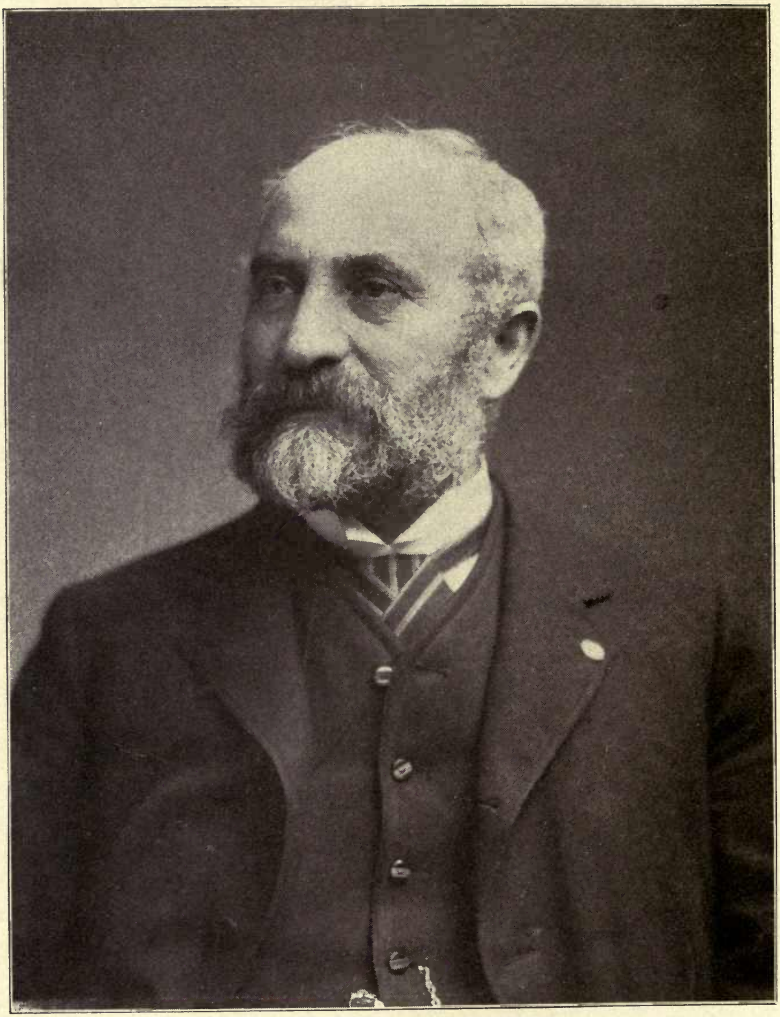
Reminiscences of an Octogenarian Hungarian Exile



Julián Kuné

REMINISCENCES

OF AN

OCTOGENARIAN

HUNGARIAN EXILE

BY

JULIAN KUNE
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION.

This Volume, which is dedicated to the many kind friends who advised me to write and publish the same, contains the description of the principal events of my life, from the time I entered the Hungarian army of liberation in 1848 until 1873, when I resumed my busy life on the Chicago Board of Trade, which I had in 1869 temporarily abandoned.

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REMINISCENSES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN HUNGARIAN EXILE

PART I.

The author of these Reminiscences is far from flattering his amour propre in believing that the incidents and the people he will describe in them will create more than a slight ripple on the surface of the overflooded literature of our age; nevertheless he will venture to undertake the attempt in relating such happenings in connection with distinguished individuals whom he either personally knew, or else had absolutely reliable information regarding their lives and acts.

Without entering into any biographical narrative, I will simply state that my birthplace is a modest and unpretentious little town called Belényes, which is equivalent to the English Buffalo, evidently because many ages ago it must have been the abiding place of the wild buffalo. The town is situated in the county of Bihar, and it cosily nestles among the foothills of the lesser Carpathian Mountains that divide Hungary from Transylvania, or Siebenburgen in German, and Erdély Ország in Hungarian.

As it would not be of any particular interest to

the readers of these sketches to follow my childhood or even my adolescence, before I had reached the age of seventeen, when I entered fresh from College, in 1848, the army of the Hungarian Revolution, I will pass it, and will merely state that my first experience in that war, in the early days of 1848, was in the so-called Bánát, the most fertile section of Hungary, where the Serbs or Servians, predominating, at the instigation of the Austrian Government, rose in insurrection against the newly formed constitutional Government of Hungary.

Without entering into the details of one of the greatest struggles for independence, Hungary although not having yet attained the apex of its aspirations—namely, an Independent Republic—is today nevertheless a country governed by a constitution called the Golden Bull that antedates the English Magna Charta, and which was granted to it over one thousand years ago.

It stands to reason, being a native of Hungary, that my first sketches must necessarily be of Hungarian men and characters with whom the writer came in contact, and in order that the readers of these sketches may have an intelligent conception of the characters and incidents described, it will be necessary to give a short and cursory description of Hungary and also of the reputed origin of the Magyars.

THE MAGYARS

Coming from the regions about the Volga, they crossed the Carpathians in A. D. 889, under the lead of Duke Álmos. The seven tribes of which the nation

then consisted subsequently occupied ancient Pannonia under the lead of Árpád. For one hundred and eleven years they were governed by their Dukes (Vezéreck) until Duke Vaik embraced Christianity and was crowned as St. Stephen, First Apostolic King of Hungary, A. D. 1000. Pope Sylvester presented him with the Iron Crown with which he was crowned, and sent Bishops from Germany into Hungary to help christianize the Magyars. The language adopted to assist in christianizing the Magyars was Latin, of which the common people did not understand a single word.

The reign of St. Stephen (Szent István) was the beginning of a new era in the lives of the Magyars. When the seven tribes of the Magyars settled in Pannonia they were united under a solemn compact guaranteeing justice and equality to all alike, so that when St. Stephen began to reign the general feeling of the nation was faithfully to adhere to that solemn compact, and they at first refused to obey the mandates of the newly introduced clergy, with the result of many bloody religious wars and massacres. As they were still untutored in the arts of industry and civilization, St. Stephen imported various artisans from Germany. Having led a nomadic life, they considered the working of the soil as menial and below the dignity of a Magyar. St. Stephen further subdivided the country into Counties, forced the people to pay tithes to the clergy, and organized a national council, the higher branch being composed of temporal and spiritual lords; then there was a lower house of Nobility, called the sandal nobility (Bocskoros Nemes Ember).

With the death of St. Stephen, the native dynasty became extinct, and between 1290 A. D. some kings that were legitimate and other usurpers ruled the country until 1516, when the line of the Hungarian Kings became suddenly extinct with the death of Louis II., who fell at the Battle of Mohács, fought with the Turks. This battle is designated as the Graveyard of Hungarian Independence.

Sometimes nations, like individuals, fail to practice the Golden Rule as laid down by the Nazarene, and thus the mistakes they commit change their current of life. The Magyars, although converted to Christianity during the tenth century, A. D., instead of following the teachings of the Gallilean Prophet, obeyed the edicts of their spiritual advisers, the Bishops and the clergy of the Catholic Church. The fatal mistake made by the Hungarian nation was when, owing to the intermarriage of one of their former Kings to a member of the House of Hapsburg, they transferred St. Stephen's crown to that dynasty.

The events which transpired in Hungary since St. Stephen's time are matters of history, and as it is the writer's intention to give brief sketches of men and incidents which had more or less bearing on his life, he has naturally selected as his first subject the person who above all others was instrumental in changing the current of events in his life. That person is

KOSSUTH LAJOS

Or, as he is better known outside of his own land, Louis Kossuth, who fills the highest niche in Hungarian history, and occupies the same position in the

estimate of his countrymen which has been accorded to Washington and Abraham Lincoln in American history. His greatness, however, resembled more that of Lincoln than Washington. Of comparatively low origin, he, by virtue of his great genius and incomparable oratory, as well as by his self-sacrificing industry for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen, gained the highest pinnacle of fame and an everlasting place in the affections of a grateful people. He, like Lincoln, manumitted millions of slaves, serfs which were but slaves, not by the stroke of the pen, as Lincoln did, but by the thunder of his voice, as he fearlessly stood before Emperor Ferdinand, the fifth, demanding the abolishment of all feudal service throughout the realm. It is noteworthy that this concession was the only one that was not abrogated subsequently by the Austrian Imperial Government. Thus proving once more the truth of the saying that "Revolutions never go backward." They may for a time deviate from their onward and forward course, but they are always directed back to their true course by an all-wise and infinite Ruler of the Universe. Thus the five million peasants freed through the influence of Louis Kossuth became and forever remained free.

Louis Kossuth was born April 27th, 1802, in the county of Zemplin, Hungary, in the same county where 400 years before the great Hunyadi died. His phenomenal rise as an advocate, editor, orator, statesman, and finally as the governor-president of his country, demonstrates that neither country, race or conditions can limit the potential abilities of inborn genius. Kossuth, although originally not of the dominant Magyar

race, was singled out by an all-wise Providence to lead his fellow countrymen, as did Moses of old, out from bondage. He thus became the quickening spirit, urging on not only the Magyars but all other nationalities of his and neighboring countries, to throw off their long endured political slavery.

While representing an absent delegate in the upper house of the Diet, he stenographically copied and circulated the daily proceedings of the Diet, which was contrary to the arbitrary code of the Imperial Government. He kept this up in spite of the official warnings received, and was arrested May 4th, 1837, and taken to prison. He was thus detained for a whole year before he was granted a trial. The trial being but of the ordinary farce trials, he was sentenced to the fortress of Buda as a prisoner for four years. Kossuth, imprisoned, however, turned out to be more powerful than while he was free, and it so happened that when the Imperial Government in 1840 wanted Hungary to furnish more troops to the army, the Diet flatly refused to furnish them unless the two political prisoners, Kossuth and Baron Vesselenyi, were liberated. The Government finally bowed to the inevitable, and set Kossuth and the blind baron free on May 15th, 1840, after having been incarcerated for three years.

The popular demonstration during that night of his release prophetically indicated the coming great events of succeeding years in Hungary. But the blind, despotic power of the Government could not, or would not, discern the political barometer. Kossuth was escorted through the cities of Buda and Pesth by an immense procession of torch bearers. Shortly after

this he withdrew from the public to Parad, a mountain watering place, in order to regain his much impaired health, in consequence of his cruel confinement. On his return from the mountain resort, he married, January 10, 1844, Teresa Meszlényi, a very amiable lady, who, soon after his incarceration opened a correspondence with the martyr prisoner, which soon ripened into friendship and finally culminated in their marriage.

KOSSUTH AS AN EDITOR

On January 1st, 1841, Kossuth became the editor of the Pesti Hirlap (Pesth Gazette). This was the opportunity he was long waiting for; although the liberty of the press in the Austrian monarchy was yet unborn, it afforded him, as the editor of a paper, an occasional chance to drive the naked truth home into the hardened consciousness of the oppressor.

In 1843, in order to obtain better treatment for his native land, Kossuth inaugurated a general boycott on all manufactured goods coming from Austria, outside of Hungary. The immediate effect was that in order to retain their Hungarian trade, many of the Austrian manufacturers transferred their plants to Hungary.

In 1847 Kossuth was brought forward as a candidate for the Diet from Pesth, by his friend Count Louis Batthányi, who afterwards fell a martyr to Austrian vengeance. Notwithstanding the many machinations of the Government he was elected. The wild enthusiasm which this election of the modern Demosthenes created all over the country beggars description. It was likened by some to the religious demonstration

by the followers of Peter the Hermit during the first Crusade. I was attending college at that time in Szarvas, whose president was the celebrated Hungarian lexicographer, Ballaghi Mor (Moritz Bloch). I well remember that, owing to the intense excitement prevailing over Kossuth's election, and his heart-stirring speeches in the National Assembly, the students of our college devoted more time to the discussion of the political events of the day than to their studies. "Éljen Kossuth" (long live Kossuth) became the battle-cry of the throngs that nightly gathered in front of the Casino to listen to the patriotic utterances of the professors and students. The great patriot and "orator with the flaming tongue," as he was aptly named, was at that time the central sun of Magyar constellation. Both magnate and peasant bowed before his greatness; the peasant, especially, almost worshipped him. I may be pardoned if I here quote the very eloquent tribute which the great editor, Horace Greeley, gave to Louis Kossuth in his introductory remarks to the Life of Louis Kossuth by Headley. He says: "A voice from the far Pannonia, with the eloquence of a Demosthenes and the sublime fervor of an Isaiah, it utters burning words, which call men from divers creeds and races to the battlefield in which the rights of all are to be asserted."

Kossuth's entry into the National Assembly in 1848 signalized the beginning of a new era in Hungary's history. By his extraordinary eloquence he aroused the dormant aspirations of his nation by inviting it to reenter the glorious path which it followed centuries ago and before its absorption by Austria.

L. Kossuth

GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY

I have often wondered at the mistaken ideas which prevailed, and still prevail to a great extent, that the Hungarian war of Independence was the outgrowth of the French Revolution of 1848. On the contrary, the many eloquent revolutionary speeches of Kossuth plainly presaged a violent political upheaval in Europe. It was the French Chamber of Deputies which drew its inspiration from these speeches. The great influence which these fiery denunciations exerted upon the political world of those days may be inferred from what a foe, and not a friend of Kossuth, said about the great orator and his orations. He said: "His speeches were at that time (1847) like burning arrows, which he hurled into kindred minds, thereby urging them to a frantic enthusiasm. His oratory was like a large battery, with heavy pieces of ordnance, whose discharge did the most fearful execution. The poisonous sting of his interpretations, his despotic power in the house and his intrigues (?) out of doors, formed in themselves a power, so to say, of an army against the stand-still policy of Metternich." Such was the tribute accorded to Kossuth by an opponent, but evidently a spellbound admirer of his unmatched eloquence and power.

During the session of 1847, the Diet, among others, adopted the proposition that all the peasants of the Kingdom, of whatever race or religion, should be at once exempted from all urbarial dues and obligations to their landlords, the latter to receive an indemnity from the State. The proposition was passed, and thus five million serfs were made freemen by the eloquent

advocacy of Louis Kossuth, long before the French Revolution took place, in 1848.

KOSSUTH DEMANDING REFORMS

On the 4th of March, 1848, or two days after the news of the French Revolution reached Pressburg, then the capital of Hungary, Kossuth rose in the Diet to speak on a motion of inquiry on the condition of the National Bank, whose notes were refused both in Hungary and Bohemia. Among other things referred to, he said: "The local question in relation to the Bank I will not now discuss. It is true, Magyars, Austria has embarrassed us long enough. But this is a secondary matter. What we ought to ask for is the budget of the Hungarian receipts and expenses, which have hitherto been mixed up with those of our neighbors. We ought to ask for the constitutional administration of our finances. We ought to ask for a separate and independent financial board for Hungary. For, unless we have this, the foreign Government which rules us without our advice, is likely to embarrass our finances to helplessness."

Then again: "Mighty thrones, supported by political sagacity and power, have been overthrown, and nations have fought and won their liberty, who three months ago could not have dreamed of the proximity of such an event. But for three whole months we are compelled to roll the stone of Sisyphus incessantly and without avail."

After closing his speech with an impressive peroration, he moved an "address to the throne," in which

a series of reforms were demanded, which was unanimously adopted by the National Assembly.

These events were certainly sufficient to arouse the wildest enthusiasm all over Hungary. When the copies of the Pesti Hislap reached Szarvas, where I then attended the Junior class of the college, all classes were dismissed spontaneously, and while the faculty was discussing in whispers the happenings at the capital, the students celebrated the event with vociferous cries of "Éljen Kossuth."

Among the reforms demanded in the address to the throne the most prominent were: First, the abolition of serfdom; second, the equalization of taxes; the further development of the representative system of Government, and a responsible Ministry. Kossuth's design was to demand these concessions, not for Hungary alone, but as far as applicable, for all the States under the Government of the Emperor of Austria. He possessed sufficient statesmanship to know that a constitutional government in Hungary alone could not harmonize with an absolute and despotic administration in the other States of the Empire. He forcibly put himself on record in the following: "With a Constitutional Government secured in Hungary, it was then the proper and holy mission of our nation, as the oldest member of the Empire, to raise its voice in behalf of those sister nations under the same ruler, and who are united to us by so many ties of relationship. Lovers of Freedom, we would not ask liberty for ourselves alone. We would not boast of privileges that others did not enjoy. A Constitutional and despotic crown could not be worn by

the same head, any more than two opposing dispositions can harmonize in the same breast at the same time."

Kossuth at that time did not contemplate the separation of Hungary from Austria. His aim was to remind Emperor Ferdinand of the sacredness of the oath he took as the Constitutional King of Hungary.

Kossuth, in moving the above reforms, was far ahead of the conservative upper house of the Diet. The many years of Austrian tutelage had reduced the life members of that body, composed as it was of the high nobility of the realm and the Roman Catholic Bishops, to mere automatons of the Austrian Camarilla. They were horrified at the boldness of Kossuth's propositions and demands.

KOSSUTH IN VIENNA

While the Delegates at Pressburg were pondering over the recently passed reform demands, the revolution in Vienna broke out. The news of this outbreak reached Pressburg while the Diet was in session. It created a great surprise, except to Kossuth, who expected it. The Aula, composed of the students of the Vienna University and the intellectual portion of Vienna's population, formulated and submitted their demands to the Emperor, who, overawed by fear, granted everything demanded of him. The revolutionary spirit had also permeated the soldiers of the Vienna garrison, who refused to fire at the assembled multitudes, who were ordered to disperse by the reactionary Ministry. Metternich's dismissal was asked

for and speedily granted. The liberty of the press was also granted, and so was trial by jury.

While the delegates in the Diet had hardly recovered from their amazement over the Vienna news, Kossuth arose and calmly asked the Diet to send a deputation to the Emperor at Vienna, demanding an immediate dissolution of the Chancellery and the substitution of a responsible cabinet in its place, as guaranteed by the Constitution of the land. He closed his speech with the following inspiring words: "For 600 years, Magyars, we formed a Constitutional State. We will, therefore, that from this moment on Ministers shall again sit upon these benches, to hear and answer our questions;" with a graceful sweep of his arms he pointed to the ministerial seats, which had been vacant for many years. "From this day on we wish to have a Hungarian ministry." The response was a unanimous affirmative vote. The committee was appointed, with Kossuth at its head. The committee appeared at Vienna on March 13, 1848. The Vienna people hailed it with great rejoicing. In their unbounded enthusiasm they carried Kossuth on their shoulders to the palace. There he met face to face the Emperor by whose orders he had been incarcerated only a few years before. Calmly, and conscious of his power to destroy the tottering throne of the Hapsburg dynasty, he laid the demands before the Emperor. The courtiers, in their rich dress uniforms, that were covered by glistening decorations, were relegated to the rear, while two figures stood in the foreground of this most remarkable scene, worthy of the brush of a Titian. The one, Kossuth, the whilom

prisoner of Buda, representing millions of his countrymen, demanding their God-given rights, and the other, Ferdinand V, Emperor of Austria, a representative of the exploded theory of despotic Government by "divine right." For a minute the trembling Emperor hesitated, but as the deafening demonstrations of the assembled multitudes in the streets below reached his ears, and as he saw Kossuth suggestively point his finger at the open window, he yielded, and granted everything that was demanded.

There was a time when the writer thought that Kossuth committed a fatal mistake, when, holding the destiny of the Hapsburg dynasty in the hollow of his hand, he did not then and there destroy the pernicious and oath-breaking tyranny, for he certainly had it in his power to do so during the scene above referred to. But an experience gained through a tempest-tossed life brought to me the absolute conviction that the teachings of the Bible, which says: "Vengeance is mine," is after all preferable to being our own avenger, for in the end, evil, no matter of what nature, destroys itself.

As a result of that interview, a Hungarian Ministry was named, with Louis Bathányi as Prime Minister and Louis Kossuth as Minister of Finance. Among others who held portfolios in this Ministry were Deák, Szemere, Mészaros, Klauzel, Count Séchenyi, Baron Oetves, and Prince Esterhazy, all very eminent representative men. The recital of the succeeding events to the establishment of a Constitutional Government in Hungary belongs to the historian. Only such inci-

dents with which Kossuth is principally connected will be referred to.

BROKEN PROMISES

Not of the Machiavelian type of statesmanship, Kossuth, fully trusting the Emperor's oath-bound promises, devoted his whole time to the task of disentangling the finances of his country. While he was devoting his energies to building up the National credit, the conspirators surrounding the Austrian throne were at work, undermining the Constitutional rights granted recently to his country. The fact is, that the intrigues were hatched only a few minutes after the Emperor granted the Hungarian deputation its demands. The first open sign of Hapsburg treachery manifested itself on June 1st, 1848, when the Servians inhabiting the Bánát and Bácska, in the Southeastern part of Hungary, rose in insurrection against the newly organized Constitutional Government. The Croatians, a race occupying the territory which is an integral part of the Kingdom of Hungary, also rose in rebellion. They were persuaded to believe that the Magyars, the dominant race of the Kingdom so far as numbers were concerned, wished to withhold from them, as well as from all other races, the privileges and rights recently exacted from the Central Government, and that the Magyars would take away from them their own, the Croatian, language. Of course all this was false, but an old law of 1832 was cited, which made the Magyar tongue the official tongue of the Hungarian Kingdom. This law was passed in order to replace the Latin language,

which for centuries had kept the masses of the people in ignorance, because a comparatively small proportion of the people were conversant with Latin. It is a well established truism that ignorance is an ever-ready handmaid of a despotic Government.

This double dealing on the part of the Emperor and his surrounding satellites aroused the ire of all right thinking denizens of the country, with the exception of the above mentioned Croatians and Servians. A Colonel of a Croatian regiment (a great favorite of the Camarilla, at whose head stood the Archduchess Sophia, mother of the present Emperor) Baron Joseph Jellaschich, was appointed Ban (Governor) of Croatia, with instructions and authority to lead the revolt in Croatia.

The struggle with the insurrectionary Servians had now begun in dead earnest. The various seats of learning had closed several weeks before the usual time for the year's vacation. The students were hurriedly flocking to their respective homes, in compliance with a call from their respective cities and counties. At the suggestion of Kossuth, Önkenytes (Volunteer) battalions were formed, in order to stem the Servian revolt. The writer and his elder brother were among those who entered the ranks. During the three months spent in the Bánát, fighting the Servians, there were no great engagements. The fighting was more of a desultory nature, more like the fighting of the Missouri Bushwhackers during our Civil War. The atrocities committed by the insurgent Servians were of such a revolting and barbaric nature

that the writer's pen is reluctant to write them down; therefore it is best to leave them unrecorded.

KOSSUTH'S APPEAL TO PARLIAMENT FOR 200,000 MEN

Kossuth's handicap in his course as a statesman was his over-tender heart and a never-doubting disposition in the sincerity of those he had dealings with. Being himself actuated by the sole desire to do all for the benefit of his fellowmen, he put implicit confidence in the sincerity of the Emperor's promises. He once more addressed a petition to the Emperor, praying that he should repudiate the recently committed illegal acts of the Ban of Croatia. Fearing the displeasure of the Hungarian Nation, while his army in Italy was meeting with reverses, Ferdinand hypocritically expressed his indignation at these acts, ordering the Ban to appear at once before him, and in a royal manifesto he branded him a traitor to his country. The duplicity and double dealing of the Austrian Court was, however, soon revealed by the supplies furnished to the insurgent Ban, both in money and arms. Kossuth, unable to restrain his indignation any longer at this double dealing, used his powerful oratory during the session of the Diet in July, 1848, to great advantage. While he still refrained from calling the Emperor a traitor, his burning words indicated the coming storm. In one of his great speeches before the Diet, on July 11th, 1848, he said: "In ascending the tribune to demand of you to save our country, the greatness of the moment weighs oppressively over my soul. I feel as if God had placed into my hands the trumpets to arouse the dead, that, if still sinners and

weak, they may relapse into death, but that they may awake for eternity, if any vigor or life be yet in them. Thus, at this moment, stands the fate of the nation. Gentlemen, with the decision of my motion God has certified to your hands the decision affecting the life or death of our people.—That nation alone will live which in itself has vital powers. That which knows not how to save itself by its own strength, but only by the aid of others, has no future."

In urging the Diet to adopt his resolution creating an army of 200,000 men, he continued: "This day we are Ministers; tomorrow others may take our place. No matter,—the Cabinet may change, but thou, O my country, must forever remain. I declare solemnly and expressly that I demand of the House 200,000 soldiers and the necessary pecuniary grants. This is my request. You have all risen, to a man, and I bow before the National greatness. If your energy equals your patriotism, I will make bold to say that even the gates of Hell shall not prevail against Hungary."

Before the last sentence was finished, the four hundred representatives, with one voice, repeated the words of Paul Nyáry, "Megadyug" (We will give it).

It may be opportune to repeat here the criticism of one who frequently heard Kossuth speak: "His speeches combine the Arabian fervor of Mohammed and the religious earnestness of Cromwell." While this criticism may show the mental power which Kossuth's speeches exerted on his listeners, it fails to do justice to his logical and convincing arguments, employed to convert

his listeners to his mode of looking at the subject under consideration.

KOSSUTH AN INDEFATIGABLE WORKER

When the time for action had arrived, Kossuth, the agitator, the silver tongued orator, was replaced by Kossuth, the hard working Minister of Finance. As a member of the National defense, he worked day and night to raise and equip the army which he had called into existence. Nor was this an easy task, for the National Treasury was empty, owing to the mismanagement of the Metternich policy to tax the people to the utmost and spend the money for the benefit of the reigning house of Hapsburg and its satellites. Kossuth, however overcame all difficulties. His call to arms was responded to by both young and old rushing to rally around the National banners. His activity was limitless. In order to save time, he often dictated to his secretaries three letters in as many different languages. The established policy of the Austrian Government having been to keep all arsenals and powder mills out of the reach of the Hungarians, the nation lacked both powder and arms. Kossuth, with his indefatigable energy, established factories and caused the gathering of pyrites in the various copper mines to replace the lack of sulphur, which is necessary for the manufacture of powder.

It is needless here to describe the many battles fought, the many victories gained, and the defeats suffered by the patriotic army of Honvéds. I will merely refer to those which may have some bearing on the subject of the present sketch.

KOSSUTH WITH AN ARMY BEFORE VIENNA

On October 24th, 1848, Kossuth arrived at Parendorf, the rendezvous of the Hungarian troops marching towards Vienna. As he started to speak, his intense emotion caused his voice to falter after the words, "My bleeding country;" but soon recovering, he delivered a most powerful harangue to the assembled troops: "Magyars," he said, "there is the road to your peaceful homes and firesides; yonder is the path to death, but it is the path of duty. Which will you take? Every man shall choose for himself. We want none but willing soldiers." In answer to this appeal, 30,000 Hungarian soldiers shouted: "Liberty or death."

While with the army at this time, Kossuth evinced an unsuspected talent,—namely, that of a tactician and strategist. While the battle was in progress, the undisciplined Croats, led by the Ban, Baron Joseph Jellachich, were thrown into disorder. Kossuth ordered the Commander of the Hungarian army, General Moga, to advance and storm Schwechat, only a few miles distant from Vienna. He saw at once that with Schwechat taken, the fate of the Austrian army would be sealed. General Moga, however, refused to obey Kossuth's order, whereupon he was relieved of the command, and General Görgey took his place. Much valuable time had been lost, and the Viennese, who were besieged by Windisgraetz's army, despairing of getting any help from the Magyars, surrendered unconditionally. Had Kossuth's suggestion been carried out, and the siege of Vienna raised, in all probability

there would have been a different ending to the Hungarian struggle for independence.

The failure of the Hungarian army's advance to Vienna, and its subsequent capitulation, was followed by many unfortunate engagements, until at last the Hungarian capital was removed from Pesth to Debretzen, in the central part of Hungary.

KOSSUTH'S PRAYER AFTER THE BATTLE OF KÁPOLNA

By brilliant strategy, and some hard fought and gained victories, the tide of fortune had again changed; but not before the Hungarian nation had been baptized in the blood of its thousands of fallen heroes. At the battle of Kápolna, fought Feb. 27, 1849, the Hungarians retained their position, but alas, at what a fearful cost of lives. In many particulars the battle of Kápolna may be likened to the battle of Gettysburg. Kossuth, like Abraham Lincoln, consecrated the battlefield, after the carnage was over, by a never-to-be-forgotten oration. Here are some extracts from this wonderful outpouring of Kossuth's soul: "My God, Thy bright sun shines above me, while beneath my knees rest the bones of my fellow brothers. Thy stainless azure over-canopies us, but beneath, the earth is red with the sacred blood of the children of our fathers.—Consecrate this spot by Thy grace, that the ashes of brothers who have fallen in this sacred cause may rest in hallowed repose. Forsake us not in the hour of need. Bless our efforts to promote that liberty of which Thine own spirit is the essence. For to Thee, in the name of the whole people, I ascribe all honor and praise."

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The fortunes of war having changed in favor of the Hungarians, Kossuth and the Diet, sitting in the improvised capital, Debretzen, had decided that the time had come when the nation should declare itself independent. So on the 14th of April, 1849, emulating the example set July 4th, 1776, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, they declared Hungary "Thenceforth independent of the reigning house of Habsburg Lorraine."

The declaration of independence, which was the product of Kossuth's master mind, also said among other things: "We also hereby proclaim and make known to all the inhabitants of the United States of Hungary and Transylvania, and their dependencies, that all authorities, communes, towns and civil officers are completely set free and released from all their obligations under which they stood, by oath or otherwise, to the said house of Habsburg Lorraine, and that any individual daring to contravene this decree, and by word or deed in any way to aid or abet violating it, shall be treated and punished as guilty of treason. And by the publication of this decree we hereby bind and obligate the inhabitants of these countries to the obedience to the Government instituted formally and endowed with all necessary legal powers."

The new birth of the old nation was hailed by both the people and the military in the field. The Russian vanguard of 15,000 men, as well as the main portion of the Austrian army, had been driven into Wallachia by the indefatigable General Bem, Commander-

in-chief of the Hungarian forces in Transylvania. The garrison at Rothenthurmer Pass, of which the writer was a member, was resting, after having driven both Austrians and Russians over the borders into Wallachia, when the news of the declaration of independence reached it. The event was celebrated by the firing of cannon and the parading of the troops. Only the news of the storming of the fortress of Buda created an excitement equaling it.

Kossuth's daily life in Debretzen, while working out his country's problem, in which his very life was bound up, was a very strenuous one. He had a large room for the reception of his visitors. In this large room he had constantly several secretaries at work, taking dictation from him in several languages at the same time. He invariably worked until after midnight. It has been said that during these strenuous days, when his medical adviser would drop in on him, in order to inquire after his health, he would extend his left hand to him to examine the pulse, while his right hand would be busily plying the pen on some important state document. During those days all the recreation he allowed himself was the occasional romping with his children, or taking short drives with his family. Whenever he showed himself in public the people would greet him with enthusiastic shouts of: "Éljen Kossuth" (Long live Kossuth). The love which the people bore their deliverer bordered almost on worship. The only fault they would find was his extreme tender-heartedness. They would say: "He is altogether too good; he treats his enemies as he does his

friends." "Yes," they would say, "he is altogether too good."

RUSSIAN INVASION

With the turning of the fortunes of war, Hungary's enemies had been increased by 130,000 Russians, who had crossed the frontier, and made a combined army of 300,000 men, Austrian and Russian soldiers, as against 135,000 patriots fighting for the nation's independence. The commissary and quartermaster's department were hardly worthy of their name. While the uniforms and accoutrements furnished by the quartermaster's department would last at the outside a few weeks, they could not be replaced readily when worn out after hard campaigning. As to the commissary department, we virtually had none; at least not in the army corps in which the writer was engaged. We had to depend on the supplies furnished us by the cities and towns where we were stationed, and while in the field we had to get along with raw bacon and stale bread, carried along in wagons in the rear of the moving army. And as to tents,—during my whole period of campaigning I had never seen a tent, not even during the most severe cold weather.

I am relating these things merely to show how illy prepared was the patriotic army to resist the onslaught of the well-disciplined and well-fed troops of our enemies. But what we lacked in material resources, Kossuth supplied to a large extent with his burning eloquence, a spirit of resistance both to the soldiers in the field and the people at large, that was quite wonderful to behold.

KOSSUTH LAJOS IMAJA A KÁPOLNA CSATA UTÁN 1849, FEBRUARY 27.

(Louis Kossuth's Prayer after the Battle of Kápolna, Feb. 27, 1849.)

THE STORMING OF BUDA

The storming and taking of Buda was a feat worthy to be recorded in the annals of death-defying heroism. It was a most dazzling victory for the ragged and despised Hungarian Honvéds. After a most terrific cannonade, they scaled the walls of the fortress on ladders, in the face of a most destructive musketry fire from its defenders. All defense was, however, in vain against the audacious rush of the scaling Hungarians, for as quick as one fell from the scaling ladders, two took his place. The fort was taken and its Commander, General Henzi, fell pierced with bullets and bayonet thrusts. His death was worthy of a better cause.

In those days the electric telegraph was as yet unknown, so that important dispatches were transmitted by the so-called tower telegraph system, through signal flags, as used by the signal corps of armies. On the 23rd of May, 1849, our garrison at Rothenthrum was ordered out on dress parade, and the following stirring news was read to it by its Commander, Colonel Ihász: "The Fortress of Buda is in our hands. The firing has ceased on all sides; Buda is conquered. May the nation gather fresh courage and enthusiasm from the example of this success. May the combat which is still impending be short, and the liberation of the country complete. Pray to God and thank Him for the glory he has vouchsafed to grant the Hungarian army, whose heroic deeds have made it the bulwark of European liberty. Debretzen, 22nd May, 1848. (Signed) The Governor of the Commonwealth, Kossuth Lajos."

An old Latin proverb says: "Fama manet; Fortuna periti (Fame remains; Fortune is lost). The storming and taking of Buda was undoubtedly a very flattering achievement, and an act of heroism, but according to subsequent events it was the fatal rock on which the structure of Magyar independence was wrecked. Instead of spending three precious weeks before the gates of Buda, had Görgey with his victorious army followed up their success in recapturing the old capital of Pesth by pursuing the enemy, they could easily have marched into the imperial city of Vienna, where they would have been in a position to dictate terms to the Austrian Government. But the fatal delay gave General Welden, who succeeded Windisgraetz as commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, plenty of time to reorganize the weakened army, and to resume the offensive in combination with the Russian hordes, who by this time began crossing the frontier.

I shall not discuss the persistent rumor at that time, and ever afterwards afloat, that Görgey by his actions betrayed the confidence which Kossuth and the nation had placed in him. Volume after volume has been written on that subject. It was sufficiently plain to me then, while carrying the musket, and ever afterwards, that a fatal mistake was made in not following up the retreating enemy. Another great mistake was made later by turning over the Government to Görgey, thus giving him the power to complete his treachery, if such it was, by surrendering at Világos. I am now writing down incidents in Kossuth's life, before and after exile, and I think it would be of

doubtful propriety for me to express my opinion here as to whether Görgey was a traitor or not. The same fatal error was committed by the famous Rákotzy, during the early part of the seventeenth century, who when hard pressed by the battalions of Emperor Joseph, he turned over the government to one of his leading Generals, Count Károlyi, and thereby the Republic was lost.

The many disasters attending the Hungarian armies, after the fall of Buda, portended the beginning of the end. The army in Transylvania, where I served, was expelled by the overwhelming combined forces of Austria and Russia. The 55th Battalion, of which I was a member, stationed at the Rothenthurmer Pass, fought its last battle for Hungarian independence on the 20th of July, 1849, when it was driven across the border into Wallachia, then a Turkish province, where it laid down its arms. After many hardships endured in its march through Wallachia, it reached Widdin, Bulgaria, on the shores of the Danube, where for the first time the worn and footsore members of our Battalion heard of the total collapse of the Hungarian War of Independence.

MARTYRS OF HUNGARY

One word about the never-to-be-forgotten day of September 4th, 1849. Hungarians and their descendants to the thousandth generation will ever remember with horror the butchery committed by the Austrian General Haynau, to whom the Hungarian army was delivered after its surrender to the Russians. Ages and ages of continuous penance will be required to wipe

out that atrocious act, which at the time shocked the whole civilized world. I herewith give the roll of honor of those who were executed at Arad on September 4th, 1849:

General Aulich, Minister of War.
Lieutenant General Kiss.
General Damjanich.
General Nagy Sándor.
General Desseffy.
General Leiningen, cousin of Queen Victoria.
General Vecsey.
General Török.
General Lahner.
General Poltenberg.
General Knessich.
General Schweidel.
General Count Lázár.
Colonel Kazinczy.

KOSSUTH'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

After issuing a farewell address to his bereaved country, Kossuth crossed the frontier at Orsowa August 18th, 1849, and when my battalion reached Widdin he was already there, with some thousands of other refugees.

As we were more than half prisoners, our camp on the shores of the Danube being guarded by a cordon of Turkish soldiers, there was no opportunity of seeing our Ex-Governor or listening very often to his inspiring and cheering words. On one occasion only did he pay us a visit, when the proposition to turn Mohammedans was brought by courier from Stambul.

That was the first time I ever had the pleasure of seeing him. He spoke to officers and men alike, telling them that they were to settle the changing of their faith between themselves and their God; but as for himself, he would rather face the hangman than forsake the faith of his forefathers. The proposition to have the Hungarian refugees change their faith, in order to prevent them being delivered to Austria or Russia, came from the Turkish Divan, for then as they claimed, they could call up the law of the Koran, which forbids the delivering of a Moslem to Christians. When, however, the negative reply was delivered at Constantinople, Sultan Abdul Medjid, one of the most tender-hearted rulers that has ever sat on a throne, exclaimed: "Not one of these Magyars shall be delivered. I would rather lose 500,000 men than to deliver them." His decision was supported by the Sheik ul Islam (the head of the Moslem church). Some of the refugees voluntarily embraced Islamism, among whom was the celebrated General Bem, who did it more from political motives.

It is but justice to the honor of the British nation to record here, that the British fleet under Admiral Parker was ordered to Besica Bay to support Abdul Medjid in refusing to deliver the Hungarian refugees to Austria. They entered the Dardanells.

Soon after this episode the majority of the rank and file, having been promised immunity from punishment, returned to Hungary, but most of them were enrolled in the Austrian army.

After having been transported to Schumla, Bulgaria, where we stopped for some weeks, the Hun-

garian refugees were separated in two parts. Kossuth and his followers, mostly officers of high rank, were sent to Kutaiha, Asia Minor, where they were kept as guests of the Turkish Government. They were paid stated salaries, according to their rank, for subsistence. General Bem, with another set of officers, was sent to Alleppo, Syria, where they, including the writer, were kept equally as guests of the Padishah until after the release of Kossuth in 1851.

RELEASE OF KOSSUTH IN 1851

On the afternoon of September 7th, 1851, the U. S. Steamer Mississippi, Captain Long, Commander, sailed from Constantinople up the Dardanells. A Turkish frigate also left the moorings in the Bosphorus for Gemlik where Kossuth and his comrades were to embark. Kossuth arrived at Southampton October 23d on the steamer Madrid, which he took at Gibraltar. There arose some ill feeling between Captain Long and Kossuth over his addressing the French people who gathered at the wharf of Marseilles where Napoleon refused to let him land and cross France over to England.

As it is a well known fact that the release of Kossuth was effected by the United States Government, through the indefatigable exertions on the part of the then celebrated Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, and other freedom-loving men in Congress, like Wm. H. Seward, Thomas Corwin, Richard Yates of Illinois, and many more of like prominence, I shall pass here the description of the means employed for his liberation, and simply state that when I arrived in New

York, in the early spring of 1852, as special bearer of an important message from General Kmetty, who had tarried in London after having left Aleppo, I met Kossuth for the first time face to face at the Irwing Hotel, New York, he having arrived December 6th, 1851, on the steamer "Vanderbilt;" as he passed Governor's Island, a salute of 38 guns was fired. Grasping me warmly by the hand, he congratulated me at my final delivery from my persecutors, and at once asked me if he could be of any service to me, financially or otherwise. Thanking him for his kindness, I said that I had a little money for the present, that would carry me until I found some work to do, in order to earn my living in this land of the brave and the free. He thereupon asked his secretary to write out the certificate which I herewith incorporate; also the one he sent me from Kutaiah, certifying to my service in the Hungarian Army during the war of liberation.

KOSSUTH'S CERTIFICATES TO THE WRITER

Wherewith the undersigned testifies that Mr. Kuné Julian was serving in the war of independence in Hungary in the 55th Battalion as non-commissioned officer and Lieutenant, with untiring zeal and bravery, until the end of the war. By testifying the above, I at the same time recommend said Mr. Kuné to the kind notice and patronage of all to whom he may apply. New York, June 26, 1852. (Signed) L. Kossuth."

(Seal of the Hungarian Governor President.)

Translation from the French of the certificate Louis Kossuth sent me while I was residing at Aleppo, Syria:

CERTIFICATE

The undersigned, Governor of Hungary, testifies that Mr. Julian Kuné has faithfully served his country during the war of Hungary's liberation in the army of Transylvania in the 55th battalion, as private, corporal and sergeant, and having himself so distinguished in several battles, and especially in the battle of Rothenthurmer Pass, that according to the authentic testimony of his brigade commander, he merited to be decorated by the military order of the third class, of which announcement was made in the official Monitor. After the brave garrison of Rothenthurmer Pass was compelled, after a most glorious resistance, to withdraw into Wallachia, and after the catastrophe of the country brought about through Gorgey's treason, had augmented the number of refugees in the camp at Widdin to 4,000 men, it became necessary to nominate some energetic commissioned officer, the said Julian Kuné was, in consideration of his energy and personal bravery, nominated lieutenant in the Hungarian army. In giving him this certificate I recommend the said lieutenant, as a man of honor and a brave officer, to the good will of those to whom he may apply.

Kutaiah, Asia Minor, March 1st, 1851.

The Governor of Hungary. (Signed) Kossuth Lajos."

(Seal of the Hungarian Governor President.)

KOSSUTH'S SPEECHES

The speeches Kossuth delivered, both in England and the United States, have become classics of the English language. They all bear the sign of the outpourings of an honest heart, of one who had conse-

crated his whole life to liberate his nation from the oppressors. Although he, like Moses of old, was not granted to enjoy the fruitage of his arduous task, it nevertheless resulted in a grand success, for the seeds of liberty he had sown in 1847, '48 and '49 have now about fully matured and are ready for the harvest. Hungary, although not as yet independent, enjoys now a most liberal constitutional government.

I will close this sketch with a few words from the Leeds "Mercury" (England). Its editor, after listening to Kossuth's speeches at Manchester and Birmingham, said: "Next week may enable us to recover and use judgment after the too-inspiring appeals of the suffering patriot, whose voice yet rings in our ears like a trumpet with a silver sound." Weeks, months, and sixty years have passed, and the cool judgment of the world is, that past or contemporaneous history has not produced an orator who could convey his thoughts with such an easy grace, and with such an irresistible flow of language, as did Louis Kossuth, the orator and patriot.

PART II.

GENERAL BEM

Having served during the Hungarian War of Independence, under General Bem, the writer will turn back the narrative of his reminiscences to the time when he enlisted in the 55th Battalion of Honvéds (Home Defenders) at his native town. As previously mentioned, he had served three months in the Bánát as a member of the National Guard, or of the Önkénytes (Volunteers) as they were designated.

During the three months' service in the Bánát I saw but little of real fighting in the open field. The service of the National Guard mostly consisted of picket duty and keeping the insurrection of the Servians from spreading. As soon as the 55th Battalion was organized in Nagy Várad (Gross Wardein) it left for Transylvania (Siebenbürgen in German and Erdély Ország in Hungarian) under the command of Major Ihász, who subsequently became the commander of our brigade and one of Kossuth's fellow exiles at Kutaiah in Asia Minor.

We crossed the frontier about the 1st of February, 1849, and after several days of severe marching we arrived at Déva, February 7th, and there we became part of the division commanded by Major Hrabowski. This division was hurriedly formed and pushed forward in order to increase General Bem's army, which

was being pushed hard by the Austrian General Puchner with an overwhelming force. Bem, only one day before our division joined him, had the middle finger of his right hand shot off, in his attempt to defend the only two cannons he had.

A few words about the title subject of this sketch will bring out the justification of his having been named as the most successful and most dashing of Hungarian generals by his admirers.

Joseph Bem was born in Tarnov, Austrian Poland, in 1795. He received a military education, and like many of his compatriots, served in the Polish Legion under Napoleon I. He subsequently was involved in the Polish insurrection of 1831, the collapse of which caused him to make his domicile in Paris, France, where in various ways he earned a living by teaching military engineering, in which he was an expert.

On the breaking out of the revolution in Vienna he hurriedly repaired to that city, while on his way to Hungary to offer his services in behalf of constitutional freedom. The Viennese, aware of his splendid military attainments, and of his having served under Davoust and Macdonald in the Napoleonic campaign of 1812, urged him to accept the command of the defense of the Austrian capital. After much hesitation he yielded to the popular demand. He immediately concentrated all his energies in strengthening the defenses of the city, expecting an investment by the Austrian army under Prince Windisgraetz. Owing to the incapacity of the Viennese revolutionary leader, Messenhauer, and to the undecided action of the committee of defense in calling the 35,000 Magyars, who,

under the leadership of Kossuth were at the gates of Vienna waiting to be invited to enter the city, which was held against the ever-increasing enemy, on the 29th of October, 1848, finally had to capitulate unconditionally. It is heartsickening even to recall the cruel butcheries that followed the surrender of the city. I will merely mention one martyr, the world-wide celebrated Robert Blum, whose son, Hans Blum, was the correspondent of the Leipzig illustrated "Daheim" during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, and a boon companion of the writer of this sketch, who represented the Chicago "Tribune."

General Bem, after the capitulation, left Vienna by slipping through the Austrian army, and presented himself at Pressburg, Hungary, before the "Committee of Defense," presided over by Louis Kossuth, to whom he offered his services. The most complicated and difficult problem at that time presented itself in Transylvania, an integral part of Hungary proper, where the Wallachians predominated in numbers, and who were induced to rise in insurrection against the newly constituted Hungarian government by a leader named Janko, a very popular and cunning man among the Wallachians. At that time illiteracy in Hungary was much more prevalent than now, so that Wallachians, in an almost semi-barbaric state, were easily misled.

Kossuth wisely sent General Bem to Transylvania to suppress the Wallachian insurrection and to oppose a rapidly concentrating Austrian army under General Puchner; besides the advance guard of the invading Russian army had already crossed the frontier, forming the reserve to the Austrian army.

THE BATTLE OF PISKI

It has been my experience, acquired during three campaigns, that the active fighters—by which I mean the rank and file and company officers—are, on but rare occasions, able to give an accurate description of the battle engaged in. Their minds are too intently centered on the work allotted to them, so that the movements of other troops, not immediately connected with their own, are unknown; nor can they keep track of the strategy or tactics, either of their own or the enemy's commanders. A true description of the Battle of Piski would be quite difficult to give from my own personal observation, but combining my personal experiences with the official reports of the various commanders, a tolerably correct idea may be obtained of the Battle of Piski—one that was unrivaled in fierceness, heroism, audacity and the higher tactics.

The 55th Battalion of Honvéds, under the command of the then Major Ihász, composed of 1,200 men and officers, reached Déva on the 7th of February, 1849. The 11th Honvéd Battalion having reached there before us, the two battalions were formed into a brigade, under the command of Major Hrabowsky. Not having any commissary department, we were billeted on the inhabitants of the city, the majority of whom were Wallachians, and strong sympathizers with the insurrectionary movement of their race. The fact is, that most of the male population of the city were absent and in the ranks of the insurgents, hovering in the mountains in the vicinity of Déva.

In billeting our men, the officers took the precau-

tion to assign to each dwelling not less than ten to fifteen men, with one corporal or sergeant. I fortunately was assigned in command of about twenty men into a house belonging to a Magyar. After a fair, but not very sumptuous supper, we stretched ourselves on the floor of the largest room to snatch some rest and sleep before the dawn of the coming day, which may prove the last to many a poor fellow. About one o'clock after midnight, I was awakened by the dismal wailing of our landlady, who with lighted candle in hand, entered our room, telling us: "Oh, you poor boys, the Wallachians under Jankó are swooping down on you from the mountains." No sooner were the warning words heard than I aroused the men, who in an instant were up and under arms. Meanwhile the long roll of the drum, that ominous sound which, strange to say, always produces in the breast of the soldier martial ardor and not fear, was calling the whole brigade to the previously designated rallying place, where in less than ten minutes stood 2,500 men, ready to obey the commands of their officers.

The Wallachians, who were seen along the sides of the mountains, realizing that for this time taking the Magyars by surprise was a failure, disappeared in their mountain fastnesses, after we had thrown a few cannon balls among them. The plan evidently was to surprise us, and while the Austrian garrison, which was holding the fort at Déva was pouring its shells into our midst, the Wallachians would give us the finishing coup de grace by massacreing us.

Notwithstanding the failure of this plot, the brigade was kept under arms the balance of that night. Hav-

ing thrown pickets around the brigade, the men and officers were allowed to break ranks and throw themselves on the frozen ground. At early dawn we received some requisitioned bread and raw bacon, some of which was eaten as breakfast and the balance shoved into our canvas haversacks. This done, we started on a well preserved military road leading to the place called Piski, about one and one-half hours distant from Déva.

We had not been on the march an hour before we heard from the direction of Piski the booming of the cannon. We now changed from marching in column, three abreast (old Austrian tactics), to company formation, leaving the main road and deploying on the corn stubble fields to the right flank.

Piski was more of a collection of government custom house buildings, scattered along the right hand shore of the river, called Strigy, or Strehl in German. This river flows from north to south until it empties only a few miles distant from Piski into the river Maros.

At the beginning of the battle General Bem was sick with fever, in consequence of the wound he received while defending the day before the only two cannons he had. It is noteworthy that Bem never girded a sword around his waist, either in or out of battle. He carried a small whip in his hand, which sometimes he applied to his horse, and occasionally as a weapon of attack against those who dared to attempt to capture his guns. It was thus that on the occasion when he was wounded, he was standing beside his two cannons, directing the aiming himself,

when a column of Austrian troops made a rush on the exposed guns, which at that time were unprotected, when he applied his whip to the Austrians who attempted to disable the guns, with the exclamation: "Hey, you rascals, these are my guns; get away from here." The men were so taken aback by an unarmed man striking them with a whip that, with the exception of the one who shot off General Bem's finger, they all decamped, pursued by the protecting guards of the cannon, who had meanwhile appeared on the scene.

As the battalion approached the river in skirmish line our men began dropping, being hit by bullets from the Austrian sharpshooters, who were concealed in the buildings on the opposite shore. Our commander, Major Ihász, at once put spurs to his horse, plunged into the seething river, calling to his men, "Follow me, boys." The writer, leading the first section of his company, followed closely his commander, crossing the river that was waist deep and covered with floating ice. The great difficulty was in keeping our muskets, which were of the old Zuendnadel pattern, from being rendered useless, but lifting them and our cartridge boxes above our heads, most of us succeeded in preventing the water from filling our guns. Once across, we charged the buildings with fixed bayonets, for that was our only chance of success, and the Austrians were soon dislodged from their seemingly impregnable position.

It was here that the writer had the narrowest escape from death during his eventful life. While leading his men into a building, whence came the most destructive hail of bullets, a young Austrian rifleman

leveled his rifle at the writer, who was almots touching it with his back, but providentially, before the Austrian could pull his trigger, Nagy László, a big corporal of my company, with a powerful blow from the butt of his musket, had knocked the gun out of the Austrian's hands and he was about to impale him on his bayonet when the writer turning about face prevented it and made his would-be slayer a prisoner of war.

The Austrians were driven back at all points during the first two hours of the battle, but the enemy in their retreat having destroyed the bridge after crossing it, our artillery was delayed some little time by the repairing of this bridge. Meanwhile, the Austrians being reinforced by fresh troops from Hermanstadt, where but a few days previous they had repelled an attack by General Bem. The Russian reserve army of 15,000 men also appeared for the first time in the field, not actually to participate in the battle, but to intimidate the poorly equipped Hungarian Patriots. The tide of battle had thus changed, and the Patriot army was soon compelled to retreat, the 55th Battalion being compelled once more to cross the river, hotly pursued by the Austrians. General Bem, who was still invalidated, hearing of the turn things had taken, arose from his camp bed, and appeared on the scene of battle just as our troops were attempting to cross the bridge in retreat. "Ich muss die brücke haben, oder ich werde fallen." "I must have the bridge, or I shall be lost," were the first words he uttered to his battalion commanders, who with their men, inspired by the brave Pole, stormed the bridge and retook the previously lost cannon. The 11th and 55th Battalions bore the

brunt of this storming. The battle lasted until dark, with varied success to our arms, when the Austrian army retreated toward Hermanstadt, leaving in our possession many prisoners, cannon, firearms and munitions of war. We pursued the enemy until about 11 o'clock that night, when there was made a halt, so that our men could gain a few hours' rest. We all threw ourselves on the white blanket (snow) which covered the frozen ground, and slept, notwithstanding the wintry blasts that would have caused our clothing to freeze to the body had not the excitement of the day kept it at fever heat. The writer up to this day is unable to account for or remember how his clothing got dry, after crossing the river up to his waist twice within twelve hours.

After a rest of a few hours and a meal partaken of, which consisted of roasted dried corn plucked from a nearby field, we (the 55th) resumed our march toward Szászváros. On the 11th of March, 1849, Bem suddenly appeared before Hermanstadt, circumvented the Austrian army, and took the city by storm, its defenders of 15,000 Russians retreating towards the Wallachian frontier. It was a great victory, as it closely followed a very bombastic report of the Austrian General Puchner to Windisgraetz, his superior, in which he said: "We have retaken the whole Kokol (river) line, and in a few days Bem's army will be either scattered or captured."

From Hermanstadt the Hungarian army advanced towards Rothenthurmer Pass, the dividing line between Transylvania and Wallachia, then a Turkish province, where after a fierce battle on the 25th of

March, 1849, both Austrians and their auxiliary Russians were driven across the border line into Turkish territory by the division under Lieut. Col. Ihász, our former major, but now promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy, whose place was taken by Capt. Barothy Lászlo.

When we consider that Bem, whose troops never exceeded 10,000 men, and who were but indifferently armed and equipped, did conquer the whole of Transylvania, with the exception of two forts, Karlsburg and Déva, and expelled an army consisting of 25,000 Austrians and Russians, within three months, it is no wonder that General Klapka, the hero of Komorn, and one of our greatest generals of the Hungarian war of Independence, should have closed his memoirs with the following tribute to Bem:

GENERAL BEM'S GENIUS

"Bem's campaign in Transylvania is a classical exhibition of modern warfare. His name will forever remain radiant in the Pantheon of great strategists."

As with all great strategists, Bem's genius shone brightest and showed the greatest activity in finding new resources when he was hardest pressed. His mind during the retreat at Piski was clearest, when mediocre or inferior strategists would have lost their heads. He fairly snatched victory from almost certain defeat. He furthermore was very humane in the treatment of prisoners. His gallantry was of the old type in vogue during the Napoleonic days of the first empire. He showed this gallantry by sending General Puchner's effects, which the latter had left in his quarters at Hermanstadt, to him by two Hussars, and true to the

example set by his government the latter tried to detain the messengers as prisoners of war.

In my sketch of Louis Kossuth I referred to the unfortunate ending of the War of Hungarian Independence, and the congregating of many thousands of Hungarian refugees at Widdin, among whom was also General Bem, who, after the unfortunate battle of Temesvár, perceiving the beginning of the end of the Hungarian War of Liberation, quietly crossed over into Servia, then Turkish territory, at Orsowa, whence he proceeded to Widdin, which city our battalion (the 55th) after having had its last fight with the Russians on the 20th of July, 1849, had also reached during the latter part of August, the interim having been spent in Wallachia, marching, camping, burying our poor boys, who like flies succumbed to the ravages of the cholera prevailing then in Wallachia. Footsore from a month's constant marching, in tatters, and most of us barefooted, we were grateful when across the Danube we beheld the minarets of Widdin, from whose towers the Imam called the faithful to prayer, and many of us who had picked up some Turkish phrases from our military escorts, exclaimed: "Mashallah; Allah akbir." ("Thanks to God; God is great.")

SHUMLA

As heretofore stated, after a few weeks' anxious waiting for a decision of what our fate should be, we were transported overland to Schumla, during a winter the most rigorous Bulgaria had experienced for years. The higher officers were lodged in private houses, while the rank and file and subaltern officers were

housed in the barracks, sharing the quarters and fare of the Turkish regiment that accompanied them during their arduous tramping from Widdin.

After the Babi Humayum (Sublime Porte), which consisted of the grand vizier and other high functionaries, including the Sheik Ul Islam, the chief of the Ulemas (Doctors of Law), whose decision of the laws of the Koran were final (and Mohammedans in those days had no laws except they were founded on the teachings of the Koran) had issued their fetwa (decree) and refused to deliver us to the Russians and Austrians, we were divided in two separate divisions, as stated before.

The writer, always having had strong predilections for foreign languages, after a few months' intercourse with the Turkish officers was able to converse pretty fairly in that language, so that when the proposition was made to him to accompany General Bem's party to Aleppo, Asia Minor, he gladly accepted it.

Towards the end of February, 1850, we set out on horseback for Varna on the Black Sea. Here a Turkish governmnt steamer was in waiting for us, on which we embarked and crossed the temptuous sea during the night. Old Neptune was very sore on me, that having been my first experience of seafaring, and I devoutly wished it should be my last.

On the following morning, however, as we entered the far-famed Bosphorus, our spirits rose to the highest level, for there presented itself to our vision a most beautiful scene. We were steaming now in the Bosphorus, whose waters washed to the right of us the numberless seraglios and kiosks of Sultan Abdul Med-

jid, the reigning padishah; on the left was Scutari, in Asia Minor. We were astonished at the vast extent of the golden horn, one of the largest harbors in the world, and which divides Istamboul or Stamboul from Galata and Pera, the Christian quarters of Constantinople. Fate, however, decreed that we should be denied the privilege of landing on the shores of this apparently beautiful city. I say apparently, for as I subsequently learned from those who have been and lived at Constantinople, the hackneyed saying of "distance lends enchantment" applies quite aptly to Constantinople.

After passing through the sea of Marmora, the Dardanels, the Hellespont, we entered the Ægean sea and made our first and only stop at Rhodes, celebrated for its genial climate, as well as for its having possessed in ancient days one of the eight wonders of the world, namely, the Colossus of Rhodes. After an exploration of a few hours, which was graciously granted to us by the officers in charge of our escorts, we reembarked and passing on our way Candia, we were landed at Alexandrette, an insignificant port on the Mediterranean.

As I remember it, Alexandrette was about the most God-forsaken place I have ever visited. Only now and then was it honored by tramp steamers and sailing vessels. It was supposed to have been the port of Aleppo. Beyrout, however, was the real port of Aleppo, as well as of Damascus. We stopped only over night at Alexandrette.

Early on the following morning our party, consisting of General Bem, who was now Murad Pasha, Gen-

eral Kmetty, now Ismael Pasha, General Stein, with some twenty-odd staff officers and a squadron of Turkish cavalry, set out on horseback for Aleppo. As in those days there was no four-wheeled vehicle in all Syria, the road we traversed was a mere trail, which caravans followed in going from the sea either to Antioch or further on to Aleppo (Halep in Arabic). We had been on the road but a few hours when the linguistic knowledge of the writer was put to test.

At almost every hamlet we passed, the chief and his Bedouin followers were found lined up at the public wells, or rather cisterns. The chief would invariably advance, with his right hand touching his heart, head and lips, and greet Murad Pasha with "Selam Alechims." At first it was a mystery to us all, how he could tell Murad Pasha from the rest of the officers. But later we found that the highest dignitary of a caravan always occupied a certain position in the line of march, and he is always attended by one or two body servants, who walk or run beside him, resting their hands on the back of his charger. The commander of our caravan, Mazzar Bey, a colonel of the Turkish army, had only closely followed the established custom and the Bedouins, who often met traveling Beys and Pashas, at once knew where to find the most prominent individual of the caravan.

A BEDOUIN CHIEF'S GIFT

At one of these oases between Iskanderen (Alexandrette) and Antioch, a Bedouin chief advanced, leading a splendid pure blooded Arabian mare toward General Bem, reverently saluting him with his "Selam

Alechim," and putting the end of the halter into the general's hand. The general, unable to comprehend such proceedings, turned to me, saying: "What does all this mean?" My limited knowledge of Arabic enabled me to ask the Bedouin chief the same question, and to learn that he presented the mare, which no money could buy, as a gift to Murad Pasha, who, as he heard, would command the great armies of the Padisha Sultan Abdul Medjid. I explained this extravagant speech and the offering of the proposed gift to the general, who begged to convey through me his high appreciation of the honor, and his thanks for the gift, which he positively could not accept. The general's treasury was just then too empty to accept such a valuable gift, which would require the giving of a return gift of more than twice the value of the mare, which would be very near 100 pounds sterling.

Arrived at the ancient city of Antioch, we made there a halt of a day. There is no city in the whole of Syria that made such a deep impression on me as did this ancient city on the river Orontus, where once the Apostles Peter and Paul had been living. Nothing was left of its ancient glories, when it had a population of over 200,000 inhabitants, an unrivaled aqueduct that carried the water to its numerous luxurious public bathhouses; when thousands upon thousands visited the city to worship in the temple dedicated to Daphne, whose celebrated grove was near Antioch. Nothing but its ruins, composed of immense blocks of stone, remained to tell of its departed glory. Beginning away in the dim past, and continuing until 1832, a succession of earthquakes caused such irreparable havoc and ruin

to this once queen of cities that at the time of my visit, in 1850, it was but a collection of mud hovels, inhabited by not more than 5,000 of a mixed population.

It was late in March, 1850, when we first beheld the ancient city of Halep, where we were destined to spend no one knew whether weeks, months or years. The Turkish government itself did not know how long we were to be her enforced guests, nor did they know what to do with us after we had reached our destination. All was left to kismet (fate). The Turk is a philosopher. He never worries over the future, nor does he grieve over the past, but lives for the present. If you approach him with any proposition whatever, from an offer to buy his house, horse, or anything belonging to him, to informing him that he is to be decapitated, he will invariably meet you with his "inshallah" (if it pleases God).

ARRIVAL IN ALEPPO

It was late one afternoon when we made our entry into Aleppo. It was an entry long to be remembered. We were met on the outskirts by the pasha commanding the garrison of the city. It looked as if the whole population came out to meet us. How news was so rapidly transmitted during those days, when there was not a single mile of railroad nor a sign of a telegraph line in the whole of the Turkish empire, was always a puzzle to me. By the reception accorded to us it was evident that we had been expected. Every man, woman and child was eager to catch a glimpse of the celebrated Magyar, Murad Pasha, and his followers, who

were looked up to by the people as members of the pasha's staff. A Turkish general or pasha, when he rides or walks out, has more than twenty officers and servants waiting upon him. In the first place, a few steps behind him on the left, rides or walks, as the case may be, a bimbashi (major) aide-de-camp, through whom the pasha transmits all orders. Behind the bimbashi come several jusbashies (captains) and milazims (lieutenants), who are followed by half a dozen or more tshawses (sergeants). These sergeants are often times required to do the work of tshibouk and narghilla carriers and caffetiers, preparing the coffee and filling the pipe with tobacco or the narghilla with tomback, a mild species of tobacco which is exclusively used by narghilla smokers.

After a tedious ride through the dusty town and city we reached the barracks, which were situated on a hill commanding the city. There was also an ancient and dilapidated castle which, however, was not garrisoned because of its ruinous condition.

The month of March in Aleppo is more like the month of July in Chicago. With the exception of its gardens, which are watered by the river Koeik, vegetation assumes a sear and yellow hue. The heat being very oppressive, the streets are deserted during the day, and are not filled again until after the setting of the sun, when the bazaars, which are very extensive, present an animated picture. This is the case more especially during the thirty days of fasting, called the "Ramezzan." Turks, Arabs, Kurds and Bedouins all sit around the various coffee houses, sipping their yemen (coffee), smoking their narghillas or tshibouks,

and generally taking their keyf (comfort), sitting cross-legged for hours on a stool without uttering a word unless spoken to. It is the literal carrying out of the Italian "dolce far niente" (It is sweet to do nothing).

Our reception at the barracks was commensurate with the exaggerated ideas the people of Aleppo had of the importance of Murad Pasha's coming into their midst. The general impression prevailed that he, being such a great general, was sent to Aleppo to keep in check the Arabs from their periodical incursions into the larger towns and cities, for the main purpose of pillaging and murdering its Christian inhabitants. I have seen it stated in various biographical sketches of General Bem that he, after embracing Mohammedanism, had entered the Turkish service. Such, however, was not the case. Up to his death in 1850, he remained the honored guest of Sultan Abdul Medjid, receiving the same emoluments which a pasha of the highest rank in the service received, namely, that of a mushir pasha, which corresponds to the grade of lieutenant general in our army.

MASSACRE AT ALEPPO

The report of his having entered the Turkish service must have originated in the active advice he rendered to the commanding general during the incursion and insurrection of 30,000 to 40,000 Arabs and Bedouins in the autumn of 1850, pillaging and killing indiscriminately thousands of Christians. At the outbreak of the insurrection he moved from a country house, situated in one of the surrounding gardens, back

to the barracks, all the Hungarian officers following. It was just in time, for on the day following the murdering hordes of Arabs laid siege to the barracks, which was defended by but 3,000 to 4,000 men and two or three batteries of cannons. Couriers were dispatched to Constantinople, Damascus, and other points, asking for aid, but under the most favorable circumstances at least two weeks must elapse before help could reach the besieged garrison. The Arabs were perfectly aware of this; hence they made many desperate assaults. It was then that General Bem and his Hungarian officers brought their military knowledge and skill into play to good advantage, for each assault was repelled with the discharge of shells fired at close range, that literally covered the space around the barracks with the dead and wounded Arabs.

DEATH OF GENERAL BEM

It was not long after this successful putting down of the Aleppo rebellion that Murad Pasha, after having received the thanks of the Padisha, moved back to his country place in the gardens. The wounds with which his body was literally covered, received in battles fought under Napoleon the First, in the Polish rebellion of 1831, and the Hungarian war of 1848 and 1849, began to tell on his health. He was taken down with a violent fever, and notwithstanding the efforts of his Hungarian physician, Dr. Kállaszdy, he passed away early in November, 1850. He was buried with all the military honors of a pasha in the service of the Sultan, and a tombstone was erected by the Turkish government to his memory, which, aside from the

exaggerated language Orientals use in giving expression to their grief, evidences a genuine feeling of regret at his untimely demise.

I have in my possession a true copy in Arabic of this inscription on General Bem's tombstone, and I will here give a few extracts from the same, if for no other purpose than to show how deeply he was revered by the Turkish authorities.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INSCRIPTION ON GENERAL BEM'S (MURAD PASHA) TOMBSTONE AT ALEPPO, SYRIA

"The illustrious Murad Pasha, who sought refuge with the Sublime Porte, having renounced his former religion, has embraced Mohammedanism.

"Fortunate are the mothers who carry in their womb such as he. But, alas, how great is his loss! Fate (kismet) destined it to be thus with this great man. Death at one stroke cut off the thread of life of this illustrious hero in the city of Aleppo (Halep).

"That the magnanimity of Sultan Abdul Medjid Khan be heralded through all the world as the divinely appointed almoner of Providence. May that Providence accord him a reign replete with prosperity and divine.

"Helas! His great heroic deeds and his bravery shall never be effaced, but shall be written down in letters of gold in order to immortalize his grand achievements, whose history will be written by sincere regrets and tears.

"The great Allah, whose goodness is infinite, has accorded the crown of glory to the Illustrious Murad

Pasha, in ceding to him the path of God's elect, which is the Jane (the Paradise of Mohammed").

Further on the inscription states that the Magyar natives, having embraced the true religion, have become martyrs, etc. But I have quoted a sufficient portion of this inscription to give an example of Oriental word painting. While these exaggerated Oriental expressions of grief and joy over his conversion to the Moslem faith may have been highly gratifying at the time to his friends and admirers, they were not needed to place the memory of General Bem among the list of great and successful generals of any age.

TRIP ACROSS THE SYRIAN DESERT

The death of General Bem exerted a painful impression on the officers who were his companions in exile. Many of them, who had hoped to be actually enrolled in the Turkish military service, had now become indifferent, and were planning to seek their fortunes either in Europe or America. The writer, being then only 20 years old, and possessed of a desire for adventure, accepted a proposition to enter the service as lieutenant aide-de-camp to the Vali, Emin Pasha, governor general of Syria, with headquarters at Damascus (Sham in Arabic). This offer came through the kind efforts of Mazzar Bey, a colonel in the army, and who acted as our gaoler during our residence at Aleppo. Mazzar Bey, who had enjoyed a military education in Berlin, Prussia, and who spoke German quite fluently, was a kind-hearted gentleman, whose only fault consisted of an inordinate love of Raki or mastic, as the vile stuff was called, in which he in-

dulged too often, in violation of the interdiction which every true Musselman is bound to observe. The colonel, after previously providing me with a complete cavalry lieutenant's outfit, had me attached to a troop of cavalry, who were bound for Damascus.

During the two weeks which it took to traverse the distance between Aleppo and Damascus, I learned more of Oriental life than I ever knew before. In order to avoid unpleasant remarks, I had to conform myself to all the social and religious customs of my Mohammedan escorts. These customs, although some of them border almost on the ridiculous, are far from being onerous. I shall here briefly describe our doings of the day.

Long before the sun rose the reveille was sounded and the cavalcade was made ready to march. During the march we had no camels to carry our baggage and provisions, but pack horses, which in the desert are poor substitutes for the ships of the desert. At sunrise we halted at some well or cistern and unpacked our provisions. We carried no tents, but bivouacked in the open, and under the shade of trees, if possible. After making our ablutions, we offered our prayers by prostrating ourselves with bended knees on a little rug, which every soldier carries with him for that purpose. The prayer consists of facing towards Mecca in the east, touching the ground five times with our lips, and repeating seven times the bismillah, which is something similar to our Lord's prayer. After prayer, breakfast was prepared, consisting of bread of the pancake shape, onions, dates, and half a dozen miniature cups of coffee. The balance of the day was spent

in playing checkers or backgammon, and in sleep. Late in the afternoon the cook began the preparation of the main meal of the day. If, perchance, we bivouacked near a hamlet, a sheep was bought and killed. The whole carcass was then either put into a large caldron which we carried along with us in our baggage, and boiled with the rice which was cooking, or else it was broiled on a large spit before a big roaring fire made of dried sheep dung, and afterward pulled to pieces and put into the caldron that contained the pilav (rice). The cooked meal was now divided and placed into big round wooden troughs, so that about ten to twelve could sit around each trough. I do not remember whether we were provided with little two feet high tables or not, but all Turkish meals are placed on these little stands if they can be had; if not, then the food is placed on a rug spread on the ground. Of course another ablution and prayer took place before the meal.

A true Mohammedan washes and prays five times during every twenty-four hours. The ablutions with the well-to-do and the rich Mohammedan are very ceremonious affairs. While one attendant pours water from a silver ewer on the arms and hands, into a silver basin which is held by another, a third one holds a Turkish towel ready for use. That the ablutions have become mainly a ceremony established by long custom, is evidenced by the fact that whenever the true believer can find no water, as is often the case in the desert, he uses sand wherewith to go through the ceremony of washing his arms, hands and feet.

Whenever the time for prayer comes, and if in a

city or town, when he hears the Immam (priest) call from the top of a minaret: "Pray, pray. The hour is running fast and the judgment draws near," no matter where he may find himself at the time, he prostrates himself five times and murmurs his prayers. The devout Musselman constantly counts his beads, like the devout Catholic. But, as the Frenchman says: "Revenons a nos moutons."

Invariably before every dinner, which means the evening meal, we had chorba, a kind of a soup in which, besides rice, various kinds of vegetables, such as gumbo, onions and such like were mixed. After chorba, which was partaken from a common large bowl with wooden spoons, the pilav and the meat were put before us. There were no knives and forks, but each one put the three first fingers of his right hand into the dish and fished out at random whatever came in his way. Now and then a choice morsel of meat was pushed between the writer's teeth by a neighbor, who in this odd manner wished to show his good will toward him.

Although the distance between Aleppo and Damascus is not more than 250 miles, it took us fourteen days to traverse it. The country at that time was barren of all signs of life, either vegetable or animal, except where the wells or cisterns containing water had formed an oasis with a few clumps of trees, and occasionally a hamlet, consisting of a few mud houses, was visible. Some of these hamlets were the abodes of Bedouin chiefs, who had their konaks (palaces) and harems there. These chiefs were violently inimical to

the Turkish government, and in some instances refused us permission to establish our camp around these wells.

ARRIVAL AT DAMASCUS

We at last reached on the fourteenth day of our tedious journey, just after sunrise, the crescent of a hill, whence a most beautiful panorama of Damascus in the distance greeted our eyes. No wonder that the Prophet Mohammed, on beholding Sham (Damascus) from this hill, refused to enter it, saying, as the Arab legends have it : "I prefer to enter paradise in heaven, therefore I will not enter into this earthly paradise."

After Mecca and Medina, Damascus or Sham (Holy city), as the Osmanli designate it, is the most frequented place of Mohammedan pilgrimage in the Turkish empire. There are numerous shrines all over the city where the devout Musselmen prostrate themselves invoking the aid of some biblical patriarch or Mohammedan saint.

On arriving at Damascus we went straight to the barracks, where thousands of troops of all branches of the service were quartered. It was not long before some Hungarian exiles, who had entered the Turkish military service, called on me. The news that one of Murad Pasha's followers had arrived from Aleppo had reached them the very same day of our arrival. The accounts given me by my compatriot callers of their experiences threw a cold blanket over my enthusiastic expectations.

After paying my respects to the colonel commanding at the barracks I accompanied him to the konak of the vali (the palace of the governor general). After

entering the selamlik (reception room) we were asked to take a seat on one of the many ottomans placed around the room. While waiting for the appearance of the Pasha, who by the way was a brother-in-law of Sultan Abdul Medjid, we were regaled with coffee served in tiny china cups with silver holders, and long stemmed cherry wood tshibouks, whose mouthpieces were of the purest amber, and a ring composed of brilliants surrounded the part that joined the stem to the mouthpiece.

The luxurious surroundings which I saw here in the governor general's palace, I was afterwards told, could give me but a faint idea of the magnificence of the Sultan's numerous seraglios.

The retinue, including tschibouk bearers, caffedjiras who prepared the coffee, and other menial servants who were waiting on this Pasha, must have been at least thirty in number, while those of the Sultan under the old regime exceeded one hundred. While some members of this Pasha's retinue were entered into the Turkish military service as milazima (lieutenants), jus pashas (captains), and bimbashis (majors), and drawing their monthly stipends from the imperial treasury, the Sultan's retinue contained many Pashas who drew their stipend from the same source. For instance, the black chief Eunuch of the Sultan's harem, who is called Kizlar Agha, has the pay and rank of a Pasha of three tughs (horse tails), and so has the bostanji (chief gardener) of the many palaces. Then there is the Pasha whose duty is to taste all the food prepared for the Sultan, and many others too numerous to mention.

After a short interview with the governor general

he directed the commandant of the barracks to take care of me at the barracks, intimating to him privately, as I afterwards learned, that he would have me accompany him on the hegira which he was soon to lead to the Hedjaz, the Holy Land of Mecca and Medina, and where I would be enabled to drink the celebrated Zam Zam water at its original source, instead of getting an occasional taste given to me by a returned Hadji, which is anything but pleasant to either palate or nostrils.

While waiting for the pleasure of my new master I spent the days and weeks and months in exploring Damascus and getting acquainted with many of its inhabitants.

CITY OF DAMASCUS

The city of Damascus lies about 60 miles southeast of Beyrout, which is its port on the Mediterranean sea. The two rivers, Barada and Abana, which in the bible are referred to as Abana and Pharphar, furnish the water to the miles and miles of orchards and gardens that surround the city. Numerous canals, leading from these rivers to different parts of the city, furnish water—the great desideratum of Oriental life—to the numberless public as well as private fountains, and to the orchards and gardens. The manner in which the water is elevated into these canals is quite primitive and must antedate the Christian era. A dam of solid masonry is extended out from the shore, so as to accumulate the water to three or four feet deep, as the case may be. Below the dam a huge wheel, with very poorly constructed buckets, that elevate and empty the water into the canals, is placed. Similar

wheels by the hundreds may be seen on the Euphrates between Adana and Basra on the Persian gulf.

I spent a good deal of my leisure time sitting at the front of some coffee houses on the broad street referred to in the bible as the Straight street. I also visited the spot called the House of Judas, where Saul was converted and his sight restored by Annanias.

But nevertheless life in the barracks became burdensome. I yearned after a more active life. I attended all the drills and the evening parades of the troops, where the words "Padisha choke yashar" (long life to the Sultan) were repeated in stentorian tones day after day by thousands of soldiers at the close of the parade and before breaking ranks. The Turkish women, who by the hundreds were sitting around in the gardens, eating pistachios and who coquettishly withdrew just enough of their veil (yashmak) to expose their eyes, the brows of which were blackened by surmer, a kind of black dye, and their hair dyed with henna, had no attraction for me. I was longing for freedom. I pictured to myself, in case I should enter the Turkish service, my early ambition to study the world in its higher aspect as entirely frustrated. Then I received letters from Aleppo informing me that Kossuth and his fellow exiles were about to leave Kutaiah and embark on the U. S. war steamer Mississippi for the United States, and that my friend and benefactor, General Kmetty, and all the Hungarian officers who were with him at Aleppo, had applied to be released. I was seized with an irresistible desire to leave Turkey and go back to civilization. I accordingly craved an interview with the governor general, which after a few

days' waiting was granted to me. I told his excellency the truth about my being homesick, which I had not experienced until now, when I saw that all my compatriots had left Turkey and gone to the jeni duenja, the new world, as the Turks call the United States. The Pasha was surprisingly affable; told me to keep the uniform which he had had expressly made for me, besides ordering his purser to pay to me the month's salary to be due in a few days, and instructed his aide to furnish me with transportation back to Aleppo, whence I came, and where he was in duty bound to send me back. He evidently had instructions from Constantinople not to place any impediments in the way of any Hungarian refugees who wished to quit the Turkish empire.

Arrived at Aleppo. I found to my greatest regret that all the Hungarian refugees, with the exception of General Kmetty, Captain Tolt and his wife, and Baron Stein, had already left on their way to the United States. General Kmetty, who in 1857 and 1858 distinguished himself by the brave defense of Kars against the Russians, and who afterwards was relieved by the English general Sir Fenwick Williams, was not quite ready to go. He kindly introduced me to the English consul-general, Mr. Verny, who furnished me with a passport designating me as a protegé of her majesty, the Queen of Great Britain. I had also secured a Turkish passport with the toogra (the Sultan's signature) which is on all official documents.

Having secured these necessary papers and laid into my haversack a fair supply of provisions, I bid good bye to Aleppo, where I had spent nigh two years

as the Sultan's guest, and where I came into possession of the celebrated "Button of Halep." Every inhabitant of the Aleppo vilayet and every visitor to the city and its surroundings, even if his stop be of a few hours only, is liable to be attacked by an eruption of the skin, with some fever attending it, that leaves a

TOOGRA (SIGNATURE OF THE PADISHA).

mark somewhat like a smallpox mark. The attack is more severe on the natives, who invariably have their faces pockmarked, so that some of the handsomest women become thus disfigured.

After a weary horseback ride, passing through Latakia, where the famous Turkish tobacco comes from, we reached Tripoli, on the Mediterranean. Captain Tolt, who formerly was captain in my battalion (the 55th,) with his charming wife, were the only two Hungarians of our party. It was our intention to take an Arab sloop for Beyrout, where we hoped to engage passage for London or Liverpool, England. We rested a couple of days at Tripoli, when we learned from our landlord. who was a Christian, that a sloop would sail

on the same evening for Beyrout. We gladly engaged passage in this Arab yacht, with but two sails and without a single cabin on deck or anywhere else. During the first few hours our boat went on swimmingly, but when the wind changed and became contrary to our course, it became unmanageable and we were tossed to and fro all night by the big waves that washed the deck and drenched us to the skin. The captain of the boat, with a crew of two Arabs, spent most of the time praying to Allah to save us from being drowned. When finally the first glimpse of the coming day appeared, we beheld in the distance a city we took for Beyrout. But, alas, we were soon disillusioned on the captain telling us that the town we saw was Tripoli, the place we had started from the night before, and that we were some ten miles the other side from our starting place. It was noon before we were landed again. We then decided to take the land road to Beyrout. After much wrangling and parleying, the captain of the sloop returned most of the fare we had paid him.

After a tedious journey of several days on the rocky road of the anti Lebanon, we finally reached our destination, where we were to take passage either to England or the United States. My friend, Captain Tolt, and his wife, having more money than I had, parted company with me and took passage direct for Boston, where in after years the captain kept a very fashionable riding school. I waited for a steamer to take me to Alexandria, Egypt, where I would stand a better chance of securing passage for either England or America, and at a cheaper rate.

PART III.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT

As far as my recollection reaches, back to the time when poring over the history of Egypt, the Pharaohs of the bible, the Ptolemies, and the celebrated Cleopatra and her intrigues with Mark Anthony, Alexandria next to Jerusalem was the one city which I desired most to see. My desire, through the inscrutable workings of divine principle, had now become a reality, but however strong was my desire to spend sufficient time in this most interesting city, so replete with archeological subjects, I could not do so. My exchequer containing only a small portion of the meager milazin (lieutenant) salary which I received as the guest of Sultan Abdul Medjid, I could but hurriedly visit some of the many interesting places in the city and its surroundings. What interested me most was the monument called "Pompey's Pillar." Next in interest to me were the two obelisks called "Cleopatra's Needles," one standing upright, while its companion was half buried in the sand that has been covering it these many centuries. Since my seeing it there, it has been presented to the city of New York by the father of the present Khedive, and may be seen now in Central Park, New York.

The population of Alexandria is now said to be

about 300,000. Sixty years ago, when the writer was there, there could not have been more than 50,000. Modern civilization had not as yet made its inroads on Oriental customs and its people. At that time there was not a single rail in Egypt. In fact, traveling by wheels of any kind was unknown. The only carriage in the whole country was the one owned by the then Khedive, Ismael Pasha. There was no regular mail deliveries in the Turkish Empire. Letters were sent and received irregularly, either by steamer or by pony express, which was maintained by the Government. While a resident at Aleppo and Damascus, the writer thought himself lucky if he could send a letter to Hungary and receive a reply within two or three months. But why dwell on the past? Progress has been and still is the battle cry of civilization, and Alexandria's progress within the last sixty years to its commercial importance is no greater marvel than that of thousands of other cities all over the globe.

There is no country in the world whose history is of more interest to the student of the world's history than Egypt. Aside from the Bible accounts which we have of Egypt, and the Pharaohs, who for centuries kept the children of Israel in bondage, it has produced a race of men which find no parallel in all history. I refer to the Mameluks, who from a state of abject slavery became the rulers of Egypt and who defeated the crusaders under Saint Louis and of whom after the battle of the Pyramids, the great Napoleon said that "they were the bravest body of cavalry he had ever encountered."

After a few days' sight seeing, I embarked on an

English tramp freight steamer bound for Bristol, England, where, after landing at Tangiers (Morocco) and Gibraltar, we arrived after a nearly two weeks' journey.

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

Never, as long as my memory may last, shall I forget the reception accorded to me by one of Albion's citizen families, named Jeffries, at Bristol. The third mate of the steamer that brought me to Bristol was a son of this Mr. Jeffries. He was a young man of generous impulses, and he insisted that I should make his home my home while in that city. The few days which I spent with this family acted on my pessimistic reflections on life in general as the Balm of Gilead, for I was accorded all the love a son could expect to receive from his doting family.

LONDON

Arrived in this metropolis of the world, a feeling of despair took possession of me. I thought what a gigantic maelstrom is this city, composed of hundreds of miles of streets, with its millions of inhabitants, to be tossed into and engulfed. Shall I ever succeed in asserting my own individuality among the millions to whom I am entirely unknown? The generosity of the British Government, however, soon dispelled all my fears, for on calling on my countryman, Count Esterhazy, whose address was given me by General Kmetty in Aleppo, he directed me to a hotel on Trafalgar Square, where many of my exiled countrymen found lodgings. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Rus-

sell were then at the helm of the British Government, and their kind treatment of the Hungarian refugees who found hospitable shelter on Albion's soil, will forever produce a feeling of intense gratitude within my breast towards those two great leaders, as well as to the British nation.

After a five weeks' sojourn in London, and after all hopes had been abandoned of our immediate return to Hungary as invaders, some forty of us, all Hungarian exiles, embarked at London on the American clipper "Cornelius Grinnell," commanded by Captain Fletcher. After a four weeks' sail, we arrived at New York on the 1st of May, 1852. The city, although not of the magnitude of London, produced a deep impression on me, as it was the first Republican soil my feet had ever touched. It was the fulfillment of all my youthful dreams. My great leader, Louis Kossuth, had been in the city for some weeks, and with his inflaming oratory had aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Excitement was also increased during those days by the concerts given by the celebrated Jenny Lind at Castle Garden, the only hall available then in New York.

In my sketch of Louis Kossuth I mentioned my having met him at the Irwing House, and of the kind treatment I received at his hands. I will merely state that after the cartridge factory or Moringville, N. Y., was definitely closed, I returned to New York. In starting that factory, Kossuth's main object was to give employment to his fellow exiles, who were thrown among strangers without any means of support and without understanding the language of the country.

On my return from Moringville to New York, I immediately decided to leave the city for the interior, where, isolated from the surrounding foreign elements, I might more easily learn the English language.

HARTFORD, CONN. WORK IN A CLOCK FACTORY.

My first abiding place in the interior was Hartford, Conn., which I reached by steamer during the summer of 1852. After a short stay in Hartford I went to Bristol, Conn., where I secured employment in the clock factory of Terry, Downs and Burrell. Having secured an abiding place in the family of the village custom miller, I started in to acquire English. As I was engaged during the daytime in the factory, I studied during the night by candle light, sitting up as late as eleven and twelve o'clock. I was particularly fortunate in having found work in this clock factory, for Mrs. Downs, the wife of one of the members of the firm, being a highly cultivated woman, after having learned my history and my object in securing work in a factory, invited me to her house, where I was, during my whole stay in Bristol, a welcome guest. She took great pains in correcting my pronunciation and grammatical construction in the English language.

While a resident of Bristol I visited New Britain, where I became acquainted with the principal of the Normal School, Prof. Philbrick, through whose kind efforts I secured a class composed of young ladies, pupils of the school, whom I taught French. The incongruity of a factory hand teaching French in a Normal School soon became apparent to me, so I decided to give up my factory work and change my domicile

from Bristol to Hartford, where the wider sphere would secure me a larger field in which to pursue the vocation I determined to follow, namely, that of a teacher of French and German.

Of my life in Hartford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., I can enumerate only a few of the families where I always was a welcome guest, and where I was invited to attend many social functions. Mr. Henry Barnard, at the time Superintendent of Public Instruction in Connecticut, treated me as if I had been his son. Years after I had been a resident of Chicago, and when he had been appointed National Commissioner of Education, the good man hunted me up and expressed his gratification at seeing me prosperous in business. Besides Mr. Barnard, I counted among my friends Mrs. Ross and her charming young daughter, the Bulkleys, the Cheneys (especially Ralph Cheney).

In Springfield, Mass., I received nothing but kindness at the hands of the Merriam Bros., publishers of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I also enjoyed the distinguished friendship of Rev. Samuel W. Longfellow, who when I took leave of him, presented me with a manuscript of the "Psalm of Life," signed by his brother, Henry W. Longfellow; of the Rev. Mr. Tiffany, who was one of my pupils; the Rev. Mr. Humphrey, and many other worthy people of both cities, whose kind words and deeds will never be effaced from the memory of the Hungarian exile.

One of my most interesting reminiscences of Hartford is my acquaintance with the Rev. W. F. Williams, Missionary to Mossul Assyria, who believed

himself to be the lost Dauphin of France, having been spirited away from the Temple where he was incarcerated, and taken to the United States, where he was entrusted to the care of an Indian chief. However this might have been, I know that he was honest in his belief.

GOING WEST

Toward the spring of 1855, I realized that teaching languages and being lionized, while very gratifying to the senses, would not secure for me permanent means of livelihood that I could depend on in case of illness or any other unforeseen accident. I concluded to go West, and my first intended destination was St. Louis, then a sturdily growing city of the Middle West. I took the Michigan Central road to Chicago, the only through route between New York, Boston and the West. After a day of sightseeing at Niagara Falls, which filled me with awe and wonder, I stopped at Detroit, where I delivered a letter of introduction to Mr. Van Dyke, a prominent citizen of that city, the walls of whose residence were literally covered with gems of paintings by the celebrated Dutch artist, Van Dyke. He, however, disclaimed any relationship to that distinguished painter.

The trip from Detroit to Chicago was of much longer duration in 1855 than it is now. If my memory serves me right, I left Detroit in the forenoon and reached Chicago the following morning. As Mr. Pullman in those days was still unheard of, the three nights I spent on my trip from Springfield, Mass., to Chicago were not such as to make a lasting favorable impres-

sion on me. I was glad to behold Chicago, in the same sense as a seasick person rejoices when he espies terra firma.

ARRIVAL IN CHICAGO

Arrived in Chicago in the evening, I took lodgings in the Sherman House, situated on the same site on which the present palatial 20-story hotel building stands, on the corner of Randolph and Clark streets. In 1855 the Sherman House was the next best to the Tremont House. It was an ordinary red-painted frame building, and like all hotels in those days, was kept on the American plan.

After a good night's rest, the following morning I wound my way to Mrs. Haight's boarding house, to deliver a letter given me by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany to his friend, Dr. Charles Gilman Smith, a fellow graduate of Harvard, who took his day board at Mrs. Haight's, while he lodged in a room connected with his office. As St. Louis was my ultimate destination, I did not intend to prolong my stay in Chicago more than a couple of days, but that which followed proved the truth of the Scotch poet's saying: "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

On delivering my letter of introduction to Dr. Smith, he received me with great warmth, coming as I did recommended by his friend, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, who had been my pupil in German. He at once began to persuade me not to go any further West, but to make Chicago my home. He introduced me to a gentleman by the name of Mr. Hitt, who is now a resident of Washington Heights. This Mr. Hitt was

paying teller in the bank of R. K. Swift, a very popular and eccentric gentleman. Mr. Hitt offered to take me to the office of a Mr. Jonathan Young Scammon, who besides being at the head of the law firm of Scammon & McCagg, was also president of the Marine Bank, the largest bank corporation then West of New York. Dr. Smith described Mr. Scammon as a gentleman very much interested in Hungarian exiles, and that he had a tutor for his son Charles, by the name of Professor Breck, a Hungarian exile. After having been introduced to Mr. Scammon in his law office, corner of LaSalle and Lake streets, and on Mr. Hitt informing him of the object of his errand, Mr. Scammon immediately offered me a position either in his law office or in the Marine Bank. After a few moment's reflection I decided to accept a position in his law office. Thus twenty-four hours had hardly expired before I had secured a position, the first business position I had ever held.

I was particularly fortunate in securing a position so soon after my arrival in Chicago, for during that spring of 1855 this city was not the most desirable place for a naturalized citizen to come to, it was under the dominion of the Knownothing party, which attempted to deny all rights and privileges to the foreign born citizens which the native born enjoyed; Levi D. Boone, an avowed Knownothing, and who subsequently, as alleged, was at heart a sympathizer with the secessionists of the south, was the Mayor just elected. This was also the spring of the great beer riots.

On reaching Chicago, I was surprised to find here Captain Martin Koszta, who during the Hungarian

war of liberation commanded a company in the Battalion in which I served. This Martin Koszta came near becoming the *Casus Belli* between the United States and the Austrian Empire, when gallant Captain Ingraham trained the guns of his warship on an Austrian ship which had Koszta on board as a political prisoner with the intention of carrying him back to Austria. This happened at Smyrna, Asia Minor, which place Koszta visited after having declared his intention while in New York of becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States. Captain Ingraham hearing of Koszta's seizure gave the Austrian skipper only a few hours in which to bring Koszta on board of the American war vessel, or else stand the chances of being attacked and the prisoner rescued by force. It is needless to state that Koszta was delivered to Captain Ingraham before the expiration of the time designated.

It was during the period of 1856 and 1857 that, although in a small way, I helped to lay the foundation of the present "Chicago Historical Society."

It happened this way: The Rev. Mr. William Barry, a very accomplished gentleman and a retired Unitarian minister, with whom I became acquainted soon after my arrival in Chicago, sent his family east on a visit, came to take up his lodging in the same place where I boarded. There not being any vacant room, Mr. Barry shared my room with me. It was during these pleasantly spent evening hours that Mr. Barry unfolded to me his plans of starting the Chicago Historical Society, in order to preserve the records of Chicago and the Northwestern territory. Thus one evening, while we were discussing the diffi-

culties that would have to be overcome in establishing such an institution, without a dollar in sight, he approached my modest little bookshelf which hung suspended between two red cords against the wall of our room, and picking therefrom some books that appealed to him, he said: "My friend, are you willing to contribute these books to the Chicago Historical Society as a beginning?" I do not remember the reply I made, for more than a half century has passed since then, but I must have consented, for it was not long before Mr. Barry took these books and some others which he had received from other parties to the modest little room in the Ogden Building at the corner of Clark and Lake streets, where he formed the nucleus of the present prosperous "Chicago Historical Society," of which for years he was the honored secretary and librarian.

Before proceeding any further with my narrative I shall devote a few lines to my friend and benefactor,

JONATHAN YOUNG SCAMMON

Mr. Scammon was a native of Maine. Originally he intended to be a farmer, but through an accident losing the middle fingers of his left hand, he gave up farming and devoted himself to the study of law. After graduating he came to Chicago in 1835, two years before Chicago became a corporate city. He took up his lodgings at the Sauganack Hotel, located on the southwest corner of Market and Lake streets, the hostelry which lodged many a pioneer builder of Chicago's greatness.

Mr. Scammon during 1855, the year I first met him,

was at the head of one of the largest banking institutions West of New York. He attained a high position in banking circles through his connection, as attorney, with the State Bank of the State of Illinois. He was also mainly instrumental in framing the new banking laws of the State, which defined certain rules in banking, and placed additional responsibilities upon corporate banking institutions. Scammon's Reports, collected by him while acting as official reporter for the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, from 1839 to 1845, are too well known by practicing lawyers to be told that the author was an adept in law.

But aside from successes achieved in all his material undertakings, Mr. Scammon possessed a deep religious temperament. He devoted much time and money in organizing the first Swedenborgian Church in the West. He had arrived at the zenith of a successful career, when, as it was natural for him to do, he resolved to take a well-earned rest by a trip to Europe. And right here it was that Mr. Scammon, with all his shrewdness as a business man and a lawyer, committed the fatal blunder that brought on his financial ruin. In the first place, the year 1857, when he decided upon his trip to Europe, was the darkest year, financially and industrially, in the history of Chicago and the West. It was the culmination of the wild speculative spirit that raged for ten years previous to it. The wild-cat money that had been pouring in from Georgia and Tennessee, flooding the entire West, became worthless; every commodity of life was declining, with no legitimate money to carry on the business of the country. At such a critical and

panicky time, Mr. Scammon should have stood by his many important undertakings, and not entrusted them to the care of a young man by the name of B. F. Carver, as cashier of the Marine Bank, whose only recommendation as to fitness for his position had been that he was the son of a rich father, Benjamin Carver of Herkimer County, N. Y., who was a large stockholder in the bank. Here I must digress and resume my connection with my Mr. Scammon from the time I entered his law office in the spring of 1855. After having been employed for a few weeks in the law office of Scammon & McCagg, I became convinced that it would take me from four to five years to fit myself for the bar, during which time I would earn but a scanty living. My English, although sufficient for ordinary conversational purposes, was not what I thought a person studying law should possess and be master of. So during one of my visits to Mr. Scammon's house on Congress street, I broached the subject to him, and he readily fell in with my idea and offered me a position in the Marine Bank, which I gladly accepted, as it secured me at once a comfortable salary. I then worked faithfully in the bank for two years, occupying various positions, while my visits to Mr. Scammon's residence continued twice a week, to instruct his two daughters in French, and which is one of my pleasantest recollections.

Some time after Mr. Scammon's departure, I noticed that some of the bank employes paid frequent midnight visits to the bank, opened the vaults and took out the bank books, over which they spent hours in figuring and making erasures. After one of these

midnight visits, I arose from my sofa bed (my room opening into the bank) and opened the vault, took out the general ledger and cash book, and to my surprise I found erasures and alterations of figures that confirmed my suspicions that something was wrong. Thinking over the matter for several days, I finally decided to express my suspicions to the Rev. Mr. J. R. Hibbard of the Swedenborgian Church, asking him to communicate these suspicions to Mr. Scammon, who was at that time in Switzerland. My faithfulness, however, was illy rewarded. Mr. Scammon wrote to his brother, F. Scammon, who was one of the directors of the bank, all about what Mr. Hibbard had written him, and who in turn informed Mr. B. F. Carver of the facts, with the result that this latter gentleman showed his feelings of anger towards me in every way possible, and to such an extent that I had to resign my position, which I had held for over five years. But the hardest blow to me was not the loss of my position, but the message which Mr. Scammon had sent me through Mr. Hibbard, which was: "Tell Mr. Kuné to mind his own business." Facts which eventually came to light, not very long after I left the employ of the bank, brought to me the satisfaction of having done what every honest employé should have done,—that of trying to save his principal from loss which he sees he is being daily subjected to. On Mr. Scammon's return, he found that the mismanagement of the bank had caused it a loss of several hundred thousand dollars, and it had to close its doors not long afterwards. Months after, when Mr. Scammon had lost all his accumulated wealth, he frankly acknowledged to me that

had he heeded my warnings sent through Mr. Hibbard, he might have averted some, if not all, of the losses caused by the dishonesty of some of his employés. As an earnest demonstration of his kind feelings for me, he then and there wrote the following letter of recommendation:

"Marine Bank of Chicago,
Oct. 29, 1860.

Mr. Julian Kuné has been in the employment of this institution for several years. He is a gentleman of good character and undoubted honesty and unquestioned fidelity. He discharged his duties in this bank satisfactorily.

(Signed) J. YOUNG SCAMMON,
President."

WM. B. OGDEN

My acquaintance with Mr. Ogden began in 1859. He was then undoubtedly the richest man West of New York, and how I, a young exile earning my living by holding a clerkship in a bank, should have gained the favor of this pioneer, Chicago's first Mayor, is only explainable by the fact that Mr. Ogden was a broad-minded and liberal man. He was a reader and a student of the many political events occurring in those days, and on my having been introduced to him as a Hungarian exile, by his friend, Mr. Scammon, he took quite an interest in what I had to say about the Hungarian struggle for freedom in 1848. And, having had frequent social chats with him, I gradually drifted into State politics, and through his influence and that of Mr. Scammon, both of whom were members of the

Legislature, I was appointed assistant enrolling and engrossing clerk of the Senate in 1860. Mr. Ogden's biography has often been dwelt upon; therefore I will merely state that when I came to Chicago in 1855 he had been a resident of the city about twenty years, having come from Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., to take care of some land, about 182 acres, which his father had owned. He was Chicago's first Mayor in 1837, while another gentleman of high character, and who subsequently befriended me, I. N. Arnold, was city clerk, and N. B. Judd city attorney. Mr. Ogden was justly called the "Railway King of the West." He was the first president of the Union Pacific R. R., and for a long time president of the Chicago and North Western R. R. from its inception, as it grew from the old Chicago & Galena Union R. R. His reputation as a railroad builder and successful representative American was by no means limited to his native country—it was international, as may be inferred from what Guizot, the French historian and statesman, said of him while gazing upon his portrait, painted by the eminent Chicago artist, Healy. He said: "That is the representative American, who is a benefactor of his country, especially the mighty West; he built Chicago." If he did not literally build the Chicago of today, he certainly laid its foundation well, by honest examples in both private and public life. He had the honor of laying also the foundation of the vast railroad system of the West, by building the first locomotive that was sent out West from Chicago in April, 1849, His probity and honesty in all his dealings were proverbial. When he was hard pressed for ready money

during the panic of 1857, a friend of his, a Scotch nobleman, sent him an offer of 100,000 pounds sterling, saying: "If you get through, I know you will return it. If you don't, Jenny and I will never miss it."

It is but rarely that a great man like Wm. B. Ogden was, writes his own epigramatic epitaph so unconsciously as were the words delivered to a lady friend, who was grieving over the future career of her son: "I was born close to a saw-mill, was early left an orphan, christened in a mill pond, graduated at a log school house, and at 14 I fancied I could do anything I turned my hand to; that nothing was impossible. And ever since, madam, I have been trying to prove it, and with some success."

MY POLITICAL LIFE

Here my readers will pardon a slight digression in order to give a brief narrative of the events that led me into politics. Early in the 60s I was induced to join the Cameron and Lincoln Club, organized by a certain Dr. Leib, Fernando Jones, Dr. Blake, and several other ardent young Republicans. At these club meetings some fine speaking could be heard, not only by adherents to the main purpose of the Club's organization, but also by others, who favored other candidates to become the party's leaders during the hottest of all political campaigns. Why and how Mr. Cameron came to be at the head of the ticket was never revealed to me. That Abraham Lincoln should be on the ticket was from the first patent to me. I heard him speak, and read all of his debating speeches with Stephen A. Douglas during 1858, and they excited my admiration

and love for the man who was brave enough to quote to the whole nation the Biblical words: "A house divided against itself cannot stand.—This Nation cannot exist half slave and half free." Without acquainting any of my fellow club members, with the exception of one or two, I started for Washington, D. C., in January, 1860. I had letters of introduction to Mr. Simon Cameron, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania. I attended several sessions of Congress; became acquainted with several prominent politicians from all parts of the country; attended a public reception at the White House, and shook hands with the President, James Buchanan. But for all that, I left Washington a sadder and wiser man. Although but a tyro in the art of politics, I saw a portentious storm brewing which was to shake the nation to its very inmost core, and test its stability. I at once was reminded of what my great countryman, Louis Kossuth, had said on one occasion, about the instability of a nation that is governed from two standpoints, the one constitutional and representative, and the other absolute and autocratic. Centuries ago the great Teacher laid down the ualterable decree of God, when he said (Matth. 12:25), "Every Kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." I saw that the "irrepressible conflict," as Wm. H. Seward called it, was close upon us. Very soon after my return home I found that the Republicans of the city were divided as to the choice of presidential candidates. The club to which I belonged was as strongly in favor of Simon Cameron as ever. Those in favor of Lincoln, like N. B. Judd, Jno. L. Scripps, Joseph Medill, and a few others, were lying low and undemon-

strative, while I might say that more than half of the Republican voters of the West favored Wm. H. Seward for the standard bearer during the approaching conflict. I call it designedly "conflict," for it was to be a conflict between the votaries of freedom and of slavery.

THE DECATUR CONVENTION.

Not long after my return from Washington, the State Convention to nominate delegates to the National Convention and elect State officers, was held at Decatur, Ill., May 9th and 10th, 1860. I attended that convention, having been elected an alternate. Very few, probably not more than half a dozen of the delegates who attended that convention, are still on earth. Most of the leaders in the convention were strong Seward men. The Chicago delegation was evenly divided between Cameron and Seward, until the 10th of May, when an article appeared in the Chicago Press and Tribune which caused a stampede from both the Seward and Cameron men to Lincoln. To clinch that stampede, came the episode of John Hanks suddenly appearing in the midst of the delegates carrying on his shoulders two fence rails with the inscription tacked on to them: "Two rails made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon bottom in the year 1838." This startling episode caused pandemomium to break loose, and there was a unanimous roar of "Abraham Lincoln, the Rail Splitter, for President," and the Decatur Convention immortalized itself by putting forward Abraham Lincoln as the Illinois candidate for the presidency.

If the nomination of Mr. Lincoln as a candidte for the presidency was mainly brought about by John L. Scripps, his election was equally due to a large extent to the able generalship displayed by the Hon. N. B. Judd as chairman of the Republican National Committee. My acquaintance with Mr. Judd at the time of the National Convention was slight, but as I was partly instrumental in changing the Cameron and Lincoln Club bodily into the Lincoln and Hamlin Club, he saw fit to assign me to the stumping of Southern Illinois, Northern Indiana and part of Michigan.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1860

There have been many presidential campaigns since the foundation of this Government, but none equalled the first Lincoln campaign in excitement, sectional hatred and denunciatory speeches. There were four tickets in the field—Lincoln and Hamlin, Douglas and Johnson, Breckenridge and Joseph Lane and Bell and Everett. The main fight in the North was between the first mentioned two tickets. Partisanship ran to its highest pitch, and no quarter was asked nor given by either party. The "irrepressible conflict" between the slave oligarchy and the free soil men, now the Republican party, was at hand. All freedom-loving men, native or naturalized, were called upon by the Republican National Committee, with headquarters at Chicago, to go forth and battle for the preservation of the Union. My lot, as stated, fell to go into Indiana, where I addressed outdoor audiences both in English and German. The principal speakers at these outdoor meetings were Congressman, afterwards Generals,

Schenck; Don Piat, and H. S. Lane, candidate for Governor of Indiana. From Northern Indiana I was afterward directed to go into Egypt, or Southern Illinois, where Republicans were as scarce as hen's teeth. Arrived at Mound City, Ill., a station a few miles North of Cairo, Ill., I began to realize that advocating the election of Abraham Lincoln would be an extra hazardous thing, for in all that region within a radius of fifty miles, there was but one man, a certain Dr. Crain, who dared to avow himself a Republican. As there was no hall, I mounted the platform in front of the Illinois Central station shanty, and from there I spoke to about fifty persons, composed mostly of farmers of Southern Illinois, or Egypt. That was the first time a Republican undertook to explain the principles and aims of the Republican party in that darkest Egypt, the majority of whose inhabitants were fully in sympathy with the party that was for the extension of slavery. Notwithstanding my frequent and severe criticism of the late acts of the "Little Giant" (the endearing name which afterwards they applied to their candidate, Stephen A. Douglas) they treated me fairly well, although not because they were in any way champions of free speech, but because Dr. Crain, under whose protection I was speaking, and whose guest I was at his farm, Villa Ridge, a few miles from Mound City, had great influence over that whole region, as there was not a family of which he had not saved members from sickness and death by his medical skill, and very often without monetary remuneration. So, after all, here was another proof of the divine origin of man, for no matter how depraved a human being

may be, there are occasions when that divine spark within his breast manifests itself.

My second address was delivered at Cairo, Ill., on the evening of October 4th, 1860, in the Courthouse of the town. The room was crowded to suffocation, for they all wanted to hear what that "Black Republican" had to say. This appellation applied to all Republicans in those days. Dr. Crain, my guardian angel, was at my side on the platform.

In order that my readers may more readily understand the political situation existing then in that darkest part of our State, I will reproduce part of the Chicago Press and Tribune's correspondence dated: "Cairo, Oct. 5, 1860." It says: "Mr. Julian Kuné, of your city, spoke last night at the Courthouse. As usual, a great many Democrats, with John Cochran, the marshal of the city, at their head, were present to disturb the meeting with their blackguardism and yellings for Douglas. This John Cochran is the same who at every Republican meeting wants to get up a fight, and who created a disturbance at the time Yates and Fuller spoke here. He attempted to interrupt Mr. Kuné by all contemptible and dishonorable means, but failed in his Democratic trick, for Mr. Kuné announced his determination to stand up for his constitutional right to speak and preach Republicanism wherever he chooses. Tonight Mr. Kuné will speak at the club room in Mr. Cushing's building."

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

When I think of the few occasions I had to listen to the encouraging and inspiring words of Abraham

Lincoln, while paying my visits to him at Springfield, I more than ever think of him in the words of the Psalmist: "The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide." He certainly fulfilled all the deeds which these words had promised.

I cannot forego the temptation to relate one interview I had with Mr. Lincoln at his office in the State House at Springfield. As there were no ushers or lackeys to announce me, or to carry my card, I simply knocked at the office door, and on receiving a hearty "Come in," I entered and found Mr. Lincoln romping with one of his boys. After some unimportant exchange of words about various subjects, we touched the slavery question. At first I was very cautious in my remarks, for some of the Republican orators and campaign documents averred that Mr. Lincoln was far from being at heart for the abolition of negro slavery; that if he was elected he would not interfere with the institution of slavery where it now existed; that the fugitive slave law would be upheld and executed in every part of the Union.

When I related to him my recent experiences in Southern Illinois, where I was prevented from speaking freely my sentiments regarding the extension of slavery beyond its present limits, and that as a naturalized citizen I was one of the Hungarian exiles, who had fought for liberty under Louis Kossuth, he arose to the full height of his six feet four, and with great warmth expressed himself (as nearly as I can remember the words): "No man has the right to keep his fellowman in bondage, be he black or white; and the time will come, and must come, when there will not

be a single slave within the borders of this country." This was enough to convince me that a truer sentiment was never expressed by any votary of liberty, either here or abroad. I knew where Mr. Lincoln stood in the struggle, and I went forth with renewed vigor, and inspired by the great Commoner's word, to do my duty during that memorable strife. I, however, did not lose sight of the fact that discretion in battle is as necessary to insure success as is valor; therefore I never mentioned the episode to one living being until after the smoke of battle had cleared away after the election, for I was aware that the prejudice against the negro race was still deeply rooted even in the minds of many Republicans, and to have it publicly avowed that our standard bearer was an abolitionist, would be equal to insure his certain defeat. Mr. Lincoln, by his open-hearted and frank acknowledgment that he was in favor of the abolishment of slavery, then and there at once gained my deepest reverence and love. He spoke thus freely his real sentiments anent the institution of slavery to but few, and only to those whom he could implicitly trust. I shall ever regard this trust and confidence which he placed in me as one of the highest honors ever bestowed on me.

It would be idle for me to attempt here a biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln. That has been done many times by more powerful minds and pens than mine. I am here to refer to such incidents only that came under my own personal observation. I shall therefore defer further remarks about Mr. Lincoln until the time when I shall describe my next meeting him, after election, in the city of Washington, during June, 1861.

PART IV.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ELECTION

The hopes which the majority of the people of the North had entertained, that after the election the overheated partizan zeal and passions would in time cool down, as after many previous elections, were quickly dissipated by sinister plottings in the Southern States. Long before Mr. Lincoln departed, as the president-elect, for Washington, the caldron of discontent all over the South was boiling over. Treason was openly preached and advocated, not only by Southern fire-eaters, but also by their Northern sympathizers, the so-called "mud sills," who were ever ready to do the dirty work of their Southern masters.

The Legislature of Illinois convened with the newly-elected Governor Yates as its executive head. To this patriot and statesman the people of Illinois, as well as the whole country, owe a great debt of gratitude for the energetic measures he took to prevent the Southern part of Illinois from casting its lot with the South. As referred to in a former part of these reminiscences, Mr. Wm. B. Ogden and J. Young Scammon were members of that memorable Legislature, and through their kind influence I was elected assistant enrolling and engrossing clerk of the Senate, Mr. D. L. Philips having been elected enrolling and engrossing clerk.

During that session of the Legislature I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many members who afterwards distinguished themselves either in the political arena or on the field of battle. As my quarters were in the same building in which Mr. Lincoln had his modest office, I got well acquainted with John Hay, his secretary, who afterwards in various ways showed his disinterested friendship for me. Long after the close of the war, while going through New York on my way to attend the Vienna Exposition, I called on him at the offices of the New York Tribune, of which he was then one of the editors. He was the same kind-hearted John as when I knew him at Springfield.

Without entering into a chronological account of the happenings of those danger-portending days, we were surprised during the last week of the year 1860 by the Palmetto flag having been raised over Fort Moultrie, after Major Anderson's having evacuated it and withdrawn to Fort Sumter. The U. S. Arsenal, containing 73,000 stands of arms, had been seized by the State of South Carolina. The State of South Carolina held its first treasonable convention, in which a resolution was adopted absolving United States officers, both in civil and military service, and natives of the Palmetto State, from their oath of allegiance to the United States. During that same week, John B. Floyd, Secretary of War under Buchanan, cast off his mask by resigning his seat in President Buchanan's cabinet. All the above related stirring events closely followed each other, which fianlly awakened the overconfident "Peace at any price" men from their lethargy

all over the North, including members of our Legislature. It was at this period that Capt. Elmer E. Ellsworth, fresh from his laurel-crowned tour of the United States, at the head of his unmatched Zouave Cadets, was a frequent visitor to the halls of the Legislature. By his soldierly bearing and handsome face, with raven black curls hanging down his neck, he always succeeded in drawing an admiring crowd of Legislators around him.

But Col. Ellsworth (or rather Capt. Ellsworth, as he had not attained as yet the rank of Colonel) was not the only one whose patriotic fire had prompted him to buttonhole every Senator and Legislator, urging them to form military companies in their respective districts. Many of the naturalized citizens, who formerly had served in European armies, began to organize companies, and drilled them night after night. Of these a friend of mine and fellow Hungarian exile, Mr. Geza Mihalotzy, stands pre-eminently in the front rank as a patriotic and far-seeing naturalized citizen. While at Springfield I received the following communication from him:

"Chicago, February 4, 1861.

Dear Friend:

Will you do me the favor to present the enclosed letter to the gentleman addressed (Mr. Lincoln). We have organized a militia company under the name of "Lincoln Riflemen." I have been elected Captain, and Kovats Lieutenant of the same. The letter addressed to his excellency, Mr. Lincoln, containing a request for permission to use his name, you will please present first, if he is at home; if he is absent from Springfield,

present it as soon as you have an opportunity. The second letter, addressed to his excellency, Gov. Yates, informs him of the organization of the company, and makes application for patent of commissioned officers elected according to law by the unanimous consent of the company, and also resolutions passed by the members. The third letter is an application for arms and accoutrements to the Adjutant-General of the State. We want Minnie Rifles. You will please exert your influence to the utmost in regard to the arms. Try and procure us good arms, as we are the first company of Hungarians and Bohemians formed in the United States. We wish to do honor to the country of our birth and the country of our adoption. I remain, respectfully yours,

(Signed) GEZA MIHALOTZY."

I at once presented the letters to the persons addressed. Mr. Lincoln readily and gladly accorded Mr. Mihalotzy's request, in a letter addressed to him, which he gave me for transmission. Gov. Yates and Mr. Mather, the Adjutant General, sent their replies direct to Mr. Mihalotzy. That the Lincoln Riflemen, composed of Hungarian and Bohemian adopted citizens, with Capt. Mihalotzy as their leader, did honor to their adopted country, was proven subsequently on the field of battle.

FORT SUMTER FIRED ON

Fort Sumter was fired on April 12, and evacuated April 14, 1861. On the 19th of April Gov. Yates was ordered by the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, to

send a large force to Cairo, which order was transmitted to General R. K. Swift, who 48 hours after having received the order, had left for Cairo with several companies, among which were the Lincoln Riflemen, with Capt. Mihalotzy, who later became Lieut. Colonel of the 24th Illinois Volunteers, and subsequently was killed at Buzzard's Bay, Tenn.

THE SPRING OF 1861

I must, however, return from this digression to the stirring times of the spring I spent in Springfield, while an official of the Senate, during the special session of the Legislature in April, 1861.

The military atmosphere which pervaded the whole country also had reached Illinois, and especially the capital, where the law-makers were congregated to form laws, but instead gathered in groups and talked about the coming fratricidal war. Through my friend, Mr. I. N. Arnold, the newly elected member of Congress, it became known to Gov. Yates that I had some experience in military matters, having served during the war of Hungarian liberation under Gen. Bem. He sent for me and asked me whether I would enter the regular army if I was tendered a commission. As my heart and soul had always been devoted to the cause of liberty, it took but a moment for a decision. Gov. Yates at once had a petition drawn up, directed to Mr. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, asking for my appointment into the regular army. This petition was signed by Governor Yates; his private secretary, Col. Wilson; Messrs. I. N. Arnold, member of Congress; William B. Ogden; J. Young Scammon, the

speaker of the House of Representatives, and several members of the Legislature, as well as Ex-Governor Koerner; the Secretary of State, Mr. Hatch; and Thos. G. Mather, the Adjutant General of the Illinois militia. The petition, duly signed, was forwarded by Governor Yates to the War Department as an official State paper.

Never before, unless I except my early experience during the Hungarian revolution of 1848, was history made so fast as it was during the winter of 1860-61. One startling event followed another in quick succession. State after State in the South followed the example of South Carolina. The President-elect of the United States had to go to the capital surrounded and guarded by secret service men. Treason was openly flaunted under the eyes of the still over-confident North. Our War Governor, ever in the fore when the situation required prompt and decisive action, convened the legislature in April, 1861. The special session of the legislature was short, but it transacted a vast amount of business, providing the wherewithal with which to support the Central Government. It provided the sinews of war, and after some minor important laws and patriotic resolutions it adjourned.

ORGANIZING A REGIMENT

A few days after my return from Springfield a deputation of naturalized German citizens of Chicago called upon me, and urged upon me and a Mr. Knobelsdorf (a retired soldier of the Schleswig-Holstein army, who was at this time employed in the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railroad) to organize a

regiment, composed of German Americans and other foreign nationalities. At first I was disinclined to accede to this proposition, as I daily expected my appointment to the regular army, but as among some of those who urged me were Chicago's foremost German Americans, such as George Schneider, Anton C. Hessing, Casper Butz and Lorenz Brentano, I finally consented, and on the 11th of May, 1861, Mr. Knobelsdorf and myself started in to organize a regiment of infantry, which afterwards was known as the 24th Illinois Infantry. We established a camp (which we named "Camp Robert Blum") in the grove just south of 35th street, or Douglas Place, as it was called then, and we had also a recruiting place in the city. The Lincoln Riflemen, Capt. Geza Mihalotzy, and the Turner Union Cadets (German Turners) both being desirous of being incorporated with the 24th Illinois Infantry, it became a question how to get their release from the three months' service in which they were then engaged at Cairo, under the command of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan. As I was personally acquainted with the General, this acquaintance dating back to the time when he was connected with the Illinois Central Railroad, while I was in the service of the Marine Bank, of Chicago, I went to see him at Cairo, hoping to effect the release of the above named two companies, armed as I was with a letter from Gov. Yates asking for the release. I found the General at his headquarters, which was on board of an Illinois Central car. After listening to my arguments for awhile, he readily granted my request. The two companies from Cairo and a company recruited in Ottawa by Capt.

Henry J. Reed completed the ranks of the regiment, and we were ready to have it accepted on the President's first call for 75,000 men. We, that is Mr. Knobelsdorf and myself, started for Washington, expecting that our regiment would be readily accepted by the War Department. At this juncture my acquaintance with Mr. John Hay, one of President Lincoln's private secretaries, was of great advantage to me, for while it was very difficult during those tumultuous and busy days to get an interview with the President, it was comparatively easy to gain admittance to the secretary's room. Once in his room, he promised to do everything in his power to help me. In the meantime we handed in our application to the War Department. After several days' waiting in vain for a reply, I called on the Secretary of War in person. On seeing me, as I entered his office, he accosted me with, "Ah, it is you of the Chicago Cameron and Lincoln Club who wants a regiment accepted. I am very sorry to have to disappoint you; the offers are more than twice the quota asked for. But," he added, "as for yourself, the War Department would be ready to give you a commission in the regular army, coming recommended as you have come." I thanked Mr. Cameron for his kind offer, but I told him that under the circumstances, and in the position I found myself as the representative of a regiment composed almost entirely of naturalized citizens, I could not accept any position whatever unless the regiment was accepted.

We had been in Washington for over a week, and we were no nearer to the fulfillment of our hopes than ever. After a consultation with our Representative,

Mr. I. N. Arnold, to whom I related my last interview with the Secretary of War, we decided to seek an interview with Mr. Lincoln himself, urging him to accept the regiment. I saw also Gen. N. P. Banks, who had been appointed meanwhile Major General. I had a slight acquaintance with Gen. Banks, dating back to the time when he also was connected with the Illinois Central as its Vice President. He readily consented to aid me all he could, and made an appointment with me to call on him the following morning at 9 o'clock at his room at the Willard Hotel, and we would go to the White House. I therefore acquainted Mr. Arnold with this plan, and he promised to be at the White House at the appointed hour. When Gen. Banks, Col. Knobelsdorf and myself arrived at the White House, we found not only the ante-room but even the corridor filled with Governors of various Northern States, Senators and Representatives, waiting to see the President, almost every one of them bent on the same errand we were on,—namely, to have him accept their respective regiments which they had come to offer to the Government.

The question of how to gain admittance, while so many eminent statesmen were waiting, was quickly solved by my friend, John Hay, who a few minutes after I sent my card to him, stepped to the door of his office and quietly asked us (Mr. I. N. Arnold, Col. Knobelsdorf and myself) to step into his office, Gen. Banks, having been previously admitted into Mr. Lincoln's room. I must not omit to mention that both Col. Knobelsdorf and myself were clad in the Austrian Jaeger Regiment uniform, which by its novelty pro-

duced quite an impression. Without tarrying in his office, Mr. Hay led us into the President's room, where we found Salmon P. Chase and Gen. Banks, who evidently had spoken about us to the President.

I was startled at the haggard appearance of the President. The cares of State seemed to weigh heavily upon him. The buoyant spirit which had kept him up during the late political campaign had left him. I had never seen such a change within so short a time in the appearance of a man. These sad reflections were soon dispelled by Mr. Arnold formally introducing us to the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, as "Col. Knobelsdorf and Major Kuné of a German-American Regiment which they had come to offer to the Government." I thereupon handed the President the application which had been returned to me during my last interview with the Secretary of War. On looking at it he remarked: "I see that Cameron is opposed to accepting any more regiments. I am afraid I cannot help you, for (this with a twinkle in his eye)my influence with this administration don't amount to much." "Then again," he continued, "we have seventy-five thousand men already in the field, and if we should accept any more we would not be able to feed them." When he had finished, something within me, which I cannot explain, urged me to combat the President's fears, and I said (as near as I can remember words spoken over a half century ago), "Mr. President, you say that you have already seventy-five thousand men in the field. Permit me to tell you that it will take many times seventy-five thousand before this rebellion is put down; and as to the feeding propo-

sition, the prairies of our own State of Illinois can raise more than enough to feed a million soldiers." For a moment I thought that the audacity of this short reply had spoiled everything, but upon casting my eyes on Mr. Chase and Gen. Banks I caught their glances of approval. Mr. Lincoln quietly handed our application to Mr. Hay with the remark: "John, enclose this paper with an order to the War Department to accept this regiment." The order was immediately written out and signed by the President and given to me, as I thought then, the happiest mortal on earth. As we filed out of the White House, and the news spread that the Hecker Regiment (the 24th Illinois) was accepted, Governors, Senators and Representatives gathered around us, among which were Lyman Trumbull and John P. Kellogg, both of whom had regiments to offer on behalf of their political friends, wondering how it all happened. I have been particular in giving a detailed account of this last interview with Abraham Lincoln, for the purpose of showing the steady and gradual growth of his conception of the magnitude of the war of the rebellion. At first Mr. Lincoln, imbued with most tender and kindly feelings, could not think otherwise than that after the first clash of arms and the first victory on the part of the North, the erring and misled sons of the South would return to the Union like prodigal sons. As soon as he saw he was in error, and that one of our foremost generals expressed his conviction that it would require two hundred thousand soldiers to conquer the State of Kentucky, he was ready to call out a million more men after the acceptance of our regiment.

ORDERED TO THE SEAT OF WAR

Our return to Chicago was soon followed by an order from the War Department, dated May 28th, 1861, "that the regiments commanded by Col. Scott, Goodes, Marsh and Dougherty, and the independent regiment commanded by Col. Hecker, may report to General McClellan to be mustered into the United States three years' service." Accordingly Col. Scott's Zouave Regiment was mustered in as the 19th Illinois Infantry, and the Hecker Regiment, as the 24th Illinois Infantry by Captain Pitcher of the regular army. It is proper here to mention the fact that Col. Scott, who was as modest as he was brave, resigned his colonelcy in favor of John B. Turchin. (His name in Russian was "Ivan B. Turchineff.") This gentleman at the time the Civil War broke out was in the civil engineer department of the Illinois Central Railroad. He had been an officer in the Russian army, but having been of a liberal turn of mind, he resigned and came to this country, accompanied by his wife, who subsequently proved herself a second Florence Nightingale in caring for and nursing the wounded of her husband's regiment and brigade. General Turchin was born Jan. 23, 1823, in the province of Don, Russia. He had a thorough military education and became a member of the Russian general staff. He saw service in the campaign against Hungary and the Crimea. Being of a liberal turn of mind he resigned and came to the United States and took service with the Illinois Central Railroad as civil engineer. At the breaking out of our civil war he was offered a colonelcy in the 19th

Illinois. He soon made the 19th the best drilled regiment in the army of the Cumberland. He distinguished himself at the capture of Huntsville, Alabama, and at Missionary Ridge. He was court martialed by Don Carlos Buel for freeing slaves, but Lincoln instead of approving the verdict of dismissal made him Brigadier General.

One of the unfortunate drawbacks that prolonged the fratracidal war between the South and the North, was the inordinate ambition of place hunters in the armies of both North and South. They cared more for what the obtaining of a commission brought them, both in power and emoluments, than for the cause in which they should have been interested. *Envy*, that most despicable of human passions, caused officers to scheme and plan the ruination of their brother officers. Well said Abraham a Sancta Clara, the celebrated monk preacher: "The envious man finds satisfaction in his own misery, if he only notes that it is not well with his neighbor." Also: "The prodigal son's brother is *envy*."

ELECTION OF REGIMENTAL OFFICERS

Prior to our being mustered in, the regiment held an election, which to my amazement resulted not in accordance with the understanding we had as to the selection of the regimental field officers. Frederick Hecker was elected Colonel and myself Major, but Geza Mihalotzy was elected Lieut. Colonel instead of Knobelsdorf, which was a clear breach of faith on the part of the officers of the regiment. Subsequent events clearly proved that Col. Hecker's hand was in the

change. I should have refused to accept the office then and there, but friends, among whom were the whole editorial staff of the Chicago Press and Tribune, urged me not to do it, and promised to aid Knobelsdorf in raising another regiment, which he subsequently did and became its commander.

After having been mustered in, as stated above, by Capt. Pitcher, and after having received our arms and equipments, we were ordered to Alton, Ill., instead of to Gen. Geo. B. McClellan at Cairo, as was designated by the War Department's general order of May 28, as above referred to. At Alton we went into camp just outside of the city, and tarried there long enough to put the regiment through the elementary branches of a soldier's schooling, such as marching, the proper handling of firearms, company drill, etc.

CROSSING THE MISSOURI

After two weeks' camping near Alton, our regiment was ordered to cross the Missouri river at St. Charles. There was but one transport boat, and that a small one. It took all night to transport the regiment across the river. I could never unravel the puzzle as to why this crossing the river was made during the night instead of the day time. There was no enemy within a hundred miles from us. It was probably done to invest the movement of our army (composed as it was then of one regiment of 1,200 men, with no artillery, no quartermaster or commissary department), with the mystery of higher strategy. I was in charge of the steam ferry boat, and crossed the river at least a dozen times during that night. It

was daylight before the last man and baggage wagon was carried over.

Once over, we were marched and countermarched several miles through the Missouri river bottom lands. We halted at last near a small village where we went into camp just outside of it. The question was now how to appease the hunger of 1,200 men, who had not tasted food since leaving Alton on the previous afternoon. It develops upon the Major of a regiment to superintend its commissary department and buy the supplies and pay the bills, but it does not state in the army regulations how to perform those duties when there is no money in the regimental treasury, and that was the condition of our treasury on this early and chilly morning. The Colonel and Quartermaster, when I applied to them, refused to have the latter issue regular army vouchers, so the only alternative left for me was to give my own personal notes for meat and bread for the whole regiment which notes I subsequently paid out of my private purse and for which the government is still in my debt. I could not think for a minute of seeing the men starve. I relate this in order to record the second breach between Col. Hecker and myself, the first having occurred in the Alton camp, when on one hot and sultry afternoon I led the regiment to the Missouri river for a plunge, and afterward regaled them with a glass of beer to each one, which I had bought and paid for with my own money.

COL. U. S. GRANT

Our regiment was soon ordered to take charge of the railroad leading from St. Charles to Mexico. It

was here that we met the 21st Illinois Infantry, commanded by Col. U. S. Grant. To one unacquainted with him, he appeared more like a prosperous farmer of the country than a Colonel of a regiment. There was no sword dangling from his side; all the adornment about his plain blue army blouse was the Colonel's "Insignia." Both the 24th and the 21st Illinois regiments were in General John M. Palmer's Brigade, the same Palmer who at the breaking out of the Civil War was a Senator in the State Legislature, and an ardent patriot, although an old staunch Democrat. He was Colonel of the 13th Illinois Volunteers and soon attained the rank of Brigadier General. Many years afterward he was elected Governor of Illinois, and it was during his incumbency that the great Chicago fire occurred. His controversy with Phil Sheridan over the latter's taking charge of the burnt-down city did not add laurels to his reputation as a man of good judgment, although while at Springfield during 1860, as Senator from Macoupin County, he was the leader of the Democratic minority.

PART V.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ILLINOIS AT MEXICO

During our stay at Mexico the regiment frequently sent detachments in various directions to thwart the design of the Confederate General Price in bringing Missouri into the Confederacy. While the regiment during these excursions in small detachments met with no active resistance on the part of the Missourians, it suffered considerably from the lack of a properly organized commissary department. As we were pursuing bands of guerillas, we were obliged to adopt the guerilla methods of commandeering subsistence for the regiment. We also took possession of railroads and their equipment when the necessity required it. It was only a short time after our arrival at Mexico that I became acquainted with Colonel U. S. Grant of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. While in Mexico, Colonel Grant was made brigadier general. Brigadier General Pope commanded the district embracing all of Missouri between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

Of course it would be as idle for me to give here a biographical sketch of U. S. Grant as it would be to give one of Napoleon, Washington or Lincoln. Every schoolboy of the civilized world knows the lives of these great men by heart. My aim is but to mention

incidents that happened during the short time I had the pleasure of belonging to his brigade. As is well known, Captain Grant was in the leather business with his father at Galena, Ill., at the breaking out of the Civil War. He had formed a friendship with the Hon. E. B. Washburn, a fellow townsman and member of Congress from the Galena district. Mr. Washburn, being a man of keen perception, brought it about that Captain Grant, after much urging, was given a place in the adjutant-general's office at Springfield as an aide to Thos. S. Mather, adjutant-general of the state militia, in mustering in the various Illinois troops offered. Both Grant and his friend, Mr. Washburn, were satisfied that the latent military talent of the former could be better brought to the surface at the head of a regiment than sitting at a desk in the adjutant-general's office; hence Captain Grant resigned his position at Springfield about the middle of June, 1861, and he was placed at the head of the Twenty-first regiment of Illinois Volunteers, which was raised at Mattoon, Ill. Although I may have seen Captain Grant at his desk in Springfield in Gen. Mather's office, as I was a frequent visitor there between May 18th and July 8th, 1861, I have no recollection of the fact, so the first time I met him was in northern Missouri, while he still was colonel of the Twenty-first and myself major of the Twenty-fourth Illinois Infantry.

I am bound to confess that my first impression was not of the extraordinary kind. I simply saw in him a colonel whose appearance indicated good common sense in not endeavoring to impress upon one his great importance by outward regimentals and adornments.

I had occasion to learn this lesson, that good common sense in matters of dress and general deportment, if not always yet very often indicates good generalship. General Moltke, whom I subsequently met during the Franco-Prussian war, was one of the shining examples of great strategy and generalship who never wore a sword or any outward adornments in the field.

LEONARD SWETT AND GENERAL GRANT

That Gen. Grant was persistent in his ideas, when once adopted, was clearly indicated to me by his sphinxlike silence and his set face. It is just what you would expect him to say, when planting himself before the enemy: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." This decisive and firm character of Gen. Grant was attested to by no less a person than Abraham Lincoln. Leonard Swett, an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, went post haste to Washington to complain about Gen. Grant, who was then in command at Cairo, Ill., of having threatened him with court martial and having him shot unless he left his military district within twenty-four hours.

"Well, Swett," said Mr. Lincoln, "if I were in your place I should keep out of Ulysses Simpson's bailiwick, for to the best of my knowledge and belief Grant will keep his promise if he catches you in Cairo. In fact, Leonard, you had better take to the woods, as the colored man's brother remarked." Mr. Swett took Mr. Lincoln's advice and kept out of Gen. Grant's bailiwick.

To resume the story of Gen. Grant's rapid advance to prominence during the Civil War, I will merely

record facts which came under my own personal observation. We had not been long together at Mexico, Mo., when the Twenty-first Illinois (Grant's regiment) was transferred posthaste to Pilot Knob, Mo. The Twenty-fourth Illinois (the Hecker regiment) soon followed, going through St. Louis and taking the Iron Mountain Railroad over to Pilot Knob. While passing through St. Louis I was attacked by malarial fever which necessitated my remaining in St. Louis under medical care. After a couple of weeks' treatment by the best physicians I could find in St. Louis I was ready to rejoin my regiment, when I received a letter from Col. Hecker advising me to remain in St. Louis until he came there and consulted with me about raising a company of mounted artillery to be attached to our regiment. Col. Hecker soon made his appearance in St. Louis, where he unfolded to me his plans about the recruiting of that company of mounted artillery, and asked me to effect an order from General John C. Fremont, commanding the Department of the West, for permission and an order to establish a recruiting office at St. Louis. When asked why he did not make the application himself, since his position as colonel of the regiment would exert greater influence upon Gen. Fremont than my position as major, he replied that I could more easily obtain that permission through Gen. Fremont's chief of staff, Gen. Alexander Asboth, a fellow exile and a good friend of mine. As this argument was unanswerable, I consented to undertake the task after receiving Col. Hecker's official application in writing.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT AND HIS BRILLIANT STAFF

A few words here about Gen. John C. Fremont might not be amiss. There was no general, and I might say no West Point officer who entered the field of activity during the Civil War who had the prestige or was as well known to the people of the country as was the Pathfinder and the first presidential candidate of the Republican party. President Lincoln, wishing to do honor both to the man and to the party whose standard bearer Fremont had been in 1856, appointed him major general and commander of the Department of the West. There is no doubt but that Fremont, like George B. McClellan, was an excellent organizer, but rather dilatory in striking the blow that would disconcert the enemy. He surrounded himself with a brilliant staff, mostly Hungarians and officers of the late Hungarian republic, among whom was Col. Asboth, who, while interned in Turkey, was Kossuth's aide and factotum. Col. Asboth was later made brigadier general and given a command of a division. He repeatedly distinguished himself in battle, not only during the Civil War, but also during the Hungarian struggle against Austria and Russia. He was a dashing cavalry officer. He was twice wounded, the last time his left cheek bone being broken and his left arm fractured in two places. He was breveted major general March 13, 1865, resigning five months later. In 1866 he was appointed United States minister to the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, where he died from the wound in his face, January 21, 1868. Then there was Col. Fiala, also a Hungarian exile, who held the

rank of major in the Hungarian army. Then last, but not least, was Capt. Zágonyi, the organizer and commander of the famous "Fremont bodyguard," consisting of four companies of horsemen. He recruited one in St. Louis, one in Cincinnati, one in Kentucky, and one in Wisconsin. Captain, afterwards Major Zágonyi, commenced recruiting the St. Louis company August 10, 1861, and on the 12th the company was complete. The uniform of the bodyguard was of a dark blue material and very neat; their horses were all selected by Maj. Zágonyi. The bodyguard numbered about 150 fighting men, and their dash at Springfield, Mo., where with 150 men they attacked 2,000 of the enemy and routed them, equalled the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, immortalized by Tennyson. They lost in this impetuous dash 52 men in killed and wounded, or over thirty-three per cent of their fighting force, with a loss of 40 horses. This battle occurred on the 25th of October. I never could learn why this splendid body of cavalry was ordered to be disbanded and mustered out of service immediately after Fremont's return to St. Louis from his expedition in quest of Gen. Price, and his removal from the command of the Department of the West.

General Fremont's staff was organized according to European military rules, and it was efficient enough to evolve plans in the office, but these plans were not executed with sufficient promptitude to bear good results.

Although I was not versed in the science of the higher tactics and strategy, I could form a correct opinion of the fruitless activity and waste of time at

Gen. Fremont's headquarters, where, during full two weeks I danced attendance before I could gain admission to Gen. Fremont's presence. I doubt whether there was as much difficulty and ceremony displayed in gaining an audience with any emperor or king as there was in order to be ushered into the presence of Fremont at St. Louis. Gen. Prentiss, who commanded a brigade under Gen. Fremont at that time, could bear witness, were he alive, to what I say. Many times during the two weeks which I spent at Fremont's headquarters did Gen. Prentiss complain to me that, although he wished to see the department commander on official business, he was unable to do so. I subsequently learned what that official business referred to. It was connected with his refusing to be placed under the orders of the recently appointed brigadier general, U. S. Grant, claiming his commission antedated that of Grant.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT

When at last I was admitted into the presence of Gen. Fremont I was awestricken by the splendor of the room in which he received his visitors. Right opposite the entrance to this room was a large pier glass mirror, behind which stood Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, whence she could hear every word of the conversation held between the general and his visitors. I was afterwards told that she invariably observed that rule, without regard to who the visitor or visitors might be. I was further informed that the general never gave a decisive answer on any subject unless he had first consulted Mrs. Fremont.

It is worthy of note that when Gen. Fremont left St. Louis on the 26th of September, 1861, with his army, composed of Gen. Franz Sigel and Gen. Asboth's division, he never failed to report daily every incident of his movements and camp life to Mrs. Fremont.

My interview with Gen. Fremont referred exclusively to his permission that I should establish a recruiting station in St. Louis for the enlistment of a company of mounted artillery, the company to be incorporated into the Twenty-fourth Illinois regiment. The permission was granted. I doubted at the time whether Gen. Fremont had the authority, without the sanction of the War Department, to give such a permission, but it was not for me to question the order given me by my colonel nor the propriety of Gen. Fremont's approval of my application.

RECRUITING FOR MOUNTED ARTILLERY

I at once secured a recruiting office, where I installed two men—a sergeant and a corporal—of my regiment. To do this it took about ten to fourteen days, when I concluded to rejoin my regiment at Ironton, Mo. Having telegraphed my orderly to have my horse waiting for me at Pilot Knob, the terminal of the Iron Mountain Railroad, I took the train for that point. On arriving there I was greatly surprised to learn from my orderly that Col. Hecker, with the larger portion of the regiment, had been sent by Gen. Grant to Frederickton to effect a junction with Cape Girardeau, and move thence to Cairo. Arrived at Ironton I went direct to Gen. Grant's headquarters, which was in a tent in a grove. The general being out I intro-

duced myself to Capt. Rawlins, who subsequently became chief of staff during Gen. Grant's military career, and after the latter's election to the presidency, his Secretary of War. The general soon appeared and he gave me a short resumé of the incidents that led him to send the Twenty-fourth to Frederickton. He would not advise me to try and join the regiment without any escort, as the country was swarming with guerillas; consequently I had to wait until an opportunity offered itself for my joining an expedition, either to Cape Girardeau, or else I would have to return to St. Louis and go thence to Cairo, where I would ultimately join my regiment.

HORSEBACK RIDE WITH GENERAL GRANT

On the day following my arrival at Ironton, an Ohio regiment of infantry was to arrive there and become part of Gen. Grant's brigade, and the general came down to my tent, inviting me to accompany him in a horseback ride in quest of a good camping ground for the Ohio regiment. Our ride of two hours' duration can never be effaced from my memory, for although my tactiturn riding companion did not betray any marked traits of great generalship, by his silence and quiet listening to my recital of events connected with the war which Hungary waged against the combined armies of Austria and Russia, in which I was a participant, still he impressed me as being a deeply thinking man, by his many questions relating to that war, its cause, and the reason for its unlucky closing. He showed a familiarity with the traits and characters of the various generals engaged in that war. Before

leaving this subject I can not refrain from giving here my humble testimony to the magnanimity of the man who, arrived at the zenith of his victory over a fallen foe, advised the Confederate prisoners to retain their swords and horses and have the first turned into plowshares and the latter into working animals, and whose last parting word to them was: "Let us have peace."

COLONEL RANSOM

In one of his letters to his friend, the Hon. E. B. Washburn, Gen. Grant wrote: "If you are acquainted with Senator Collamore of Vermont, I would be pleased if you would say to him that there is a young colonel of the Eleventh Illinois regiment, a native of his state, that I have taken a great interest in, for his gallantry and worth. I mean Colonel Ransom. He has now been wounded three times in separate engagements, but never showed a willingness to relinquish his command until the day was decided, and always declines leave to recover from his wounds, lest something should transpire while absent." I quote the above extract describing the gallant traits of Col. Ransom, as a tribute to the general's generous appreciation of Col. Ransom's self-sacrificing patriotism, as well as a tribute to Col. Thos. E. G. Ransom himself, who, before the war broke out, had been a friend of mine while in the employ of the Hon. A. J. Galloway's real estate office in Chicago. He enlisted as major of the Eleventh Illinois, Col. Wallace commanding.. He was made colonel of the regiment Feb. 2, 1862, and brigadier general Nov. 29, 1862. He served through the Civil War, always distinguishing himself by his

gallantry. He finally died Oct. 29, 1864, from wounds received at Sabine crossroads in April, 1864.

PERSONAL EXPLANATIONS

I have now reached the point in my Reminiscences where I shall have to ask the indulgence of my readers if I should weary them with the account of my struggles against Col. Hecker, who illegally endeavored to force me out from the regiment which I had organized at an expense of time and money, and put into my place one who, by his Machiavelian intrigues and jovial entertainments given to the colonel, was more to the latter's liking. The trouble with me was I could not join the colonel in his periodical drinking orgies.

Just as I was preparing to leave St. Louis for Cairo, in order to join my regiment, I learned that the destination had been changed from Cairo to Washington, D. C., to join the Army of the Potomac. It will be remembered that Gen. Grant sent the larger part of the regiment to form a junction with Cape Girardeau early in September; that Gen. Prentiss was spending much valuable time in St. Louis at Gen. Fremont's headquarters, seeking to establish the priority of his rank as brigadier general over that of Gen. Grant. Gen. Prentiss was fully aware of my mission in St. Louis, as I told him of it not once, but on several occasions while we were both waiting to gain an audience, and still we see him go back and approve an illegitimate order for my retirement from the regiment. I do not attribute any wilfull, malicious intent to do me injury, but ignorance and a total lack of

military ethics. It was never heard of for a mere brigadier general to retire an officer on account of sickness, without even the least vestige of a medical examination and the knowledge of the officer himself.

On the 17th of September I received through the mail the following extraordinary letter:

"Fort Holt, Sept. 16th, 1861.

Julian Kuné, Esq.:

In accordance with general order No. 6, issued by Gen. Prentiss on the 29th day of August, 1861, I have to notify you again that you have been honorably discharged from further service in my regiment, on account of the state of your health, which unfits you to bear the hardships of the campaign.

I sent this notice to your address in Chicago immediately after the order was issued, but it seems that you have not received that communication.

You are therefore requested not to recruit any more for my regiment, as your functions in the same have expired on the 29th of August last.

Respectfully,

(Signed) FREDERICK HECKER,

Col. 24th Ills. Vols."

On receipt of this at my recruiting office, the address of which was well known to Col. Hecker, I immediately went to Gen. Fremont's headquarters, complaining of this unheard of proceeding on the part of both Gen. Prentiss and Col. Hecker. Upon listening to my complaint the adjutant general of the Western Department issued the following order:

"Hdqrs. Western Dept., St. Louis, Mo.
Sept. 17, 1861.

Special Order 209.

Major Julian Kuné, 24th Ills. Volunteers, will proceed to join his regiment at Washington. By order of General Fremont.

I. C. KELTON, Asst. Adj. Genl."

Meanwhile the Twenty-fourth Illinois was ordered to Louisville, Ky., where Brig. Gen. Anderson was in command of the Department of the Cumberland. As soon as I could close up my recruiting office and settle up outstanding accounts against the regiment, such as rent, etc., I proceeded to Louisville via Cincinnati, immediately after the railroad accident to the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteers, by which scores were killed and wounded. Arrived at Louisville I presented Gen. Fremont's special order 209 to Gen. Anderson, who endorsed the order in a most extraordinary way, showing, as it subsequently turned out, that he was not a commander entirely free from vacillation where prompt decision was required.

General Anderson's endorsement:

"Headqrs. Dept. Cumberland,
Louisville, Ky., Sept. 30, '61.

The gentleman bearing this order presented himself to me (Major Kuné) this day, but as I learn from him and from papers presented to me by Col. Hecker, that a question has been of long standing embracing facts and proper investigation of which is necessary to ascertain whether or not he is an officer of the regi-

ment, I shall refer the whole matter to the Governor of Illinois, whose province it is to decide who are entitled to commissions in this regiment. I have no time to attempt the investigation of this case.

(Signed) ROBERT ANDERSON,
Br. Genl. U. S. Army."

On receiving this surprising endorsement upon a special order issued by a higher officer of the army, there was nothing left for me to do but to take back tracks to Springfield, Ill., and to appeal to Governor Yates, and here is what he wrote:

"Gen'l Headquarters State of Ills.
Oct. 3d, 1861.

Special Order No. 1294:

It is hereby certified that under executive order of the 26th of August, 1861, a commission was issued to Julian Kuné as Major of the Twenty-fourth regiment of Illinois Volunteers, bearing date August 26th, 1861, and ranking him as Major from the 17th day of June, '61, and that no other order has been issued from this department touching the right of Major Kuné to his commission, and unless the United States authorities have in some legal manner suspended his powers as Major, he is still entitled to be recognized as such.

(Signed) THOMAS S. MATHER,
Approved Oct. 3, 1861. Adjt. General Illinois.
RICHARD YATES, Governor."

While I was engaged in Springfield in securing the above certificate from Governor Yates, Gen. Anderson had been relieved from his command of the Department of the Cumberland and in his stead Brig. Gen.

W. Tecumseh Sherman was placed. This change was really no surprise to me, as I did not think Gen. Anderson's executive abilities of sufficient strength to cope with the situation that existed then in the border states of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Never having met Gen. Sherman before, and not wishing to be treated like I had been by Anderson, I decided to go direct to Washington and lay my case before the War Department. It is proper for me to remark here that after the issuance of Gen. Prentiss' illegal order depriving me of my rank as major, several officers of the Twenty-fourth Illinois, seeing the gross injustice, embraced my cause. These officers appointed a committee composed of myself, Capt. Augustus Mauff and Lieut. E. F. C. Klokke, to go to Washington and submit our grievances to the War Department.

Thanks to the good offices of my friends in the War Department and in President's Lincoln's household, we soon secured the following order:

"War Department, Adjutant General's Office.
Washington, Oct. 14, 1861.

Special Order No. 278:

In accordance with the decision of the Secretary of War, Major Julian Kuné, Capt. Augustus Mauff and 2nd Lieut. E. F. C. Klokke, 24th Illinois Vols., now in this city, will repair to Louisville, Ky., and report to Brig. General W. T. Sherman, commanding Department of the Cumberland, for duty with the regiment.

By order, C. R. GAUSCH,
Asst. Adjt. Genl."

Four days later General Sherman issued the following order:

"Headquarters Department of the Cumberland.
Louisville, Ky., October 18th, 1861.
Special Order No. 61:

Major Julian Kuné, Capt. Augustus Mauff and 2nd Lieut. E. F. C. Klokke, 24th Ills. Vols., having reported at these headquarters in obedience to special orders No. 278 War Department, Adjt. Gen'ls office, will, in conformity to the instructions of the Secretary of War, repair to Colesburgh, the camp of their regiment, and report to the colonel thereof for duty with the regiment.

By command of Brig. Genl. Sherman.
(Signed) OLIVER D. GREEN,
Asst. Adjt. Genl."

One would suppose that the colonel would have bowed in obedience to the above order of Gen. Sherman, but not so with our so-called hero of Baden, who gloried in his contempt for laws, whether enacted in a free commonwealth like the United States or in a despotic dukedom, whence he was expelled.

Armed with the above order I, accompanied by Capt. Mauff and Lieut. Klokke, reported at once to the colonel of our regiment in camp at Colesburg, Ky. His reception was cold and surly, simply saying: "Well, major, you may take charge of the dress parade this afternoon and have General Sherman's order read to the regiment." In conformity with this order I

conducted the dress parade and had Gen. Sherman's order read. This done, I retired to the tent which had been reserved for me, and while quietly sitting on a camp stool I was startled by the sound of a pistol shot and by the whistling of a ball through my tent, perforating the canvas on two ends. I immediately reported this attempt to assassinate me to the colonel, with a request to incorporate my report in his daily report to Gen. Sherman. The colonel, however, instead of reporting the incident as given to him by me, reported an entirely different story about the shooting episode While willing to sacrifice my life on the field of battle, I did not wish to be assassinated in camp, so I myself wrote a full report of the incident and sent it to headquarters at Louisville. My report evidently had been forwarded with that of Col. Hecker to Washington, for in due course of time came an order from the Secretary of War, accompanied by a letter from Gen. Sherman to Col. Hecker, the vital portions of which I give, as follows:

"Adjutant General's Office.
Washington, October 14, 1861.

To Brigadier General W. T. Sherman,
Commanding Dept. of the Cumberland,
Louisville, Ky.

General:

The following decision of the Secretary of War in the matter of the officers of the 24th Regt. of Ills. Vols. is respectfully furnished for your information, viz.:

1st. That the order discharging the officers, who had been duly commissioned and mustered, is not valid until ratified by the War Department; that the War Department has not raitfied it, but has ordered them to be restored.

2nd. That consequently the officers appointed to their places must be mustered out and discharged, and both sets, the officers in fact and of right, may be entitled to pay for the time. The error in the case was not their error. But the question of the pay of the officers pro tem ought to be reserved for the special decision of the War Department after all the facts of their appointment and service are ascertained.

That with such relations between the colonel of a regiment and his officers, the public service may suffer; the Lieut. Col. has applied to be transferred from the command of Col. Hecker.

(Signed) THOS. A. SCOTT,
Acting Sec. of War."

In accordance with the above decision, I am instructed to direct you to restore the officers of 24th Ills. Vols., illegally displaced by Col. Hecker, and report to this office such further information as you may be able to obtain relating to the case, in order that the War Department may decide upon the claims for pay for the officers pro tempore.

The papers in this case are respectfully returned. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) GEO. D. RUGGLES,
Asst. Adjt. Genl."

Copy of Gen. Sherman's letter to Col. Hecker:

"Louisville, Ky., Oct. 22, 1861.

Col. Hecker,

Commanding at Colesburg.

Sir:

Yours of Oct. 21st is received. I have now a perfect list of charges against the various officers of your regiment, and it is impossible at this time to order court martial. I again appeal to your good sense to heal this breach. Call your officers together and see whether you can not act in harmony. It is reported that a pistol shot was fired at Major Kuné. You explain it, and I hope your explanation is sufficient to satisfy the major. It is wrong that so fine a body of men should be crippled by dissensions among the officers at a time of imminent public danger. Again I say, these dissensions must be reconciled; else I may be compelled to disband the whole, a thing I do not want to do. Yours,

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, Brig. Genl."

Before dismissing this, to me, distasteful subject, I shall give here a copy of a letter which was given me by Governor Yates and addressed to General John C. Fremont, at the inception of my troubles with Col. Hecker, which letter, however, I never delivered, as I did not wish to quit my regiment under the implication that General Prentiss' order discharging me was in any sense legitimate and valid.

Copy of Gov. Yates' letter to Gen. Fremont:

"State of Illinois, Sept. 2, 1861.

Major General J. C. Fremont,

Sir: I am desirous that Major Julian Kuné, of the 24th Regiment Ills. Volunteers, be permitted to leave his regiment to assist in the raising and formation of a new regiment in this state. We feel the lack of experienced military men in this state, and I am very anxious to be able to secure the services of Maj. Kuné, and hope that you will give him the necessary leave for this purpose.

Your attention to this will much oblige me.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) RICH'D YATES, Governor."

I still have in my possession the original of the above letter, not wishing to deliver it while the struggle with my colonel was in progress, and by the time I had carried my point and had established my rights General Fremont had been replaced by General Hunter in the command of the Department of the West. I am willing to abide by the righteous judgment of those who may peruse the foregoing official papers, as to where should be placed the blame for this unfortunate affair. What I have written was not in a spirit of animosity, but simply in behalf of eternal justice!

PART VI.

JOINS THE BOARD OF TRADE

After leaving the army I devoted myself to business, which I pursued with fair success on the Chicago Board of Trade, joining that institution in 1863, while John L. Hancock was its president. The Board met in the Newhouse building on South Water street. My business transactions during the interval between 1863 and 1866 were fairly remunerative, with the exception of one contract which my partner had obtained from the government to furnish a certain quantity of oats to be delivered at Cairo, Ill. The shipments were made in time, but, owing to some reasons, which had better be guessed at than stated, the Illinois Central Railroad company failed to move them forward and they were thus left on our hands when the war closed. As they could not be sold, carload after carload was dumped into the Mississippi river.

Having always had a leaning towards literature, music and art, I spent my leisure hours in attending concerts, operas and lectures. At the solicitation of Lieutenant Governor Shuman, a friend of mine, who was the editor of the Chicago Evening Journal, I edited the musical part of the paper. It was while thus engaged during a number of years that I made the acquaintance of nearly all the celebrated concert and opera singers of that day.

In the spring of 1865 Chicago celebrated the open-

ing of its first temple of music in the inauguration of the Crosby Opera House, Mr. Jacob Grau specially organizing an opera troupe for the occasion. The opera given was Verdi's "Il Trovatore." I wonder whether this opera was ever given with better success than during that inauguration night. The artists of the troupe consisted of Mesdames Carozzi Zuchi, Clara Louise Kellogg and Morensi; Signori Massimiliani, Mazzolini, Lotti and Susini.

Crosby's Opera House marked a new epoch in Chicago's musical history. Before its erection on Washington street, between Dearborn and State streets, musical entertainments were mostly given during the fifties in Metropolitan Hall, corner Randolph and La Salle streets. It was there that the youthful Adelina Patti, under the management of her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosh, electrified Chicago's music lovers of that day. During the sixties Metropolitan Hall had to give way to the modernized Bryan Hall, where most of the famous artists appeared. There was also Farwell Hall, where Moody and Sanky held revival meetings; Hans Balatka, with his orchestra—the forerunner of the Thomas orchestra—gave many entertaining musical feasts in both Farwell and Metropolitan Halls. It will be noticed that the building of Crosby's Opera House was revolutionary. It was the first attempt of Chicago's music loving people to build a temple worthy of the rapidly growing metropolis of the West. The erection of this stately building was hailed with joy by the people of the whole northwest, for nothing like it had been attempted before west of New York and Philadelphia.

Reading over the various accounts of the opening of this temple of music, we find that both oratory and poetry contributed their share in doing honor to their next kin, music. Also, that the inaugural ceremonies had to be postponed owing to the national bereavement (the assassination of Abraham Lincoln) April 14, 1865. That the orator of the occasion was Geo. C. Bates, an eminent lawyer of this city, and the inaugural ode recited was from the pen of a Chicago bard, Mr. W. H. C. Hosmer. It was a gala night for Chicago and would have been more so had not the saddening national bereavement cast its shadow over the whole country.

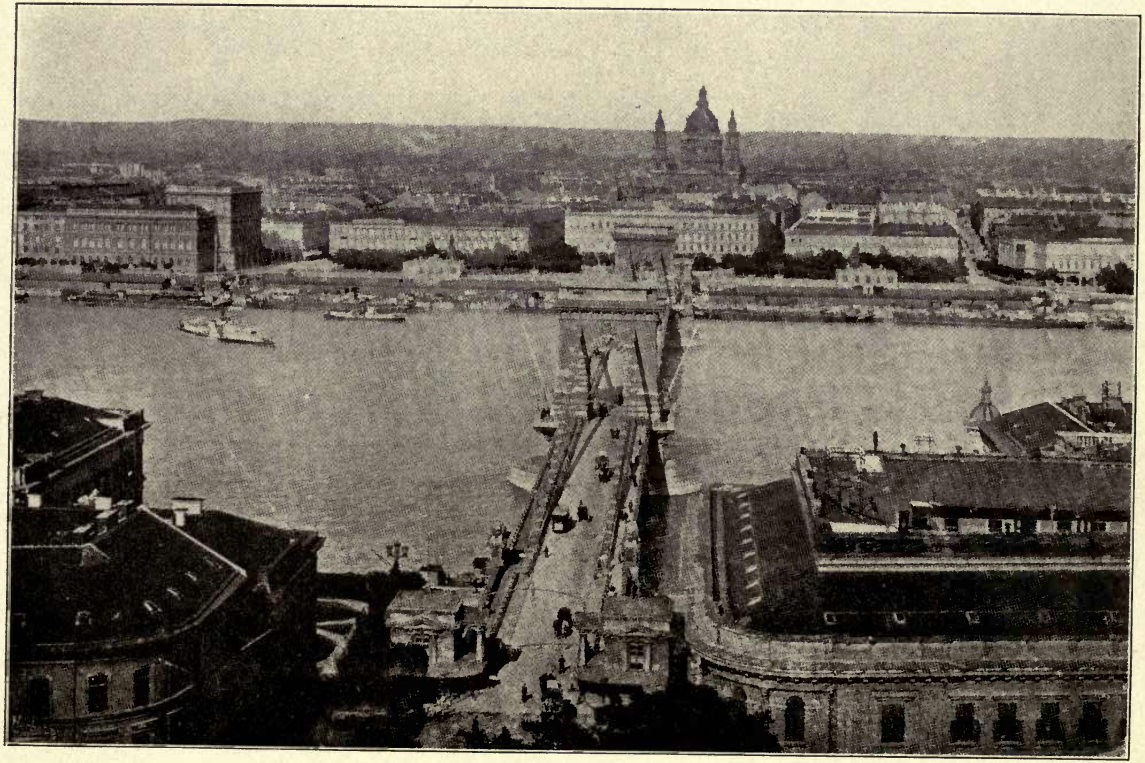
Of the numerous artists whom I had the pleasure of meeting and listening to during the period of my quasi position as musical critic, I can remember but a few whom I knew not only as artists but also as friends off the stage. Those who have gone through the experience of writing criticisms on the performances of either dramatic or musical artists are aware that the vocation is not an enviable one. For the jealousy of the artist is so inherent in most of them that if the critic bestows a little more praise on the performance of one artist, the others of the troupe are up in arms against him. He must be just, though inoffensive; he must praise the good points without needlessly laying bare the weak points of the artist. Above all, the critic should be fearless of giving his opinions without cavil or favor.

Through my intimate acquaintanceship with some of the impresarios, such as Jacob Grau, Max Strakosch and C. D. Hess, I came to know off the stage artists

like Picolomini, Paulina Cannissa, Parepa Rosa, Minnie Hauck, Susan Galton, Caroline Richings, Salvini, Ristori, and a few others.

The disastrous defeat of Austria in the Italian war of 1859, and the victory which Prussia won in 1866 over Austria, at Koniggraetz and Sadowa, broke the chains which Austria had riveted around the neck of Hungary. We all knew, when we were driven into exile, that the time would come, sooner or later, when we would be permitted to revisit our native heath. The war between Prussia and Austria demonstrated to the latter that without the voluntary consent of the Hungarian nation the Austrian army was weak and easily crushed. Whole regiments of Hungarian troops refused to fight, and went over to the enemy. This resulted in the so-called "Ausgleich" (compromise) between Austria and Hungary, whereby the latter obtained every point, save independence, for which she fought in 1848-49, and for which we had been exiled and forbidden to revisit our country for eighteen years. A general amnesty was proclaimed, enabling all political exiles to return. The desire to revisit my native land seized me, which desire I was unable to satisfy until about 1869, just one year after the cholera had visited Chicago. Besides, through the influence of my friends, Messrs. Wm. B. Ogden, Jonathan Young Scammon, and some others, the city council elected me South Side city assessor, which office I held during the cholera year.

In 1869 for the first time in twenty years I visited my native country. The feelings which I experienced on beholding the vine-clad hills of Buda are indescrib-



BUDAPEST TAKEN FROM THE FORT.

able. It seemed as if I had been suddenly dropped from one existence into another dreamland. Gradually things became more familiar, and I soon accommodated myself to my new surroundings.

FIRST HOME VISIT IN TWENTY YEARS

During this first visit I met my old Chicago friend, Joseph Breck, who in 1855 was the tutor of Mr. J. Young Scammon's son. He, too, availed himself of the amnesty and returned to Hungary, to his native county, where he was elected to the Hungarian Diet. He subsequently was elected Fö Ispán, the highest executive office in the county, and while accompanying (in 1879) King Francis Joseph on his tour to examine the distress occasioned by the floods, which nearly wiped out Szegedin and other cities adjacent to the river Tisza, he was thrown from his carriage (drawn by spirited horses, who took fright), subsequently dying of his injuries.

I have made several visits to Europe subsequent to my first to Hungary. I have met many persons, both in Budapest and Vienna, distinguished in art, music and statesmanship. Of authors I remember with great pleasure the celebrated traveler, Mr. Armenius Vámbéry, who, disguished as a dervish, traveled all over Bokhara, Khiva and Samarkand in 1864 and 1865. He is the author of various valuable works treating on his travels, and various Oriental languages. He also wrote a very interesting work on Russia's aggressive and encroaching policy in Central Asia. I repeatedly met him at the dinner table in a modest restaurant at Pest. He had just returned from his extensive tour in

Persia, so that his conversation was replete with most interesting incidents of his travels. He occupied the chair of Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Pest at the time I met him. The next person of prominence I met during my visit to Pest was Francis Pulsky. He was then a member of the Diet, and worked in harmony with Déák, the eminent statesman. He was an ardent follower of Kossuth, and came with him to the United States in 1851. He also, like Kossuth, was condemned to death by the Austrian government, but was included in the general amnesty after Austria's crushing defeat by Prussia in 1866. Both Pulsky and his wife, Madame Pulsky, are well remembered by old timers of New York and Boston.

I must not omit mentioning my meeting Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, then of the St. Louis Post and Dispatch, while both of us made a call on Mr. Házmán, then the mayor of Buda. If I remember rightly, Mr. Pulitzer was a member of the Missouri legislature at the time I met him at Buda. I also met Colonel Tur, whom I had known while both of us were living as exiles in London. Col. Tur had one of the most romantic careers. After being exiled, he went to London, where he stayed but a short time before going to France, where subsequently he became acquainted with Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, whom he assisted in the digging of the canal. Having a fine personality, he soon found favor at the court of Napoleon III. Empress Eugenie, whose special favorite he became, brought about his marriage to one of her favorite court ladies. Prior to the breaking out of the war between Prussia and France, General Tur, as he

was then known, was entrusted with a private mission to Bismarck, before the final breaking off of negotiations. After the fall of the Second Empire he returned to Hungary, where he was employed by the government in his capacity as civil engineer in regulating the courses of the various rivers and in the digging of canals.

During my visits to Budapest, Count Andrassy was at the helm of the Hungarian government, and Francis Déák was the power behind the throne. Francis Déák was one of the strongest characters in Hungary's history. During the first period of the Hungarian revolution he was minister of justice, but when Hungary had declared its independence, Déák laid down his portfolio and refused to follow Kossuth in his extreme radicalism. Lawyer as he was, he believed in regaining Hungary's constitutional rights legally, and as a member of the Austrian Empire. It is, however, a mooted question whether his Utopian expectations would ever have been realized had it not been for Austria's disastrous defeat by Napoleon in the Italian war of 1859, and the great defeat at Königgraetz and Sadowa in 1866 by Prussia.

MEETING ARTISTS

Of great artists during my visits to the European continent I may mention Anton Rubinstein, the great Russian composer and pianist. It was fortunate for the music-loving public of the United States that I happened to be in Vienna while Jacob Grau, the impresario, was negotiating with Rubinstein about his engagement for a tour in this country. In the midst

of the negotiations, before the signing of the contract, Mr. Grau had a stroke of paralysis, which completely incapacitated him from doing any business whatsoever. In fact, he lost his power of speech, which he never regained. I took up the thread of these negotiations and brought them to a satisfactory close, both with Mr. Rubinstein and Winiawski, the famous Polish violinist.

During that very same year (1872) I had the pleasure of listening to the performance of these artists at Aikin's Opera House on Wabash Avenue, the only hall available then in burnt-down Chicago.

During my frequent visits to Mr. Rubinstein's apartments in Vienna I had the opportunity of appreciating his value as a man, husband and father, as well as an artist. He frequently led the orchestra in concerts given by the Wiener Maenner Gesang Freunde. On one occasion, while he was wielding the baton the great Franz Liszt was presiding at the organ in the Wiener Allegemeine Musikhalle.

My list would be incomplete were I to omit Etelka Gerster, the famous Hungarian prima donna, whom I first met in Budapest while residing with her brother-in-law, Mr. I. S. Kauser, the American consul in that city. I often had the pleasure of listening to her remarkable flute-like voice long before she appeared in public. In 1879 she electrified the Chicago musical public in several concerts given at Farwell Hall. She also appeared in grand opera. Not long ago she visited her brother, who is a leading physician in New York.

Of statesmen, both American and European, I had

occasion to meet many, but most of them during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, and some years following. I will refer to them in the order I met them.

PERIODICAL VISITS TO BUDAPEST

During the summer of 1870 I made my annual visit to Budapest, and as above stated, I spent much of my time with Mr. Kauser the American consul. I should state here that Mr. Kauser, although a native of Hungary, had for several years resided in New York and became naturalized.

While in the consul's yard watching the laying down of the Nicholson pavement as an experiment, the consular clerk brought out to me a cablegram of the following purport: "Julian Kuné, care American consul, Pest, Hungary. Go to siege of Paris. Answer. Paid. White." This was an entirely unexpected turn in my plans. I had intended to visit Russia, but as Mr. Horace White, a friend whom I highly esteemed, was then the editor-in-chief of the Chicago "Tribune," I took his suggestion as an order. Besides, the ardent military spirit of my youthful days was rekindled, so I immediately accepted the position of war correspondent. I had been for years the correspondent of the "Tribune" from various points I visited during my travels in Europe, so it was not a new thing to me.

I at once bade my friend, Mr. Kauser, good bye and left the same night of the day I received the cable for Berlin. Arrived at Berlin, I at once called on my old friend, Henry Kreisman, the United States consul general, through whose kindly introduction to a local banker I was enabled to replenish my exchequer, as I

knew that a war correspondent has to spend money quite freely. Speaking of Mr. Kreisman, my Chicago old-time friends will remember him as a progressive German citizen. In the fifties he had been elected city clerk during John C. Haines' administration, and during 1860 was secretary to the Republican National Committee, of which N. B. Judd was chairman. After Lincoln's election he was appointed secretary of legation to Ambassador N. B. Judd at Berlin. On Mr. Judd's return to this country Mr. Kreisman was appointed consul general at Berlin, which position he creditably filled for several years. He visited this country only once since 1870, and that was in 1881 with Henry Villard, the one-time newspaper reporter and afterwards the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

It took me longer to get my passport vised, and obtain the necessary permit from the Berlin military authorities, to follow the advancing German army, than I had supposed. At one time it seemed to me as if the authorities were disposed to oppose my joining the army, but thanks to the influence exerted in my behalf by Mr. George Bancroft, our ambassador at Berlin, and Mr. Kreisman, the permit was granted to me in the following brief rescript:

"Alle civil und militärbehörden werden hierdurch ersucht dem Vorzeiger Dieses, Herrn Julian Kuné, Schütze und Hülfe zu leisten. Berlin, den 12ten September, 1870. (Signed) V. S. WINDT, Major." The translation of which is: "All civil and military authorities are herewith requested to extend all protection and aid to the bearer of this, Mr. Julian Kuné." The

seal of the chief general staff of the King's army was attached to this precious document, that would open to me the forbidden path leading to the King's headquarters, wherever that might be. Armed with all necessary documents I left Berlin on the 17th of September

FOR THE SEAT OF WAR

The distance from Berlin to Cologne is about 74 German miles, which, during the Franco-Prussian war, was made in about ten hours, which was fairly good time in those days for German railroads to make. At Cologne I had to change cars for Lebramont, Belgium, which I reached in about eight hours. At Lebramont ended my further progress by rail. Fortunately, just before reaching Madgeburg I made the acquaintance of a gentleman traveling in the same compartment with myself, who was an official of the Prussian general post-office department, and who was on his way to the army before Paris, for the purpose of establishing mail communications between Berlin and the King's headquarters before Paris. The new route was to be via Belgium to Sedan, then via Rheims, Chateaux Thiery, Epernay and Meaux. It took five days for the transit of mail between Berlin and Paris via Saarbruecken, Pont Mousson and Nancy, via the old route.

As fast as the German army advanced towards Paris the post-office department closely followed it. And no sooner was a French city or town taken possession of by the German troops when Prussian post-office officials took charge of the post-office of such

city or town and made prompt connections with the post-office department at Berlin.

TRIP THROUGH BELGIUM

As mentioned above, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of this post-office official, as I doubt whether, without his assistance, I could have reached the King's headquarters. Being a government official he requisitioned conveyances from time to time, and he invited me to share the necessary expenses with him, for he invariably paid cash for every mile over which the requisitioned conveyance took us.

At Lebramont, Belgium, my post-office friend and myself started to engage a chaise to take us to the next station, Bouillon, but the owner of the chaise asked such an exorbitant price that we refused to pay it, but availed ourselves of the offer of a Johanniter (a kind of a Red Cross representative) to whom we showed our papers, to use his chaise. The driver was a Belgian cavalry soldier, and he drove at such a breakneck pace that we were in constant danger of being overturned. The road ran all along the Ardennes, up and down hill, and the scenery was most picturesque. The horses we had were captured French horses, which the Prussian military authorities furnished to the Belgians for the purpose of transporting the wounded to the designated hospitals. On the road we met scores of French *cuirassiers,* guarded by Belgian frontier artillerymen, on their way to various places where they were to be confined during the duration of the war. Belgium, which had been the buffer

state between Germany and France, was compelled to strictly observe the laws of neutrality.

After a three hours' drive we arrived at Bouillon, which was a very dirty town. Its narrow streets reminded me very much of the towns and cities of Syria and Palestine. The place was filled to overflowing with the wounded of the battle of Sedan. We could find no shelter for the night. At one place I asked permission to occupy the kitchen floor, but it was refused to me. Finally, after hours of searching, we found a place where a Belgian physician was going to vacate his room. This disciple of Aesculapius, although a pretended French sympathizer, showed us many gruesome and revolting remembrances, which he had picked up on the Sedan battlefield. He impressed me as a human vampire who evidently pilfered and robbed the dead and dying.

As the landlord was a sympathizer with the French he fed us on many false and apocryphal stories, one of which was that 10,000 Prussians were blown up at Paris; that Paris was sufficiently provisioned to stand a siege of a year or more. What we would have preferred was to satisfy our hunger, but all we could get was a stale loaf of bread, on which we had to make our supper. Before cutting the loaf of bread, however, the host made the sign of the cross on it, which he thought would be sufficient to satisfy our hunger.

The following day, Monday the 19th, we left Bouillon at 7 a. m., by diligence for Sedan. We had for fellow passengers two gentlemen and three ladies, one of whom was an old Irish lady who was in search of her son, who had been wounded at Sedan. She had

married a Frenchman, and they were residing in France, and of course her sympathies were strongly pro-French. Indeed, she showed her antipathy against the Germans to a ridiculous point; for every time we passed a German flag she turned her head away from it in disgust. She was frank enough to tell me that during our Civil War her sympathies were with the South, to which I simply replied that, considering the final outcome of that war, it did not make much difference on which side her sympathies were. Her husband, the old gentleman, while we were ascending a hill together on foot, solemnly assured me that Prussia would have to take possession of the whole of France in order to keep it by military force; that according to the last bulletin issued by the Secretary of War, Le Boeff, France had two million chassepots, etc. Nevertheless, when the Germans took charge of the French war materials at the capitulation of Paris, there were but 25,000 chassepots to be found. There was also a young mademoiselle who was in search of her fiancee, an officer in a Turco regiment. The German army showed great liberality in aiding their foes to find their friends, dead or alive.

As we reached the frontier, the French refugees increased in numbers, for a great many French soldiers preferred to become refugees in Belgium to being taken prisoners and being sent to Germany. The scenery at the frontier, especially at La Chapelle, is grand beyond description, but, alas, who could admire it while on every side were visible the harrowing signs of the late struggle. At Givonne, some eight kilometres from Sedan, there was hardly a house left un-

touched by the death-dealing and house-demolishing cannon balls. Between Givonne and Digni the ground was literally covered by thousands of knapsacks, haversacks and broken up arms. Near Digni a freak of fate showed itself by leaving a tannery which was situated in a deep valley, and in the center of the fiercely raging battle untouched. The rain of bullets passed from hill to hill, leaving the factory building unharmed.

The owner of this tannery became very rich through the thousands of dead and disabled horses which he picked up on the battlefield and turned into leather.

From La Chapelle, ascending the summit of a hill, the suburbs of Sedan became visible. These were still in possession of the Red Cross attendants, and the wounded, which filled nearly every house to overflowing. Everywhere, in whatever direction you may turn the eyes, were ambulances and broken up wagons that block the passageways of the streets.

SEDAN

Although an unimportant little city before the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, Sedan has become world-wide famous as the place where Emperor Napoleon surrendered his army of 83,000 men of the rank and file, 39 Generals, 230 Staff Officers, 2,600 Officers, all of whom including the Emperor and his active Commander-in-chief, Marshall McMahon, became prisoners of war. In order to convey to my readers the great magnitude of this almost unparalleled defeat and sur-

render, I will give here some data which I obtained later at Versailles from official sources.

After the diastrous battles at Weissenburg, Saarbruecken, Woerth and Gravelot, McMahon had still 150,000 men in his command. He lost during the battle of Beaumont 25,000, and at Sedan 25,000 men, who were taken prisoner, and 83,000 who surrendered at the capitulation. There were besides 44,000 men wounded, while about 3,000 escaped to Belgium. This, with the 4,000 officers and over 50 Generals, would make the total loss of 150,000 men at the battles of Beaumont and Sedan,—an appalling loss, and one unparalleled in modern warfare. Besides the loss in men, the loss in war materials was equally stupendous. They consisted of 400 cannons, including 70 Mitrailleuse, 100 heavy ordnance guns, 10,000 horses and a vast quantity of ammunition, besides foodstuffs.

Sedan is in the department of the Ardennes, and it is situated on the right bank of the river *Meuse* (German *Maas*) and about thirteen miles Southeast of Mezier by railway and about the same distance from Thionville. It is surrounded by hills of an average height of about 1,000 feet. It has a fortress, which proved to be the pitfall into which the French army was lured on that fatal day of September 1st, 1870. It passes the understanding of even a tyro in military tactics how an army of 150,000 fighting men, led by old veterans like McMahon and Bazain, could have been lured into such a trap as they were caught in.

After I had met Gen. Sheridan at Versailles, the General, who was present at the battle of Sedan, told me that French bad generalship caused the capitula-

tion of Sedan. The French rank and file fought as bravely as any troops he ever saw on the field of battle. He had never seen a more heroic stand than was made by the French marines at Bazeilles under Martin des Pelliers, where thousands of Germans fell as victims to French heroism. A museum and a monument have been erected at Bazeilles in memory of the heroism displayed by the French marines.

General Sheridan further told me that if the French army had had as good tacticians to lead them as the Germans had, the outcome of the war would have been different. His observations, during the various battles in which he took part as a guest of the German army, commanded respect among the higher officers. So, for instance, at the battle of Sedan, while the General, accompanied by General Forsythe, was watching the course of the raging battle, and saw the German tirailleurs advancing up the hill against the heavy French columns, he remarked to those standing around him: "The poor devils, they are too weak; they never can gain that position in the face of all those French." And sure enough, only a few moments later they were compelled to retreat and to seek support. A little later, when the same tirailleurs, after getting support, advanced once more, it was Gen. Sheridan who first saw the danger of their being overwhelmed by the advancing French cuirassiers. He had hardly spoken the words: "O, heavens, the French cuirassiers will storm them," when the heavy phalanx of French cavalry, like an avalanche, moved upon the Prussian sharpshooters. The latter, however, without forming a line, received the onslaught with a well-directed fire at

a distance of about 300 feet, that brought down both horse and man by the hundreds.

Although several days had elapsed since the battle was fought, all the dead had not yet been removed and buried. Soldiers were engaged in fishing out the French cuirassiers and their horses, who filled the Meuse, which runs through the city. The railroad station, which had been converted into a Lazaret (Hospital) was still filled with the wounded and dying. The town was also filled to overflowing with French prisoners, waiting to be transported to various parts of Germany, which, considering that all railroad communication was still at a standstill, was rather a slow proceeding. Scores of disabled locomotive engines and cars were standing on the track towards Meziers. All along the shores of the river Meuse were freshly made graves and burnt-down houses seen. It was difficult to tell which of the numerous graves marked by little white crosses contained the remains of French or of German soldiers. What a mockery this material existence is after all; here were thousands of dead lying peacefully in eternal sleep, who for all we know, had never met before and who individually never entertained any ill feeling against each other; it was a sad spectacle. I had seen somewhat of the dire effects of war, during former wars, but the desolation and the cruel effects of warfare as seen at Sedan surpassed anything I had witnessed. I was very glad to leave the desolate town after a stay of but a few hours, in pursuit of the army of the South in command of "Unser Fritz."

On leaving Sedan, on the 19th of September, at 11 A. M., in a diligence, with requisitioned horses (for it

should be remembered that my traveling companion was still the Postoffice Official) we espied to the right, about one mile from Sedan, the beautiful Chateau Bellevue, where Napoleon met the King of Prussia and surrendered to him his sword. We next passed Donchery, where Napoleon came to interview Bismarck anent the capitulation. They met in a small house belonging to a weaver. Dr. Moritz Busch, Bismarck's Secretary, whom I subsequently met very often at Versailles, gave me the following account of that meeting between Napoleon and Bismarck:

PART VII.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

But before entering into this narrative, I will briefly relate the immediate cause of the Franco-Prussian War, as related to me by Dr. Bush.

"After Spain had gone through the short experience of a Republican government, they decided to try a monarchy once more, and accordingly called Prince Leopold of the Hohenzollern family to the throne. That caused the greatest excitement in the Napoleonic circles and regime. The young prince, without consulting the head of the dynasty, the King of Prussia, accepted the offer. King Wilhelm, however, as well as his Chancellor, Count Bismarck, was not in favor of a Hohenzollern ascending the Spanish throne. His ambition lay in a different direction—the unification of the various German petty states into one united German Empire. On the 4th of July, 1870, the Duke de Grammont directed the French Ambassador at Berlin to go to Emms, a watering place in Germany, where the King of Prussia was visiting the Emperor of Russia, to ask the King to direct Prince Leopold to withdraw his acceptance; for in case of refusal of this request, war would follow. On July 9th, Benedetti appeared before the King and asked him to re-establish quiet in Europe. The King answered that he in no wise encouraged Leopold's candidacy, and that he (Benedetti)

should go to Madrid with his protest. On the 10th, Benedetti repeated his demand, and on the 12th came the report that Leopold had withdrawn his former acceptance. This should have satisfied the French, but the Duke of Grammont (probably instigated by Napoleon, or the ambitious Empress Eugenie) asked still further guarantees of the King, and he asked that the King should apologize to the Emperor, and give written guarantee that the Prince would not accept again. The King of course refused to accede to this humiliating demand, but Benedetti, unabashed, went up to the King as the latter was taking the train for Coblenz and asked to speak to him; whereupon the King curtly said to him that he had nothing more to say to him. It seemed that Benedetti fully expected this denouement, because his master, Napoleon, picked up the Spanish affair merely as a pretext to get up a quarrel."

The King left the watering place July 15th, two weeks sooner than he intended. As he was to take the train, a large crowd of people gathered at the station to bid him good-bye, when he addressed them: "I hope to see you again. God is my witness that I do not want war, but if I should be compelled to wage war, I shall defend Germany's honor to the last man."

On the 19th of July, the French Ambassador delivered to Count Bismarck the formal declaration of war.

The French people completely lost their heads. After Sedan, Napoleon declared that he did not want the war, but that the French people fairly drove him into it. Judging from the way they acted after war had been declared, there must have been some truth in

Napoleon's assertion. They walked the streets singing impromptu: "We eat breakfast at Cologne, dine in Berlin, and eat our supper at Königsberg." Immediately the French army was placed on a war footing, and the one commanded by McMahon named "The Army of the Rhine," which however, never saw the Rhine. Napoleon hurried to Metz on the 28th of July, only nine days after he declared war again Prussia, taking with him his son and a vast amount of luggage, just as if he were going to a dress parade.

The Germans, on the other hand, on August 7, 1870, quietly formed three army corps: The army of the South, commanded by "Unser Fritz," the Crown Prince, Frederick William; the second army commanded by the "Red Prince," Friederich Carl, cousin of the Crown Prince; while one army, the first, was commanded by General v. Steinmetz. The King assumed the supreme command, with von Moltke as Chief of Staff, On the 5th of August the battle of Weissenburg was fought; on the 6th the battle of Wörth took place; and the battles of Saarbruecken, Metz, Mars La Tour, Gravelot and Sedan had been fought, in every one of which the French had been defeated, and all these world-stirring events took place within the short time of six weeks, a feat never before equaled in the history of wars.

But to resume the narrative of the incidents connected with the capitulation of the French army under Napoleon, as given by Dr. Bush, private secretary to Bismarck:

"After the fate of the entrapped French army in Sedan had been sealed by the uniting of the Prussian

and Saxon regiments, which formed almost a complete circle around Sedan, the battle, although fierce in the extreme, suddenly ceased at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Five minutes later a French officer, escorted by two Uhlans, appeared at a sharp trot ascending the hill from Sedan. One of the escorting Uhlans had a white handkerchief tied to a stick. Arrived at the King's Headquarters, which was at the village of Vendresse on a hill, the officer alighted and asked to be informed on what conditions the capitulation of Sedan with its army would be accepted. After a short consultation between the King and von Moltke, he was informed that in a matter of such importance it would require an officer of high rank to negotiate with. He was told to return to Sedan and to inform the Governor of Sedan to appear at once before the King of Prussia, and should he not be there within three-quarters of an hour, the battle would be at once resumed. There would be no conditions given,—"an unconditional surrender is demanded."

The officer rode back, but at about 6:30 P. M., a loud hurrahing was heard, with the interjection: "The Emperor is here." Ten minutes later General Reille presented himself with a letter from Napoleon, addressed to the King. As soon as the French General was seen coming, a double line of cuirassiers and dragoons formed itself behind the King. In front of this line stood the members of the general staff, and ten paces ahead was the King himself, ready to receive the General, who placed the Emperor's letter in the former's hands. The letter consisted of the following: "As it was not destined for me to die at the head of

my troops, I surrender my sword into the hands of your Majesty." ("N'ayant pas pu mourir a la tête de mes troupe je depose mon épeé a votre Majesté.")

After a short consultation with Bismarck, von Moltke and von Roon, who had meanwhile joined the King's followers, the latter took his seat on the straw seat of a stool, while two adjutants improvised a table by holding up in front of him another stool, whereon he wrote to the Emperor a request to repair to Vendresse, the King's headquarters, on the following morning. Then he gave this letter personally to General Reille.

On the following morning the King and the Emperor met at Villa Bellvue. The conference lasted but 15 minutes. Both King and Emperor were deeply moved, as may be inferred from the closing sentence of the letter which King William wrote to Königin Augusta, describing the capitulation of Sedan and the surrender of the army: "We were both greatly moved over thus meeting again." "It is impossible for me to describe to you my feelings, when I remembered that only three years have passed away since I saw Napoleon at the zenith of his power."

The negotiations for the capitulation were carried on, as previously stated, at Doncherry, in a weaver's house, where Napoleon first met Bismarck. The Iron Chancellor afterwards confessed that the interview was anything but pleasant to him. He said that while waiting for Moltke, von Roon and General Wimpfen to close the negotiations for the surrender of the army, he sat alone with Napoleon in the humble weaver's room, and he felt like the young man at a ball, who

had engaged a girl for the cotillion, had not a word to say to her, and heartily wished that someone would take her away.

I was in Berlin a few days after the surrender at Sedan, and while looking at the material composing the German army, I could easily comprehend the cause of the collapse of the French armies, that were opposed to the German soldiers. There were 200,000 men of the reserve corps around Berlin waiting for marching orders, and as I watched regiment after regiment march along with elastic step, I did not wonder any longer at the signal success their comrades in the field had already attained. French *elan* was no match for German stolidity and determination. "It was an army of Spartans with spectacles on their noses."

I could plainly see the German victory before me, in the quiet but determined talk of the Berliners. From the King down to the street sweeper, they were all ready to sacrifice life if need be. A good illustration of the King's patriotism was current at the time in Berlin. A very wealthy Berliner, who had an only son, petitioned the King to have him exempted from military service after having been drafted,—to which the King replied that he too had an only son, and that not only his son, but he himself, had to go to save the Fatherland. The Minister of War, von Roon, had one son killed and one wounded.

FROM SEDAN TO MEAUX

To resume my itinerary from Sedan to Meaux, where the King's headquarters was said to be. We reached Poix, and here we went to an Auberge (Inn)

where a woman was the proprietress. She could give us nothing to satisfy our hunger; she was a perfect actress—she complained that only very recently she had 150 soldiers billetted on her, and never got a sou. She didn't care whether France was a Republic or an Empire, if only the potatoes would be left to them. She thought that all people (with a side glance at us) would be better off in their own country.

Shaking the dust of this inhospitable place off our feet, we left it, after stopping an hour to feed our horses. The scenery around Poix continued to be fine. As one reaches the summit of a hill, the view extends for miles around. An abandoned railroad, with a great number of cars laying idly around, was discerned in the distance. This reminds me to record here an opinion to the effect that the German soldiers were not as good at railroad repairing as they were at fighting. They were unlike our boys during the Civil War, who, the minute a railroad was reached and an old engine with any kind of rolling stock was scared up, managed to open transportation by rail. In talking this matter over with General Sheridan, he fully agreed with me. The battle at Saarbruecken had been fought over a month ago, and still the railroads to Pont a Musson and Nancy were in such a chaotic state that they could not carry passengers. The railroad through the whole of the Marne valley showed but little damage. The greatest damage was caused by the unnecessary destruction of bridges. At Lagni alone the destruction of two bridges (one a suspension bridge) must have caused a loss of at least 2,000,000 francs. This destroying bridges in modern warfare is a waste of time

and money, for a pontoon bridge can be built across a river in but a few hours. At Lagni over the Marne it was built by the German army in about two hours. Just outside Sedan we saw the canal that connects the Meuse with the Marne and the Seine, leading to Paris, but it showed no signs of activity or life.

Arrived at Rethel we were furnished with an escort by the German Commandant of a Saxon regiment, which brought us to Reims at 9:30 P. M. We stopped here for refreshments, and to change our horses, until midnight, when we again left under the protection of an escort, with a fresh relay, for Epernay, the very center of the champagne country. Leaving Epernay at 4 A. M. we reached Chateau Thiery at 11 A. M. of the 20th. Here we once more changed our relay and escort, and arrived at Meaux at 3:30 P. M. Here we learned that the King's headquarters had been advanced to Lagni, so we had to take one more relay and escort, with which we reached Lagni at 8 P. M. of the 20th, the goal of our fatiguing journey.

The whole distance to Lagni from Libramont (Belgium) where we took the chaise, is about 280 kilometres, and it took us forty consecutive hours to make it, while ordinarily by rail the journey is made in about four hours.

ARRIVAL AT LAGNI

On learning that the King had left Lagni and taken up his headquarters at Ferrier in Baron Alphonse Rothschild's castle, we concluded to remain at Lagni overnight, and stopped at the Hotel de Renaissance. The accommodations, and the food especially, suggested the necessity of a renaissance, but the same

story we heard all over the route we came: "Les Prussiens ont prit tout ce que nos aviont." ("The Prussians have taken all we had.") No patriotic Frenchman could be made to believe that it was not the Prussians, but the Wuertenbergers and the Saxons, who were their unwelcome guests. All Germans were to them Prussians. It reminded me of the early days in Chicago, when every foreigner, whether German, French, or Hungarian, was designated by the universal patronymic of "Dutchman."

It is true that the country we had traversed from Sedan to Langi looked desolate and changed in appearance since only a year before I crossed it by rail from Paris to Brussels. There was hardly a town that escaped more or less damage. For the sake of the Truth, I must say that the discipline of the Wuertenbergers was slack and uncontrolable, while that of the Prussians was exemplary.

The whole region between Sedan and Lagni, which we had traversed, had the aspect of having been depopulated by some sudden catastrophe. Neither young men nor young women were visible. We could account for the absence of the young men, they having been claimed by the army, but we could not explain why the young women should have abandoned their homes. This feature connected with the Franco-Prussian War could be explained only on the hypothesis that the French looked upon the invaders of their country as being no less barbarous than the Tartars were under Ghenges Khan or Tamerlane. My landlord in Versailles, a very intelligent member of the French bar, after asking him the reason for his family's

departure for the South of France, and leaving him to take care of his house and home, confided to me that the women were afraid of the Prussians. One thing, however, was noticeable, that the towns occupied by the Wuertenbergers showed plain evidence of having been pillaged, while those occupied by the Prussians, Saxons and Badenese bore hardly any signs of being roughly used or the inhabitants maltreated.

Lagni had, prior to the invasion, a population of about 4,000, consisting mostly of wealthy Parisians, who owned Villas there, and spent the hot summer months in that place. After having retired for the night, a fire broke out in the immediate neighborhood of my hotel. The fire was traced to some Wuertenberger soldiers, who imbibing too liberally of the wine they found in the cellars, started to burn up the town. Fortunately the French population had melted down to only about 300, mostly men, so that there was no casualty before the patrol guards promptly extinguished the fire and arrested some of the malefactors.

To the shame of the Wuertenberger officers I must say that their behavior was not any better than that of their soldiers. I witnessed myself a scene which made by blood boil. A score of these Wuertenberger officers, after having been served with dinner and all the wine they could consume, refused to pay, and simply laughed in the face of the cashier, who was a young French woman. "Oh," she burst out, "if I were a man I would show my countrymen how to fight."

WALK TO FERRIER

On the following morning after my arrival, I walked over to Ferrier, about 9 kilometers distant, where I

had to go to Col. von Verdy of the general staff to obtain from him permission to remain within the lines of the King's army. It was not such an easy matter to reach that important individual. As I approached the main gate of the extensive Park in which Baron Rothschild's castle stands, a civilian whom I took to be a Frenchman asked me in French where I was going. On answering him in german that I would like to find the kanzlei (office) of the general staff. He politely requested me to show him my *legitimations papiere* (papers of identification). After examining them, he directed me to take a side path towards the building, but before I had progressed twenty feet I was once more accosted in German by a well dressed gentleman, who asked me whom I wished to see. After telling him, he led me to the door of the general staff office, where I was taken charge of by an orderly, who led me into the private office of Col. von Verdy, to whom I delivered a letter from Mr. Henry Kreisman, who knew him personally. The Colonel received me most kindly, and assured me that I would be afforded all possible facilities within the lines of the army of the Crown Prince to observe and to report all its movements to the Chicago Tribune by mail only; and if I wished to send anything by cable, I would have to submit it to the military censor, who would decide whether the interests of the service would permit its being sent. The Colonel thereupon had made out the permit, which he signed, and which would be the open sesame that would give me access to all the military cantonments of the besieging army.

Grosses Haupt-Quartier H. Q. Ferrières den 21 September 1870.
Seiner Majestät des Königs
Chef des Generalstabes
der Armee.

N°

Dem Vorzeiger dieses, Herrn Julius Kune
ist es gestattet, sich im Bereich der operirenden
Armeen aufzuhalten.

Alle Behörden werden ersucht, demselben
dabei keine Schwierigkeiten in den Weg zu
legen.

Von Seiten des Generalquartiermeisters.

v. Verdy

Oberstlieutenant und Abthl.-Chef,
[illegible] Chef im gr. Generalstabe

COPY OF THE ROYAL PERMIT

H. Q. Ferrières, September 21, 1870.

Grosses Haupt-Quartier
Seiner Majestät des Königs
Chef des General stabes der Armee.

Dem Vorzeiger dieses, Herrn Julian Kuné ist es gestattet, sich im Bereiche der operirenden Armee aufzuhalten.

Alle Behörde werden ersucht demselben dabei keine Schwierikeien in den weg zu legen.

Von Seiten des General Quartiermeister.

(Signed) V. Verdy,
Oberstleutenant und Abtheilungschef wie zum General stab.

(Seal of) Hauptquartier,
Seiner Majestäts des Koenings chef des General Stabs der grossen armee.

Translation.

H. Q. Ferrières, September 21, 1870.

Great Headquarters of his
Majesty the King Chief of
the General staff of the Army.

Permission is given to the bearer, Mr. Julian Kune to remain within the lines of the operating army.

All authorities are hereby requested to place no obstacles in his way:

In behalf of the Quartermasters General.

(Signed) V. Verdy,
Lieutenant Colonel and department chief of the staff.

(Seal) Headquarters of his Majesty the King, Chief of the General Staff of the whole Army.

After showing me the captured French balloon, which were kept in one of the outhouses, the Colonel dismissed me with a hearty: "Auf Wiedersehen," he retiring to his office, while I walked about the large Park which extended for miles, admiring the trees, exotic plants and flowers. It was certainly the finest private park I had ever seen. As the castle was then occupied by the King and his suite, I could gain no admittance to examine it, as I subsequently did the Chateau St. Cloud, but I had it fully described to me later on by Dr. Moritz Bush, Bismarck's private secretary, whom I met socially quite frequently. He told me one or two stories in connection with their temporary quarters at Ferrier, one of which was as follows:

"The Major-domo of the castle at first refused to furnish the King's table with wine. After vain peaceable efforts, the officers of the staff threatened him with the "Stroh Halter" (Straw Halter). This had the desired effect, for afterwards the wine was flowing like water."

Another story which Dr. Bush told me was that "King William strictly prohibited shooting in the Ferrier Park, which was filled with pheasants. One day I asked the Chancellor why he did not sally forth once in a while and shoot a few of these toothsome birds for the table. 'Why not, indeed,' he replied with a smile. 'True, shooting is strictly prohibited, but what can they do to me if I turn out and knock over a brace or two? I can't be taken up, for there is no one to do it.' An entry in my dairy on September 28th says: 'Today the King drove out to visit the canton-

ments before Paris. At midday I had a communication to make to the Prime Minister. In the anteroom they told me that he was not in; he and Moltke went out shooting pheasants, which they did adjoining the Park, so as not to trespass His Majesty's commands'."

BUYING A HORSE

On my return to Lagni, where I had an appointment with Capt. Kuster of the 5th Saxon regiment, I bought of him a horse, for which I paid 104 francs, about $5.00. The horse was a captured French artillery horse, rather too heavy for fast travel, but quite inured to the sound of cannon, *mitrailleuse* and small arm fire, which was quite an advantage. While I was hunting for a chaise and harness this 23rd of September, the French made a sortie at Bicetre, a hamlet West of Paris. The sortie, however, was nipped in the bud by the ever-watchful German army, inflicting on the French a loss of 12 guns and 2,000 prisoners. On the 24th of September, Jules Favre appeared under a flag of truce.

The French chauvinistic press at once jumped to the conclusion that Favre's presence at Ferrier augured peace. I was equally impressed and influenced by that generally prevailing spirit, so that I sent a cable to the Chicago Tribune on September 24th as follows: "Prospects for peace good; Favre here." Nothing came, however, of this visit. Bismarck, it seems (as I subsequently heard from his Secretary, Dr. Bush), had but little faith and confidence in Favre's diplomatic mission, as he could produce no authentic authority from the provisional government to treat

for peace. The Chancellor, in fact, sized him up as a fine actor, who came to the German headquarters, prepared as he was with powdered face and perfumed garments, to make an impression on the man of iron.

Favre's proposition was the cession of Alsace-Lorraine and the payment of the war expenses, but that the German army should not enter Paris. The last was the rock on which the negotiations were wrecked.

Bismarck was ready to negotiate for peace, in fact I remember that at one time, as General Sheridan told me, he authorized General Burnside to offer them terms of an armistice, but the provisional government was still defiant and would not accept the terms.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS

After these failures to secure an armistice, the German army went to work entrenching themselves around Paris and preparing their winter quarters. The most peculiar thing about the siege of Paris was the almost total absence of tents. The surrounding army occupied, where practicable, the many hamlets, villages and castles that surround Paris, while the advance posts and pickets made their quarters by gopher-like burrowing into the ground.

STARTING FOR VERSAILLES

On the 25th of September, after having bought a harness and a second hand chaise, I started for Versailles, where I understood the headquarters of the King's army would be removed to and where I understood Generals Sheridan and Jas. W. Forsythe were already domiciled. The route I took was outside the

besieging line, crossing the Marne on a pontoon bridge, where it was said the King gave 5 thalers to each one of the privates who helped carry his luggage across. Passing Chaussy, I reached Champigni-sur-Marne, one of the most beautiful spots around Paris. While at Champigni we were suddenly reminded by the bursting of shells fired at us from Fort Charenton, that we were at the advanced post of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and that the place was entrenched and occupied by the first battalion of the 7th Wuertenberger regiment, and we further learned that we were only seven miles from Paris. The only inhabitant of the 2,000 people living here was an old man, a son of a German, and his wife. Here I put up for the night in a large villa belonging to a building contractor, who, however, had abandoned it and hied himself to Paris. The villa contained 20 rooms, among which was an elegantly furnished library of 4,000 volumes. The kitchen was filled with valuable china. The Wuertenbergers, who occupied the place, discovered the most costly furniture concealed under the floor of the stables. The grand piano was still in the salon, where we had the satisfaction of listening to nocturnes, rhapsodies, etc., played by artists who wore the Wuertenberger private soldier's uniform.

But all this splendor was aggravating, for I could get nothing to satisfy my hunger except dry bread and some soup made of Erbsenwurst (pea sausage).

Making my couch in the library, I retired about midnight, after having hurriedly glanced through the many valuable and interesting books, all in French, that filled the mahogany book-cases.

On the following morning I walked over to the castle, where the assistant surgeon of the Wuertenberg regiment, which garrisoned at Champigni, regaled me with some good coffee for breakfast. All kinds of provisions, such as meats, potatoes, butter and milk, were absolutely not to be had either for love or money. I tried to buy some milk from a French milkman, but the only answer to my application was: "Il n'a pas de lait, monsieur; les Prussiens ont emportee nos vaches." (There is no milk, monsieur; the Prussians have carried off our cows.) This excuse, however, was far from the truth, for all grains and provisions, as soon as it became patent that Paris would be besieged, were requisitioned from the surrounding country by the French provisional government and taken to Paris, while the residue, which could not be carried away, was wantonly destroyed. As the German commissariat had not been fully organized yet, on account of lack of transportation facilities, provisions, with the exception of large quantities of Erbsenwurst, could not be brought at this time from the fatherland. Large foraging parties, consisting at times of whole squadrons of cavalry, were sent out into the country, at times forty miles distant from Paris, which helped to supply the besieging army. I was surprised to find the common French people, living outside of the large cities, so ignorant and superstitious. It is, however, not to be wondered at, for during the 15 years prior to the downfall of the Napoleonic Empire, all efforts were made not to advance the intellectual condition of the common people, but to retard it as much as possible, so that they could be used against the on-

slaughts of the communistic proletariat of Paris, who were waiting for an opportunity to carry out their long cherished plans for vengeance against the bourgeoise. It was this chauvinism of the country people that saved France from the horrors of anarchy. Even after the German arms had overthrown the Napoleonic dynasty at Sedan, and Paris was being besieged, these unsophisticated country folks believed that Napoleon permitted the Prussian's advance, only to entrap them and thus entirely annihilate them. You may temporarily subdue such people, but you can not conquer them permanently.

In order to evade the too frequent bursting of shells which the French threw into Champigni from Fort Charenton, I left the place and went South along the Marne to Chenevieres, and as I stood on its heights that morning of September 25th, 1870, a wonderful sight presented itself before my astonished eyes. There was Paris, still enchanting, even while in the throes of distress and starvation. Only a little over a year ago I walked its streets and boulevards and admired its Pantheon, Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame and the Louvre, with all its treasures. I have attended the *Fête Napoleon* on the Champs de Mars, where I saw 100,000 soldiers march past the stand where Napoleon and his brilliantly attired staff reviewed them. The buildings were all there, but the pall of death seemed now to hover over them and the 9,000 public houses and private buildings of which the Paris of that day was made up. Its 2,000,000 people imprisoned within its walls were prostrated, partly by fear and partly by hunger. All seemed to be dead ex-

cept the trees and flowers in the Bois de Boulogne and the various parks. Through my telescope I could plainly see these, Nature's innocent children.

From Chenevieres I had to drive South to Boissy St. Leger, where I halted to feed beast and man. Our party now consisted of myself, Mr. Latham, correspondent of an English paper; Dr. Havelin, an amateur Johanniter, and my stable boy. The dinner consisted of some meat which I had bought of a soldier for the price of a cigar. This time I showed my culinary art, acquired during the Hungarian revolution of 1848, by preparing an excellent dish of *Gulyas.*

After dinner we left for Vilneuf-sur-Seine, in the cantonment (county) of Longjumeaux. This village is beautifully situated about four leagues from Paris. We had crossed the Seine on a pontoon bridge constructed by the Germans. We reached Versailles about 9 P. M., on the 26th of September, without encountering any more obstacles. General von Voigts Rhets was the military Governor, since the German army had entered Versailles, although the French Perfect, as well as the Mayor, who stuck to their posts, carried out all civil laws and ordinances which were not inconsistent with the martial law as proclaimed by the invaders.

ARRIVAL AT VERSAILLES

It took me a couple of days to secure quarters, and while walking the streets in quest of a lodging place, I encountered Generals Sheridan and Forsythe, who were stopping at the hotel de Reservoir. The General kindly invited me to call on him any evening.

Versailles, with its park and art galleries, its playing waters, and its *Grand* and *Petit Trianon,* was a very interesting show place for the thousands of German officers and soldiers who visited these places in large numbers. It was interesting to listen to the comments of private soldiers on the various paintings in the art gallery. The King was expected to arrive on October 1st ,and the Prefecture was being put in readiness for him. As he had 700 persons in his suite, Bismarck, Moltke and numerous members of the general staff had to find quarters elsewhere.

The Crown Prince took up his quarters at the Villa of Madame Andree. It was on a high ground just outside of Versailles. The King used to come there frequently to take observations with his spy glass.

THE ARREST OF AN EDITOR

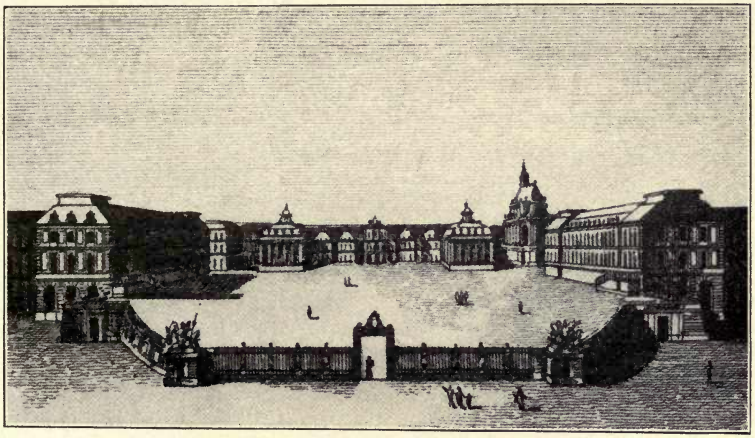
Some little excitement was created by the arrest of M. Jeandel, editor of "Journal de Versailles," for seditious articles published contrary to the laws and regulations of the military authorities. One of these articles referred to the colored paper which the Journal had to use in consequence of the Prussian invasion. To satisfy myself whether the facts would bear out these assertions, I visited the office of the paper, where the printing was done, and I found enough white paper still in the store-room to last at least six months. The editor was lucky enough to escape with a sharp reprimand.

Sometimes I looked upon the acts of the French people, from head down to the lowest grade, as childish and silly. So, for instance, when I once found my-

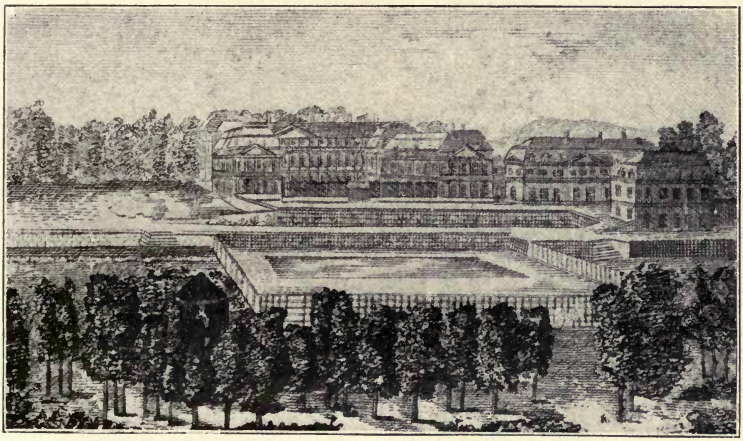
self in front of a building where there was a private gallery of paintings. I asked the concierge to let me enter and examine the paintings. He replied: "Nous ne somme plus les maitres ici." (We are no longer masters here.) And yet he had full charge of the building, with all its art treasures, and besides, had a sentinel furnished by the German military Governor for his and the building's protection.

Even their most intellectual leaders were at times subject to these childish eccentricities. As an example I would cite Victor Hugo's letter which he wrote King Wilhelm asking him to spare Metz, to which the King replied: "Quant a' mois, j'aime beaucoup vos oraisons comme poesie, mais comme guaranti de paix j'aime mieux Metz." (A far as I am concerned, I love much your beautiful expressions as poetry, but as a guarantee of peace I love Metz more.)

After having settled down in my temporary quarters, I paid a visit to General Sheridan on the evening of September 29th, at his quarters at the hotel de Reservoir. The General excited my interest by relating to me his and General Forsythe's experience during their recent visit to St. Cloud, the favorite castle of the Empress Eugenie and Napoleon, the place where he signed the declaration of war against Prussia. When I hinted at my desire to visit the castle myself, both Generals tried to dissuade me from this dangerous undertaking, as they called it, for while the German soldiers inhabited the interior of the castle, the surrounding park was constantly exposed to the Franctireur (French sharpshooters) from the opposite shore of the Seine.



CASTLE OF VERSAILLES, FACING TOWARDS PARIS.



CASTLE OF ST. CLOUD, FACING THE PARK.

MY VISIT TO ST. CLOUD

The road from Versailles to St. Cloud is very fine and the distance about 5 miles.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of September, I rapidly drove over the Chaussee that connected Versailles with St. Cloud, accompanied by my friend Mr. Latham and the French stable boy. The castle had fallen into the hands of the Crown Prince's army since the abortive sortie at *Petit Bicetre,* and they kept it by throwing a company of Wuertenbergers into the building, who could be relieved during the dark hours of night.

In about 25 minutes we reached Ville D'Avry, which is on the border of a small lake. Twenty-five minutes more driving brought us to the Viaduct of the Paris & Versailles Railroad, called *"Le chemin de fer de la rive gauche."* Here the road was blockaded by large trees being piled across it from side to side. We had to leave our chaise with the stable boy, and Latham and myself were led by a sentinel to the officer of the field guard, which was encamped in the woods. After having examined our papers, the officer, who was a lieutenant, informed us that he had strict orders not to let pass in or out any civilian; but after I had informed him that I represented an American newspaper, he relented saying *"Nun, ja; die Amerikaner sind unsere Freunde."* (Well, yes the Americans are our friends). After having passed this guardpost, our progress was thrice interrupted by still more advanced pickets, and each time the magic word "Amerikaner" removed the barriers. After permitting us to pass,

the officer commanding the most advanced post simply asked us if we wished to share the fate of Major Pemberton, of the London Times, who was shot while trying to run the gauntlet.

When we first saw the soldiers running from tree to tree and from statue to statue, we thought they were playing the game of "Hide-and-seek," but on hearing the whistling of the chassepot bullets and the shrieking of the shells that passed over our heads, we realized that the apparent game was a serious one, and that it may wind up quite seriously. Undaunted, however, by these sinister reflections, we played the game, and after we had run the gauntlet from tree to tree and from statue to statue, which game lasted nearly forty minutes, we were finally admitted by the sentinel guarding the main entrance to the castle, when the door flew open, and we found ourselves inside the castle of St. Cloud. The St. Cloud park is very large though not as large as the park at Versailles. During the time of the Franco-Prussian war it was in the immediate vicinity of the castle, filled with fine statuary, prominent among which was "The Lantern of Demosthenes," a copy of the celebrated Greek sculptor Lysicrate, a pupil and rival of Lyssippe, of the time of Alexander the Great. This frequently has been erroneously misnamed "The Lantern of Diogenes."

Captain Marsuch of the 4th Regiment, who was in command of the detachment occupying the castle, kindly gave us in charge of Lieutenant von Lavadsky, to lead us through the building. The front of the living portion of the castle was 154 feet, ornamented by

various bas reliefs and supported by Corinthian pillars, its height must have been about 70 feet. There were four statues, representing Power, Prudence, Wealth and War, which adorned the façade. All the furniture, paintings and *objets de vertu* in the castle were of comparatively recent date, for during the revolution of 1848 everything had been sold for debt. Napoleon, however, refurnished it in more costly style than ever before; he spent six million francs in embellishing it. It was in this castle on the 18th of *Brumaire an VIII* (9th of November 1799) that the council of the ancients had decreed that the council of 100 should come here to hold its sessions, at which Lucien Buonaparte was to preside. It was here that Napoleon the First came near being assassinated by a deputy from Corsica, who foresaw Napoleon's intention of establishing a despotic government. Here were the headquarters of the alliees during May, 1814, while they occupied Paris.

We were first led into the large blue room called *"Le Marchechal Vaillant"* and through other large rooms, until we reached the gallery of paintings, where there were several fine paintings and a statuette of Josephine. We next entered the music room, on whose walls was the portrait of Philip Egalité and other portraits of the Orleans family. I must not omit mentioning the grand painting representing the Ocean, over the entrance from the grand stairs, where Queen Victoria was received by Napoleon.

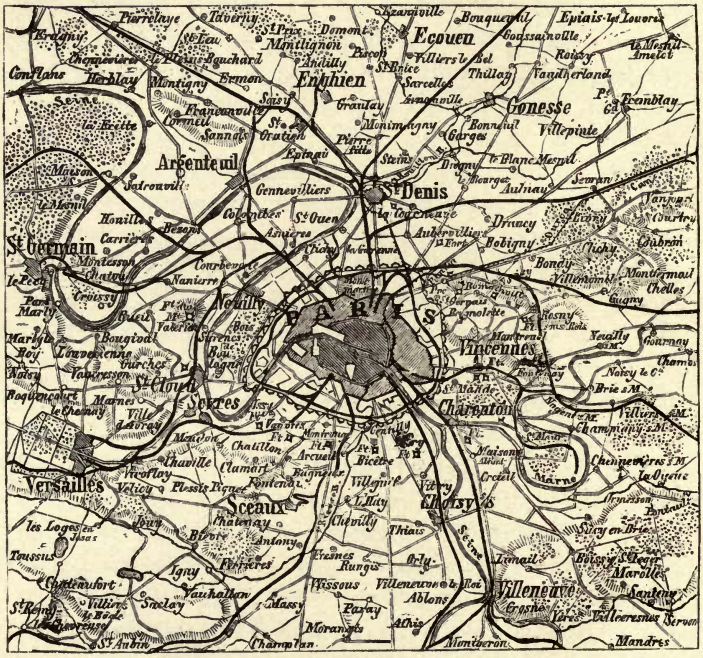
We next went to the top of the tower, in which were many elegant rooms and numerous closets filled with feminine gowns. Nearly all the rooms had beds,

bed clothing and clocks, just as they were left by the occupants, untouched.

From the top of the tower the view was grand; the whole of Paris was visible, with the Seine, serpent-like, winding its way through the beleaguered city. The French pickets on the other side of the river were in full view from any part of the tower, and although they kept up an almost constant firing at the castle, the Prussians refrained from replying, as they had strict orders not to discharge their *Zuendnadel* guns except at a distance of 150 feet from the enemy.

While we were coming down from the tower we met two *registeurs,* conducted by two Wuertenberger Generals, who by the direction of the King were to make out a list of all articles contained in the castle.

The first apartment to be entered was the Emperor's reception room; the next the council room, where Napoleon signed the declaration of war; both the chair in which he sat and the pen he used were registered. The next room visited was his buffet, covered with fine carvings and two life sized dogs, above which hung the Emperor's hunting case. The room was finished in yellow oak and grained. Next to the buffet came the work-room, then the toilet room, bedroom and bath room. On the bed, which had a carved crown at its head, there were still all the bed clothes and white damask curtains enveloping it. Next to this room was the Empress' bed room; next her toilet room and bath room. In the nursery there still stood, although out of use, the cradle of the Prince Imperial. In the Empress' work room there was some lint which she had herself prepared for the wounded.



REDUCED COPY OF MAP USED BY THE AUTHOR AT THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

Her reception room, aside from a case containing various holy relics sent to her by Pionono, was not of particular interest. The tea room had a little table with three seats around it. The Emperor's library was next visited, where its shelves contained 15,000 volumes of valuable books. We left the Chateau at 6 P. M., when it was too dark for the French sharpshooters to practice their marksmanship on us.

When on the following day I reported to General Sheridan my venturesome visit to St. Cloud he was surprised and at the same time elated that an American correspondent and a Civil War veteran should have accomplished the hazardous feat. I probably was the last civilian who visited the castle before its destruction on the 13th of October by the French themselves; the shells from Fort Valerian set it on fire, and it was burnt down only a short time after my visit, with all its priceless treasures.

ON A FORAGING EXCURSION

Early in the morning of the second day of October, having as companions an English and a German correspondent, I left Versailles on an inspection tour, which we always called a foraging excursion, because we always had to forage around for something to eat for man and beast. We took the northeast road, leading out from Versailles, and we soon reached (by a finely macadamized road) the town of Viroflay, in the department of the Seine and Oise, about two miles from Versailles and about seven miles from Paris. The country is very hilly and picturesque. From here we passed into the great woods of Meudon, ascending

a hill, which took us almost two hours in accomplishing, when all at once we found ourselves opposite the camp of the Fifth Jaeger battalion. A sergeant major took charge of us, and after having left our carriage where we alighted, we were led up to a cottage west of a place called Bellevue, where the two famous restaurants de la ferme des Bruyeres are situated, and where during peace times the Parisians love to come during the hot season and make merry by eating and dancing. Nearby were the abandoned French rifle pits. From the terrace of the cottage we could plainly feast our eyes on Fort Valerian, the bridge across the Seine, and Montmartre. We returned to our carriage and drove due north for Bellevue, which we soon reached, and were astounded at the beautiful view and scenery that met our eyes. The whole place was like a garden dotted with numerous and exquisitely built villas. We were then about six miles from Paris. It might be well to mention here the various positions the besieging army around Paris occupied. The army of the Prussian Crown Prince was spread over the territory from Boisy St. Leger as far as St. Germain, opposite the Fort Valerian. On the right of the Crown Prince the army of the Saxon Crown Prince encircled the territory beginning at Boisy St. Leger and extending all around to Nogent sur Marne. The besieging army, about three hundred thousand strong, kept the city of Paris pretty well sealed up.

MEUDON

On arriving at Meudon, which is about six miles from Versailles and six miles from Paris, we soon

found that the castle of Meudon, the residence of Prince Napoleon (Plon Plon) had been badly damaged by the French gunboats firing on it from the Seine. The heights of Meudon were the most available points whence an attack could be made on the Forts d'Issy, Montrouge and Nauvres. On the approach of the German army to Paris, on the 19th of September, the French entrenchments in process of construction were precipitately abandoned, leaving baskets and wheelbarrows scattered all over the field.

I was driving myself. My French horse, "Sedan," was leisurely winding its way uphill, when we were halted by the German pickets, who informed us that we had crossed the picket line, and that we were almost within the entrenched camp of the besieging army that extended into Sévres, the place where the celebrated china is manufactured. We however found out something more that was less agreeable, and that was that Fort d'Issy and Montrouge were indiscriminately throwing their shells on the heights of Meudon and incidentally into our very midst. It was quite fortunate that we had a horse that was well inured to the din of battle, for without any warning an immense shell passed shrieking and howling within a few feet from our carriage, breaking off branches from an immense tree nearby, and buried itself in the ground, without bursting. Our bucephalus, "Sedan," however, merely pricked up his ears in defiance, and without accelerating his gait. We were more in a hurry than he was in getting out of this unpleasant situation, for who wants to get killed in a fight in which he has no real interest? We quickly turned to the right and

entered a hollow, where we considered ourselves better sheltered from the French shells, and where we also found the object of our search, Dr. Scoppern, a surgeon and the guest of the Fifth Jaeger Battalion. After having alighted from our chaise, we were standing under a large tree, and while the doctor entertained us with stories of remarkable escapes he had during the late sortie, in which the Sixth army corps victoriously resisted the French assault on their lines, the French shells began dropping around us too frequently and my German correspondent expressed his desire to start at once for home, as it threatened rain, while my English correspondent friend said that it would be "beastly" unpleasant to get killed for the paltry few pounds which he received as a war correspondent.

After a hearty "auf wiedersehn," which we exchanged with the doctor and the officers of the post, we turned back from the danger line, where I had the honor of standing as godfather to my two correspondent friends at their baptism by fire.

My visit to Meudon was of the highest interest. The place was not only the official residence of Prince Napoleon (Plon Plon) who, during the beginning of our Civil War paid a visit to General Fremont at St. Louis; but it was also the great place of amusement for the Parisians, who on every possible occasion flocked to the great woods of Meudon by the thousands to seek recreation and social amusement. It had several factories, among which was a fine glass factory. It was here that the witty Rabelais held forth as its curé.

As we left Bellevue we again heard the whistle of shells over our heads. We were then near the so-called American tramway that runs from Versailles to St. Germain; its operation, however, had been discontinued. We afterwards learned that the shells were thrown at some German soldiers who ventured out into the fields to dig potatoes for their meals. The men, however, who belonged to the Fifth Jaeger Battalion, escaped unhurt.

I came near omitting to mention that the Chassepot rifle, which I subsequently presented to the Chicago Historical Society, was picked up near the rifle pits of the Fifth Jaeger Battalion at Meudon.

On this tour we also saw the captured balloon that was filled with interesting correspondence. It also contained thousands of little posters calling upon the German soldiers to get rid of their king, as they (the French) got rid of Napoleon.

FIRST EXCURSION TO BOUGIVAL

On the 4th of October at 9 a. m., we—myself and my Englishman, Mr. Latham—started through the north gate of Versailles to Bougival. The country was undulating all the way to La Celle, the little village once before referred to. This little village was quite an important place during the time of Charlemagne. It has an immense chateau built by Louis Quatorze, which was subsequently occupied during the reign of Louis Quinze by the celebrated Madame de Pompadour. It subsequently fell into the hands of a Frenchman called Vinde, who filled its extensive surrounding fields with Merino sheep.

After a drive of about three hours we reached Bougival, a village on the left bank of the Seine, which here is quite sluggish and not more than about twenty yards in width. The bridge leading across to Croissy had been destroyed. We found here stationed the Fifth Prussian regiment. Inasmuch as the chaussee was barricaded, we were turned back towards Louveciens, where the celebrated waterworks are situated which supply the Versailles fountains and the city with water. This aqueduct is about two thousand feet long. The water is raised from the Seine to a height of 600 feet.

We also visited Malmaison, the famous retreat of the Empress Josephine. No wonder that whenever she became tired of the mockeries and hollowness of court life at the Tuilleries, she retired to this quiet and restful place.

MONTE CHRISTO

During this tour we also visited the castle of Monte Christo, which was erected by the celebrated author, Alexander Dumas. Later, however, it became the property of Victorien Sardou, another French author and dramatist.

The arabesques carved on the walls of this villa were done by two Arabs, who were sent there by Abdul Kader, the famous Algerian chief. It has two façades, one towards Paris and the other towards the park. Its overtopping minarets gives it an Oriental look. The guest room is completely covered by carvings and flowers cut into gypsum. Cerberus, the dog

of Hades, cut in marble, stood at the entrance to the cellar. The letters "A. D." and the inscription of "Aut Ceasar aut nihil" were seen in the beautifully stained window. When I visited the place the only inhabitants of the villa were two sisters of charity, who took care of it.

On my return to Versailles, I changed my quarters and took up my lodgings with Monsieur Ducrocque, a highly educated French avocat, whose family had left for the south of France on the approach of the "Prussiens." It was through Mons. Ducrocque that I was enabled to make the acquaintance of the *haute monde* of Versailles, among which was the celebrated Joúferoy family. The Marchioness de Joúferoy was a widow with two daughters, and in greatly reduced circumstances. She was, like her husband had been, an ardent Orleanist. I also met at Versailles a Dr. Brewster, an American dentist, who had resided there for forty years and who preceded Dr. Evans as Napoleon's family dentist. He was a strong sympathizer with the French cause. His family had gone to England on the approach of the German army. While the Germans were entering Versailles he displayed the Stars and Stripes over his residence, but this did not prevent their billetting forty men on his spacious residence, nor from ordering the flag to be hauled down. He, however, refused to comply with this, and the German commander of Versailles, General Von Voight Rhetz, did not deem it best to enforce the order. The doctor, however, soon passed away, and he was buried with Masonic honors.

THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT VERSAILLES

The King arrived at last, on the 5th of October, from Baron Rothschild's castle at Ferrieres. It was in one sense a gala day, as the officers and soldiers of the German army who were at Versailles greeted him with enthusiastic "Hochs." But as far as the French residents were concerned, they stared at him with indifferent curiosity, if not with actual sullenness. The King's carriage, which contained, besides the King, his personal adjutant, was drawn by six black horses, with outriders, and escorted by an escadron of his favorite Uhlanens. The relationship existing between these Uhlans and the King was more like that existing between a father and his children. No matter how often during the day they might have been drawn up in front of the Prefecture palace, where the King took up his quarters, for the purpose of escorting him on his frequent drives, he invariably greeted them with: *"Guten tag, Uhlanen,"* to which the harmonious reply came: *"Guten tag, eure Majestät!"* (Good morning, Uhlans; Good morning, your Majesty).

Before I had the opportunity of observing the relationship that existed between the German private soldier and his superior officers, I had the generally accepted erroneous idea that the officers, who belong to the Junker class, were extremely arrogant to their inferiors. I have, however, found that while the strictest discipline is preserved while in the line of duty, a kindly feeling exists between officers and men. I have seen officers of high rank fraternize while off duty with common privates. An interesting story was

told me while at Versailles of how Bismarck broke off a piece of bread and took it to his hungry sentinel. The Crown Prince of Prussia was especially noted for his democratic attitude towards his inferiors. I often saw him during battle in earnest conversation with privates. A story too good to be lost was related about *Unser Fritz* and a Bavarian soldier whom he praised for his extraordinary bravery. "Yes, your Royal Highness," said the Bavarian, "if we had had you for our commander in 1866 (referring to the war in which Bavaria sided with Austria) we would have whipped those d—d Prussians to pieces!"

THE KING'S HEADQUARTERS AT VERSAILLES

The King's arrival at Versailles wrought a big change in the occupancy of quarters among the many German princes and notables that were present in that city. Monsieur Fritz (the Crown Prince), as the French preferred to call him, after the French royal title given to the French heir to the throne, had to cede his quarters at the Prefecture to his august father, while Generals Moltke, Blumenthal and Bismarck had to find quarters elsewhere for themselves and their numerous following.

THE CASTLE AT MEUDON DESTROYED

It was again my good fortune to have visited Prince Napoleon's castle at Meudon before it was destroyed by the shells thrown into it by Fort Valerian. It looked to me at the time that this was spitework, done more against Napoleon than against the German army. General Trochue, the Governor of Paris during the

provisional government of defense, never was much of a favorite with Napoleon; on the contrary, he was a well known Orleanist. The cannonading, which was fierce, was heard in Versailles, and lasted about three hours early in the morning of the 5th of October.

THE PLAYING OF THE FOUNTAINS

The grand playing of the Versailles fountains generally takes place on the first day of October. This year, however, it had been postponed several days so that the King, with his grand following, should be able to witness the interesting sight.

The fountains of Versailles have been famous for their grand playing all over the world. The water furnished to the park and its numerous fountains and cascades comes from the celebrated waterworks at Marly le roi, or Louveciennes, where it is raised into viaducts 600 feet high and is conveyed by gravity to the reservoirs at Versailles.

The spectacle was witnessed by the King, who was walking along with the Prefect of the department at his side. He was closely followed by Bismarck in a general's uniform, with his constantly attending detective some ten feet behind him. Then Moltke, the brain of this most successful campaign, was skipping along, unattended, like a school boy just out for a frolic. Whenever I saw Moltke he always reminded me of our late Senator Trumbull, both as to stature and physiognomy. I mainly attribute the defeat of the French at Sedan, and in fact at all the battles fought, to the genius of that great strategist and tactician Moltke, who, while sitting in his office, directed the

various armies from the headquarters of the general staff. Of course Unser Fritz, with General Blumenthal, was there, the latter all in smiles like a school girl who has just passed a successful examination in school. To sum it up, nearly all the generals that had anything to do with the siege of Paris, and all the princes, dukes and admirals of the navy, who did not have the slightest connection with the siege, were in the park that afternoon, and made up one of the most gorgeous displays of notables I had ever witnessed.

MY MEETING WITH HANS BLUM

One day, as I took a walk in the park, my attention was drawn to a young man wearing a white fedora hat. I took him to be a Frenchman, but on speaking to him I found that he was the correspondent of a German illustrated periodical, the *"Daheim,"* and the son of the martyr Robert Blum, who was court martialed and shot by Prince Windisgraetz after the capitulation of Vienna in 1848. We became well acquainted, and made many excursions together around Paris. It was through Mr. Blum that I became acquainted with Doctor Moritz Bush, private secretary to Prince Bismarck; also with Moltke, who was a fellow member of the Reichsrath to which Mr. Blum also belonged.

A day or two after the above related water display I met General Burnside, accompanied by General Sheridan, on the streets of Versailles. General Burnside had just returned from Paris. He came as a quasi semi-official ambassador to pave the way for an armistice and peace. Bismarck, however, like the shrewd diplomat he was, read the letter which the general had

brought from Jules Favre, with a few blandishing phrases addressed to Burnside, would not commit himself either in favor or against an armistice and final peace, after his previous failure to reach an understanding with Favre himself at Ferrieres. Bismarck as well as the rest of the Germans before Paris, talked about their being in Paris within the next two weeks, as they were momentarily expecting the arrival of seven hundred siege guns with which to attack the city. General Burnside, however, expressed a contrary opinion, and said that Paris would not be taken within two months by assault and that the city was well provisioned for at least two months.

PEACE CONDITIONS DISCUSSED

As early as the 7th of October was the plan on which the Germans would consent to peace, unfolded to me by my friend Blum, who had it from Dr. Bush, Bismarck's secretary. The first *sine qua non* condition would be the ceding of *Elsass and Lothringen* (Alsace-Lorraine) leaving out Nancy, but including Metz. The territory thus acquired to be governed by a governor appointed by the German *Bundesrath* until such a time as the inhabitants of the said territory should be loyal enough to be admitted as members of the *Deutsche Bund.* The next condition was that France was to pay a war indemnity of at least three millard of francs.

It is noteworthy that subsequent events proved nearly all the above conditions to have been faithfully and successfully carried out, for today Alsace and Lo-

raine are a part of the German Empire and sends its representatives to the Bundesrath.

BOMBARDMENT OF BOUGIVAL

Hearing a heavy cannonading in the direction of Bougival, Hans Blum and myself started out for that place in the morning of the 11th of October. We saw the Thirty-seventh regiment and several other detachments advancing in double quick time to the front. Passing through Marly and Louveciens we soon reached Bougival, where the shells dropped all around us thick and fast. We were in front of a building where the military band of the Forty-seventh regiment was quartered, who were just partaking of their noonday meal, when a shell struck the building, tearing an immense piece out of it, wounding six and killing two of the musicians, and not satisfied with this mischief the shell ricocheted and went through the next building and buried itself within it several feet deep before it exploded. Inasmuch as both myself and Mr. Blum were noncombatants we thought it best for our health and happiness to leave this dangerous place in a hurry and hie ourselves below a hill which partly protected us from the Fort Valerian shells that were thrown so assiduously into Bougival.

We espied a pretty villa on the crest of the hill, and leaving our chaise we ascended the hill and entered the villa, which proved to be the home of the celebrated painter, Gerome. We found the house in a most distracting confusion. Furniture, valuable paintings and dining room and kitchen furniture were pell-mell scattered all over the house. The atelier contained

many valuable albums of sketchings, and there was an unfinished painting of Gerome's famous picture, "The Slave Market." We gathered all of the most valuable paintings, including the unfinished painting, which we cut out of its frame on the easel, and loaded them into our chaise, driving back to Versailles, which we reached after dark. We drove to the Mairie and delivered there the rescued paintings, which would have been destroyed, for Gerome's house was among those which suffered most from the shells thrown from Fort Valerian into Bougival during that afternoon.

MEETING COUNT VON BISMARCK

It was my habit to visit General Sheridan almost every evening to talk over matters and incidents of the day, and to exchange newspapers from home. So, on the evening of the 12th of October, while I was making my usual call, someone in the employ of the Hotel de Reservoir, where the general stopped, burst into the room where we sat and announced that "Bismarck is going to be here to call on General Sheridan in a few minutes." I at once arose to leave, not wishing to intrude myself at a meeting of two such great personalities, but the general at once stopped me and said: "O, no, major; you just stay where you are, and I will introduce you to Bismarck." Of course, General Sheridan being my superior officer, I obeyed, and resumed my seat. In a few minutes more the door opened and in came the Man of Iron. "General," he said, "I must apologize for not having called on you ere this, but you know that I have so many princes

to take care of that my time is pretty well occupied." He spoke in as good English as a born Englishman. The general at once introduced me as an ex-Union major and a correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune." After exchanging a few words of courtesy I at once withdrew.

Generals Sheridan and Forsythe, becoming tired of waiting for the surrender of Paris, and evidently advised by Bismarck during his last visit as above described, left Versailles on the 14th of October with the intention of traveling all over Europe and returning to Paris after its capitulation.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SORTIE

While there was hardly a day when the French did not make attempts to break through the lines, the attempt they made on the 21st of October was fierce enough and made with such a large array of troops as to merit the appellation of a pitched battle.

Towards noon of the 21st the cannonading, which was kept up more or less by the French forts night and day, became more pronounced and regular. I surmised that something was going on in the front of Mount Valerian, which the German soldiers had nicknamed "Baldrian," the name of a plant from which strong medicinal oil is extracted.

We—Hans Blum and myself—got into our carriage and drove towards Malmaison, but we had not covered more than half way there when our chaise broke down and we were compelled to abandon it in charge of my stable boy and to proceed on foot.

We soon saw the King's carriage passing us and

going in the direction of the aqueduct at Louveciens, whence he could overlook the whole battlefield. After a lapse of half an hour we saw the King and his retinue again changing position and going about half a mile to the rear. Soon afterwards the Crown Prince, with his numerous staff officers, followed the King, who never left his carriage, while all others except myself and Blum were on horseback. We were wondering what occasioned this change of front to the rear, when my friend Blum espied General Moltke coming along on horseback. He went up to him and with anxious face asked him how matters stood in front, to which the great strategist replied, nonchalantly: *"Alles its wieder in Ordnung"* (All is again in order). Hearing this, from the source from which it came, reassured my friend Blum, we took our position right in front of the Crown Prince, who unconcernedly was puffing away and enjoying his well colored porcelain pipe. All at once the whistling of balls from the French skirmishers could be heard, and a sudden order to scatter and not to stand so close together was given by the Crown Prince to his officers, which order was quickly carried out. The position of the notable crowd, composed of the King and a score of princes, was again changed to a safer place.

The troops engaged in this affair were the Sixth, Forty-sixth and Fiftieth regiments of infantry, supported by the Fifth corps of the Province of Posen and lower Silesia. The French attacking troops consisted of twenty-two battalions, fifty cannon, six *mitrailleuse,* and the heavy guns from Fort Valerian,

which rose 415 feet above the Seine and whose shells could be thrown 7,000 yards.

At Malmaison the French advanced steadily until they had reached the walls of the Chateau de Pompadour, where they were met by the death-dealing fire of the Sixth regiment of the German army who were concealed behind the walls.

The French attack must have been very unexpected and fierce, for very soon the wounded began to come to the rear, one of whom told Mr. Blum that his regiment was badly cut up. The French, however, as is their usual custom, soon lost their spirit, or *élan*, and after a struggle of about two hours were repulsed and compelled to retire to the ground protected by the guns of Fort Valerian. They left behind them many cannon and *mitrailleuse,* and lost a hundred or more in prisoners.

During this engagement I witnessed one of the oddest sights in all my life. While the battle was going on, a woman was herding a lot of sheep on a field that lay between the combatants, and while the sheep were browsing their shepherdess occupied herself with gathering *champignons* (mushrooms).

After the abortive attempt on the part of the French to break through the German lines, which anaconda-like became from day to day tighter and tighter, there was some rest for the besieging troops, though they never relaxed their unabated vigilance. Of course the cannonading from the forts was kept up, but as no damage resulted from it the natural conclusion was that this continuous waste of powder and shell was kept up merely to amuse the French who were shut

up in the city, and who were continually told of the wonderful victories of the French armies. I became so used to the cannonading noises that came from Fort Valerian and Issy that whenever they ceased during the midnight hour for a short rest I invariably awoke from my sound sleep.

AN EVENING WITH DOCTOR BUSCH

Whenever Mr. Blum and I had any spare time from going on our foraging expeditions and from letter writing, we always spent an hour or so with Dr. Busch, who willingly supplied us with all the news and all that was in project of being accomplished for the unification of the various German states. He also entertained us with various interesting anecdotes, most of them referring to his master, the Chancellor.

Some of the anecdotes and *bon mots* I noted down for my letters to the Chicago "Tribune" at the time, but as all those letters were stolen from me, I have selected some of those anecdotes from Dr. Bush's "Our Chancellor," which I will give in the doctor's own words.

"Bismarck on one occasion said: 'While I was attending the Paris Exposition in 1866, I thought to myself, how would it have been if we had fought out the Luxemburg quarrel? Should I be in Paris, or the French in Berlin? We were not as strong then as we are now; the Hanoverians and Hessians of that day could not have supplied us with so many good soldiers as today. As for the Schleswig-Holsteiners, who lately have been fighting like lions, they then had no army at all. The Saxon army was broken up, and had to be

fully reorganized. What splendid fellows the Wuertenbergers are now; how magnificent. But in 1866 no soldier could help laughing at them, as they marched into Frankfort like a civil guard.'"

This cited anecdote shows how clear and farseeing Bismarck was in his statesmanship. His life's task had been for many years the unification of the German principalities into one unified German Empire, and he worked steadfastly with that end in view, weighing every move before he made it and biding his time when to strike the final blow.

THIERS IN VERSAILLES

After Thiers arrival in Versailles, direct from Tours, the seat of the French government, I had frequently the chance of seeing him. He was a short, stout man with a large and well developed gray head; he must have been around seventy-three years old. He was scrupulously well dressed, wore a stiff white cravat and had his black frock coat tightly buttoned up. His eyes were sparkling and his complexion florid. He looked to me more like a minister of the gospel than a diplomat. Bismarck's opinion of Thiers as a diplomat was not very flattering; he said of him as reported by Dr. Bush: "There is scarcely a trace of the diplomat about him; he is far too sentimental for that trade. He is not fit to be a negotiator; he allows himself to be bluffed too easily; he betrays his feelings and allows himself to be pumped." This was a pretty severe criticism of the man who, August 31, 1872, was almost unanimously voted by the French Chamber of Deputies to retain the presidency of the republic under the new constitution.

PART VIII.

FALSE RUMORS THICK AND FAST

Following the excitement occasioned by the surrender of Metz, October 27th, there was a comparative lull in Versailles. Rumors, however, most of them false, circulated faster than ever. One of these canards was that a counter revolution had broken out at Paris; that the red republicans, under their leaders Blanqui, Pyatt and Flourens, had General Trochue, the military governor of Paris, and Jules Favre, arrested; also that Bazain and McMahon had been exiled as traitors. All of these rumors were evidently invented by the French to counteract the dejection caused by the Metz surrender, which was, after Sedan, the most momentous of modern warfare. Three marshals — Bazain, Canrobert and Le Boeuff— with 173,000 men and a vast amount of war material, fell in the hands of the German investing army under Prince Friedrich Carl.

POMERANIANS AND THEIR GENERAL

The second corps of Prince Friedrich Carl's army consisting of the Pomeranian *garde landwehr,* was ordered to join the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia before Paris. The occasion of their arrival was made a gala day. The King and all the ruling princes, including Leopold, the indirect cause of the war, were participating in the reception. The commander-in-chief, the Crown Prince, received them with the following proclamation:

"Soldiers of the Second Army Corps: This is the first time I see you in the field, under my command, although during many years past—during peace—I was your general commanding. I heartily welcome you. Your heroic deeds at Gravelot, as well as your great achievements at Metz, fill my heart with pride; I confidently expect that both by our love for the Fatherland and our conduct before the enemy, we may continue to deserve the praise and approval of our most gracious King. Versailles, Nov. 12th, 1870. General Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army."

I should have mentioned that the King in recognition of their distinguished services in the field, had created both his son and the Red Prince, Friedrich Carl, general field marshals of the realm, and upon Moltke he bestowed the hereditary title of Count.

FRICTION AT VERSAILLES

During the first half of November, as the weather changed for the worse, German stoicism began to waver some. The besieging troops, whose winter quarters consisted mostly of dugouts, which on account of incessant rains were at best but poor shelter against the inclemency of the weather, for the first time expressed their impatience at the delay of the long expected assault on Paris. The murmurings of the soldiers were heard at headquarters, where there was also a diversity of opinion as to how to reduce the besieged city—whether by assault or starvation. The Crown Prince and Bismarck were for starving

them out, while the King and Moltke were for taking the city by bombardment and assault.

It looked one time as if the King's and Moltke's plan would prevail, as the heavy Krupp siege guns began to arrive, but for one cause or another they were not placed in position, nor were there any signs of the corresponding ammunition to these guns. Meanwhile, as I learned from Dr. Busch, negotiations for an armistice and peace were kept up by the Provisional French government at Tours, and Bismarck, through Thiers. At the head of the Tours government were Cremieu Glais-Bizoin, and Gambetta, who were not always in harmony with the powers at Paris; hence the negotiations dragged. The worst hitch came when while Thiers and Bismarck were intently engaged in negotiations, Ducrot and the Paris garrison made several sudden sorties; he was led to believe by false rumors that the army of the Loire under General d'Aurelle de Palladin was nearing Paris to its relief. It was, of course, a piece of downright treachery, which cost the French pretty dearly. Ducrot took the Germans by surprise and drove the Wuertenbergers beyond Champigni, the place whence I sent my first letter to the "Tribune" about two months before. The second army corps, however, ran to the assistance of the Wuertenbergers and quickly drove the French back behind the protecting guns of their surrounding forts. The Germans were now aroused to carry on hostilities "a l'outrance," and the siege guns were now being placed in position. Meanwhile the administration of the various surrounding towns, including Versailles, became more rigorous. AGerman, the son-in-

law of Von Roon, minister of war, was made prefect of the Department of the Seine and Oise. Back taxes were collected wherever possible, and requisitions were made for almost everything—and enforced. For instance, on one occasion the *maire* of a small bourg was required to open the private cellars of the town and take out and furnish the wine required. The *maire,* however, refused to do this, saying: "I shall not lend my cloak of office to cover up this legalized robbery." On another occasion, a requisition was made on the *maire* of Versailles to furnish several thousand candlesticks, but as not one hundredth part of the number required could be obtained in the whole department, the maire hit upon a clever scheme, by having his carpenters saw up boards into thousands of little square pieces, with rough holes bored into their center, and when all ready, presented them to the quartermaster general with the remark: *"Ici sont les chandeliers.'* (Here are the candlesticks). If the siege had lasted another six months, Versailles would have become so thoroughly Germanized that the shades of Louis Quatorze and Napoleon Bonaparte would have risen in their graves. Wherever one turned his eyes would meet signs like these: *"Bundeskanzlei," "Kriegsministerium,"* and *"Polizeichef."*

The reinforcements received by the Crown Prince of Prussia from the victorious army from Metz portended an early bombardment of the doomed city. The heavy siege guns, which after untold difficulties were massed together at Villa Coublay, about twelve miles southeast from Paris, were being made ready. There never was seen before such a formidable array of

death-dealing instruments at one place. There were 398 pieces of various calibre guns and mortars in that park. Its aggregate capacity was 400,000 shots, the weights of which ranged from six pounds breech loaders to fifty-pound mortars. Some of them were brought from Strassburg and other forts that had surrendered.

On beholding these instruments of death, I for the first time realized that the starvation process of taking Paris would soon be replaced by the sterner method of reducing it by means of shot and shell.

I had many friends among the French residents of Versailles. Being a non-combatant and an American, they came to me with all their troubles, imaginary and real. Among other things they asked me if I really believed that the Prussians (they never used the word "Germans") were in earnest of bombarding Paris, and thus adding to the brutality of starving out women and children, the atrocity of shooting them down in cold blood. "Then why don't you surrender the city?" was my next question to them.

"Ah, mais l'honneur, monsieur!" was invariably their answer. Here again the overstraining of a false conception of what constituted honor became akin to idiocy. I was reminded of the colored brother who was mocked for running away in battle, when he replied: "What is honor and what is glory to this nigger when him is dead and gone?"

WINTER AND SNOW

The snow flurries during the first week in December indicated an early winter. The regimental bands kept up their daily afternoon concerts in the Place des

Armes. This helped to a large extent to drive away the ennui of the garrison. Everything pointed to an early closing of the campaign before Paris, and for that matter in the whole of France, where fort after fort was reduced, and both the armies of General Chanzay and Bourbakie were badly beaten by the armies of the Red Prince and General Manteuffel. I could plainly see that the beginning of the end was nigh at hand, and that my usefulness in front of the besieged city would soon be over. I therefore decided, before quitting, to make another tour around Paris.

MY LAST TOUR AROUND PARIS

Having disposed of my horse "Sedan," on account of its too slow gait, I engaged a French chaise with two good horses, to take me around the city. I calculated that it would take me about a week to accomplish this. That is, provided that no unexpected obstacles would interfere. We took the road towards Saint Germain; arrived there, we drove up to the headquarters of the Platz commandant to have our papers vised. This new order had been introduced because of the many spies that had been apprehended. I often wondered how the news from Versailles to Paris, and from Paris to all parts of the country, was spread so rapidly. A French gentleman, in confidence, enlightened me on the subject. He said that the French vegetable vendors made the best news carriers in the world; they were freely admitted with their wares within the German as well as within the French lines, and thus imparted their observations, which were often quite acute, to their countrymen.

While tarrying at Saint Germain and waiting for my papers to be examined, I beheld one of the most pathetic sights of this war. There were scores of French women and children, with a small sprinkling of old men, congregated before the Platz commandant's headquarters, begging for something to eat. The supplicants, it must be remembered, were not professional beggars, but peasant women and children residing around Paris, and who during the last three months were despoiled of everything in the shape of food for man and beast they had by the roving Uhlans and Dragoons, who were sent out to requisition supplies for the besieging army. It is such an aftermath that makes all wars repugnant to right thinking people.

After having received my papers we drove through the extensive forest of St. Germain, where we met many German officers hunting for deer, the woods having been full of them. We soon reached Argenteuil, which is about seven to eight miles northwest from Paris. On our way we passed the Chateau La Fitte of champagne celebrity. We hurriedly went through the chateau and admired many of its paintings hanging on the walls undisturbed, as they were left by their owners. By a strange coincidence there was a painting of "Wilhelmshöhe," where the Man of Destiny was sent as a prisoner of war after the surrender at Sedan.

MONTMORENCY AND ENGHIEN

After having left Argenteuil, which by the way furnishes Paris with the finest celery in the market, we reached Montmorency, which is about twelve miles

southwest from Paris, and intending to stop there over night, we went to the only hotel in town, called *"Hotel au cheval Blanc."* We could not, however, be accommodated, as it was overcrowded with soldiers and officers. The history of this hotel and its sign is quite romantic. It boasts of having given shelter to more crowned heads, princes, poets, authors and other distinguished men in art and literature than any hotel in Christendom. It was built in 1737 by Leduc; some years after its erection a company of *bon vivants* composed of artists, authors and poets, visited Montmorency (which was also known as Enghien) in order to enjoy its bracing atmosphere, where, as the inhabitants of Montmorency boastfully said, cholera while ravaging the whole country never entered within its limits. The visitors tarried there for several weeks enjoying the best the hotel had in food and wines, and when at last the day of settlement came they could not scrape together enough to pay the expenses of even one single member of the party. They finally compromised the matter by having a member of this gay company, who was a celebrated artist, paint the sign of the hotel, which he did, and which was considered the *chef d'oeuvre* among all hotel signs.

HARD TO FIND LODGINGS

The town of Montmorency was so overcrowded with soldiers and officers that we could find no place to shelter us for the night. I at last accosted a young German officer and asked him to lead us to the headquarters of the Platz commandant, which he did. We found the commandant, Major von Fuchs of the Nine-

ty-third Regiment of Anhalt Dessau, a very genial gentleman, who sent us to a large squarely built stone house, where we found a place to sleep on some hay scattered on the floor. The first floor of this house was used as the company's butcher shop, and the Erare grand piano that stood in one corner as the butcher's block, on which the meat was cut up. There we spent the night, but as to sleep, that was out of the question, as the continuous firing on the picket line prevented our doing so.

AN ELEGANT SUPPER

Our young officer who led us to the commandant was a young baronet and every inch a gentleman, for seeing that we would be unable to find a place where we could get our supper, he invited us to sup with him. It was a most remarkable supper to have in the field and only a few miles from the enemy. It consisted of the choicest kinds of delicacies that money could procure. The most satisfying dish to me, however, was the Erbsenwurst Suppe (pea sausage soup). It is made of dried mashed peas mixed with hashed pork. To the inventor of this palatable dish is due almost as much credit for the victories achieved by the German armies as to Dreise, the inventor of the Prussian needle gun.

Our host, the young officer, sent for a non-commissioned officer of his regiment who, after supper, entertained us late into the night with playing classical selections of music on the Erare grand piano.

At the time of my visit to Montmorency, Generals Schwartzhoff and Tillintsky had their headquarters

there. This was the same Tillintsky who, as colonel of the Twenty-seventh regiment, carried by storm the woods occupied by the Austrians at Koeniggratz in 1866. I further learned from my young officer that Major von Fuchs was the only field officer of his regiment left unhurt after the sortie by the French, September 30th last.

After a brief visit to the "Hermitage," once the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, we descended the hill into the famous valley of Montmorency, and visited the baths at Enghien les Bains. Here was the chateau of Princess Mathilde, cousin of Emperor Napoleon III. This chateau once belonged to the Prince of Conde, whom the first Napoleon had apprehended on neutral territory, had him brought to France and beheaded on the very night of his arrival. This treacherous act added an additional indellible stain on Napoleon Bonaparte's escutcheon.

From Enghien les Bains we drove as far as the Saint Denis railroad, where we were halted by the German outposts. Further progress was denied us because of the extensive preparations that were made for the bombardment of Paris all along the line. There was nothing left for us to do but to retrace our steps towards Versailles, where we arrived after an absence of four days, and after having covered about seventy-five miles.

DUCROT'S ARMY BROKEN UP

After our return to Versailles we learned that during the last sortie Ducrot's army was badly broken up. It was evident that France was no longer the country

that produced a Napoleon Bonaparte, a Massena, a Moreau and a Hoche under the First Republic, and a Nye, a Soult, a Murat, a Davoust, a Kellerman and a Lannes under the First Empire. The trouble with the French army during the Second Empire was the lack of confidence of the rank and file in the officers, from the highest to the lowest grade. The French soldier was not devoid of physical courage; what he lacked was moral courage, and that can be acquired only by the high standard of the *morale* of its officers. The corrupt influences of the Second Empire had a blighting effect upon the *morale* of the French army officers. The French arms, both large and small, were fully as good as those of the Germans; the Chassepot as good as the needle gun; while Victor de Reppy's *mitrailleuse* was, as a rapid firing instrument, superior to anything the German army had.

THE RECLOTHING OF THE GERMAN ARMY

Winter having come upon Paris and its surroundings earlier in 1870 than usual, the troops began to shiver in their bedraggled clothing, in which they had fought so many battles. The whole army surrounding Paris was reclothed from head to foot, with the exception of gloves. I never could find out the reason why they were not furnished with gloves as well as with other articles of clothing.

HUNTING FOR FRANCTIRREURS

Even during the quietest days of the siege there never was any lack of some excitement or other in Versailles. During the last half of December spies

were reported to be loitering within the German lines. A house to house search was ordered to be made. One evening while I was engaged in writing in my room, the daughter of my landlady burst into the room and all out of breath informed me that the Prussian soldiers were searching the house. I immediately opened the door of my room, when I was confronted by a squad of soldiers under the command of a sergeant, who informed me in French that they were searching for *Franctirreurs,* who were reported as being secreted in the houses of the city, whereupon I politely invited him, in German, to enter and make the search. He at once apologized: "Ach, entschuldigen; sie sind ja ein Landsman" (Oh, excuse me; you are a compatriot). And with this they left the house, to the great relief of my landlady and her daughter.

THE IMPERIAL CROWN OFFERED TO KING WILLIAM

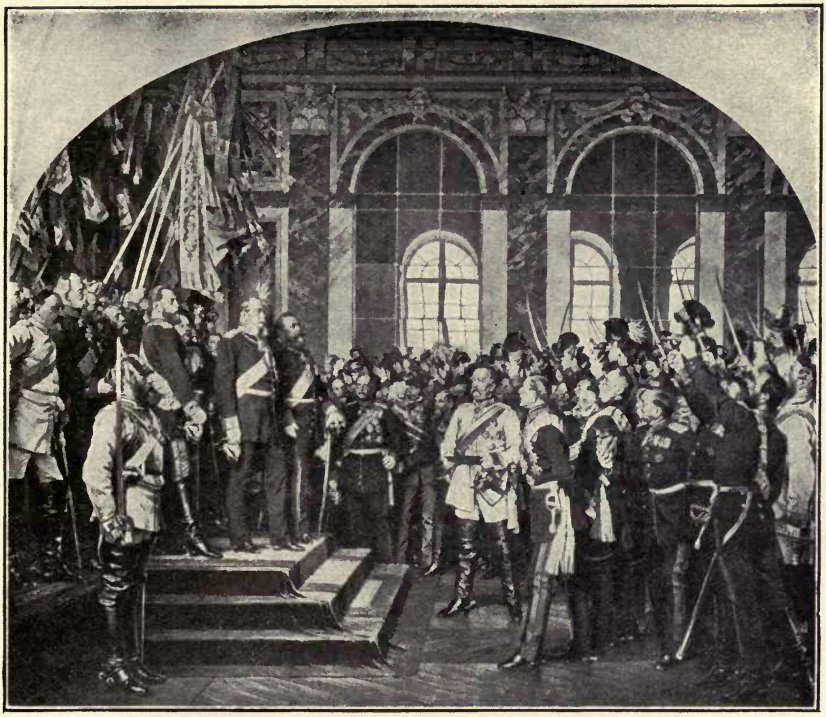
A deputation from the German Reichsrath came to Versailles during the latter part of December to offer to King William the imperial crown of United Germany. That King William was to be the logical emperor of Germany was, of course, well known and decided upon soon after the victories won at Gravelot and Sedan. I predicted it in one of my letters to the "Tribune" weeks before the arrival of the deputation sent by the Reichsrath. The deputation consisted of thirty-two members, who were selected from the various political parties of that time. Nearly all were lodged at the Hotel Reservoir, whence after luncheon they were driven in carriages and yellow painted mail wagons to the Prefecture, where the King lodged.

Arrived there, they marched up to the building, led by the venerable Herr Simon, the president of the Reichsrath, and who already in 1848 was one of those who offered to King William the imperial crown of Germany. Herr Simon had for his walking companion Count von Moltke, Prince Ludwig, the *casus belli* of the Franco-Prussian war, was also there, as was Baron Rothschild, the uncle of Alfonso, in whose palace at Ferrieres the King had his headquarters. Only one correspondent was invited to attend the ceremony, and that was the artist and correspondent of the London Illustrated News, who was to sketch this historical scene.

As a result of this mission, King William was proclaimed Emperor of Germany of the 19th of January, 1871, in the beautiful salle des glaces of Versailles. On that very day the French made another unsuccessful sortie from Fort Mont Valerian. They evidently had an inkling of what was going on and attempted to prevent the desecration of the historical palace of Versailles by the crowning ceremonies of a German emperor.

CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS

The most anomalous spectacle I witnessed during my temporary residence at Versailles were the Christmas services held in the various churches during the Christmas holidays. The church of the "Notre Dame" was appropriated by the Catholic soldiers from Bavaria, Saxony and Posen, or Prussian Poland. German and French priests alternated in reading mass. Very few Frenchmen attended these services, while



ON JANUARY 18TH, 1871, WILLIAM I. GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT KAISER, WAS PROCLAIMED GERMAN EMPEROR AT VERSAILLES

the women and children who did attend, I fear, did not harbor the feelings of brotherly love towards the intruders, as commanded by Him whose nativity they were celebrating. "May heaven listen to their prayers for the restoration of good will and peace," was the fervent prayer of a Protestant clergyman in a Protestant church, where the German soldiers professing the faith of Luther and Calvin were attending divine services. The Christmas festivities lasted two days. Tens of thousands of *Liebesgaben* (Christmas gifts) which were brought from the *Vaterland* between the 15th of October and the 15th of November (the time specified by the German mail department as the limit for their transportation to the army in the field) caused good cheer among the troops. The English and American war correspondents also celebrated the occasion by a dinner to the fraternity and their invited guests. A large number of "Iron Cross" medals were distributed, so that in spite of the surrounding evidences of war, the nativity of the Prince of Peace was celebrated before Paris with good cheer.

SIEGE GUNS IN POSITION

The Christmas festivities did not in the least interfere with the placing of the guns in position around the doomed city. Letters which were found in a captured balloon spoke of the sad condition in which the Parisians found themselves. It was for most of them a sad Christmas, when neither meat nor vegetables could be had for either love or money. The letters spoke of how the starving populace were ravenously devouring dogs and rats to still their hunger. It was

further reported that the municipal authorities had decided to sell at auction the animals of the Jardin des Plants; also that Mr. Washburn, the American ambassador, was furnishing passports to numerous Englishmen and Americans who wished to leave the city before the bombardment began.

Lieutenant Colonel von Verdy, of Moltke's staff, and the historian of the war, was sent to Paris under a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the city, and at the same time to inform them indirectly of the total defeat of the army of the Loire at Orleans. He was further to invite officers of the French garrison to come within the German lines and see for themselves the uselessness of their further resistance.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS

Von Verdy's mission having failed the King's patience was exhausted and he gave the command to start in and reduce the recalcitrant city by force. Forts Mont Valerian and d'Issy were the first to be attacked. They were the most formidable of all the forts around Paris, for once they were reduced, the others, as well as the walls, with their 92 bastions, would crumble to pieces as if made of cardboard. It did not take long to reduce Fort d'Issy, but fort Mont Valerian, which the gamins of Paris in derision nicknamed "Pere Grimeaud," belched forth its 90 and 180 pound missiles in reply to the 50 pound shells of the Spandau Riesen moerser (Giant mortars). The contest continued with unabated vigor for several days, when the German shells began to drop around the Arc de Triomph, and threatened the demolition of the

Statue of "Resistance" that crowns the top of the Arc. The defense became less spirited, and by the 14th of January, after the fort had greatly suffered and its *cassemates* were riddled with shot and shell, the garrions of the fort made a last desparate effort to break through the German lines, but they were mercilessly mowed down by the German battallions and their matchless artillery. The game was up. The seething passions of the proletariat against the bourgeoise showed themselves in the sundry riots which the *Garde Nationale* (whose task it was to preserve the peace of the city) had great difficulty in repressing. The news of the defeat of the army in the south had been confirmed by dispatches received from their own generals. There was nothing left but to bow to the inevitable, so that on the 28th of January an armistice was signed by the contestants, containing the provision that the regulars and mobiles were to be kept as prisoners of war, while the German troops would take possession of and occupy all the forts around Paris; meanwhile the city would be permitted to be revictualized.

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

On the 27th of January, 1871, Emperor William telegraphed to Empress Augusta the following: "With a deeply moved heart, in gratitude to God, I inform you that the preliminaries have been signed; the Bordeau assembly must yet ratify them. (Signed) Wilhelm."

Twenty days later the drama of the Franco-Prussian war, having been closed, was replaced by the tragedy of the Paris Commune, the disgrace not of

France alone, but of the age and the civilization of which the ages boast.

END OF THE SIEGE

My duties as special correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune" at the Siege of Paris having ended, I made preparations to quit Versailles and France without entering Paris. Although I had various reasons for not entering Paris with the victorious army, my chief reason was that I did not care to be a witness to the great humiliation of the misled French people. I had seen Paris in all its splendor and grandeur only the year before, and seeing it after the capitulation would have only caused me pain, for I knew from the descriptions which I read that the city resembled more a dead than a live community.

SOCIAL LIFE IN VERSAILLES

One cannot well judge of the social life of any city while it is under the occupation of an enemy; but as far as I could observe, social life in Versailles during peaceful and normal times must have been of the highest order. I should here remark that Versailles was the only city west of Rheims where there was not a general exodus of its people at the approach of the Germans. I was fortunate enough to hail from a country whose traditional amity and good will was well known to the French people, so I was far from being shunned by the Versaillese. On the contrary I was invited to many of the social functions of the literati of the city, although I could, on account of my duties as correspondent, accept but few.

While attending some of these social functions, I had to exercise the greatest caution in what I said, for as soon as they learned that I was an American newspaper correspondent, they came to me with all manner of complaints against the invaders.

I recall one occasion when I was attending a literary soiree given by the Maire of the city, and where I met a certain authoress, Madame Adele Honman, who came to me saying: "Oh, Monsieur, La belle France will remain la grand nation, even if she should go down in defeat as Greece and Carthage did," to which I replied: "Ah Madame, La belle France will be *remembered* as a grand nation, the same as Greece and Carthage are remembered."

WAR CORRESPONDENTS AT THE SIEGE OF PARIS

When I first reached Versailles, in September, 1870, there were but few correspondents with the third army before Paris. As the siege progressed their number increased. The British press was well represented by Captain Walker, the military attache to the British Embassy in Berlin, Captain Hosier, the military correspondent of the London "Times;" Dr. Russell, with a lot of horses, secretaries and lackeys, also of the London "Times;" Sir Henry Havelock, nephew of the Havelock of Lucknow fame. All of these correspondents made themselves disliked by the French on account of their unreasonable exactions; none of them, with the possible exception of Sir Henry Havelock, ever thought of paying for anything they got in the shape of forage or food while on their tours around

Paris. Often I had Frenchmen ask me whether Great Britain was at war with France.

Of German correspondents, special mention must be made of Dr. Kaysler, the Berlin general correspondent of the Associated Press; Hans Blum, of the "Daheim," an illustrated periodical published at Leipzig. The last two gentlemen I often met at the home of Dr. Bush, the secretary of Prince Bismarck. Dr. Kaysler was the correspondent who, getting weary of waiting for the taking of Paris, left for the South of France early in December to join the army of Von der Tann. He urged me to go with him, but as I was sent to report the siege of Paris, I did not feel justified in exchanging my post. For a long time he was lost sight of, until his wife received a letter from him from Pau, in the Department of the Basse Pyrene, where he was detained as a prisoner of war. The correspondents of the German press did not enjoy as much latitude in reporting passing events as the English or American. The correspondent of a Cologne paper committed suicide in Versailles for being reprimanded by the German War Office.

My descriptions of the correspondents before Paris would be incomplete, were I not to refer to the comic incident I witnessed on December 19th. While standing before the Hauptquartier of the Platz Commandant, I noticed a queer procession, composed of a half a dozen civilians under guard, approaching me. I at once recognized the gentlemen as my fellow correspondents of the British press. Captain Hosier, who was one of them, was wrathy beyond description. He swore vengeance for (as he termed it) this unheard

of outrage on the British flag. The incident was, however, soon forgotten, after some explanations given by the officer of the guard, who arrested them for trespassing on forbidden ground.

Captain Johnson, an English army officer who passed through the German lines into Paris too frequently, was finally warned by one of the Generals at the outposts that if he should be found again within the lines he would be shot. He was not seen after that warning.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SIEGE

While the hardships I underwent before Paris were quite onerous, the experiences I gained were valuable to me in more than one way. As I said, I was attached to the Headquarters of the King; my name appeared on the rolls of war correspondents. The King's Headquarters were with the third army under his royal son, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm. I found that many of my preconceived ideas and notions of the German soldiers and officers were faulty. And while I admired them for their fine and healthy looks, as well as for their discipline, I could not withhold my admiration at the same time for the *clean* and physical bravery of the French regulars and the mobiles. When I spoke of the discipline I should have excepted the Bavarians, whose discipline was very slack. They had no commissary department worthy of the name; when they arrived at a given place they generally scattered in small squads in the villages nearest their encampments; they soon returned loaded with provisions and wine, which were then distributed in the camp. When

the Bavarian was billeted on a Frenchman, he not being able to speak the vernacular, would take out his watch and point out the figures, 9, 12, 3 and 6, repeating the words which he had learnt: *"Ici dejeuner," "ici diner," "ici souper"* and *"ici boire."* (Here breakfast, here dinner, here supper and here drinking.) Nevertheless, all these things were done with such good humor that the host could not get angry at him; then besides, they were coreligionists and Catholics, which in France among the peasantry covers a multitude of sins. Still, after all that can be said and written against the harshness and rigorous treatment of the French by their German invaders, one must not forget that war is not a holiday pastime, and that the French were the provokers of the war. While I have seen men condemned to the gibbet for firing from their houses on the retreating German army at Bougival, I have also witnessed crowds of French old men and women fed by the German commissary department at Saint Germain. Those French refugees reminded me of Roger's clay statuettes of "Union refugees" which were the rage during our Civil War.

AN APPEAL TO CHICAGO

Before leaving Versailles for home, an appeal for aid was addressed to me by the council of the city, countersigned by the Maire and the Prefect Bosely, with the request to have me send it to my home city, which request I cheerfully complied with.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Leaving Versailles early in the spring, I visited Strassburg, the city which I expected to find badly

damaged, but which I found, with the exception of a few holes through its famous cathedral and some other buildings, but little damaged. I next visited Berlin and Hamburg, and after a voyage of nearly two weeks reached New York and Chicago. Taking passage on a German liner, we had to go north of the Shetland Islands for fear of meeting some French cruisers who had not yet received the news of the ending of the war.

I arrived in Chicago in time to witness the great German celebration over the re-establishment of peace.

I stopped but a short time at home, when I re-embarked on a steamer for Glasgow, Scotland, and reached Berlin soon after. This time I had my family, consisting of my wife, son and daughter, with me.

KRIEGSEINZUG

I managed to be in Berlin during the *Kriegseinzug* or the "triumphal entry of the German veterans" of the Franco-Prussian war, and the unveiling of the statute of King Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, all of which took place June 18, 1871. The crowd had been gathering for two weeks previous to that date, from all parts of Germany. The weather was ideal. The streets on the line of march were gaily decorated, and there were many triumphal arches erected on the public squares. There were also many stands along *Unter den Linden* and other streets, which were on the line of march erected for the accommodation of the vast throngs. There were about two thousand captured cannon planted on both sides of the streets where the

procession took place. At the head of the procession were carried the captured French eagles and standards. Large trophies were built of the numerous French firearms and swords.

After the first division of the victorious column had passed the Brandeburg gate, the Emperor with his train of German crownheads and princes were received by a deputation of Berlin's municipal government; also by deputations from other cities in Germany. Presently, when the Emperor at the head of his brilliant cortege rode down the *Via Triumphalis* which had been constructed in honor of the occasion, his path was covered with flowers which hundreds of girls dressed in white, had strewn. The procession of warriors now entered the gate with the Prussian guards leading. Every regiment that took part in the war was represented by a detachement with the regimental colors. It took several hours for the procession to pass the point from which I, with my family, watched it passing. By special permission from the sentinel guarding the cannon in front of it, I was allowed to place my children on the top of one of the cannons, whence to watch the pageant.

At the close of the procession the Emperor proceeded to unveil the statute of Friedrich Wilhelm. He was assisted in that ceremony by nearly all the ruling princes, Generals and members of the Reicherath, Empress Augusta being present with her ladies in waiting, seated in the Imperial carriage, while Crown Princess Victoria, with her children, seated in another royal carriage, also graced the occasion.

After the firing of the salute had ceased, the Em-

peror dismounted, and standing at the base of the statue, delivered himself of the following: "This monument, which was projected in time of peace, now becomes a memorial of one of the most brilliant, though bloodiest, of modern wars. May the peace so dearly achieved be a lasting one."

The day's ceremonies ended with the conferring of honors on the victorious commanders. Numerous orders of merit were granted by the Emperor. Hereditary commands of the most distinguished regiments were given to various generals. Among the most highly honored ones were George, the Crown Prince of Saxony, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and General von Roon, who was created hereditary Count of the German Empire. Count von Moltke was made Field Marshal of the Imperial Army, while Count von Bismarck gained the title of Prince of the Empire.

Thus ended the triumphal entry of the victorious army into Berlin. But at what cost? The cost in blood and money is too stupendous even to contemplate. Only the silent mourners of the dead and maimed of both nations can tell of the pangs endured during, and long after, the struggle. In view of the present political conditions of the conquered territories, the conquest was but a hollow mockery. The time has gone by when territories and states may be bartered away without the consent of its people. The three millard francs, an amount three times as much as Germany could raise as revenue in one year during those days did not enrich her, nor impoverish France. Both countries have fully recovered financially, and not a vestige remains of that struggle. France, if anything,

shows the greater material prosperity than does Germany. Had Napoleon listened to the advice given him by his consort, the Empress Eugenie, he might not have died in exile, and France would have been spared the disgrace of defeat. Her advice to Napoleon as it has been told me by some of the best informed men of that time, was: "To keep his promises with the nation," for, as she said: "I do not love the use of force, and I am satisfied that it is impossible to make two coups d'etats during the same government."

From Berlin I took my family to Marienbad, where I spent about three weeks, and where I renewed my acquaintance with Dr. Lucca, who attended me while I was there in 1869, taking the baths. This Dr. Lucca was the uncle of the celebrated prima donna, Paulina Lucca, who was often heard both in New York and Chicago.

From Marienbad we went direct to Vienna, where we took apartments, expecting to spend the winter in the imperial city, but as the German saying has it: "Der Mensch denkt und Gott lenkt." (Man proposeth but God disposeth.) The great Chicago fire, which occurred October 8th and 9th, 1871, to a great extent modified my previously adopted plans.

Very soon after the Chicago catastrophe our family circle was increased by the arrival of a Chicago young lady, Miss Rosalie Magnusson, who came to Vienna to finish her musical education. I introduced her to Mr. Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist, who then lived at Vienna, who recommended her to one of the best teachers on the piano, then residing at Vienna, Prof. Anton Dorr.

MUSICAL PERFORMANCE IN AID OF CHICAGO FIRE SUFFERERS

In November 19th, 1871, I attended a musical and dramatic performance given by the various artists of the Vienna Opera House and the theatres of Vienna in aid of the Chicago fire sufferers at the Carl Theatre. The result of the performance was sent by Miss Minnie Hauck in the shape of about four thousand florins to the Chicago Aid and Relief Society. The whole thing was engineered and carried out by this young girl, who worked day and night in making the performance an artistic and financial success.

During the spring of 1872 I visited Buda-Pest on some business, and while there I had the honor of representing Mr. I. S. Kauser, our Vice Consul at that city, in receiving Mr. Wm. H. Seward and party on their homeward journey from the far east. The party consisted of Mr. Seward, his adopted daughter, Miss Olive Risley Seward, and her sister. Mr. Seward's stay at Buda-Pest lasted but one day.

Returning to Vienna, I obtained a passport for Russia from our Minister, John Jay, and armed with this, I left for Southern Russia, visiting Berdischef, Gitomir, Odessa and Singury. At the latter place I stopped about a week with my Russian friend, Capt. Michailowsky, a retired officer of the Imperial Guard, who some years before had paid me a visit in Chicago.

This having been my first visit to Russia, I was quite anxious to look into the characteristics of the people, who in their ignorance helped to forge their

own chains, while in 1848 and 1849 they aided Austria to overthrow Hungarian independence.

Although I was the possessor of a passport, issued to me by our American Ambassador Mr. John Jay at Vienna, I was under constant surveillance and espionage. This espionage extended into the local Post office at Syngury, where, while I attempted to buy some stamps for letters to the United States, I was asked what information that letter contained. This Russian espionage extended not only to the principal but to all who are seen in his company day or night.

My chief object aside from paying a visit to my Russian friend Capt Michailowsky, was to establish an agency at Odessa for the sale of the Marsh harvester, manufactured by the Marsh and Stewart Harvester Company at Plano, Ills. Unfortunately my friend, the Captain, was made the agent for all of Russia, I say unfortunately, it was so for him, for very soon after, he was sent off by the Government to Theodosia in Trancaucasia, into a quasi exile, where he soon died of a broken heart.

Of course things have changed for the better since 1872; the universal civilizing light that has spread all over the world during the last fifty years has done its work also in the land of Tolstoi.

While I visited several cities in southern Russia, I found Odessa, the so called "Russian Florence," the most interesting; its commercial activity reminded me so much of our Chicago, except that Odessa has two harbors, while Chicago with its two and one half million inhabitants has none. It has splendid drives

along the sea shore and boasts of a splendid monument erected to its founder, Duke Richelieu.

From Russia I returned to Vienna, where great preparations were being made for the Vienna World's Fair. Through my friend General P. S. Post, our Consul General at Vienna, I obtained from Baron Schwartz Senborn, Director General of the fair, a concession to erect an American Bar and Restaurant.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN VIENNA

The national holiday, the 4th of July, 1872, was fitly celebrated as it should be by a lineal descendant of the patriot whose name he worthily bore, John Jay. Nearly all the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign nations were present. Patriotic speeches were made by Mr. Jay and Gen. Post, our Consul General, while I had the honor of responding to the toast of "The Enlightened Press."

After having obtained the concession above referred to, I returned to Chicago and went to work to purchase everything that should make the enterprise a credit to the United States, as well as a financial success. Returning to Vienna, after having made extensive purchases in Chicago, New York, London and Paris, I arrived February 25th, 1873. I soon went to work, and in spite of all obstacles that were laid in my way by the inefficiency of our World's Fair Commissioner, who all along had fought my concession, I was the only one that had his place open for business on the first day of May, the day the Fair opened.

The venture, however, proved a disastrous one, for instead of making anything I lost considerable money;

but after all, I had gained many friends among foreigners as well as among Americans who visited my restaurant. The main reason for the financial failure of nearly all undertakings in that Fair was the scare of the cholera which prevailed then in Austria, and also the general trade depressions prevailing all over the continent and also in the United States.

While my venture was not a financial success owing to adverse conditions, I still carry in my memory the good which my letters to the Chicago Tribune did on paving the way of exporting manufactured machinery and more especially harvesting machinery, such as the McCormick, the Champion and the Marsh harvesters.

After the close of the Fair I returned to Chicago, where soon after my arrival I picked up the thread of my commercial life on the Chicago Board of Trade, which I had joined several years before I took my first trip to my native country in 1869.

Since 1873, my life on the Board of Trade had its ups and downs, the perusal of which would not interest my readers. Whatever might be of interest relating to my individual life and doings is largely incorporated in the several articles which I have written, entitled, "The Chicago Board of Trade—Its uses and abuses," and published in the American "Elevator and Grain Trade" during 1910 and 1911.