talent for trade, giving me an order for the things I required.

Our staying in Rouen was by no means pleasant, for the people hated us intensely, and, if they really had had an idea how weak we were, they might have captured all of us, for, in fact, there were no soldiers in the city except the staff and the wounded.

We all were glad when we had Rouen behind us without shots being sent after us, for it was believed

by several that we should not be permitted to pass the gate.

We marched out on the 17th, and near Le Héron we were quartered in the house of M. Auguste Renard, the mayor, an old man of seventy-two, who had been taken by our troops and condemned to be shot as a spy; but General von Goeben had investigated the case, and he came off with the fright. On the 18th we were in Marseille-le-Petit, and the following day in Breteuil, from whence we next day were to return to Amiens, to reoccupy it. The citadel had always remained occupied by our troops.

On December 23 we received from head-quarters the notice to prepare ourselves for a battle. The French barred our road, and had taken a rather favourable position in the village of Querrière and the heights behind it. We advanced on the main road leading to that place, but when arrived at a house which was about six miles from it, we were ordered to stay there and wait for further orders. It was towards eleven o'clock a.m. when we had to advance again until we saw the village of Querrière about a musket-shot before us, and our troops forming for the attack. It was as wonderful a winter day as I have ever seen. The sun was shining brightly, though it was cold, and the snow appeared like sparkling silver. The columns of our infantry advanced in the regular and steady manner I had seen often in our manœuvres near Coblenz and Cologne.

Professor Busch looked out for a proper site to establish a 'Verbandplatz.' There stood a little house on the road, a shoemaker's shop, which seemed convenient; it was in every way a better place than any in the field, offering protection against the cold, which would have rendered any operations nearly impossible. The house had already attracted the attention of some other ambulance party arriving before us, but after much deliberation, hastened by some bullets, it was considered too near the front and given up. Professor Busch, however, seeing no other place near, decided on establishing ourselves there, trusting to chance and good luck.

Some slightly wounded were already there, and, as the place was very confined and they had to remain outside, where they were exposed to being wounded again, the professor wished to have them carried back to the place where we had stopped at first for further orders. No means of transportation being at hand I offered my light carriage, and Frank, the coachman, drove several times to the house on the road, and went afterwards even on the battle-field, in the rear of our advancing troops, to pick up some wounded.

Our house was very small and consisted of only two narrow rooms. We had, of course, brought with us all necessary things, and arranged these rooms as a 'Verbandplatz.' The floor of one of them was covered with straw, being reserved exclusively

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for those who were wounded beyond any hope and must die. In the other room were placed the tables for amputation.

The wounded were brought in in great numbers, and amongst them were sixteen deadly wounded, who were laid in the afore-mentioned room to die. These were mostly those that had received wounds in the body, and who bled inwardly to death. They did not suffer so much as those whose limbs were shattered, and had, therefore, no idea of the danger of their situation.

Amongst those deadly wounded was a young soldier wounded by a piece of a shell in the abdomen. The professor saw at once that there was no hope; he therefore only stuffed as much lint as possible into the fearful wound, and had him laid aside on the straw. The poor man, who did not feel much pain, believed himself neglected, and when I came to look after him he complained to me that the wounds of the others that came after him were dressed; he wanted to be dressed also, and to be sent back to the hospital at Amiens, &c.

Poor fellow! It would have been too cruel to tell him that he must die; and the Professor told me to give him some morphine and whatever he wanted to drink.

Alas, we had nothing to drink, neither wine nor brandy; and it was so much required by the wounded and others too, for it was, as I said, very cold. There

arrived help at the right moment ; an English captain, sent by Colonel Cox, brought us a whole waggon-load of good things, as port wine, sherry, brandy, whiskey, biscuits, condensed milk, etc., not forgetting warm blankets and warm clothing. This International Society was indeed a blessing to us, and they were everywhere at the different 'Verbandplätze.' I am sorry that I have not retained the names of the gentlemen who rendered us such good services ; but in fact I was too much occupied always to inquire, and did not know even the names of many with whom I worked together for weeks. I remember, however, that of an American, Mr. Goodenough, also belonging to the International Society, and the person, though not the name, of a young Englishman of some noble family, who made himself very useful.

The English captain did not bring provisions for the wounded only ; it had not been forgotten that other people would require refreshments also, and there was plenty.

We all had our hands full of work, for Professor Busch had to perform nine amputations ; and in the other room on the straw were lying sixteen mortally wounded, who all died there. I assisted at all the amputations by chloroforming the men ; made hot water, washed off the blood, and cleaned the sponges, knives, and other surgical instruments, etc., whilst soldier servants carried in the wounded, fetched water and what else was required.

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We were too busy to pay much attention to the sound of shells passing over our house, for Professor Busch said it would be time enough to think of our security when a shell should strike the roof, which, however, fortunately did not happen. The things going on outside were interesting enough to attract my curiosity, and whenever I had a moment to spare, wanting some fresh air, I went outside to see how the battle was going on. This was, however, a rather dangerous curiosity which cost much to the division pastor, Rev. Mr. Gross, from Coblenz. He had attended to his merciful duty, comforting some dying, and went to the corner of the house to take some air, when he was struck by a bullet and rather severely wounded.

The scene was a most lively one, for every moment wounded arrived, or officers of the staff running with messages to different places, stopping for a moment at our house and accepting gratefully some much-needed refreshment.

Our house became soon too full, and many poor wounded had to remain for hours outside in the bitter cold, until rough peasant carts arrived to carry them to the hospital in Amiens, where Miss Runkel had remained. Professor Busch and all of us felt the greatest pity, and were quite distressed when we saw the poor amputated carried like sheep in these rough vehicles, in which they suffered immensely on their long drive to Amiens, which was more than ten English miles off.

I regretted much the want of such ambulances as we had in America, and which were so immensely useful. At some other part of this work I have spoken about them and other American sanitary arrangements, to which I refer.

Querrière was taken by our troops, and darkness ended the battle, but not our work ; but much could not be done by the light of the candles which we found amongst the provisions brought by these kind, thoughtful English people. We were, however, utterly exhausted ; wrapt up in our work, we did not feel that we were hungry and thirsty ; but now nature would have its due. A tired and hungry doctor from some other station dropped in, and so did several officers ; we were about a dozen persons in the little room.

I rinsed the kettle I had used, and with condensed milk I made some splendid chocolate. The amputation table was superficially wiped with straw, and sitting and standing around it we enjoyed our chocolate and English biscuits, whilst in the next room were sixteen dead and dying, and in the corner of our room a heap of cut-off arms and legs.

It was past eight p.m. when we, tired as hunters, arrived in Amiens, not however to rest or sleep, for much work awaited us in the museum. Of course the wounds had been dressed on the battle-field in a hurried manner, and had to be re-dressed again now. Poor surgeon-general Dr. Wagner, of the

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second army corps, who died afterwards of typhus, Professor Busch, some other doctors, Miss Runkel, and myself worked until three o'clock a.m., when we went to our well-earned rest,—but only for three hours. At six o'clock next morning we were up again, for a renewal of the battle was expected; but as there was only slight skirmishing going on, and doctors enough in the field, Dr. Busch thought that his presence would be of more avail in the hospital.

Amongst the many wounded there was an artilleryman, whose face was one black mass, a hardened crust covering it like a vizor. One hand was also burnt, and his foot was pierced by a long shaft of iron, torn off from the carriage of the gun when the caisson exploded, being struck by a shot. The Professor feared that he would lose both his eyes, but gave him in charge of Miss Runkel, who, with the greatest patience, bathed his poor eyes with a sponge to soften the crust, and after many days she at last succeeded in removing it. Lifting with a little lint the much swollen eyelids, Miss Runkel was delighted on hearing him exclaim that he could see. His eyes were indeed saved, and his other wounds also healed.

The 25th of December was poor Felix's birthday and mine also; it was the first I had passed without him, and I was extremely sad. To overcome my thoughts, I worked all day in the hospital. Somebody had told my good landlady that it was my birthday, and she had invited all my friends to a celebration

dinner at seven o'clock p.m., but I could not take part in it, though my brother-in-law was rather angry with me, for my non-appearance grieved the kind people of the house. Next day, however, when the birthday of Prince Alfred was celebrated, I could not refuse.

I had arranged in Amiens a kind of private hospital of my own, where were lying officers ill with typhus, to whom, after the battle, were added some wounded. Amongst these latter, but in the 'Petit Lycée' hospital, was a young officer from Coblenz, a friend of ours, Count Lutichau, and also a Captain Voelkel. Both of them had young wives, and their only thought was with them, and ever and again they wished to have them near their bed. I therefore promised to telegraph for them; but found it very difficult to keep my promise, for I had to go to many persons and at last to apply for permission to the commander of the army himself.

The wounded were happy when I told them that I had telegraphed, and they counted the hours. Whenever poor Lutichau heard me he opened his large black eyes and asked with such a longing voice whether his dear wife had not arrived yet. Travelling in that time, was, however, a difficult thing, depending on chance and taxing patience to the utmost. Both Countess Lutichau and Mrs. Voelkel lived in Coblenz. The latter being retained by some circumstance or other, the countess started alone, and arrived on the morning when poor Captain Voelkel

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died. About twelve hours later in the middle of the night, when I was already in bed, somebody knocked at my door ; it was Mrs. Captain Voelkel ; I felt so very sorry for the poor young wife, who was quite stiff with cold, for the weather was very severe, and I gave up my bed to her.

The young widow wanted to take the body of her husband home ; and I had to run about to the prefecture, the head-quarters, to order a coffin, etc., and all the people employed in that sad affair came to me. Countess Lutichau was more fortunate, she had the happiness to nurse her husband and see him recover.

In the commencement of January we received notice to provide proper accommodation for General von Blankensee, who had typhoid fever. The general, who had been suffering already some time from fever, would not admit that he was ill, but at last, when he became delirious, he had to go to Amiens. On his arrival, and descending from the carriage, two soldiers offered to assist him, but he shook them off impatiently, saying that he was not so ill and weak that he could not walk alone, and collecting all his strength he really did ; but he was so wasted and pale that it was pitiful to look at him.

As he felt uncomfortable in the narrow hospital bed and wished for a wider one, I tried to satisfy him, and could not manage it in any other manner than by entering with some soldiers an hotel and helping myself to a good convenient bed. The landlord

lavished a whole flood of French exclamations and complained at the prefecture; but the prefect, Count Lehndorf, did not deal very severely with me, and the general retained his bed. He was indeed very ill, and I nursed him with great care, myself cooking for him. He, however, wanted to see his dear good wife, and the thought of her did not leave his mind for a moment. As he was so dangerously ill, we telegraphed for her; but she lived far away in Germany, and day passed after day, each probably appearing to the poor general like a week. At last she arrived after eight days, and the joy of her husband was great; he repeated over and over again, 'I knew she would come, I knew it.' I arranged a small adjoining room for her, and he had at last the consolation of dying in the arms of his beloved wife, a few days after her arrival. The poor woman was nearly heartbroken, and her sufferings opened all the wounds of my heart; it was almost beyond my strength.

All these ladies wrote afterwards kind letters to me, thanking me for the care I had bestowed on their husbands, and the little services I was enabled to render them. Though I did not go to the field to satisfy my vanity or earn any praise, I felt gratified by such letters, of which I received many even from private soldiers, who, when at home amongst their families, remembered that I had dressed their wounds, taken care for their comfort, and spoken kind words to them.

In the night of January 4, we were ordered to Albert, near which place a fight had occurred in which the eighth regiment of cuirassiers had been engaged. It was bitter cold when Professor Busch, Dr. von Kühlewetter, Prince Alfred, and myself drove there. We found in Albert, Captain von Marien, of the eighth cuirassiers, who lay in a private house. He was very badly wounded, and the Professor decided that he must suffer an amputation. Whilst the Professor cut off his leg I chloroformed him, and afterwards the captain requested me to telegraph to Deutz for his wife, which was done from Amiens, where I, however, could not go myself, as we were wanted in Bapaume. A fight had taken place near that town on the 2nd and 3rd, and on evacuating it the French had carried off all our wounded.

As we entered Bapaume the alarm was sounding, for it had been reported that the French were advancing. Whoever has not seen such a scene cannot imagine it. The place was only occupied by cavalry, commanded by General Count Groeben. When we entered his headquarters the General had left, but we found in the kitchen his distracted cook, the roast on the spit and a good meal in preparation. When I saw him pack up the half-cooked meat, and everything he could grab in his hurry, I stopped him, requesting him to run if he liked behind his general, but to leave us

the victuals, for Bapaume looked as if there was nothing eatable to be had in it. The cook defended manfully his general's dinner, but yielding to my persuasion and perseverance we at last secured a sufficient supply. The French, however, did not come that time, and Count Groeben had been airing himself all day for nothing.

We heard that the French had carried our wounded to a village not far off, where they were left, the French having evacuated. These wounded, about one hundred, we found in the most miserable state. They had been carried off from Bapaume on horseback, or thrown pell-mell into carts, and though many of them were very severely wounded their wounds were not dressed for several days. Amongst them was Captain von Butler, who had a shot through his lungs. After having examined him Professor Busch told me that there was no hope, and requested me to give him a dose of morphine to comfort him, and do what was possible, but die he must; and so he did.

The wounded were all brought to a convent, forming a part of a building used as a barrack, and in communication with it. After the wounded had had their wounds dressed, my first care was to look out for something for them to eat. I found in the kitchen a man, Heinrich, whom I had often seen, as he was head-waiter at Perron's, a fine restaurant in Bonn, and who had volunteered to go to the war as a

cook. I knew him to be a practical, handy man, having met him before in the war and admired the good care which he took of the wounded in a hospital to which he was attached. He was very serviceable now; he cooked for the poor wounded, and assisted me, and I was always pleased when I saw him occasionally at Perron's, where he is still head-waiter.

Looking about in the convent serving us as hospital, I entered a darkened little room, where I found a bed with somebody in it. On examining the patient, I started back rather frightened, when looking in the black face of a Frenchman, left there ill with the small-pox.

We remained a night and a day in Bapaume, when again came news of an advance of the French, and General Groeben left with his troops. We started several hours after him, and the French arrived, only much later, having ascertained that the Prussians had evacuated the place.

I returned to Amiens. I found plenty of work in the museum, where we had about five hundred wounded brought from different places, mostly in a state of exhaustion, and the Professor urgently demanded that they should be well nourished and have between their regular meals each, bread and butter, with meat, and a glass of wine, which gave Miss Runkel and myself enough to do.

Poor General Blankensee died, as I mentioned

before, and Mrs. von Blankensee wanted to take home his body. Mrs. Captain von Marien had also arrived, accompanied by Mrs. von L——, her friend, and a nun, with a letter of recommendation from Colonel von Wedell, the staff commander of Cologne, an old friend of mine, who sent everybody to me. Though I had scarcely a minute to spare and my usual duties were fatiguing me to the utmost limit of my strength, I had not only to comfort these afflicted wives, but also to advise them and to attend to their most trifling affairs, as they were amongst us like the babes in the wood.

Mrs. von Marien, who was very delicate and nervous, of course wanted to be with her wounded husband in Albert, but on hearing that it was again occupied by the French, she became frightened and undecided, went many times out and in the carriage, until at last her love conquered, and she went off with the nun; her friend Mrs. von L——, whose husband was also a captain in the cavalry, remained behind, and Count Lehndorf kindly provided quarters for her in the town-hall, where she had the pleasure of seeing her husband, whilst her friend nursed and comforted Captain von Marien, who died however.

Calling one day on Count Lehndorf on some business, I had a pain in my back and a dreadful headache. The Count on looking in my face exclaimed, quite alarmed, 'For God's sake, Princess, what is the matter with you? Have you not seen your

face? Go home at once and to bed, for you are very ill.'

I had not seen my face that morning, for I could do my hair and toilet without a looking-glass; it was red and inflamed all over, and returning to my quarters I at once sent for Professor Busch. When he looked at me he made a rather long, serious face, for I had caught the small-pox in Bapaume from the Frenchman who had been left behind in the hospital.

Prince Alfred was quite beside himself. The professor did not give me any other medicine but hot milk, as much as I could drink, and I am happy to say that the thing turned out better than any of us expected, owing, as the doctor said, to my healthy blood and good condition. I did not get the black small-pox, but a more harmless kind, which left only three little marks on my face.

When we on the 16th of January received marching orders for Peronne, where a skirmish had occurred, and a battle was expected, I had been in bed only four days, and Professor Busch said, 'if I got up and caught a cold I should die. I did not, however, care if I did, and left also for Peronne, where General von Memerty was severely wounded, and lying in a private house. He had a shot in the same place as that from which poor Captain von Marien died, and when Professor Busch examined the state of the wound he said that it was too late for amputation, and ordered a plaster of Paris bandage,

which I prepared. When it was done, Dr. von Kühlewetter asked me in a whisper, 'What do you say, Princess, will he die?' I shook my head and said confidently, 'He will live.' The doctor believed in my faculty of seeing life or death in the face of a patient, having been always correct in my prophecies. I cheered up the general, who eagerly looked in my eyes, and told him that everything would go well with him. He said afterwards, that the expression of my eyes had given him great comfort and confidence, adding some compliments to these eyes, which of course pleased me because they were honestly meant.

We found in Peronne about three hundred wounded, all in a very miserable state. Professor Busch said that they must be taken to Amiens, but have something to eat before leaving. There was nothing to be had in that utterly devastated place, and we were in despair, when again our good English friends came to our assistance. They brought us a great quantity of good things, especially potted meat, which was highly welcome and much needed. Finding in the kitchen of a barrack three large boilers, I had them filled with water, put in the meat and every crust of bread we could find, and with this I made a good soup with which Prince Alfred and Miss Runkel fed the poor wounded. Prince Alfred was untiring in his merciful duties as a knight of Malta; he was always on the spot

day and night, and doing the most menial services, in nursing, not only the wounded, but especially those ill with typhus or small-pox, of whom there were a great number amongst the French. All the patients we found in Peronne were placed in carts and conveyed to Amiens.

People reading at home in the papers of battles and of the number of dead and wounded, cannot easily imagine the sights we saw, the heartrending scenes through which we had to pass, and the immense deal of work we had to do. When evening came we were often utterly exhausted. One night, when Prince Alfred by mere chance passed a yard, he saw in the snow a dark human form, and coming near he found Miss Runkel senseless on the ground. Having worked all day, she was sitting at the bedside of a wounded man, when the smell, added to her exhausted state, became too much for her; she went out to have some fresh air and fainted.

Jimmy the dog had a better life than we had. In Amiens he did not hear any firing and was happy; but I suppose he was ashamed at being so idle, or the war-fever raging around 'seized him,—he wanted to fight the French on his part also. One day, when coming with me out of the hospital, he met a large French dog, of the Newfoundland breed, carrying a basket in his mouth. Jimmy scarcely saw him before he charged. The large Frenchman, quietly putting down his basket, caught poor Jimmy

by one of his ears, and having torn out a piece, he took up his basket again and trotted off, leaving Jimmy profusely bleeding in my arms. Though I sympathized greatly with my favourite's defeat, I could not but admire his big enemy, which was the most dignified Frenchman I ever saw.

On January 19, 1871, General von Goeben beat the French in the battle of St. Quentin, in the most decided and glorious manner. They were commanded by General Faidherbe, replacing General Bourbaki, who was left to be beaten somewhere else.

When we went to St. Quentin we passed over the battlefield, which was still strewn with dead and all kinds of arms. The ground, in consequence of rains, was extremely soft, and the French found it just as hard to run away as the Prussians to run after them. Evidence of this was found in the many boots and even stockings we saw sticking in the mud.

Arriving in St. Quentin we did not find General Goeben, as he was in pursuit of the nimble-footed enemy. We took up quarters in a little hotel and commenced work. A hospital had been established in Le Petit Lycée, where we had nearly five hundred wounded.

When General von Goeben returned to St. Quentin he required the little hotel for head-quarters, and we had to look out for some other house. It was found by Prince Alfred in a splendid place, discovered by the knights of St. John, who had estab-

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lished there their depôt, and had still room enough for Professor Busch and his whole party.

This house belonged to the family of Cambronne, and had been locked up since the death of its last proprietor. It was very spacious and provided with a very well supplied wine-cellar and other provisions. Amongst other things I discovered, behind a carefully-locked door which attracted my attention, a great quantity of preserves, fruit, jellies, and jams, which I acquired in the regular way of requisition for my wounded; and the same was the case in reference to the wine-cellar, from which a good number of bottles were used for the hospital.

I have already mentioned that there was not much love lost between the knights of St. John and the doctors. The former assumed an authority to which the doctors would not submit, as it became indeed sometimes very troublesome and hindering; the knights, indignant at this want of respect, could not forbear showing their displeasure, and annoying the doctors whenever they had an opportunity.

M. von Brinken, in charge of the depôt in the Hôtel Cambronne, in order to show that the knights of St. John were not as ignorant and unpractical in reference to the arrangements required for a hospital as these irreverent scientific leeches asserted, had resolved to establish a little hospital of his own, which was intended to become a kind of pattern hospital. As it seemed, however, a pity to place the

wounded in the magnificent house itself, the hospital was established in a rather dismal-looking outhouse, which might have served as a manufactory of some kind or other. As Professor Busch and others, however, found that the site of this outhouse was by no means healthy, M. von Brinken had to make *bonne mine au mauvais jeu*, and transfer the wounded, mostly if not all Saxons, to two splendid halls of the mansion itself, which were arranged for that purpose. M. von Brinken, had, however, counted without his host, as he found out very soon, for the doctors, who had their hands full at the great hospital in the Lycée, refused to attend the private hospital in the Hôtel Cambronne. Though Professor Busch lived in the same house, and now and then visited the wounded lying there, he had more important duties, which occupied him nearly all day somewhere else; and M. von Brinken had no other assistance than that of Miss Runkel, who for longer than a week worked herself nearly to death. She washed herself the feet of her twenty-six patients, who arrived mostly in a most filthy state, before she placed them in the clean beds, and dressed their wounds to her best ability. She had also to cook for them all, and even to carry the water. Only much later she got a French woman to assist her in these menial duties. I could do for her but little, as I had more than enough on my hands with my five hundred wounded in the official great hospital.

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The end of the thing was that the knight had to give in and to break up his doctorless hospital, removing his wounded to the Lycée, where Miss Runkel took especial charge of the officers' ward.

At the head of the depôt of the knights in the Hôtel Cambronne was, as said before, M. von Brinken, who was followed later by Count von Sierstorpf, and besides him were at times other knights in the house, as Count Schafgotsch, Count Finkenstein and others, with whom we passed some most pleasant hours after having attended the duties of the day. Mine were by no means easy. Leaving the dressing of the wounds to the doctors and the nurses, I made it again my especial duty to provide for the nourishment of my five hundred people. I created order in the large kitchen, and took care to have my larder always sufficiently supplied.

Before I left in the evening I gave out what was required for the first breakfast, and ordered what was to be cooked for dinner next day. Early in the morning a carriage furnished by the Prefect fetched us from our house. Having convinced myself first that all my orders had been executed, I prepared myself the lunch. I, with two assistants, cut bread for all the five hundred, buttered it, and put on it some meat or jam. Before I left for my own dinner I went to the kitchen, superintended the cooking and tasted the dinner for my wounded, giving my orders for special cases.

After dinner, when the wounded had had their coffee, I took with me a good supply of cigars from the store of the knights, and went through the different wards distributing the cigars myself, not trusting always the attendants, who coveted this much desired article, which commenced to get scarce. On this occasion I spoke to the men, inquiring what they had had for lunch and dinner, thus making sure that my orders had been carried out properly. Then I superintended the preparations for supper, and having made my arrangements for next day I went home, mostly dead beat. If I had much work and trouble I at least had the satisfaction that the commissary department of the hospital was in excellent order, and that everything went on like clock-work.

Miss Runkel attended, as I mentioned before, to the wounded officers. When she had ascertained from me all that was to be had next day for dinner, she went with this *menu* to the officers to hear what each of them might prefer, and communicated it to me.

Thus the hospital was carried on, from the 20th of January until the 10th of February, when I left for Germany. At that time the armistice had been concluded, and my brother-in-law wished to go home to look after his family and his private affairs, and his eldest son Leopold was also to take leave of absence. They were of opinion that I could not well stay alone behind.

The doctors wished Miss Runkel to remain at

least, promising to see her home safely after peace was concluded ; but having become much attached to me, and her family also not wishing her to remain alone with the army, she consented to return and to stay with me as my friend and companion.

With this my activity in the war ended. I did my duty to the best of my ability, and if I may trust to the expressions of thanks in many letters which I received, I am justified in believing that my services were of some avail.

The commander of the army to which I was attached, General von Manteuffel, who had observed my activity both in the hospitals and in the battles of Moreuil on November 27th, and in that of the 23rd of December near Querrière, ordered the surgeon-general of his army, Dr. Westphal, to take information in reference to my behaviour and activity as a nurse. He therefore applied officially to the surgeon-general of the 8th army corps, Professor Dr. Busch, and after having received a report from him and submitted it to General von Manteuffel, the latter asked for me from His Majesty the order of the iron cross, which request was forwarded to Versailles by an especial courier. He received, however, the answer that this order could only be given to men, but that a decoration for the women who had distinguished themselves in the war would be awarded and that I should receive it. This decoration was bestowed on many thousands of women throughout all Germany, whether

they worked on the battlefield, or hundreds of miles away from it; and as it could only be awarded according to the reports made by local authorities, it has now and then been given to persons who had some local influence, although their exertions for the army were rather trifling.

After General von Manteuffel had gone south, General von Goeben commanded the 2nd army, and I had the pleasure of receiving from him the following letter :

Amiens, the 5th March, 1871.

In reply to the letter received from your Highness, I, on your parting from here, feel urged to express in the name of the 1st army the thanks which the same owes to you. During all the war until peace your Highness has with the utmost self-sacrifice uninterruptedly kept in view the difficult task which you undertook voluntarily at the commencement of the war, and has benefited the sick and wounded in the most efficient manner. The army thanks you for this generous devotion from thousands of hearts, and as I have the honour of commanding now the 1st army I beg to be allowed to express to your Highness this thanks in the name of all, and especially of those whom the careful hand of your Highness has nursed and solaced in the hard days of suffering.

Requesting your Highness to accept the assurance of the greatest respect, I have the honour of remaining, etc.

(Signed) VON GOEBEN,

General of Infantry.

Having asked the gallant commander of the 2nd

army corps, General von Fransecky, for his photograph for my album of the war, I received from him the following letter, which I publish more on account of its distinguished amiable writer, than for my own satisfaction :

The kind letter with which your Highness favoured me has been duly received the day before yesterday here in Strasburg, where I have been since a few days, in my new position as commanding general of the newly-formed 15th army corps. Thanking you for it very heartily I need not add that its reception, as a visible token of your continued favour and grace, makes me very happy. I have often remembered the time, in which I saw your Highness work with such devoted and self-sacrificing, with such effective and beneficial activity for our sick and wounded in the hospitals and depôts at Ars-sur-Moselle, and never ceased greatly admiring and thanking you for it ; and I am sure that at home many grateful hearts will still remember you for a long time afterwards, and proclaim your praise thankfully and honouring you. None of the many noble women, who like you have undertaken to care for and nurse the wounded in the field hospitals, have equalled you in zeal ; none have been able to surpass you in success,—of this I have been a witness ! The reward of heaven will and cannot fail you, and the dear gracious God who took from you your husband will from henceforth let spring from those works of Christian charity the richer blessings ! He will be your protector and comforter, when and where you should feel yourself alone !!

It was very amiable and gracious of you to follow with your thoughts myself and the Pomeranian Army Corps on the ways which fate led us just before Paris, and

then to the Swiss frontier, and that you bestowed your sympathies and praise on the feats of arms of our soldiers, which were favoured and rewarded with success by good luck. Please to accept for this likewise my heartfelt thanks. It is a fine reward for a soldier to hear from the lips of a pretty and noble lady the acknowledgment of having done his duty. And *that* we have done all—but not *more!*

Understanding fully your grief in breaking up your home in Coblentz, I sympathise with it from the depth of my heart. In the bosom of your relatives in Anholt I hope you will find that rest and comfort you require so much, after the hard times you had since the summer of last year. Also your grief will be soothed there, where all feel it so deeply with you!

Since your Highness has shown such friendly interest in my fortunes during the war, I may suppose that my transfer from the 2nd to the 15th Army Corps and its meaning will not have escaped your notice. His Majesty the Emperor and King, in placing me at the head of this new army corps and these newly acquired countries, intended to give me a proof of his particular confidence, and in this expression I feel spurred on anew to do everything in my power to make myself worthy of this confidence. The task which I found to be accomplished here is, however, *very difficult*—and until now I do not see anything around me but chaos! I feel, however, strong in my good will and confidence and reliance in myself—and what is still the principal thing, in God. With *His* assistance I hope to pull through!

Herewith I beg to forward the ordered photographs; I hope to replace them soon by better ones. It has become usual in the world to exchange photograph for photograph; will your Highness present me with yours as an evidence of your favour? You will follow at least graciously the usus!

With the expression of the greatest respect and devotion,
I have the honour of signing as

Your Highness's most obedient,

FRANSECKY,

General of Infantry.

Strasburg, April 7th, 1871.

CHAPTER VIII.

Going to Germany—In Anholt—My husband's debts—Different views—Returning to my deserted home—Sympathisers—Pestered to death—A last appeal to a brother—A princely answer—What I resolved to do—Baron Edward Oppenheim—Going to Berlin—A private audience with his Majesty the Emperor—What happened in it—General von Treskow—My offer accepted—Audience with my gracious Empress—Moving to the Augusta hospital—Noble nurses—Visit of Emperor and Empress—A present from Her Majesty—Lost—Called home—Moving to Bonn—Persecutions—A forged signature—Law suit—My health failing—In Luzern—Going to Clarence—To Pisa—To Naples—Eruption of Mount Vesuvius—I want to see it very near—Jimmy's distress—Pompeii.

ESCORTED by my nephew, Prince Leopold, and accompanied by Miss Runkel, Jimmy, and my pigeon, which I intended as a present for my youngest niece, Princess Flaminia, in Anholt, I left Amiens. Before returning to my so long deserted, once happy home in Coblentz, I had resolved to pay a visit to Anholt, in order to consult with my brother-in-law in reference to my future. My poor husband had in his letter recommended me to Prince Alfred's care, and the latter had assured me repeatedly that he would assist me as a brother.

When the war broke out so suddenly, and we had to leave Coblentz, it was impossible to make any

arrangements. I was afraid to return there unprepared, for I knew very well what I should have to encounter. Necessity had compelled me to renounce the heritage of my husband, and I did so under the advice of my brother-in-law, as I was unable to pay all his debts, of which the greater part were contracted before he married me.

There existed, however, debts which had been incurred during our life in Coblenz, and amongst them a great number of unsettled household bills owing to servants and tradespeople, which I felt in honour bound to pay, even if I should have to make the greatest personal sacrifices. I knew very well that I was not bound by law to do so, but there are laws superior even to those managed by the courts and lawyers. These debts were comparatively trifling, amounting in all to a few thousand thalers, and I expected from Prince Alfred that he would enter into my views and assist me in carrying them out.

Prince Alfred had assisted his brother frequently. Though not compelled by the laws of the country to do so, other laws to which I alluded above made this assistance a duty. The trifling appanage to which Felix, as a younger brother, had been entitled by the law of the country, was applied to the payment of debts made when in the Austrian service. On his return from Mexico, Prince Alfred allowed him out of his own pocket twelve hundred thalers a year, and paid part of his debts, for which a life

assurance: policy served as a security. It was paid to Prince Alfred, and thus his sacrifices were considerably diminished. Moreover, by the death of poor Felix, the annuity of twelve hundred thalers and the regular appanages expired. I am far from blaming Prince Alfred for acting with circumspection, for he had himself many children.

The prince did not think it necessary for the honour of his family to pay usurers and sharpers who had profited by the improvidence of the young prince his brother, and his views in this respect were approved by other men who are better judges than myself in reference to such a subject; and these views were not repugnant to my feelings either.

But far different was it in reference to straightforward, unquestionable claims, debts contracted with tradesmen who had furnished us the necessities of life; people who lived by their honest trade, as grocers, butchers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, &c., not to speak of house-servants, whose several claims it was impossible to settle before leaving for the war. There my views differed from those of my brother-in-law, who maintained that I was not bound to pay them, and refused to lend me the money to do so.

During my short sojourn in Anholt I did not succeed in altering his opinion, which disappointed me much. By his brave behaviour in Mexico, and his glorious death, my poor husband had done more

for the honour of the family than any of its members for several hundred years; and I imagined that the head of that family might perhaps be inclined to honour his memory by sacrificing a few paltry thousands, and the more as he, as mentioned before, received the sum for which Felix's life was insured, and had no longer to pay his annuity.

I shall not say more about it, but only state facts necessary to justify the course I was compelled to pursue in consequence of this refusal.

The prince offered me rooms and free station in his castle, where I might have lived to the end of my life by his grace. As I had, however, my pension from His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, which I did not owe to the family of Salm but to myself, and, moreover, a small pension as the widow of a Prussian major dead on the battlefield, and for other reasons, I declined that offer, and returned, with rather bitter feelings in my heart, and only about 200 thalers in my pocket, to Coblenz.

When I entered my old home, the first I had since my marriage, and where I had passed a happy time, I felt as a mother who has lost her babe may feel on first entering the empty nursery and seeing there the toys with which her darling once played. Opening my husband's writing-table and looking around in his room, every trifling object reminded me of some little occurrence or some words spoken by him; and my grief, for which I had, as it were, no

leisure during the ardent duties of the war, broke out now with renewed force.

The sympathy shown me by the ladies of Coblenz and all my friends there was indeed a soothing balm, but it could not make me forget my loss, nor prevent me from reflecting upon my isolated and wretched situation, which did not even allow me the melancholy luxury of grieving in peace. Rude reality knocked at my door in the shape of clamouring creditors.

Poor people! they were perfectly right to ask payment for things they had furnished, mostly on my own orders, for which they had paid their own money, earned by their own industry and work. Who can blame them if they did not understand my sad and desolate position? Used to look upon princes with a certain respect, they could not imagine that a princess should not be able to pay a few thalers, or at least to procure them from the family of her husband, to save his memory from the dishonour of robbing poor tradesmen. I cannot blame them that they perhaps ascribed to my unwillingness or meanness what was the result of utter incapability to satisfy them, and if they expressed their opinion rather freely. It may be that a certain class of people will shrug their shoulders at my unprincely weakness in caring for such things; but the fact is, that I felt utterly unhappy and wretched; for to such humiliations I had never yet been subjected. I was in a con-

stant fever, for whenever the bell rang I expected another creditor, or when I looked through the window, I saw one standing opposite, watching the house with angry eyes. Madame von Corvin, though sad also because she had just lost her mother, came from Frankfort to Coblenz to comfort me; she was a witness to my humiliations and my fear, and so was Miss Runkel, who did all she could to press off from me these excited creditors, of whom I was the more afraid the more I was convinced of the justice of their demands.

I felt certainly great reluctance in applying to His Majesty, who had done already so much for my husband; but on the other hand I had no other help in this country.

The Emperor was however still in France, and the clamouring creditors were at my door. Prompt action was required. Under these circumstances, I remembered a man with whom I had become acquainted during the war, and who had made on me the impression of being a good and noble feeling man,—Edward Oppenheim, the great banker of Cologne. Representing to him the situation in which I was placed, I requested from him a loan of two thousand thalers, which were sufficient to satisfy the most urgent necessities. The Baron responded to my confidence in the most amiable manner.

When the Emperor returned to Berlin I went there, accompanied by Miss Runkel. Colonel von

Corvin not having returned from France Madame Corvin had not yet taken another home, but was living herself in lodgings, where there was no room for me and Miss Runkel; I had therefore to go to an hotel.

On my request, Count Lehndorf, the aide-de-camp of His Majesty, called on me, and making him acquainted with the object of my visit to Berlin, I requested him to procure for me a private audience with the Emperor.

This audience was graciously granted, and I shall always cherish it as one of the most precious recollections of my life; not on account of its material results, but far more because it made me love and admire still more our kind Emperor, and as I, in this audience, which lasted nearly an hour, had the satisfaction of seeing that my views about what I owed to the memory of my husband, were not ridiculed, but fully approved as correct and proper by the highest authority,—the first prince and gentleman of the world, the great Emperor of Germany.

His Majesty was extremely kind and gracious, and listened with great attention and patience to my lengthy explanation and request. When I asked frankly whether I was right or wrong in feeling bound in duty to pay the debts of my husband, which were made whilst I lived with him in Coblantz, though I had refused to accept his heritage, and declared that I would abide by the decision of His

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Majesty, the Emperor answered, with a certain emphasis and a glow of honest indignation in his noble face, that I certainly was right in wishing to pay the poor honest tradespeople, though I might accept the benefit of the common law in reference to Salm's old debts contracted with usurers and sharpers.

I told the Emperor that I had borrowed two thousand thalers from Baron Edward Oppenheim, which I should have to refund first; but that I required four thousand thalers more, to come to an arrangement with that class of creditors whom I intended to pay. His Majesty referred me to General von Treskow, his adjutant-general, saying that he would arrange with me that matter. I declared to this well-meaning, excellent gentleman, that I would not accept this money otherwise than as a loan, which I would repay by giving up my whole widow's pension until it was repaid. The Emperor, fully understanding the feeling which dictated this offer, was gracious enough to approve and accept it, with the modification, however, that I should repay only four of the six thousand thalers, and give annually only half of my pension for this purpose.

General von Treskow proposed to request Field-Marshal von Herwarth to arrange the settlement of my affairs, as I would not receive the money myself; but considering that it would be a great trouble for the veteran general, and that a man of business was more

used to such things, I insisted on requesting Baron Oppenheim to take charge of that business, with which he kindly complied.

Of course whilst in Berlin I first paid my respects to Her Majesty the Empress and Queen, whom I saw there for the first time after the death of my husband. Her Majesty kindly inquired about my affairs and future plans, and hearing from me that my presence in Berlin would be required for a longer time, and further that I was thinking of taking charge of some hospital, Her Majesty graciously offered me a room in the Augusta hospital, where I not only would save great expense but have an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the management of such an establishment. I, of course, accepted with the greatest thanks.

The Augusta Hospital is a creation of Her Majesty, and under her special protection and care. It is situated in finely laid-out grounds, and consists of a main building and two American barracks connected with it. It is certainly the finest and most elegant hospital I have seen on the Continent, and is not intended to be a general hospital, like the charity and other establishments in Berlin, but more to afford accommodation for sick persons who are able to pay for their board and treatment, though there are also about a dozen beds for poor people.

In establishing this hospital Her Majesty, thinking of the many poor daughters of noble families, in-

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tended to create, for a number of them at least, a field of noble activity, by which they might benefit society and find at the same time protection against care and want.

At the head of this hospital was a Countess Rittberg; and four other ladies, belonging to noble families, assisted her, with a number of nurses and servants. These ladies wear all a rather simple but extremely becoming uniform dress, and are distinguished by a round white brooch with a red cross on it. Each two of these ladies have very elegantly and properly arranged apartments, and there are besides other rooms for their accommodation, as a dining-room, etc. They have free lodging in the hospital, and about fifteen pounds a year pocket-money. The first dress is given to them, but afterwards they have to provide for their clothing themselves.

The whole hospital makes a very agreeable impression, for all the arrangements are very practical and convenient, and on going through the different wards one has not the uncomfortable feeling experienced in many public hospitals, where economy seems the principal object, and the bareness of the rooms and passages reminds one of a prison or a barrack. The mind of sick people requires as much refreshment as the body; and to look for days or weeks on the grim simplicity of bare whitewashed walls is by no means cheering. I am therefore of opinion that a certain amount of ornamental elegance is just as neces-

sary in a hospital as cleanliness ; and neither ornament nor cleanliness are wanting in the Augusta hospital.

Though I was much pleased with this pattern hospital, it still seemed to me as if the kind intentions of Her Majesty were not perfectly fulfilled, and that the exclusive employment of noble nurses was rather prejudicial to practical success. Though the hospital may be directed by a lady, I think it would be preferable if some sisters of charity were substituted for the noble nurses. Sisters of charity make nursing the sick the duty of their life ; they have done with family connections, have been trained to unreasoning obedience, and are most excellent nursing machines with which a sensible director can work a hospital most admirably. The noble nurses, coming from the midst of their families, bring with them to the hospital prejudices, habits, and tastes which do not always agree with it, and make it extremely difficult to maintain strict discipline, without which such establishments cannot prosper.

Notwithstanding these objections to noble nurses, I was extremely pleased with my sojourn in the hospital, and with the amiable ladies employed in it. Her Majesty the Empress visited the hospital frequently, mostly accompanied by Countess Haake. One day, when the royal visit was announced and all were in their rooms, the Empress, followed by the Emperor, entered the room which I occupied together

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with Miss Runkel. Countess Haake presented Miss Runkel to their Majesties, and the Emperor said some kind words to her, inquiring for her brothers who had been officers in the war. His Majesty is almost always in a good humour, and makes frequently kind jocular remarks, which leave always with those to whom they are addressed a very pleasant feeling; for in the jokes of the Emperor there is never a tinge of malice; he is goodness itself.

I remained a fortnight in the Augusta hospital, and would have stayed until all my rather complicated affairs had been settled, if I had not received letters which made my presence in Coblenz necessary.

Two days before I left, Her Majesty visited the hospital, and came to my room. Sitting down on my sofa she took a small parcel and a photograph out of her pocket. The parcel contained a black brooch of onyx, with a locket at its back. Cutting with a pair of scissors her photograph to the proper size and fitting it in the locket, she gave me the brooch, requesting me always to wear it in remembrance of her; she had worn it herself in very sad moments. Much affected by this great kindness of my most gracious sovereign I put on the brooch, and inclined to superstitious ideas as I am, I imagined it was a kind of talisman protecting me against evil, which I must guard like the apple of my eye. As the fastening seemed to me not secure enough, I went on my return to Coblenz to Mrs. Goldschmidt the jeweller,

and asked her to make me an extra chain as an additional security, but she laughed at me and said that the fastening was as secure as could be. Still it was not so. When I, one evening, undressed, I discovered with dismay that this my supposed talisman was gone; and I became the more excited, as I never lost anything and now imagined that my good luck was lost with it also. I advertised in several papers, offering a reward exceeding the value of the brooch, but in vain; it was not found, at least not restored to me. I was really afraid to meet Her Majesty again, and when a friendly lady advised me to buy a similar brooch, assuring me that the Empress would not become aware of the change, I could not follow her advice, as it was repugnant to my feelings. The Empress did not notice my loss, but I always felt guilty for not confessing it to her.

When I returned to Coblenz I was very sad and uncomfortable in my lodging, where everything reminded me of the happy past. Moreover, it had never agreed altogether with my ideas of a home, and to live now with other people in the same house was insupportable to me; I wanted a home where I was not disturbed by others. Much as I would have liked to remain in Coblenz, where I had so many kind friends, I could not find such a small house as I wanted, but in Bonn, which place I liked always very much, I was fortunate enough to find one which suited me in every respect, and which I rented for a

less price than I paid for my lodgings in Coblentz. The house belonged to the banker of Bonn, Mr. Cahn, who had fitted it up very tastefully for his recently deceased wife, whilst he was building his splendid castle on the Rhine in Plittersdorf, called Auf dem Rech.

The fatigues which I had undergone and the troubles which I experienced impaired my health, and the annoyances caused me by the importunity of many creditors of my poor husband made me still worse. Becoming aware that I had paid some, they imagined that I must pay all, and pursued me in the most annoying manner. One of them produced even a bill signed not only by Salm, but bearing also my own signature. I had not signed the bill produced; it was a forgery; but the Jew, believing himself to be in the right, went to law. The court, decided in my favour, as the expert declared that the signature was not mine; but I had to appear several times and at very inconvenient moments, for twice I was obliged to interrupt my travels and to return from great distances to Bonn.

The physicians advised me to go to Switzerland for a change of air, and I went to Luzern, accompanied by Miss Runkel. To travel under my real name would have been very expensive, and therefore I entered the pension Kaufman in Luzern under the assumed name of Baroness Stein. Though my health improved there I became even sadder than

I had been before, and I resumed the idea of taking charge of an hospital, or if I should not find one, of going to a convent.

After two months' sojourn in Luzern, I returned to Bonn. My affairs were being arranged by Baron Oppenheim, but he would and could not satisfy all the creditors, who imagined that they, not succeeding with the Baron, could force me to pay by making my life wretched.

My intention of retiring to some hospital or convent was confirmed still more; but all my friends opposed vehemently, and I once more was induced to hope for a better time. My health becoming bad again I was sent in October, 1872, to the Lake of Geneva, where I lived in the pension Ketterer in Clarence. There I found several officers recovering from the late war, with their wives, and other ladies, and led quite a peaceful, agreeable life. There I saw Prince Albrecht of Prussia for the last time, and became acquainted with the Countess his wife, and her two sons.

I remained in Clarence over Christmas; but when it became cold the doctors advised me to go to Italy, and I went to Pisa. In the house of a Dr. Feroce I had a very large and pleasant lodging, for which I had to pay only five hundred lires for three months. Everything was cheap in proportion. From a restaurant close by, kept by the brother of our landlord, we received two most excellent and rich

meals, with wine at discretion, for three liras each a day.

Though I was incognito there, a priest, who gave me lessons in Italian, had discovered who I was. In consequence of this I became acquainted with many persons belonging to the society of Pisa, as Countess Pandulfo, Countess Samiviatelli, and other very agreeable ladies and gentlemen, with whom I passed a pleasant time. I made frequent excursions in the neighbourhood, mostly on horseback, and liked especially to ride through a deer park of the king's, where deer and boars were quite tame, browsing quietly when we passed, or looking at us fearlessly.

Though I might say many things about Pisa and other places in Italy, I have to consider that this is much-trodden ground, and moreover, that my book has become more bulky already than I intended. I shall therefore limit myself to a very rapid sketch, in order not to tire the reader.

The great event of the day was at that period the eruption of Vesuvius, and I wanted to see it. I went therefore to Naples, where people were in great fear, for the ashes were falling over the city, and a fate like that of Herculaneum and Pompeii was thought possible by many. When the eruptions and the flow of lava had ceased, everybody, especially strangers, wanted to see the effects of the eruption as near as possible; and I went also with Miss Runkel and Jimmy, joining a large company. The guides would not permit us to

go beyond a certain place, saying that a further advance was extremely dangerous. I am somewhat incredulous in respect to such assurances and curious to ascertain their truth. I therefore prevailed on two guides to go with us beyond the safety-line. Finding, however, soon, that the thing was indeed somewhat venturesome, I insisted on Miss Runkel staying behind with Jimmy at a certain place which I would pass on my return.

The more we advanced the more interesting became our excursion, though we were compelled to jump over rather wide chasms, where one wrong step would have carried us to Vulcan's workshop. My further progress was, however, brought to a sudden stop, by Jimmy arriving in a pitiful state. Miss Runkel, tired of holding the heavy dog on her arms, put him down when we were out of sight; but Jimmy followed me, and getting on some hot lava he burned his feet. I took the poor fellow up and we returned the same way we had come—an undertaking that became unexpectedly difficult by my having to carry a heavy load in my arms. We returned, however, without accident to the place where the rest of the company had remained, and refreshed ourselves with a bottle of *lacrymæ Christi*, regretting much that the vineyard where it had been grown was covered several feet deep with ashes, from which the tops of the vines scarcely peeped out. At a place where two roads branched off stood a statue of St. Antonio. The

burning lava, which had overflowed everything, stopped right before it, leaving it uninjured, which was looked upon as a miracle. The fact I have seen myself.

We paid also a visit to Pompeii, where we saw very strange things, bearing evidence that the people nearly two thousand years ago were as wicked as they are now. As Murray and Baedeker are in everybody's hand, I refer to them, and save the trouble of describing imperfectly what they have described with far more art and knowledge than is at my disposal; and as to my impressions on seeing all the Pompeiian wonders, I suppose they were the same as are experienced by most visitors who come there as ignorant as myself.

CHAPTER IX.

I want to enter a convent—Applying to the Empress—Letter of Count Arnim—A card from Baron S— to the German minister in Rome—In Rome—Count Brazier de St. Simon—His portrait—His mixtum compositum wine—His hobby-horse—I make an impression on the old diplomatist—Effects—Seeing San Angelo—The Prison of Benvenuto Cellini—Causing the death of the old Count—Monsignore Merode—Two audiences with the Pope—Declares that I have no talent for a nunnery—Private mass by Monsignore Merode at the grave of San Pietro—Presents from the Pope—A once celebrated lady and pretended princess—Rev. Joseph Mullooly—The Church of St. Clement and its subterranean wonders—What called me home—Invitation to Rostock in Mecklenburg—In Warnemunde—Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg—The 'Stromfahrt' festival—Curious warfare—Called home again—Bad health—In *Schlesien*—An American gold uncle—Change of affairs—I buy a house in Bonn—Have rented it to Baron Gerolt—Journey to Spain—Madrid—Court W— —A river without water—The palace of the Duke of Osuna—Invested by the Palistines—The *pinto e z. illy*—The Armoury—Curious armour, &c.—The Theatres—A characteristic adventure—In the Prado—Duchess de la Torre—Serrano—Queen Isabella—Victor Amadeus—The attentate—Disturbed state—Returning to Bonn—A few last words—End of the book.

I HAD not given up the idea yet of entering a convent, but my friends had so far prevailed upon me that I was in no hurry to take such a step. I had resolved to apply to the highest authority of our Church, His Holiness the Pope, and to do what he should order me. From Pisa I had written to

Countess Schulemburg, requesting Her Majesty to give me a letter of recommendation, which might facilitate my steps. Her gracious Majesty, complying with my request, caused Count Arnim to send me such a letter, which was directed to Monsignore Merode.

I had also written to Baron Oppenheim, and he sent me a card for Count Brazier de St. Simon, the German minister in Rome, from Baron S——, one of his friends, who had been once in the legation of the count, with whom he imagined he was on excellent terms.

When the count received this card, he said to his secretary of legation, 'Heaven knows what person that fellow has thrust on me! I shall not take any notice of her;' and it was with some difficulty that he was prevailed on to call on me, which he did only after three days, as I had forgotten to put on my card my lodging in Rome. It was found out, however, by an old Italian factotum of the ambassador, who was a most interesting, original person.

When he called, his first question before taking a seat was, 'How did you become acquainted with that fellow, princess?' When I told him that I had never seen 'that fellow'¹ his face became friendlier;

¹ As the Count was a rather queer old man, I believed him prejudiced against the Baron, with whom I became acquainted much later; but I am sorry to say that I ought to have followed the warning of the old minister, for I found out that he was perfectly correct in his estimation of the Baron.

he sat down, and I succeeded in winning the good graces of his Excellency in a most uncommon degree, which favour was further increased when we by chance came to speak about animal magnetism and similar subjects, which were his hobby-horse, and on his discovering that I was not only greatly interested in that matter but had had some practical experience.

Count Brazier de St. Simon was a little dried-up old man, with a few grey hairs and projecting cheek bones, but very quick, small, grey eyes. His clothes hung about him as if on a scarecrow, and were always the same; I believe he had not more than one suit, and that was a rather singular one for an old ambassador. It was made of some thick English woollen stuff—for the count felt always cold—grey with red lines, forming large squares. Notwithstanding this dress he looked not vulgar, but like a man of distinction, like an old diplomatist. He was past seventy, though he would not acknowledge his age, and when the census was taken he put himself down ten years younger than he really was.

He was very stingy, and about that many anecdotes were circulated. In his position he could not evade giving now and then a dinner; but his dinners were dreaded on account of his bad wines. Once, when at such a dinner he was sitting between the English and the Russian ambassadors, he advised them not to drink the wine they had before them, but to drink with him. The other wine, though very

good, he said, did not agree with him ; he called it 'mixtum compositum,' and such indeed it was. A cask, arriving from a farm he had somewhere, broke, and the wine was rather spoiled, but he improved it by mixing it with some cheap Florentine wine.

He was very angry that he had to give up his fine lodgings in Florence, and to go to Rome, of which he would not see anything, though he was now and then compelled to go out with persons recommended to him. He was very lively, and his conversation was amusing, for he was rather sarcastic and witty.

I do not know by what gifts I won the favour of this singular old man, but I cannot doubt that I made an impression on him ; for he showed it in a manner which could not but convince all who were acquainted with him. He fetched me every morning in *his* carriage—a hired one, for he kept none—offered me always *his* box in the theatre—of course he had none—and gave me even nice little dinners and luncheons, to the wonder of his secretary of legation, Count W——, who is by marriage connected with the Salm family, and who generally took part in our parties and excursions.

The old ambassador would have liked very much to mesmerise me, and he tried to persuade me ; but I laughed it off.

I owe the good old count much thanks, for he accompanied me everywhere, and showed me all the

sights of Rome and surroundings. When he was with me in the Castle San Angelo and we had seen all the rooms, which had made him rather warm, I am sorry I insisted on his accompanying me to see the prison of Benvenuto Cellini, for he caught a severe cold there, from which he never recovered, and he died soon after my departure.

The letter of Count Arnim promised me a very kind reception on the part of Monsignore Merode, the former secretary of war of the Pope, and since then cardinal. He belongs to a great Belgian family, and is extremely rich. He is a man in his best years, a very portly gentleman, looking more like a disguised officer of cuirassiers than a high dignitary of the Church, of which he is, however, one of the most distinguished ornaments.

There is nothing monkish or ascetic about Monsignore Merode; on the contrary, he has all the manners of a man of the world, and is very polite and agreeable. In his purple dress, with his large golden cross, he looked elegant and splendid. I saw him frequently, and to his kindness I owed several privileges which are not generally granted.

I confided to him my desire to enter a convent, but he did not approve of it; and his reasons had already half convinced me, when he procured me an audience with the Holy Father, which honour I had twice.

The Pope had been already informed about my

intention and person. He said he did not think I had a vocation for a nunnery ; he advised me to reflect on it somewhat longer, and to stay at least one year more in the world, to see whether I would not change my mind. This advice of the Holy Father was extremely kind ; his clear mind anticipated what would happen ; he read my character, for indeed I changed my mind, and before the year had passed I did not think any more of burying myself in a nunnery.

Monsignore Merode introduced me to a distinguished priest, who understood English, and to whom I could confess ; and after having done so Monsignore himself conferred on me the distinction of celebrating, assisted by one priest, a private mass on the grave of the holy apostle St. Peter, that is, in the little chapel, and giving me the holy sacrament. After that he presented me, on the part of the Holy Father, with a splendid golden Agnus Dei, in Roman mosaic, with the inscription, '*Par tibi*' on the reverse, and also with a large-sized photograph with the signature of His Holiness.

Victor Emmanuel was then in Rome, and I saw him frequently pass : but everybody will understand that I would and could not make any attempt to be introduced to his court.

On the promenade I saw also an interesting personage, who had been in some connection with Victor Emmanuel, and was now the wife of a great politician. She appeared always in a grand carriage,

with an immense princely crown on its panels, for she pretended to have been formerly the wife of a German prince of a well-known family, though this former husband had only the same name, without being a prince or having any connection with the family either. There are, for instance, many Mr. von Salms and Mr. Salms in Germany, and it is the same with other family names.

This lady, who once exerted a certain influence, when she was handsome, is now rather past ; but in order to make the world believe that she is still young, she has hired or bought a baby, which is always carried after her when she descends from her carriage and makes a promenade. I saw her descend thus, and noticed, what I heard before, that she wore very short dresses to show her small feet, which were encased, not in boots, but in shoes with old-fashioned cross ribbands.

Of this lady, her husband, and the king himself, the most amusing anecdotes are told in society ; but as such anecdotes lose much in print, I must not communicate them here. In publishing Roman experiences discretion is advisable.

Amongst my clerical acquaintances, I must not forget to mention that of a most excellent and distinguished man, my confessor, the R.P.F. Joseph Mullooly, O.P.S.T.L., prior of SS. Sixte and Clement ; what the letters before and behind his name mean I do not know, I copy them from the title-

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page of a work he has written about his church, the most remarkable wonders of which he was kind enough to show and explain to me himself.

The church of St. Clement is very old, and the most perfect type of the old catholic basilicas; but in 1857 was discovered under this church another much older, which on purpose had been covered with earth. In this old edifice have been found not only precious marble columns and mosaics, but most valuable fresco pictures, dating from the third to the ninth or tenth century. It was extremely difficult to get at these valuable relics, for it had to be done without endangering the actual church.

But even underneath this most ancient building have been discovered walls, which according to antiquarian researches date from the three distinct periods of heathenish Rome.

The fresco pictures are highly interesting, and as their subterranean wonders have been accessible only since 1866, many visitors to Rome will scarcely know anything of them, and artists and antiquarians who should happen to read my book will thank me for having drawn their notice to St. Clement.

I had been only five weeks in Rome, where I should have liked to have stayed much longer, when a law-suit, which I mentioned before, made my personal appearance in Bonn necessary.

I had been a short time in my house when my dear friend Mrs. von G—— invited me to stay with

her some time. The Colonel, her husband, had given up his idea of leaving the army and had now a command in Rostock, in Mecklenburg.

Whilst Miss Runkel took care of my house in Bonn I left for Rostock. When, however, after a short sojourn there, Colonel von G—— had to attend to certain military manœuvres which would keep him from home for several weeks, we resolved to go to the watering-place of Warnemunde, on the Baltic.

On my arrival in Rostock I had requested at once an audience with the Grand Duchess Dowager, the sister of our Emperor, and also called on the ladies of honour of the Grand Duchess. Whilst I was with the Grand Duchess Dowager in Heiligendamm near Rostock, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, who had heard of my presence, entered the room, and I was presented to them.

During my sojourn in Warnemunde occurred an annual popular festival, in which the Grand Duke and his court always take part. When their Royal Highnesses came to Warnemunde and saw me in passing by my window, they shook hands and graciously invited me to the 'Stromfahrt' in the evening.

Several hundred of boats of all sizes, headed by that in which was the court, went down the Warne river, accompanied by music. The boats were all decked out with flower garlands and canopies, illuminated with a great number of Chinese lanterns.

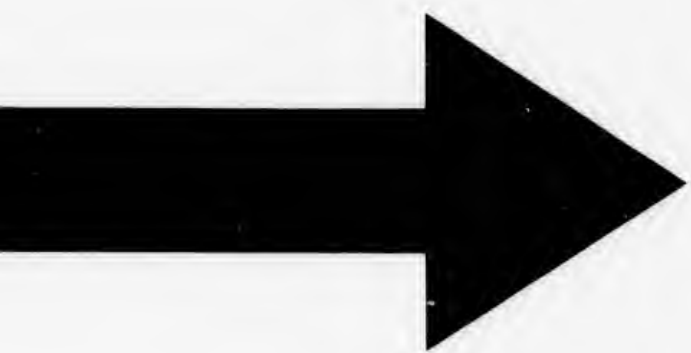
It was a most lovely, animated scene, for amid great merriment and laughter was carried on an original warfare between the crews of the different boats. At the Roman carnival people shoot at each other with confetti, but here they used flower bouquets which before being thrown were dipped in the river. It was rather a wet game, and to protect our toilets we wore all our waterproofs. It was amusing to observe the lovely young Grand Duchess, who entered with much spirit into this sport, her whole face beaming with pleasant excitement, whilst throwing incessantly bouquets in all directions. The festival lasted until ten o'clock p.m., when the royal party mounted their carriages and returned to Heiligendamm.

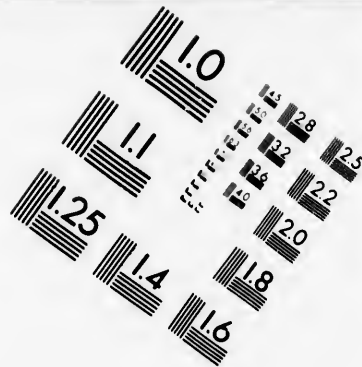
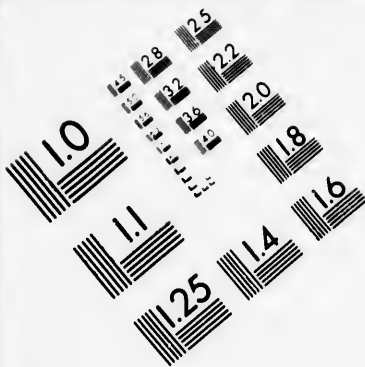
The same troublesome law-suit about the forged signature which called me back from Rome, interfered again with my plans, and on an urgent letter of my lawyer I had to return to Bonn.

I was, however, not permitted to stay at home yet. I felt very weak and ill. The physicians said that my whole nervous system was in disorder, and advised me to go again to the seaside, and I selected Scheveningen. There I became so weak that I had to be carried up and down the staircase, and had to go in a perambulator to the shore.

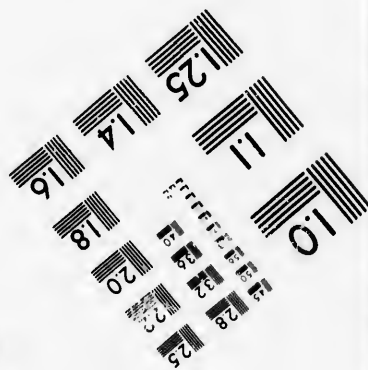
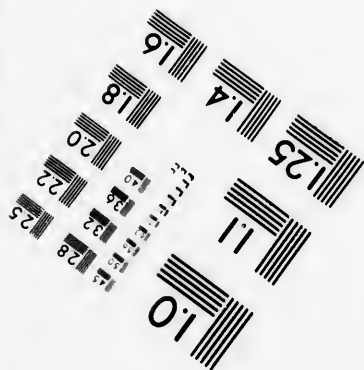
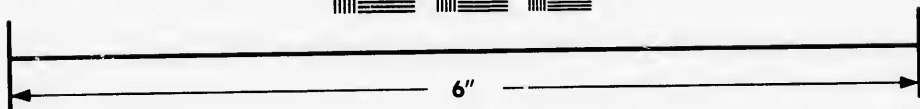
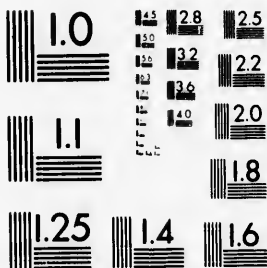
It is true I had undergone many fatigues and mental anxieties, and they certainly had had an influence on my health; but during the excitements and occupations of the war my energy had carried me through,







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and I might have escaped any bad consequences, if I could have had rest. But this rest was denied me on my return home. More than all bodily fatigues and mental anxieties of the past years, the humiliations and mortifications to which I had been subjected since my return, in consequence of money affairs, undermined my health. Besides this, the whole position in which I was placed made me melancholy. My very limited income compelled me to restrictions which excluded me from the company to which I was used, and I thought it much easier to live in a convent than to live in the world without means. This care was, however, taken from me in a manner which occurs more frequently in novels than in reality, but which was fortunately reality, and changed at once the aspect of affairs and restored my health.

Whilst I was in Scheveningen, feeling most miserable, I received the news that a distant relative in America had left me a legacy. The exact amount of this legacy was not stated, but a sum, which seemed to me at that time very great, was placed at my disposal. I believed it then to be all I had to receive, and was anxious to employ the money in a judicious manner, and, if possible, to acquire with it a house of my own. In this I succeeded beyond my expectation. When I rented the house in Bonn from Mr. Cahn, he said, in the course of conversation, that if I wanted to buy it he would let me have it for a certain moderate sum. Since that time the price of houses

had increased considerably, and I knew that a good many thousands more than the sum mentioned by Mr. Cahn had been offered to him. I reminded him, however, of his offer; and though it was not made in such a manner as to make any legal obligation, he was kind and honourable enough to make good his word, and I bought the house at many thousands below its actual value.

The sum which I received was, however, not the whole legacy, but only accumulated interest, of which I was informed later.

I had nearly forgotten this old relative, whom I had seen only when I was still a child. I was then extremely lively and daring, and he had taken a great fancy to me. Whether he was then already rich I do not know; but for many years I had scarcely heard of him. He had, however, learnt from the papers that I had married a prince; had read everything written about my adventures in Mexico, etc.; and being pleased with all this he made over to me his considerable account at his bankers, of which capital the interest was to be paid to me after his death, as long as I should remain unmarried.

I had let my house, furnished as it was, to Baron von Gerolt, our former minister in Washington, as I intended to travel for a longer time. For this reason, and also being afraid of the winter, I resolved to go to a southern climate, and decided to visit Spain. As Miss Runkel wanted to return for a time to

her family, I took with me one of my cousins, Countess Constantine Salm-Hoegstraeten.

On our arrival in Spain the weather was very bad and unfavourable for travelling; I therefore went directly to Madrid, and alighted in the Fonda de Paris, where we felt rather miserable. My good luck would, however, have it that we met in Madrid an old acquaintance from Rome, Count W—, formerly secretary of legation there, who had been sent meanwhile as chargé-d'affaires to Madrid. Though he had only been a short time in the city he knew more of Spanish affairs than I did, and with his assistance we found excellent lodgings in the Casa de Nuespedes de Señor Jose Perez, which happened to be empty, and altogether at my disposition.

Everything reminded me here of Cuba and of Mexico; but I cannot say that I much enjoyed the Spanish dishes, and I was glad when we found in the excellent restaurant in the Calle Alcazar Parisian fare.

Speaking of Madrid I shall follow the same plan as I did in Rome; that is, not to infringe on Murray's handbooks, especially as that about Spain, written by Mr. Richard Ford, is most excellent. I admired, or rather wondered at, the ugliness of Spanish churches in comparison with those in Italy, and at the solid bridges over an imaginary stream, the Manzanares. This river was so dry that the many picturesque-looking, talkative washerwomen could

scarcely find water enough in its bed for their purposes. After thunderstorms the river is said to swell within a few hours to a dangerous size, but this is, however, only of very short duration.

From a *casa del campo* in the Manzanares valley one has a beautiful view of Madrid, especially of the palace and of the artillery barracks, which acquired some notoriety on account of what happened there in the revolt. There, at the side of the monastery of St. Fernando, is also the palace of the Duke of Ossuna. I wanted to see it, but was refused entrance without tickets. These were of course easily procured, and when people heard that I was a relative of the duchess, everything was shown me most readily. It is a splendid dwelling, and I admired much the order in which it was kept by the creditors of the duke, who had taken possession of the palace.

Though the duke is perhaps the richest man in Spain, his whole fortune consists in landed property; half Andalusia belongs to him, I believe; but owing to the unsettled state of Spain, the fields were not tilled, and the farmers did not pay any rent. Thus it may easily be understood that the richest man in Spain was momentarily in difficulties and in the hands of his creditors.

I saw, of course, all the sights of Madrid and its celebrated picture-gallery. An amiable artist, Señor de Grau, of whom I bought a fine aquarelle, was kind enough to be our cicerone. I took with me

photographs of the most celebrated pictures of Titian, Velasquez, Murillo, and Rubens, but will not describe them, because 'my paper is at an end,' and Mr. Ford has done it sufficiently.

The Armeria I visited also, and admired the wonderful armoury of kings and heroes. The finest armour seems to me that of Philip II., which was presented to him by the city of Pampeluna. The most wonderful is, however, that of the Elector of Saxe—I do not know which—which has ample room for a couple of Spanish knights. Astonishing to me was the armour of Christopher Columbus, whom I always imagined with a compass and not with a sword in his hand. He must have had not only a big head, but also an almost gigantic body, offering a rather ugly appearance.

In the cupboards are exhibited many historical curiosities, of which the authenticity is as doubtful as of many more holy relics. There is, for instance, a sword of the Cid, rather short and broad; the sword of Roland, etc. As very interesting, were pointed out to me two old curious shooting-irons, said to have come from Majorca, already one hundred years before the invention of gunpowder by Berthold Schwarz.

I went also frequently to the theatres, and saw at the Italian Opera-house 'Anna Bolena,' which was performed rather badly. Excellent, however, was the Spanish theatre, where I enjoyed many lively comedies, which I witnessed without understanding much

of the language. Still more pleased was I with the Teatro del Principe, where historical pieces were represented most beautifully, and where I admired especially the correct costumes.

Whilst waiting for the commencing at the theatre, we had a little characteristic adventure. We were sitting down on some empty chairs, when a rather wild and suspicious-looking, extremely dirty individual placed himself close before me. Robberies being by no means rare in Madrid—my purse was cut out of my dress in a church—I felt alarmed, and so did Count W——, who accompanied us. As the fellow did not move, the count pushed him somewhat rudely back, without imagining that by doing so he would raise a storm. The injured man made a great noise; a crowd collected at once, and with them came some policemen. The dirty, robber-like fellow turned out to be the owner of the chairs, and came only to collect his fare. After the thing was explained the count offered, as a peace-offering, an apology in the shape of a gold coin; but the dirty Spaniard refused it with the disdain of a caballero, declaring himself, however, satisfied if the count would shake hands with him. The count would have rather parted with his goldpiece, for the offered hand was shockingly dirty, but knives being very loose in Madrid he complied with the dirty caballero's request though he felt all the evening uncomfortable, no water being at hand.

We went, of course, frequently to the Prado, where we admired the Spanish ladies in their yellow satin robes, black mantillas, and big fans. I, of course, bought at once such a mantilla and a fan, and as my complexion is somewhat Spanish, I flatter myself that I looked much like a native.

In the Prado I saw frequently a very *chic* coupé, with a lady dressed elegantly in the Parisian style. She was the Duchess de la Torre, the wife of Marshal Serrano—a great man now.

Notwithstanding her mode of life, the Queen was very popular with the loyal Spaniards, who used to say, whatever she may do at home, when she puts on her gloves, she is every inch a queen. Serrano was hated, for he treated the Queen, to whom he owed everything, shamefully. The measure was full at last; he fell into disgrace. The Queen said to him: 'I have made you a general; I have made you a marquis; I have made you a duke,—but I never could make you a gentleman.'

That he certainly was not, and never will be, whatever may be his titles or his politics. He now became hostile to the Queen, causing infamous newspaper articles to be written, and declaring himself, in some public decree, that she was a queen of whom wives and daughters of Spaniards must be ashamed. But who made her what she was?

After Prim's death Serrano turned radical. He offended the Queen of Amadeus in the most insulting

manner by forbidding his wife to be godmother to one of her children. We have not yet seen the end of Serrano. May he meet his deserts!

Being a woman, I must not defend Queen Isabella; though I may venture to say that she deserves more compassion than the contempt and ridicule with which she has been treated. Kings like her, even if not better princes, are judged very leniently, but queens with morbid passions are forgiven only if great as sovereigns.

I also saw frequently King Victor Amadeus, either on horseback or in his carriage, driving himself. He is a thin, insignificant-looking man, much too simple in his habits to win the love of the Spaniards, who have no sympathy with citizen kings. He was almost always seen together with his queen, who is a very virtuous woman and good wife, and who was more popular than Victor Amadeus.

The King was, however, a man of pluck, and showed it at the great attempt against him. The history of this attempt is still a mystery. I saw the narrow street in which it took place, and it is difficult to understand how the bullets could have missed him. Still more difficult is it to explain why the police did not take any measures to prevent such a crime, as it was prepared without much secrecy and evidently expected by the police, for the governor of the city followed the carriage of the King in a fiacre about a hundred paces behind it. The leader of the con-

spirators was killed on the spot but—it seems purposely—was so disfigured that he could not be recognized. Other persons arrested escaped from prison, and thus the prophecy was fulfilled that the attempted regicides would never be punished.

It had been my intention to travel in Andalusia, to make researches in reference to relatives of my mother, but things in Spain took a turn which made travelling in the country very inconvenient and even dangerous, and under these circumstances I resolved to give up my purpose and to return home.

My task is done ; my book at last finished. When occupied with writing it, and absorbed in my recollections of the past, all I have told seemed very interesting—to me: whether it be interesting to the public, or whether I should have done better to leave my book unpublished, is a question which now suddenly oppresses me in an uncomfortable manner.

I suppose I must take my chance, like greater authors, and prepare myself against some critics, who will say, with a shrug of their shoulders, ‘ American, Mexican, and French wars ! Why, that’s ancient history ; we are tired of it. Why did she not write the history of next year ? ’

I most humbly beg to remark that I do not pretend to write history at all ; but only my personal adventures during three great wars, in which I by chance had to take part. I would not have ventured

to write a book at all, had not some men, whom I believe to be competent, encouraged me, saying that the narratives of personal adventures of eyewitnesses, if told simply and truthfully, are much valued, because they serve to fill up with flesh and give colour and life to the skeleton-like dry histories presented to us so frequently by most learned military authors or professors of history.

What I experienced and saw during these ten eventful years I have described simply and truthfully, expressing my opinions, perhaps with too little reserve : whether they are worth anything is a question which will be answered by others, and I have only to excuse myself for speaking too much of my private affairs, which have really nothing to do with the great historical events which form the frame of my narrative. If I have failed in this respect I have no other excuse than that I have acted, as it were, in self-defence. Some persons, taking advantage of my unprotected position, have amused themselves with commenting on my doings, or not doings, throwing out hints and suggestions which might create prejudicial opinions about me in persons whose judgment is not indifferent to me. To set them right I had to make known some facts which I otherwise might have withheld. If these facts are not always agreeable to the persons concerned, I cannot help it ; everyone has first to look out for himself. I am not a person to suffer in silence.

In taking leave of the kind readers who may perhaps be interested in my fortunes, I beg to say that I have at last found that rest for which I longed so much. I have a home with which I am perfectly satisfied, am independent in every respect, and have some true friends who know and love me; more I do not desire.

THE END.

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