# BYERS SAMUEL MARSHALL

## TWENTY YEARS IN EUROPE

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*Twenty Years in Europe / A Consul-General's Memories of Noted People, with Letters / From General W. T. Sherman:*
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# Samuel H. M. Byers Twenty Years in Europe / A Consul-General's Memories of Noted People, with Letters / From General W. T. Sherman

## NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

While staying in Switzerland and Italy as a consular officer, during a period of well on to twenty years, I kept a diary of my life. Without being a copy of the diary, this book is made up from its pages and from my own recollections of men, scenes, and events. It was during an interesting period, too. There were stirring times in Europe. Two great wars took place; one great empire was born; another became a republic; and the country of Victor Emmanuel changed from a lot of petty dukedoms to a free Italy. It seemed a great period everywhere, and everything of men and events jotted down at such a time would of necessity have its interest. This book is not a history-only some recollections and some letters.

Among the letters are some fifty from General Sherman,

whose intimate friendship I enjoyed from the war times till the day of his death. They are printed with permission of those now interested, and they may be regarded as in a way supplementary to the series of more public letters of General Sherman printed by me in the North American Review during his lifetime. They possess the added interest that must attach to the intimate letters of friendship coming from a brilliant mind. Their publication can only help to lift the veil a little from a life that was as true and good in private as it was noble in public.

*S. H. M. BYERS.*

St. Helens, Des Moines.

# CHAPTER I
# 1869

A LITTLE WHITE CARD WITH PRESIDENT GRANT'S NAME ON IT-A VOYAGE TO EUROPE-AN ENGLISH INN-HEAR GLADSTONE SPEAK-JOHN BRIGHT AND DISRAELI.

In the State Department at Washington, there is on file a plain little visiting card, signed by President U. S. Grant. That card was the Secretary's authority for commissioning me Consul to Zurich. "I would much like to have that little card," I said to an Assistant Secretary, long years afterward. "Most anybody would," replied the official, smiling. "You may copy it, but it can not be taken from the files."

That card, in its time, had been of consequence to me. It took me from a quiet little Western town to a beautiful Swiss city, where I was to spend many years of my life, and where I was to meet people, look on scenes and experience incidents worth telling about. And now it has led to my writing down the recollections of them in a book.

I had served four years, that were full of incident, in the Civil War. At its close the opportunity was mine to enter the regular army with a promotion; but many months in Southern prisons had nearly ruined my health and I declined the proffered

commission.

"You did well," wrote General Sherman to me, "to prefer civil to military pursuits; and I hope you will prosper in whatever you undertake. You now know that all things resulted quite as well as we had reason to expect" (referring to the Carolina campaign), "and now, all prisoners are free-the war over."

The years immediately following the war were spent in efforts to get well, and now when this offer to go to Switzerland, with its glorious scenery and salubrious climate, came, I was overjoyed.

On the 23d of July, 1869, my newly wedded wife and I were standing on the deck of an ocean steamer in the harbor of New York. It was the "City of London."

As the sun went down in the sea that night, many stood on the deck there with us, straining their eyes at a long, low strip of land bordering the horizon, now far behind them. It was America. Some were looking at it for the last time. My wife and I were not to see it again, except on flying visits, for sixteen years. The gentle breeze, the summer twilight, the vast and quiet ocean, the limitless expanse, the silence, save the panting of the engines, the white sails and the evening light of distant ships passing, gave us a feeling of far-offness from all that belonged to home.

Shortly the great broad moon, apparently twice its usual size, quietly slipped up out of the sea. At first we scarcely realized what it was, it was so great, so splendid, so unexpected. Moonlight everywhere is calming and impressive to the senses, but at sea, spread out over the limitless deep-with the great starlit

tent of the heavens reaching all around and down to the waters, it touches the heart to its very depths. We scarcely slept that night-the sea and the moonlight were too beautiful. We walked the deck and built air castles.

*August 3, 1869.*-Yesterday our ship entered the Mersey and turned in among a wilderness of masts in front of Liverpool. We walked about some in the city of Gladstone's birth, and that night had our first experience of the quiet comforts of a little English inn. The gentility, the welcome, the home snugness, the open fireplace, the teakettle, the high-posted, curtained beds, all contrasted strongly with a noisy, American tavern, with its loud talk and dirty tobacco-spitting accompaniments. The enormous feet of the Liverpool cart-horses also impressed us.

This morning we called at the American Consulate. The clerk said the Consul was away at the bank. Possibly like Hawthorne, one of his predecessors, he found nothing to do here but look after his salary. Anyway this Consulate is one of the best things in the gift of the President. In Hawthorne's time, the pay was four times that of a Cabinet officer. Some years, the fees equaled the President's own salary.

*August 10.*-The sights we had most wanted to see in London were the Tower, the Abbey, the Fish Market, the docks, and the fogs; these and Mr. Gladstone. The fogs we did not need to see; we could *feel* them in our very bones. It was fog everywhere. Three people were reported killed the very day we got here-run over by wagons and omnibuses, plowing through the

murky thickness. Street lamps are burning in the middle of the afternoon.

Billingsgate Fish Market was not half so wicked as I had heard. It is said to be two hundred years old. It smells as if it were a thousand. There is possibly nothing so interesting to an American elsewhere on English earth, as the "Poets' Corner" in Westminster Abbey, and, next to that, the Tower of London.

The opulence of the London docks also simply amazed us. Imagine an underground wine vault, seven acres in extent. The total vaults of the Eastern Dock Co. measure 890,000 square feet. The St. Catherine Docks cost nine millions of pounds.

John Lothrop Motley, the historian, is American Minister at London. We called. Found him a tall, aristocratic, consumptive-looking man, apparently not over glad to see traveling Americans. He had in his youth been a fellow student of Bismarck. Later, his daughters married Englishmen. Mr. Motley, like some other Americans sent to high office in London, is not extremely popular among his own countrymen. Neither did Grant approve him; but removed him later, spite of his backing by Charles Sumner.

The Secretary of Legation kindly got me a ticket to the gallery of the House of Parliament. It seemed extraordinary good luck, for whom else should I hear speak, that very afternoon, but John Bright, Mr. Gladstone and the future Lord Disraeli. I looked for oratory in Mr. Gladstone and saw none, either of voice, manner or word. The subject possibly required none. It

was the Scotch Education Bill. The tall, grave, spare-looking man stood there with papers in his hand, talking in the most commonplace manner. Often he turned to some colleague and looked and waited as if expecting an explanation. At last he sat down suddenly, as if he had got up out of time. Mr. Disraeli had been sitting there, writing something on the top of his hat, which he had just taken off for the purpose. There seemed to be no desks. When I first noticed numbers of the members with their hats on, I wondered if the session had begun. What I noticed about Mr. Disraeli was the long legs he stretched out before him, the dark, intellectual face, the large features, the yellow skin, the long black hair, the Jewish expression. He followed Mr. Gladstone, but in a voice so subdued that I, in the gallery, did not understand a word he said. Burly John Bright, with his noble face and sturdy mien, followed. He looked like the typical Englishman. He spoke to the bill in an earnest voice and loud enough, but said nothing that I remember. A Scotch member then rose in confusion, mumbled a few words, got scared, mixed up, turned red and sat down. And this is English oratory, I meditated, and called to mind the names of Douglas and Webster and Lincoln and Blaine. I suppose I was simply there on the wrong day.

*Sunday.*-We spent a rainy Sunday in London, walking about the deserted streets. Every blind was down-there was silence everywhere. We seemed the only people alive in great London town. Our melancholy was added to by having, through

misunderstanding, missed a train that was to take us to a friend in the country, where a hot dinner and English hospitality had awaited us.

*At the Channel.*-Up to this time there had been nothing so interesting and romantic to me in English scenery as the big castle above the white cliffs of Dover. There was the high, sloping, green plateau and the grey old Castle a thousand feet above us-below it was the sea-across the Channel, only thirty miles away, lay sunny France.

# CHAPTER II
# 1869

IN SWITZERLAND-THE ALPS-EMBARRASSMENT IN NOT KNOWING THE LANGUAGE-CELEBRATED EXILES MEET IN A CERTAIN CAFE-BRENTANO-WAGNER-KINKEL-SCHERR-KELLER-AND OTHERS.

We stayed in Paris for a week. Then, one night, we crossed the plains of France, and at daylight saw with beating hearts the Jura Mountains. They were as a high wall of cliff and forest, green, deep valleys and running rivers, between France and the land of William Tell. The afternoon of that day saw us at our journey's end. We were in beautiful Zurich. "Next to Damascus," said Dixon, the English traveler, "I adore Zurich."

That day the Glarus Alps, that usually shine so gloriously in front of the city, were obscured with clouds. But the beautiful lake was there, and old walls, and ivy-covered towers, and all the story of a thousand years.

Zurich was half a mediæval city in 1869. Years have since changed it; its walls and towers have been torn down, and granite blocks and fashionable modern streets take the place, in part, of its picturesqueness, as we saw it at that time.

Pretty soon I was, in a way, representing my country in a

republic five times as old as our own. My predecessor recognized that he had been "rotated" out of office. He knew American party customs and turned over to me a few chairs, a desk, some maps, a flag, some books, some accounts and an enormous shield that hung over the door with a terrible-looking eagle on it, holding a handful of arrows. This was the coat of arms.

Living was cheap in Switzerland in the seventies. For one whole year we stayed in the "Pension Neptune," a first-class place in every sense. Our apartment included a finely furnished salon, a bedroom, and a large room for the consulate. For these rooms, with board for two persons, we paid only $3.00 per day. Just outside the pension, workmen were laying street pavements of stone. They worked from daylight till dark, for forty cents a day. The servants in the pension were getting ninety cents a week and board. The clerk in the consulate was working for $300 a year, without board. Good wine, and we had it always at dinner, was a franc a bottle. Things have changed since then. Switzerland is a dear country to live in now.

In the "Neptune" we found the interesting family of Healy, the American artist. He had painted half the famous men of Europe, even then. There, too, was the family of Commander Crowninshield, distinguished of late days as an adviser of the President in the Spanish War.

What we were to do now, was to learn the French and German languages. Good teachers received but two francs, or forty cents, a lesson, and the necessity of the situation impelled us to hard

study.

One evening, shortly after our arrival at Zurich, we were out boating with some friends, on the beautiful lake. There were myriads of pretty water-craft, filled with joyous people, circling all about. On a floating raft near by, a band of music was playing airs from Wagner. Zurich was a Wagner town. It was nearing sunset, when suddenly I happened to cast my eyes away from the people and the boats toward the upper end of the lake. "Look at the beautiful clouds," I exclaimed. My companion smiled. "They are not clouds," said he. "They are the Glarus Alps." It was the fairest sight I ever beheld in my life. Some clouds on the horizon had suddenly floated away, and the almost horizontal rays of a setting summer sun were shining on the white snowfields and ice walls of the mountains, turning them into jasper and gold. "That is what we call the 'Alpine glow,'" continued my friend. "It is like looking at the walls of Paradise," I exclaimed. Pretty soon the sun went down behind the Zurich hills, the jasper and the gold faded from the ice and the rocks of the distant mountains, a cold gray-white, striving to keep off the coming darkness, fell upon the scene. It was the mountains putting on their robes of night. These were the scenes that I was now to live among. Music, they say, takes up the train of thought, where common words leave off. That night, by the waters of Lake Zurich, the soft strains of well-tuned instruments expressed a delight for me that tongue could not utter or pen describe.

Switzerland is full of scenes as glorious as this Glarus range,

but this scene here, we were to have from our dining-room window always.

*September 5.*-The consul of the French Empire called to-day to pay his respects to the consul of the great republic. My consular experiences were about to commence. I was in a dilemma. My Swiss clerk, who spoke six languages for twenty-five dollars a month, had stepped out. I, a plain American, spoke no language except my own.

"Bonjour, Monsieur," cheerily chirped the Frenchman. I advanced, and, seizing his neatly gloved hand, said "Good morning" in the plainest American. "What! Monsieur, you no parlez Francais? Ah! certainlee. Monsieur he parle Allemand. Monsieur speak a leetle Dutch?" he continued, bowing and smiling. "I am sorry," I interrupted in embarrassment. "No Dutch-no Francais." "Oh! Monsieur no understand. No, no. Ah, si, Monsieur, he speak Spanish, certainlee-Spanish better-Spanish better-very fine-Americans all speak Spanish-veree." Again I shook my head, and again the consul bowed, and I bowed, and we both bowed together; and, after a few more genuflections and great embarrassment, he smiled and went backward out of the room. The situation was absurd. Then the Italian consul called, and then the Austrian consul, and similar scenes occurred. The same nonsense, without understanding a word.

I saw at once what was necessary for me to do. Solid months, years, day and night almost, were to be spent learning the language of the people among whom I was to live. Of course,

Americans are not born with a knowledge of international law and an ability to speak half a dozen foreign languages.

The routine work of legalizing invoices, attending to passports, getting foolish fellow-countrymen out of jail, and helping others who were "strapped" to get to the nearest seaport, went on. Then there was the doing the polite thing generally by American travelers who called at the office to pay their respects to the consul.

There were many Americans abroad even then. The Swiss hotels reaped great harvests from the rich American and English nabobs who traveled about, displaying themselves and throwing away money.

"I have special charges for all these fine fellows," said the landlord of the Bellevue to me. "Indeed, I have three rates, one for the Swiss, a higher one for foreigners, and a still higher one for the Americans and English. The rooms are the same, the dinners are the same, the wines the same; but the bills-ah, well, I am very glad they come."

Soon I commenced writing reports for our Government. They were asked for on every conceivable subject, from sewer building to political economy. Every American who has a hobby, writes to his Congressman to know what they do about such things in Europe. The Congressman asks the State Department and the State Department asks the consul. *He* must answer in some way.

In this way, and in guarding against frauds on the customs, the time passed.

In the meantime my official position secured me the entrée into Swiss society. It enabled me at last to know Swiss life and to meet men and women worth the knowing. Many of them living in Zurich, or passing there, had European reputations, for the city, like Geneva, had that about it that attracted people of intellect. Zurich is called the Swiss Athens. Novelists, poets, historians, statesmen and renowned professors occupied chairs in the great University, or whiled away pleasant summers among the glorious scenery of the Alps near by.

*August 10, 1870.*-On this day I made the acquaintance of a remarkable man. It was Lorenzo Brentano of Chicago. He called at the consulate, and, after first greetings, I found out who he was. It was that Brentano who had been condemned to death after the Revolution of 1848 in South Germany. He had been more than a leader; he had been elected provisional president of the so-called German Republic. When the cause failed on the battlefield, he fled to America, and there, for many years, struggled with voice and pen for the freedom of the slaves, just as he had struggled in Germany for the freedom of his countrymen. The seed he helped to sow in Germany, at last bore fruit there, and he also lived to see American slavery perish. He was a hero in two continents. He had made a fortune in Chicago and was now educating his children in Zurich. His son is now an honored judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, a city Brentano's life honored. He was also at this time writing virile letters for European journals, moulding public opinion in our favor as to the Alabama claims.

We needed his patriotism. Americans will never know the great help Brentano was to us, at a time when nine-tenths of the foreign press was bitterly against us. I once heard a judge on the bench ask Brentano officially if he wrote the letters regarding America. "Yes," said Brentano, who was trying a case of his own, and was a witness, "I wrote them." "Then that should be reckoned against you," said the judge, so bitter and unjust was the feeling abroad concerning our country, especially among Englishmen traveling or living on the Continent at this time. A kind word for America or Americans was rare.

Through Brentano's friendship, I secured many notable acquaintances. The Revolution of 1848 in Germany was led by the brightest spirits of the country. Its failure led to death or flight. Many had crossed into the Republic of Switzerland and formed here in Zurich a circle of intellectual exiles. They were authors, musicians, statesmen, distinguished university professors. Brentano naturally stood high among them all.

*The Orsini Cafe.*-Around a corner, and not a block away from our home, stood a dingy, old building, known as the Cafe Orsini. Every afternoon at five, a certain number of exiles, and their friends, among them men of culture and European fame, met and drank beer at an old oak table in a dark corner of the east room. It was the room to the right of the entrance hall. Many people frequented the Orsini, for it was celebrated for its best Munich beer, and they could catch there glimpses sometimes of certain famous men. Johannes Scherr, the essayist and historian, called

the "Carlyle of Germany," came there, and Brentano, the patriot. So did Gottfried Keller, possibly the greatest novelist writing the German language, though a Swiss. There was Gottfried Kinkel, the beloved German poet, whom our own Carl Schurz had rescued from death in a German prison, now a great art lecturer at the University. Beust, the head of the best school without text-books in the world; Fick, the great lawyer and lecturer, and sometimes Conrad Meyer, the first poet of Switzerland. Earlier, Richard Wagner was also among these exiles at the Orsini, for he, too, had been driven from his country. That was in the days when the celebrated Lubke, the art writer, was lecturing at the Zurich University, together with Semper, the architect. Often the guests around the little table were noted exiles, who, even if pardoned, seldom put a foot in the German fatherland. The lamp above the table was always lighted at just five in the evening, and the landlord's daughter, in a pretty costume, served the beer. It was my good fortune, through Mr. Brentano, to join this little German Round Table often, to listen to conversations, that, could they be reported now, would make a volume worth the reading.

Almost nightly, in the winter, at least, the little circle came together, shook hands, and sat around that table. Each paid for his own beer. To offer to "treat" would have been an offense. "How many glasses, gentlemen?" the pretty waitress would ask. Each told what he had drunk and how much cheese or how many hard-boiled eggs he had added; the pretzels were free. "Gute Nacht, meine Herren, und baldiges Wiedersehen," called out the little

waitress, as they would again shake hands and go out into the fog and darkness. For years that little waiting-girl lighted the lamp over the table, served us the beer, and found a half-franc piece under one of the empty glasses. She knew what it was for. Had she been a shorthand reporter, she could have stopped passing beer long ago, and the Orsini Café might have been her own.

# CHAPTER III
# 1870

IN THE ORSINI CAFE-GREAT NEWS FROM FRANCE-WHAT THE EXILES THINK-LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN-I GET PERMISSION TO GO AND LOOK AT THE WAR-IN THE SNOW OF THE JURAS-ARRESTED-THE SURRENDER OF THE 80,000-ZURICH IN THE HANDS OF A MOB-A FRIENDLY HINT.

*August 15, 1870.*-At six in the evening of this day I was sitting with these other friends in the little corner of the Orsini, when a boy called out:

"Great news from France!"

Yesterday (August 14, 1870) was a day to be forever remembered in history, the day that was to begin the foundation of the German Empire. Louis Napoleon had declared war against Prussia. The news came into our little corner of the Orsini like a clap of thunder-but the exiles around that table went right on drinking beer. Pretty soon, grave Johannes Scherr, the historian, spoke: "It is good-by to Napoleon's crown, that." "They don't know Bismarck in Paris yet," said Beust. Beust did not like Bismarck very much either. "And what can we do?" said another. "Nothing," replied Brentano. "Look on. We are exiles." They all

loved Germany.

Twenty years they had been waiting in Switzerland, to see what would happen. A new war tocsin was now really sounding. One empire was dying-great, new Germany was about at its birth. Almost that very night the strongest-souled, most dangerous man in modern times was playing his cards for empire. Even then, in a little German town, Bismarck was manipulating telegrams, deceiving the people, "firing the German heart," deceiving his own Emperor, even. That was diplomacy. A hundred thousand men were about to die! What of it? Get ready, said the man of blood, dig their graves. The hour for Prussian vengeance on the name of Napoleon had arrived. "We are ready for war, to the last shoe-buckle," wrote the French war minister to Louis Napoleon. Bismarck knew that to be a lie. His spies and ambassadors in Paris had not spent their time simply sipping wine on the boulevards. They had been seeing things, and he knew ten times more about the shoe-buckles of the French army than the French themselves did.

The next morning (August 16) things sounded strange enough to American ears in Zurich. A trumpeter rode through every street, blowing his bugle blasts between his cries for every German in Zurich to go home and fight for fatherland. But the exiles were not included and the little meetings in the Orsini went on. Then came a note from Napoleon to the Swiss government: "Can you defend your neutrality?" If not, he would instantly surprise Bismarck and Von Moltke by overrunning Switzerland

and suddenly pour his armies all over South Germany. Then the Rhine would be behind him, not in front.

Switzerland saw her own danger. Permit this once, and her name would be wiped from the map of Europe. She knew that. A few days' hesitancy and, for her, all would have been lost. That night at midnight the Swiss drums beat in every valley of the Alps. Twenty-three thousand men, with a hundred cannon, were thrown into the fastnesses and passes of the Jura Mountains, on the French frontier, inside of three days. That was the answer to Napoleon's note, and it changed the destinies of the war. That prompt deed of the Swiss *made the German Empire*. Had the French army got possession of the Alpine passes once, and the Rhine, they would have taken Berlin. The backbone of the German minister at London was what brought on the war at last. England had proposed to join France in requesting the King of Prussia to promise that no German prince should aspire to the Spanish throne. The German minister at St. James indignantly declined to even report the British suggestion to his government. Had he reported England's wishes, Bismarck, possibly, fearing two against him now instead of one, would have given that one little promise, and then the war would not have taken place.

The Americans had the war news by cable almost as soon as the Swiss, who were in sound of the guns.

Shortly I received a little note from General Sherman:

*"Washington, D. C., Aug. 19, 1870.*

"Dear Byers: Consul H. did not hand me your letter of May 1 st until to-day, else it should have been answered earlier. I was very glad to see that your health was improved by the change of climate and country, and that you had entered on your new career with zeal and interest. So interesting a country as Switzerland, topographically and historically, cannot but prove of inestimable value to you, in whatever after career you may engage, and I feel certain that you will profit by the opportunity.

"At this moment we are all on tiptoe of expectation to hear of the first events of the war begun between France and Prussia. The cause assigned for this war seems to us in this distance so trivial that we take it to be a mere pretext, and that the real cause must lie in the deeper feelings of the two countries. You are so near and so deeply concerned in the lines of traffic that must cross the paths of the contending armies that you cannot escape the consequences. Many Americans will go abroad to see these armies, and as much of the war as will be permitted them, and it may be that you will see at Zurich some of our soldiers. General Sheridan proposes to start at once, and one of my aids, Colonel Audenreid, begs to go along. If Sheridan wishes it I will let Audenreid go, and I will remind him that you are at Zurich, and he may drop in on you, and you can talk over events. You will remember him as one of my aids at Columbia, S. C.

"Always wishing you honor and success, I am truly your

friend,
*W. T. Sherman."*

With almost unbroken success for the Prussians, the dreadful war went on all that autumn. The Swiss were neutral and their sympathies were divided, or, if one-sided, they were with the Germans; at least, until that terrible Sedan day, when the Emperor himself fell a prisoner. Then Bismarck wanted more. It was Paris, and French humiliation, he wanted. He had tasted blood, and was he never to have enough? The war went on into the cold and storm of winter. Troops were nearly freezing to death in both armies in the east of France, and half the Swiss people were changing their minds. France was down, and Bismarck must not play the monster.

*December, 1870.*-I had been a soldier four years in our own great war, and was anxious to see European armies on a battlefield. The commander of the Swiss troops gave me a letter to the leader of the German army next the frontier, and got me passes. It was midwinter, and fearfully cold, and the snow was two feet to three feet deep when I went into the camp of the Swiss, away up in the Jura Mountains. None but well-clad, well-fed men could stand guarding the passes in such weather. What must the French army be doing, not far away, in their worn-out shoes and ragged overcoats? The German army lay not far from Montbeliard, when one cold evening I passed the frontier, and on foot, in the snow, wended my way to a deserted French hamlet. The village just beyond was occupied by a squadron of German

Uhlans. Now all was new to me. Not far away that evening I heard the constant thundering of the cannon at Belfort. At the place where I stayed, an attack by the French could be expected any moment in the night. Shortly I saw captains of Uhlans ride to every house in the village and put a chalk-mark on the door, designating what companies were to take it for quarters. There was no room left anywhere, and one could freeze out of doors, unless hugging a camp-fire. An officer of Uhlans took me in and shared his bed on the floor of a cabin. We had a cup of coffee, a glass of brandy and some rations. Nobody knew that night what would happen out in the snow before morning. Next day I could get no horse; but if I could get to General Manteuffel at the next village, I would be all right. On I trudged afoot, but the advanced pickets outside the village could not read my French papers. They fearing me to be a French spy, I was arrested and jogged about very unceremoniously. The General was out somewhere with the troops, and it was hours before I was released. All this time I was kept in a little café that was full of Uhlans carousing and drinking, and acting as if they would like to make short work of me. On the General's return, I was marched up to headquarters, followed by a number of idle soldiers, who anticipated a drumhead court-martial and a little shooting. Of course, I was promptly released with an apology. But there I was, on foot, in the snow, and not a horse to be had, had the King himself wanted it; for the French army, 80,000 strong, was making for a battle, or else for the Swiss frontier. It was the frontier. That very night, Bourbaki, the

French commander, shot himself, and the whole army, 80,000 strong, tumbled, pell-mell, into Switzerland, and surrendered. That was January 31st.

It was a sad-looking army that gave itself up to Switzerland. Their red trousers were worn, dirty and black, their shoes were almost gone. Some wore wooden sabots, some had their feet wrapped in rags. Their faces and hands were black as Africans', from close huddling over scanty camp-fires, to keep from freezing. All were discouraged, disgraced, many boiling over with wrath at their incompetent leaders. And these leaders, hundreds of them, were followed by courtesans of Paris, in closed carriages. That was a spectacle for the gods; this host of poor, ragged, freezing privates, wading through the snow of the Alps, followed by a procession of gilded carriages, filled with debauched women, drunken officers and costly wines.

The surrender there in the snow included the whole army of 80,000 men, 284 cannon, 11,000 horses and 8,000 officers' swords.

In a week's time the Swiss had this great army of Frenchmen quartered at the different cities. Zurich had 11,000 of them. They were a happy lot of men, to be out of a dreadful war, and in the hands of a people who bestowed on them every kindness. Many never left Switzerland, but settled among their sympathizers and benefactors for the remainder of their lives.

The war went on. Paris, for months, lay besieged and starving. Then the end came.

At Zurich, the friends of Germany now undertook to celebrate the close of hostilities. Speeches and a banquet were to be had one night at the great Music Hall on the lake. Some consuls were invited to take a part, myself among the number. I was to be asked to send a telegram to our President. At four o'clock of the afternoon a man called at my office and whispered in my ear, "Stay away from that banquet; something is to happen." I remained at home. That night, just as the toast to the new German Emperor was being read, and at a preconcerted signal, every window in the vast hall was smashed in. Stones and clubs were hurled at the banqueters. A large and excited mob of French sympathizers and French prisoners, with side-arms, surrounded the building. Many dashed into the galleries, waved French flags, struck people down with sabers and fired revolvers. The banqueters were in terror till, led by the courageous among them, they broke their five hundred chairs into clubs and drove the rioters from the hall. A few had been killed, a number injured. All the night the mob stayed outside and howled. The police fled for their lives. The militia, called out, stood in line, but when the order to fire on the mob was given, threw down their arms.

Inside the hall, the banqueters stood with clubs in their hands till the grey of morning, waiting the attack. The women, alarmed and terrified, were hidden under the tables, or in corners.

Zurich seemed in the throes of a revolution. The bad elements of every kind joined in the mob, and the Socialists and Anarchists cried out: "This is the people, striking for their

rights."

Ten thousand troops were hurried into Zurich from other cantons. Cannon bristled at the street corners, and placards warned the people to stay in their houses. A battery was posted in the street in front of our door. Climbing up on to the terrace by the minster, I saw a terrible mob below, and watched a cavalry squadron ride through it with drawn sabers. The mob gave way, and the alarm was at an end. Murders had been committed, and many men were arrested and punished. The man who had kindly whispered to me to keep away from the banquet, fled. He was afterward condemned, and is to this day a fugitive in England.

# CHAPTER IV
# 1871

THE PARIS HORRORS-SOME EXCURSIONS WITH LITERARY PEOPLE-BEER GARDENS-A CHARACTERISTIC FUNERAL-FUNERAL OF A POET'S CHILD-CAROLINE BAUER, THE ACTRESS-A POLISH PATRIOT-CELEBRATING THE FOURTH OF JULY AT CASTLE RAPPERSCHWYL-THE ST. BERNARD-THE MULES AND DOGS-ON A SWISS FARM-FOR BURNING CHICAGO.

*June, 1871.*-Horrible news continues to come of the atrocities of the "Communists" in Paris. The most beautiful city of the world is half burned up by its own children. Hundreds of innocent people have been slaughtered. Nobody here understands wholly what it is these Paris murderers want. It looks as if all the criminals and their ten thousand abettors were simply avenging themselves on civilization.

Europe looks on with horror. The world did not know that it contained a whole army of such wretches in one single city. Yet New York has just as many, if they were let loose. There are men right here in Switzerland, the kindliest governed state in the world, who are walking around the streets, quietly thanking God for all the indescribable things at Paris. There was a man in

France once (Madame Roland's husband), who killed himself, rather than live longer in a land so given over to dastards. The Paris anarchists will again, and soon enough, have made suicide sweeter than living there. That is what they want. Anarchists would rejoice if all the decent people in the world would kill themselves and get out of it.

This summer of 1871 we made many little foot excursions with the Brentanos, the Kinkels, or the Scherrs. The whole party was always more or less literary. Even Mrs. Scherr had written her book, much liked by German housewives. These afternoon walks have been to points along the beautiful lake or to some near valley, and often to the Uetliberg or to Rüssnacht. We always turned up at some simple country beer garden, with its quiet tables under shady bowers, where the beer and the pretzels were good, and the view fine of lake and mountain.

What delightful times we have had with our cheap lunches of black bread, beer and cheese and much talking! We walked home by dusk, always stopping at many a vantage point, to look in wonder at the sunset and the gorgeous glow on the Alps. I never saw these sunsets in the Alps without thinking of another world. They seemed to belong to something more beautiful, more lasting than our mere lives. If I spoke of it, however, Scherr would shrug his shoulders and say, "Ich glaub' es nicht. Wir werden es nur hoffen," and once he added: "The whole world is but a graveyard. Above the door is written *The End*." Mrs. Scherr always smiled and said, "No, it is not so, what he says. What is all

that grandeur that you see over there in the mountains for? Surely not only for a little party like us to gaze on, of an afternoon, and then say good-by to, forever. No, it is not true. I expect to see the beautiful mountains, and with these friends, too, a thousand years from now."

Alas! sooner than we knew, she was to look beyond these Alps. A heart trouble, aggravated by the *deeper* heart trouble of a mother, through a wayward son, suddenly terminated her life. Just after leaving our home, one day, where she had been calling, she fell dead upon the steps of St. Peter's church.

I was present at this friend's funeral, conducted in accordance with German Swiss custom.

An old woman had carried the funeral notices to the friends. They were printed on large, full sheets of paper, with black edges an inch wide. The woman, in delivering these messages, was in full black, and carried with her an enormous bunch of flowers, apparently a symbol of her office. At the appointed hour I found all our male friends at the house of mourning. It was designated by a broad, black cloth stretched across the front of the building and running up the stairway. Here, in a room denuded of all carpet and furniture, I found Prof. Scherr, waiting to receive the condolence of the invited friends.

"To the left," said the old messenger woman, who had brought the death notices. She stood in the hall, beside an urn, into which friends put their black-edged cards. Again she held a bunch of flowers. All, as they entered the room, turned to "the left,"

where they silently grasped the Professor's hand a moment, and then took their places, standing in a line along the four walls of the room. No one spoke. There was utter silence. All had tall hats and wore black gloves. Those who had not been invited by card, remained in the street, to join the procession as it left the house. There was not a woman in sight anywhere, save the old messenger. Just as the church bells were ringing the hour, the messenger called in at the open door: "Gentlemen, it is three o'clock," and the little procession of friends followed the Professor down to the rear of the hearse. There had been no ceremony. The body, during the waiting, lay in a plain coffin in the lower hall. The day before, we had called to have a last look at our friend. To us, accustomed to American ostentation over the dead, the extreme simplicity seemed shocking. She was in a plain, white cotton robe. The coffin, or pine box, was not even painted. But it was not indifference nor littleness, this simplicity. It was a custom. A hundred years ago in Switzerland, people were buried in sheets, and without any coffins. Our friend was borne to the chapel in the graveyard, followed by many people, all on foot. There was no carriage, save the hearse. There was a short address in the chapel, no singing or prayers; then the body was carried out to the grave. Each of us threw a spray of evergreen, or a bit of earth, into the grave. When the friends had mostly gone, the Professor looked long and sadly into the grave, lifted his hat to her who had been his helpmeet, and silently and alone walked away. The funeral had been characteristic of the country; plain,

and simple, and impressive. To the Swiss, the ostentation and the gorgeous casket at American funerals are not only unbecoming, but a sacrilege and sin. "What good can we do the poor dead bodies?" said Kinkel to me one night at the Round Table in the Orsini. "If you have something to do for a man, do it for him while he lives, and not to his poor, senseless dust."

Kinkel carried out his theory when his beloved daughter died. They came first to my wife, to have her select them a little black crepe-that was all-and a plain board coffin, and some flowers. All her schoolmates must be invited to come and stand by her grave. When the coffin containing his most loved of earth was lowered, the good, gray-haired poet bared his head, stepped to the side of the grave, and, with eyes full of tears, made a touching speech. It was about the child's goodness in life, its sweetness and sunshine, and its father's and mother's loss. Deep emotion filled all present. The children sang a song, and then strewed many flowers upon the grave.

"I will never see her again," he said to me long days afterward. "Like all beautiful, changing things, she has become a part of the beautiful universe. I know her breath will be in the perfume of the flowers, and she will linger in the summer wind." He spoke in sincerity, but the beauty and poetry of his belief had little comfort for us, who also had lost, but with an absolute faith that we should find our buried one again.

In one of our little excursions, Professor Kinkel took us to see the celebrated actress, Caroline Bauer, now the Countess Plater.

She and her husband, a rich Pole, who has good claims on the throne of Poland, live on an estate overlooking Lake Zurich. They received us all with great courtesy, and insisted on our having lunch with them on the terrace. The whole estate, not large, is surrounded by a high stone wall, and inside of that a line of trees and hedges higher still. The Countess is seventy, white haired, good looking, genial and happy as a girl. She played several airy things on the piano for us, and would have danced a jig, I think, had Professor Kinkel but said the word. In her heyday of beauty and fame she was the morganatic wife of the King of Belgium. But little was thought of that, for she showed us his picture hanging in the drawing-room, with pride. She and Kinkel talked and laughed much about things that were Greek to us. When we were leaving, the white-haired old beauty followed the white-haired old poet out to the garden gate, and gave him a good-by kiss. It was, in fact, a pretty and touching scene. The Count owns the great Castle of Rapperschwyl at the end of the lake. It contains a Polish museum. One Fourth of July, later, he invited all the Americans to celebrate the day there, and sent a steamer, with music and flags, to carry us up to his banquet. The flags of lost Poland were intertwined with the flags of the United States.

*August, 1871.*-Next to Westminster Abbey, in London, I have always wanted to see the St. Bernard pass, with its hospice and its dogs. At Martigny, the other day, my wife and I hired a man and a mule to help us up the pass that gave Bonaparte so much

trouble. The man's name was "Christ." He often addressed the mule as "you diable." We walked, rode and climbed past the most poverty-stricken villages in the Dranse valley I ever saw in my life. This should be called the valley of human wretchedness. We reached the famous stone hospice on the top of the pass late at night, in a storm of sleet, and tired to death. We had overtaken a German student on the way, and our poor mule had to drag or carry four of us up the worst part of the pass. The thunderstorm also made us overdo ourselves. My wife sat on the saddle; the student hung to the mule's tail; I hung to one stirrup, and Christ to the other. I am glad it was dark, for the scene was not heroic, like that of Napoleon leading his army over the mountains.

The monks met us at the hospice entrance, and gave us places to rest for an hour. To me, who was utterly exhausted and used up, they gave drams of good, hot whisky.

An hour later they took us down to the Refectory, where we had a substantial supper of hot soup, bread, potatoes, omelets, prunes, and also wine. A fire blazed in the immense fireplace, for it is chilly and cold up here even in August. A wind was now blowing outside, and it was very dark. We were glad to sit around the fire with some of the monks and tell them strange things about the country we came from. One of them spoke English, a few of them German.

These zealous monks live up in this inhospitable pass solely to rescue and aid lost travelers. Thousands of poor men, seeking labor in better climates, walk over this pass to Italy every season.

Many lose their way and are hunted up by the noble St. Bernard dogs; many freeze to death, and the monks have piled their unidentified bodies up out there in the stone dead-house. There is not enough soil on this rocky height for a grave. And the air is so rarefied that graves are not needed; the dead simply dry away at last, or, in their half-frozen condition, remain like unembalmed mummies. The high air is ruinous to health, and the monks after a few short years go down into the Rhone valley to die, while others for another little space take their places.

The next morning I climbed through an open window into the dead-house. The dead found on the pass during twenty years either lay on the floor or stood against the wall. It was a hideous spectacle, and yet numerous of the bodies were lifelike in every feature. They were placed in there just as they were found. All have the clothes on they wore when they were lost. Many are in the same attitude of despair and agony they had when the storm closed them in its icy embrace. I saw a man with form bent and arms extended as if groping to find his way. A dead woman sat in the corner with her frozen child in her arms. She has been there these dozen years. Some of the faces could yet be recognized had any friend in the world come to look at them.

After breakfast we had a play with a number of the noble dogs that have saved human lives on this pass, time and again. They were very large, mostly tawny colored, extremely intelligent and kind.

The devoted lives of these monks, and these dogs, is

something pathetically noble.

A pretty chapel or church is built on to the hospice, and in there one sees a fine marble statue of Marshal Saxe, the hero of Marengo, put there by the order of Napoleon.

*****

There are few large farms in Switzerland. Yet, we stayed last week at one that would do credit in size even to the United States- a couple of hundred acres, mostly given up to grass and stock; every foot as carefully looked after as if it were a gentleman's lawn in London. The owner is what they call a rich Bauer. He is a romantic-looking character, the red-cheeked, burly man, as he goes about among his hired people in the picturesque costume of other days. His wife and daughter also dress in unique costume. They all look very striking on the green meadows away up here on a mountain side, half as high as the Rigi. All this peasant's immediate ancestors were born in this old stone house, and, though he has grown rich here, his life is unchanged from theirs. There are many long, round-paned windows to the rooms, through which the sun pours in and warms the bright-colored flowers with which the window shelves are filled. An old eight-day clock of his grandfather's stands in the corner counting the seconds for these two hundred years. There is not a carpet or a table cloth in the house, but in their stead are old chests, wardrobes and chairs of rare carving, and queer pewter mugs of

another age are on the walls.

Their lives are very simple. At dinner they gather around an uncovered pine table, and the family dip soup from the same big bowl. They have an abundance of sour wine, black bread, and such butter, cheese and milk as would make an epicure glad.

The high mountain air about them is bracing; they seem happy and healthful, and, more than most peasants, enjoy the grand scene of Alps and lakes around them.

They set a little side table for us in another room, where we had all the good things a farm affords for two francs a day. Over on the Rigi, just across the lake from us, the tourists and the fashionables are paying ten to twenty francs for food not so wholesome.

*October 9, 1871.*-"Chicago has burned to the ground and all your houses are burned with it," was the telegram that came to me for Brentano three nights ago. I went to his house at midnight, but he was gone to Freiburg. When he came back, he simply telegraphed, "Commence to rebuild at once." The Americanism of the order set all his Swiss friends to talking. "Had Chicago burned up in Europe," they said, "we would have spent a year mourning over it. Over there they simply rebuild the same day and say nothing."

I commenced a subscription list to help the unfortunate of Chicago, two weeks ago. I have raised 60,000 francs in sums as low as two cents each. I think no town of its population in Europe has given so liberally. To-morrow the cash goes on.

# CHAPTER V
# 1872

LOUIS BLANC, THE STATESMAN-HIS NOVEL COURTSHIP-HIS APPEARANCE-INVITES US TO PARIS-JUST MISS VICTOR HUGO-HIS SPEECH AT MADAME BLANC'S GRAVE-LETTER FROM LOUIS BLANC-ALABAMA ARBITRATORS-SEE GAMBETTA AND JULES FAVRE.

*May 9, 1872.*-On this day Louis Blanc, the French statesman and historian, called. It was to thank me for a favor I had done on a time for his nephew, but the visit resulted in a friendship that lasted till his death, ten years later.

Louis Blanc had been to the old French Republic (1848) what Brentano had been to the revolution of South Germany. At one time he was the most powerful member of the French Assembly. His writings, more than all things else, brought about the revolution that for a time made him President. In this 1872, he is again in the Assembly of a new republic.

While he stayed at Zurich, we came to know his friend, the vivacious English writer and traveler, Hepworth Dixon. We met often. Once Louis Blanc gave us all a dinner in the Neptun, and Dixon kept the table in a roar, telling of his ridiculous experiences in American overland coaches, in Texas

and elsewhere. Of Texas, he had views alarmingly like those of Sheridan. If he owned hell and Texas, he certainly would rent out Texas and live in hell. "And do you tell us *that* is manners down South in the United States?" queried Mr. Louis Blanc, in the naivest manner. "Indeed I do; surely, surely," said the traveler, glancing at Mrs. Blanc, "I saw it a hundred times. Pistols, bowie-knives and swearing. Nothing else in Texas." The kind Frenchman believed it all, for he believed all men honest as himself; only at the close of the dinner did Mr. Dixon let him know that part of his talk was good-natured champagne chaff.

Louis Blanc was the smallest big man I ever saw. He was only five feet high. His head was big enough for Alexander the Great. He was only fifty-nine years old now, but it seemed to me his life and actions went back to the Revolution. His hair was long and black and straight as an Indian's. He had no beard. His face was rosy as a girl's. His little hands were white as his white cravat; his feet were like a boy's; his eyes brown, large, and full of kindness; his voice sweet as a woman's. He dressed in full black broadcloth and wore a tall silk hat. He looked, when walking in the street, like a rosy-faced boy in man's clothes.

His little stature and apparent innocence of half that was going on about him, kept Madame Blanc in a constant worry for fear he would be run over by passing wagons when we were out walking together. "Now run over here quick," she would say to him at a crossing. "Do, my dear, be careful. See the horses coming." Out of doors, or on our little excursions to the mountains, he was

perpetually and literally under her wing. She knew the treasure she had in him.

I constantly thought of the story of his past; for was not this little, low-voiced man, walking with us, he who had written "The Ten Years" that had helped destroy Louis Philippe; was not this the same voice that had enchained assemblies, and led France?

Once in a little log schoolhouse in the backwoods of the West, where, as a young fellow, I was teaching, I had read some of his books. Poor as I was, I would have given a month's salary then, to have taken Louis Blanc by the hand. How little I dreamed that some day I should not only take him by the hand, but have his warm friendship.

Louis Blanc's head was all there was to him-that and a great heart.

His marriage to Madame Blanc was a marvel. They met in London. She was German and could speak no French. He was French and could speak no German. He courted her in broken English; and he did well, for a better woman never lived.

Victor Hugo, standing at her grave years later, pronounced one of his noblest eulogies to womanhood. It was an outburst of remembered oratory.

We were glad of the friendship of such a man as Louis Blanc. He wrote me many letters and invited us to Paris, where we spent some delightful days. His brother Charles was the director of Fine Arts and Theaters there. We had invitations to the best operas and plays. One night I had the pleasure of hearing Gounod

lead the Grand Opera House orchestra in his own "Faust." Monsieur Blanc also took us out to see the National Assembly sitting at Versailles, where he was a senator. By good luck we saw and heard Gambetta and Jules Favre. There was no disorder that day, at least, and the speaking was moderate in tone. It was no noisier than our own senate. Louis Blanc also spoke a few words in a quiet way. He wished them to move the Assembly into Paris. "It is all nonsense," he said to me, "this pretense of fearing a Paris mob. 'Do right,' I might have said to them, 'and the mob will let you alone. Do wrong, and-well, it is not far from Paris to Versailles, and there was a time when a mob could escort a king even, from the one place to the other.'" He meant Louis XVI. and his queen, whom the mob led from this same palace to the Paris scaffold.

That evening we went late to dinner. The Blanc's lived on an upper floor of house No. 96, on the Rue du Rivoli. It was rather far. "But why didn't you come earlier?" said Mrs. Blanc, meeting us at the door. "You can't guess who was here." It was Victor Hugo. How sorry we were to have missed the opportunity of seeing the most famous man in France.

It happened later that I was in Paris the day after Victor Hugo's funeral. Everybody said it was like the funeral of a great king. I went up to the "Arc de Triomphe." The great monument built by Napoleon, in his own honor, was covered with wreaths in honor of Victor Hugo. Which man, I thought, does France, in her inmost heart, revere the most-the poet, or the conqueror?

I do not recall much that Louis Blanc said to me that first time in Paris, but something he said in reply to some words of Mr. Dixon's, at the banquet, I wrote down. Dixon was chaffing, in an exaggerated way, about the patriot's idea of liberty. "Ah!" replied Louis Blanc, quoting from another Frenchman, "there is but one thing only, which dreads not comparison with Glory; that is Liberty."

The nephew whom I had obliged, and through whom our friendship with the statesman came about, fell ill in Paris, and Louis Blanc wrote me this:

*"Paris, 96 Rue du Rivoli, Dec. 21, 1871.*

"Dear Sir: It grieves me to the very heart to have to say that my nephew is most dangerously ill. He has now been in bed for about a month, and his precarious state keeps both my poor wife and myself in a state of unspeakable anxiety. This domestic affliction, added to the necessity I am under to spend the whole of my time at Versailles, where the Assembly is now residing and threatens to *settle*, has as yet prevented me from seeing Mr. Washburne. But I have not lost sight of my promise, which I hope I shall be able to fulfill before long. Many thanks for the photographs. That of Mrs. Byers is very far, indeed, from doing her justice. We wish we had a better one. I will write to you soon. In the meantime, accept, my dear sir, our most cordial thanks for the kindness you and your dear wife have shown to our nephew and to ourselves. With my wife's best regards to

Mrs. Byers and yourself, I remain, very truly yours,
*Louis Blanc."*

The youth got well, but he did not take much to the Zurich schools after all. He had gone home again, and the uncle decided on letting him go to sea.

*"Paris, 96 Rue du Rivoli, July 14, 1872.*

"My Dear Sir: Many thanks for your very kind letter. Our nephew is quite recovered, and more than ever determined to be a sailor; so much so, that we have made up our minds to let him go as a midshipman. He will probably start in a month or two.

"My wife and myself speak often of you both and of the friendly reception we met at your hands. May we indulge the hope of returning it soon, on your visit to Paris?

"I would have been glad to make General Sherman's acquaintance, but, unfortunately, I found no opportunity to do so.

"Mrs. Louis Blanc and nephew unite with me in kindest regards to Mrs. Byers and yourself. Most sincerely yours,
*"Louis Blanc."*

*September, 1872.*-All this past summer the international arbitrators at Geneva have been trying to settle our difficulty with England over the Alabama pirate business. Our Mr. Evarts has won great honor in his management of our side of the matter. Still we have virtually lost the case. A few days ago, the 14th, the treaty was signed. True, it gives us fifteen millions, but we set out

with claiming two hundred and fifty millions. What a bagatelle to have to accept after that. The testimony really tends to show that the Rebels never hurt the North with their cruisers a hundredth part as much as everybody supposed they had. It was only a little Captain Kidd sea robbery after all.

It is something, however, to make England come to time, if only a little, for only the other day a London paper declared England will never pay the Yankees a dollar, no matter what the arbitrators say. We shall see.

# CHAPTER VI
# 1872

## WILLIAM TELL-THE RIGI IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES-PILATUS-ROSE BUSHES FOR FUEL

We spent this summer of 1872 at beautiful Bocken, an old castle-like chateau, sitting high above the lake, ten miles out from the city. It was once the home of the Zurich burgomasters, at the time when they exercised the authority of petty kings. The scene from Bocken is very grand. The chateau, with its big hall of knights, its old oak-paneled dining-room, its brick-paved corridors and leaded, round-paned windows, is very interesting. Paid 600 francs for the use of rooms all summer, and reserved the right to return other summers. The days were fair, and it seemed to me I had never seen so many clear, moonlight nights. The lake, shining in the clear moonlight, lay 1,000 feet below us, and, at times in the night, we could even faintly see the snow-covered mountains of Glarus. It was a delightful summer at Bocken, and our joy was doubled by the coming of our firstborn.

More than one of this summer's excursions was to the scene of the Tell legends on Lake Luzern. I knew the legends were already being doubted, even by some of the Swiss, but I hoped,

by diligent searching among certain half-forgotten archives in the old arsenal at Altorf, to find something new. I was not wholly disappointed; I saw a musty document there that told of the building of the chapel to Tell on the "Axenstrasse." That was in 1388, only *thirty-one years after Tell's death*. The document gave the amount of wages paid to hands, the amount of wine furnished the workmen, and a statement that one hundred and fourteen persons who had known Tell were present at the dedication. On the supposed spot of Tell's birth, another stone chapel was erected in 1522. There is also in this museum a copy of a proclamation of four hundred and ninety-four years ago, by the Council of Uri, ordering all good Christians and patriots to make yearly pilgrimages to Burglen, because it was the birthplace of William Tell. This document was discovered in 1759, but was burned up in a fire at Altorf, about 1779. The copy, however, is regarded as genuine. The question arises, why did a poor little village community ever go to the expense of building these chapels, if they had no certain knowledge of the existence of their hero, and why were the citizens making these excursions to Tell's birthplace at that early time?

In this old arsenal at Altorf are preserved the battle flags borne by the Swiss at Morgarten in 1315, only eight years after the death of Tell. The genuineness of these flags historians have not doubted. Neither is the old Swiss story of that battle in dispute. If the ancient Swiss could know of this battle, and save their flags, why should they not also know the facts as to Tell, at the time

they were building chapels to him? If they do not, these chapels remain as monuments to the utter foolishness of a people.

The tradition as to his shooting an apple from his boy's head is of no earthly consequence; true or untrue, it has no more to do with the Swiss patriot's having served his country than the story of the cherry tree has to do with the patriotism of Washington. Tyrants, compelling enemies to tests of archery under great risks, were nothing uncommon in even other lands than Switzerland, and even this little incident in Tell's life may have been true. For myself, I am satisfied that a patriot named William Tell existed, and that his hot-headed love of freedom, and his recklessness, precipitated a revolution in the Alps. In these later days his killing even a tyrant would probably brand him as a common freak or an assassin. Time and history mollify many things.

The chapel at the Axenstrasse was about to fall into the lake, while I was in Switzerland. Its restoration was decided on. Knowing that I had interested myself in the Tell traditions, and at my request, the authorities allowed me to take away the stone step in front of the old altar, to place in the Washington monument. I secured official testimony as to the block, had a proper inscription put on it, and sent it to Washington as a souvenir of Switzerland's greatest tradition. It is now in the Smithsonian Institution, being regarded too valuable a relic to hide away in the monument.

Now that we could speak the language, we made delightful excursions to the mountains. I had determined to write a book

on Switzerland,[1] and regarded it necessary to see, not only the Alps, but Alpine village life, and everything characteristic of the country. The result was that we went on foot to almost every valley and village, and climbed not a few of the famous mountains. I now became a member of the Alpine Club. The Rigi we climbed oftenest of all. There was no such thing as riding up, no easy railway carriages, then. People climbed mountains on foot, and the names burned on our Alpine stocks had a meaning. Many and many a Saturday noon we took the train at Luzern, climbed up the Rigi through the woods alone, on the Arth side, and stayed there till Monday morning. We usually got to the top in three hours. Daylight of Sunday saw us out on the high plateau, looking at that great sight, the rising of the sun in the Alps.

Living among the mountains was glorious then, and *cheap*. Many a time, in those days, we have had lodgings and meals at four francs a day, at the Rigi Staffell, where once the poet Wordsworth tarried. And at Michaels Kreutz, a height near by, two and one-half francs for pension was our usual expense. We traveled much in second-class cars. Everybody did this, and we were in the mode. Often when I was alone in the mountains, I went third-class even, and was as well off for sightseeing as I would have been in a Pullman palace car.

The Alpine views from the Rigi in good weather are almost beyond description. One must see them to realize their splendor. Chains of snow mountains are in the distance, and thirteen blue

[1] "Switzerland and the Swiss."

lakes shining at the Rigi's foot. It is only six thousand feet high, but unsurpassed as a point for seeing Swiss scenery.

Sometimes I went up Pilatus alone. It is higher than the Rigi, and near by. The climb was five hours, and I always slept in the little Senn hut, with the cowboys. The cattle, with their tinkling bells, occupied half the stone building. Cool autumn nights I have sat there till midnight, talking with the cowboys, before a big fire made of dried Alpine rose bushes. There were simply acres of roses on Pilatus then, and the Senns were glad to get rid of the shrubs by burning them. I never felt in such perfect health in my life, as in the bracing air on Pilatus Mountain, and the fact that tourists never knew the way up there made life among the goats and the roses immensely enjoyable. For years, ever since my imprisonment in the South, I had suffered horrors with headaches and migraine. These frequent stays in the air of the higher Alps were slowly curing them.

# CHAPTER VII
# 1872

GENERAL SHERMAN VISITS US AT ZURICH-LETTERS FROM HIM-SWISS OFFICERS ENTERTAIN HIM-HIS LAKE EXCURSION-HE EXPLAINS HIS GREATEST CAMPAIGN TO THEM-HE IS ENTERTAINED AT THE SWISS CAPITAL-LETTER FROM GENERAL DUFOUR.

*August, 1872.*-General Sherman had written me late in the previous Autumn of his intention to visit Europe. Admiral Alden was appointed to the command of our squadron at Villa Franca, and invited the General to sail with him in his flagship, the "Wabash." They left on Nov. 11, 1871. In his note he had said, "I am certainly hoping to arrange my route so as to pay you a visit." This rejoiced us greatly. I heard nothing more till January 16th, when he sent me another little note from Marseilles:

*"Marseilles, France, Jan. 14, 1872.*

"Dear Byers: You will have seen in the public journals that I am adrift. Of course, during my travels I intend to come to Zurich to see you, but the time when is uncertain. Now the season is not favorable, and I find it to my interest to stay near the Mediterranean till spring. I left my ship at Gibraltar near a month ago. Have been through Spain and

the south of France, and am now on my way to rejoin the ship at Nice. We expect to spend all of February in Italy, March in Egypt and the East, April in Prussia, and I expect to swing round by Dresden, Vienna and Munich to Zurich in May. I hope then to find you in good health. Should you have occasion to write me, a letter to the care of the United States Consul at Nice will be forwarded. With great respect, your friend,

*W. T. Sherman."*

In a month he wrote again, this time from Italy. On Feb. 8th I had written him of an intended military demonstration on the part of the authorities, in his honor, when he should come to Zurich. This he was adverse to, as his note indicates:

*"Naples, Feb. 28, 1872.*

"Dear Byers: I have received yours of Feb. 8th, and avail myself of about the last chance to write in reply. It will be some time before we can possibly approach Zurich from the direction of Vienna, and I suppose by that time I will be pretty well used up; yet, if I can do anything to please you, will do my best. Please say to the gentlemen of Zurich that when I reach Zurich, the less display of even a volunteer or militia force, the better; but I will leave it to your own good sense to do what is best for them, and for me. Maybe it would be better to postpone all preliminaries till you hear from me at Vienna. We embark to-morrow for Malta and Alexandria, Egypt, and it will be some time before we turn up again in the direction of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Our

aim is to cross the Caucasus to the Caspian, to Astrachan by the Volga, to Nishni, and so on to Moscow; so, you see, I have a good, long journey yet before me. Meantime, I hope you will continue well. As ever, your friend,

*W. T. Sherman."*

Again there was a silence till spring. General Sherman did not carry a newspaper reporter around with him, to report his journeys and his doings. He was traveling as a private gentleman, seeing, and not being seen. At least, this was what he wished. He had gone to the far East, had come back to Constantinople and crossed the Caucasus Mountains. In May he wrote again from St. Petersburg:

*"St. Petersburg, May 30, 1872.*

"Dear Byers: My party is now reduced to myself and Colonel Audenried, Fred Grant having gone to Copenhagen to see his aunt, Mrs. Cramer, who is now on the point of going to America. I don't now know whether Grant will rejoin me at Vienna or go direct to Paris, to see his sister Nellie, and await us there. At all events, Audenried and I start at noon to-day for Warsaw, then Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, etc., to Zurich, where we ought to arrive between the 15th and 20th of June. I prefer much not to be complicated with private engagements or displays of any kind, for it takes all my time to see the country, and it is awfully tiresome to be engaged day and night in receiving and returning calls. I hope you will appreciate this, and have no preparations made till we arrive, and then if I can do you

any service by seeing your friends, I will do my best. Truly your friend,
*W. T. Sherman."*

Early in August he and Colonel Audenried were with us in Zurich. No public demonstration took place on his arrival. It was as he had wished. We took him out to Bocken, our home on the lake, and had a few delightful days with him there.

I recall that on the first day we had dinner spread underneath the trees, out on the terrace of Bocken. The blue lake lay a thousand feet below us, the white mountains shone in the distance, behind us were high hills covered with evergreen forests. About the chateau were bright meadows and rich vineyards. There is scarcely a scene more beautiful in this world. Yet, I was surprised how little it affected him. In the presence of such grandeur, he seemed at that moment unimpressionable. He was a man of moods. I called his attention to the glorious view. "Not more beautiful," he said at last, "than the lakes near Madison. I think of them when I see this. I like American scenery better than any of it. It is the real, native thing in our country. Man has done nothing there. Here, in Europe, so much is artificial." Yet there was nothing artificial around him here; unless it were the much-vaunted, little, red, wooden-looking Swiss strawberries on the table. He wondered how we could adopt the Swiss way of pouring wine on them, instead of cream and sugar. The big cake in the center of the table was decorated with preserved fruits. "How singular that is, isn't it?" he said;

"real Dutch." But he liked it for all that. He liked, too, our simple table, though an American dish or two had been prepared in his honor; and he had a relish for good wine, but was moderate in its use. When we had the champagne, I proposed his health. "No," said he, gallantly, rising to his feet, "we drink the health of Mrs. Byers." "Both together then," I said.

He was happy when I gave him a cigar. The scene began to have some interest for him. It was finer than Madison after all. I think the dinner increased his appreciation. The practical side of what he saw was always in his mind. He measured the near hills with his eye and guessed their height. "North must be right over there," he said, pointing, though the sun was not shining. The snow mountains were twenty miles away-not thirty, as we had stated. He was sure he "never missed on distances." But he did this time. He climbed up to the winemill in the barn loft, examined the presses below, took hold of the queer scythes of the mowers, and undertook to describe an American mowing machine to a peasant, who did not understand a word of English. In an hour or so he was acquainted with everything practical about the place.

At supper he ridiculed the American ways of traveling abroad. "'Tourists' is the right word for them," he said. "They are not observing travelers at all. Their time and money is thrown away." He told of an American girl who rode one hundred miles in a railroad car with him, through the most interesting part of Spain, and read a yellow-backed novel all the way. "I

never go to a new place, but I know all about it," he said; "its topography, geography, history. A thousand times my habit of observing has afterward been of use to me." He told how, when he was a young lieutenant in the army, stationed in Georgia, his comrades spent their leisure Sundays reading novels, card playing, or sleeping, while he himself went riding or walking everywhere, exploring every creek, valley, hill, mountain, in the neighborhood. "*Twenty years later the thing that most helped me to win battles in Georgia was my perfect knowledge of the country, picked up when I was there as a boy.* I knew more of Georgia than the rebels themselves did." He insisted on our acquiring a habit of observing everything, learning everything possible. "You don't know how soon you will have use for the seemingly useless thing that you can pick up by mere habit." He related how, when he captured a train and telegraph station down South once-[It happened that I had been present on the occasion] – he called for some one among the privates to try to take off messages. His own operator was not at hand. A young soldier, who had once picked up a little telegraphing as an amusement, stepped forward and took a rebel message from the wire that turned out to contain information of vast importance to the whole army.

*August 4.*-Yesterday, to make him more comfortable, Mrs. B. had had a bed placed for the General in our little front salon. "I won't have it there at all," he said. "There shall be no trouble for me. Back it goes into the bedroom. Give me a cot in the hall-that's what soldiers like." The bed went back.

At noon, a very swell company of cadets came up from Horgen to do the General a little honor. I happened to be away, and, as the captain could speak no English, and the General no German, a funny scene followed. They drew up in line and saluted, and the General saluted in return. Then he made a good-natured, funny, little speech in English. They all laughed, and seemed to think it good, gave him a cheer, fired their guns and went back to the lake. The captain afterward asked me what it was the General said. I told him that he praised their company as being one of the nicest he ever saw, and said if they would stack guns and come to the house, they should drink to his health in some good champagne. "Mein Gott! and did he say *that*," said the captain; "and we, big fools, just walked off and missed it all."

General Sherman's memory for names, places and incidents was certainly phenomenal. He had never been in Russia before, yet, in telling us of his delightful trip over the Caucasus Mountains, he recalled all the nearly unpronounceable names of villages and mountains along his route. He had seen and investigated everything along his way, and talked with half the people he met, whether they understood him or not. He was so kindly in his ways, so sincere, no one ever took his addressing him amiss. I could not help at times comparing him in my mind with what I had read of the Duke of Wellington.

Colonel Audenried amused us not a little, by telling, *confidentially*, at the supper table, of the great excursion the General and his party had tendered them by the Sultan on

the Black Sea. The Sultan's magnificent private yacht, manned by sailors in gilt jackets, carried them everywhere. Wines and lunches and dinners were only to command. It was a beautiful, oriental time; but, when they got back, a bill of $600, I think, was presented to the General, on a silver platter. He gracefully paid it, and said nothing.

*August 5.*-To-day there was a flowing of champagne, in *fact.* The army officers, at Zurich and in neighboring towns, chartered a steamer and arranged for a banquet in the General's honor at the Castle of Rapperschwyl, at the upper end of the lake. The day was beautiful, and it was a fair sight, as the steamer, decorated with Swiss and American flags, filled with officers in gay uniforms, and with music playing, turned into Horgen, the landing nearest to Bocken. The villagers fired cannon, waved flags and cheered, as General Sherman, in full American uniform, went down from Bocken to the landing. A naturalized Swiss-American kept a restaurant near to the landing. He had had an enormous American flag especially made, to hang out as the General went past his place to the steamer. The General took off his hat to it, called a pleasant word to the owner of the flag, and the man was happy. Years afterward he kept that flag as the one the great General had greeted. He hung it out only on great occasions. I doubt not it will be wrapped about him at his grave. How easy it is for the great to make men happy.

The excursion on the lake, and the banquet, were delightful. In the shadow of the old castle, the talk and the toasts were about

two Republics. The name of William Tell was being spoken with the name of Washington. The Swiss Dufour and the American Sherman were linked together, as the Swiss officers touched glasses. It is an international episode like this that helps, more than all the tricky diplomacy of the world, to give peoples a kind understanding of each other.

Sherman was amazed to find out that these officers, all the preceding winter, had (at their officers' school) been studying his campaigns. Every move about Kenesaw Mountain, every day of his assaults on Atlanta, were as familiar to these men as to members of his own staff. I never in my life saw a more interesting scene than when, under an awning, on the deck of the steamer, these Swiss officers stood around him, while, with a big military map before him, he traced for them the route of the "March to the Sea." It was a picture for an artist. It was as if Napoleon had described to a listening group of American officers, the campaign of Italy. All were greatly impressed with the great simplicity of his talk, his kindness of manner, as with pencil he marked for them each interesting spot of the campaign. It was a great thing to have the most famous march of modern times explained to them in so friendly a way, by the commander himself.

"I will never forget this day," said more than one officer to me, as we left the steamer that evening.

They drew lots for the possession of the map with the General's pencil marks, and it fell to Colonel Schindler, the

Consul for Austria. “It shall be an heirloom forever in my family,” said the Colonel to me one evening at his tea table.

*August 6, 1872.*-In the evening, my wife and I gave a reception to General Sherman at the rooms of the Bellevue hotel in the city. It was attended by our personal friends, by Americans then in the city, by a number of officers and by many prominent people. The General was in full uniform. Numbers spoke English with him, and with others he spoke tolerable French, that he had learned, probably at West Point.

On the next day it rained, but he was off for the St. Gotthard pass. We protested against his starting in bad weather. “Weather never holds me back from a journey,” he said. “If it is raining when I am starting, it is almost sure to clear up on the way, and when I most need it.”

We were again out at Bocken. He had changed his mind about the scene. It was the finest view he ever saw. On leaving, he gave my wife an affectionate kiss, and said, “May God take care of you.” It was to be years before she would see him again.

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*August 20.*-Horace Rublee, our minister at Bern, gave a public reception to General Sherman at the capital the other night. I was invited to attend. It was a rather elaborate affair, in the Bernerhof. Outside a band came and serenaded the General, playing some American airs very poorly. The General was in full

uniform. Most of the prominent people of Bern and many public officials were present. The General, I noticed, talked quite a little French with some of the ladies. Nothing of note occurred at this reception, but there was a fine time, and the General enjoyed himself.

The next day was spent in seeing the sights of the city. At noon I saw a bit of Sherman's well-known gallantry for women. Numbers of us, mostly young men, were standing with him in the Bernerhof corridor. An elderly lady, alone, passed us and started up the grand stairway. She was half way up when Sherman's eye caught her. Instantly he sprang up the steps and offering his arm escorted her to her room. The rest of us looked on a little abashed that we had not thought to do this.

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While in Switzerland the General had met the famous old Dufour, the Wellington of the Swiss army, who had so promptly put down the Rebellion of 1847. With his 100,000 men and his 300 cannon he did more in a month than most generals do in a year. General Sherman sent him, through me, a map of his own campaigns. It gratified the old Swiss warrior greatly and elicited the following reply to me:

*"Geneve, 23rd Janv., 1873.*

"Monsieur le Consul: J'ai reçu en parfait état le rouleau

que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'annoncer par votre lettre du 21. Je vous en remercie.

"Cette carte est un précieux document pour éclairer l'histoire des glorieux événements de la dernière guerre d'Amerique.

"Je suis bien redevable a Mons. le Général Sherman d'avoir pensé à moi en cette circonstance et je vous prie de lui en exprimer toute ma reconnaissance quand vous aurez l'occasion de lui écrire.

"Agréez, monsieur le Consul, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

*G. H. Dufour, Général."*

# CHAPTER VIII
# 1872

LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN-VISIT AMERICA-SANDS OF BREMEN-STORMS AT SEA-ELIHU WASHBURNE-BANQUET TO HIM ON SHIP-I AM A GUEST AT THE SHERMAN HOME-MRS. SHERMAN-ARRANGE TO TAKE MISS SHERMAN TO EUROPE-MEET MR. BLAINE-MY SONG IS SUNG IN THE SHERMAN HOME-CONVERSATIONS WITH SHERMAN-MEET PRESIDENT GRANT-HOW I HAPPENED TO BE IN THE REBEL ARMY ONCE-LETTERS FROM GENERAL SHERMAN.

*October, 1872.*-As I had now been absent from home just three years, I secured a few weeks' leave to visit the United States. Dr. Terry was to go along. I arranged to sail on the "Deutschland," from Bremen, Oct. 10th. Early in September General Sherman wrote me from Ireland, asking me to bring his daughter Minnie (now Mrs. Fitch) back with me to Europe.

*"Dublin, Sunday, Sept. 1, 1872.*

"Dear Byers: As you can well understand, I have been kept busy and have not had a chance to write letters, save to my home. My trip is now drawing to a close, and by Thursday next we will be at Queenstown ready to take the

steamer Baltic for home. I have letters from my family by which I learn that my daughter Minnie is very anxious to spend the winter in Europe. I remember that you proposed to come to Washington about this time, and if you have gone this letter will not find you at Zurich, and I shall hear of you on our side; but if this letter reaches you, please write me at Washington, as I would prefer she should make the trip across with you, and remain with you until she finds General and Mrs. Graham, who are somewhere in Italy. I know you would do this for me, and it only depends on your coming and the conclusion Minnie arrives at after I reach home. I am perfectly willing she should spend a winter in Europe, and only desire that she have the personal supervision of some friend of mine. She could easily join some party in New York, but she desires to stop long enough in some place to perfect herself in French, and to observe the customs and manners of strangers.

"I hope ere this Mrs. Byers has passed the first dread ordeal of mother, and that you have now a child to think of and dream about.

"Please give her my best congratulations and wishes for her continued health. Believe me, always your friend,
*"W. T. SHERMAN."*

When I went through the flat, sandy region of North Germany, to take the Bremen steamer, I thought I had never seen so desolate a country in my life. It was a rainy, windy day, and the train was slow, the scene sad; everybody looked poor. Women by hundreds, with red handkerchiefs on their heads, were out in

the fields, digging potatoes in the rain and wind. The villages were sorry-looking places. Some day, when the Mojave desert in America has villages scattered all over it, and a poor American peasantry, the descendants of our children, dig potatoes from the drifting sand, the scene will be like that long stretch of ugliness in the rear of Bremen.

Our steamer stopped at Southampton for a day and a night. So Dr. Terry and I took a run over to the Isle of Wight. To this hour, I think, I never saw so lovely an island or a place where I should so like to live. Its clean roads and pretty hedges and beautiful trees, its quiet English villages, its rambles, interested us much. And then there was the blue sea beating all around it, and, passing it in the near distance, the ships of all nations. At the point was the lighthouse and the rocks, and nearer, the noble downs. Here were the rocks and the waves that Tennyson had looked at and walked beside for half his life-the scenes that made his poetry. Not far away was Farringford, the poet's home. The whole island, that sunny day, seemed like a dream.

The next evening, at twilight, on our vessel's deck, far out at sea, I lingered and looked at the Isle of Wight, the lighthouse and the dim, gray crags, with the waves beating against them.

We were twelve days reaching New York, and had storms and hurricanes half the way over. The "Deutschland" survived them all, only to go to the bottom, on a later voyage, with three hundred people. That was in the Channel. One day, on this, our New York voyage, everything seemed to be going to pieces, and

for an hour or so I knew how it felt to be very close to death. I was more alarmed than I had ever been in any battle. In war, one expects death almost. Here it was different. Not a human being could keep his feet a moment. There was more than one said good-by to comrades that day, as he supposed, forever. I had but one friend on board, Dr. C. T. Terry of New York, who lived in Zurich for many years, and with whom I had made hundreds of foot excursions in the mountains. He was a dentist, possibly in his calling not second to Dr. Evans in Paris. He had come to Switzerland a poor youth, and, by honor, skill and diligence, had amassed a fortune. He, like myself, had left a wife and child behind in Zurich. In the midst of the hurricane, we shook hands, and in a few words agreed what should be done, should either survive. Had that ship gone down, I would certainly not be writing here. No lifeboat there but was being torn to pieces; nothing of human hands could have withstood that sea's fury another hour. But it was a grand sight spite of the terror. It was ten in the morning, snowing, and the sun shining, every minute, turn about.

As the hurricane eased up, I hung on to a rope by the bridge, and miles away could see lofty white-caps, their shining crowns lighted by the sun, lift themselves and thunder together, or roll on toward us till they would strike the ship. The sea was rolling in deep, green valleys, and, as the ship would leap across these watery gorges, the view right and left was indescribably grand. I looked at the awful ocean, and thought of Switzerland. It was as if the valleys of the Alps had turned to green, rushing waters,

and the mountains had commenced falling. I would almost take the risk again, to see so grand a sight.

*October, 1872.*-The morning after the storm, the sea was still running high, but passengers could keep their feet and, if well enough, talk together.

Pretty soon, a very large, grand-looking man, with a sea cloak about him, came on deck. "And who is he?" I said to the captain. "Why, that's your *greatest* American," he replied. "That's the man who cared for the Germans in the siege of Paris. That's Minister Washburne, the friend of Germany." Sure enough, on a day's notice, Mr. Washburne had come aboard when we touched at Southampton. He had been sick in his cabin till this moment. He guessed the storm had shaken the bile out of him, he said, when I introduced myself to him. He had been too sick to know the danger we had been in. Now he stayed on deck and was well. Mr. Washburne was General Grant's first and truest friend. Without his tireless support, from Galena to Appomattox, the name of General Grant had not gone farther than his father's tannery. Genius must have somebody to open the door for it. Washburne did it for Grant. John Sherman, in the House and Senate, did it for his illustrious brother. Barras did it for Napoleon. Even a cannon ball, rolling down hill, has to be started by somebody.

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It is the last day of the voyage. The captain gave a banquet last

night to Mr. Washburne. All Germans are deep in their gratitude to him for his work in Paris.

Many speeches were made at the table, many toasts drunk. When Mr. Washburne rose to speak, he looked like the picture of Daniel Webster. The same large head, the same intellectual countenance. He looked like a statesman, not a politician. He was of the kindest manners, and loved to talk of the people he had known. I had the pleasure of walking for hours daily with him, up and down the deck, sometimes far into the night. He had been Lincoln's friend, as well as Grant's, and there was no end to the incidents he could tell of the great President. I regret now that I did not write them down. He also talked of the Commune in Paris, whose horrors he had witnessed. He believed socialism and mobism a disease. In Paris it was infectious. He told me much of his youth out West. He went to Galena a poor boy, and when he studied law in an office, making fires as pay for use of books, he had nothing but a buffalo robe to sleep on, spread on the office floor. Later, he was a Cabinet Minister. He was a true Republican, through and through. Hobnobbing with the nobility of France had made no snob of him. He asked me to make him acquainted with Terry. "I like and honor such men," he said; "they are the salt of the earth, these self-made Americans. They are what makes a republic possible."

A very rich American lady on the steamer with us was carrying in her trunks several dozen kid gloves, and asked him to help her get "easy" through the Custom House. He refused

indignantly, adding, "And what right have you, a rich woman, madame, more than my wife, who never owned so many gloves in her whole life, to slip things through the custom-house? The law expects, compels, her to pay duty on her two or three pairs, and, trust me to see to it, you shall pay duty on your trunk full." She left him in high dudgeon, when he turned to me and said: "It is just such rich, ostentatious people evading law that is making the poorer classes mad and discontented with government."

"Lincoln," he said, "has been the people's friend more than any other man since Jesus Christ."

On reaching New York, Mr. Arthur and others of the custom-house came out with a tug to meet him, and take him ashore. I was asked to go along in the tug.

Mr. Washburne went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "Now don't you go because I do," he said to me. "It is a useless waste of money. I go because I have to. Come and see me there to-morrow." I went on the morrow and was introduced to Mr. Blaine, who had, I thought, the most magnetic personality of any man I ever saw. I thought, when he grasped my hand, he had mistaken me for some old-time friend, but shortly I saw the same hearty good-will toward all who entered the room. He knew how to make friends, and to keep them. What a golden secret! I never forgot that handshake.

*November, 1872.*-For a week or so now I was in Washington, a guest in General Sherman's home, then on I Street, corner of 3rd. He and Mrs. Sherman cordially insisted that whenever I

came to Washington, I should make their house my home. This I often did, not at Washington only, but later at St. Louis and New York as well. Mrs. Sherman was always one of my sincerest and firmest friends.

"Don't talk religion with her, though," said the General to me one morning in his study, after breakfast. "She is a very zealous Catholic, and you-" "I am a zealous nothing," I interrupted. "I like Catholics the same as other good Christians, and have gotten over the notion that all the salt of the earth is in the creed I accidentally was born in." "Then you are all right. As for myself, it's no difference," he went on. "Why, I guess, I don't believe in anything; so in this room talk as you please." Mrs. Sherman was a thousand times more than a good Catholic. She was in every sense a good woman. Here, as at her other later homes, she had a little room arranged as an office, where she worked and studied out plans for helping the poor. Probably no woman in the United States ever spent more time and money in doing good. Few had more true friends. Her religious zeal was well known, and never abated. She thoroughly believed the Catholic church the best church.

She was extremely bright and kind in her ways. The army officers all liked her, and her house stood open to every friend.

I recall one evening how she and the General gave a supper to the staff. All were in uniform. She had not invited them to come; she had just *told* them to come, and they came with their wives. Two or three civilians were present, Mr. Church, a famous war-

song singer, and myself among them. After the supper there was some instrumental music in the drawing-room. "And now," said Mrs. Sherman, "Mr. Church is going to honor us with a song." My verses, "Sherman's March to the Sea," were still popular in the country, being sung everywhere. Mr. Church stepped to the front of the piano and sang the song in such a voice as I had never heard it sung in before. The splendid rendering of the music, his great, fine, patriotic tones, that sounded like the coming of an army with banners, moved everyone in that room deeply. For a moment, I entirely forgot that the words were my own. All applauded, so did I; why not? So did the General. Then a guest stepped forward and made a little speech. "I am happy," said he; "I speak for all. What a pleasure we have had-the first song of the war, sung by the first war-song singer in the land, in the presence of the one who wrote it, and in the home of the Commander who made the March."

General Sherman, too, made a little speech, praising the music, the words, the singer, and then he added: "Without this song, the campaign never would have had its picturesque name. Now," said he, "I want Mr. Church to sing that other favorite song of mine, 'Old Soldier, You've Played Out Your Time.'"

They were rugged verses Mr. Church now sang, and striking music, but, privately, I almost thought it a little cynical in the General to agree with the words that declared an unknown grave in a ditch a desirable ending for the true soldier. "But that's it, that's it," said the General. "Do your duty, have a good time and

win glory, but don't kick when the end comes. That song is the true picture of a soldier's life."

It was a memorable evening, but, I fear, not half a dozen of that happy company are on earth now. Yet it seems so few years back. The voices of all of them still seem to sound in my ear. I write down the little record before the last memory fades. That night at General Sherman's house was an echo of the war days.

When the company left that night, the General asked me up to his little room. He was smoking constantly. The conversation turned on the origin of the "March to the Sea." "Yes, I know," he said, "some of Grant's friends are claiming that he suggested that, but no one ever heard Grant himself utter one word to claim it. True, he was chief commander over all the armies, when I cut loose for the South; but it would be just as senseless to attribute it to the President, who was over all of us, as to attribute it to Grant. Lincoln's letter to me, after the event, shows how completely he knew who originated the idea of my changing base and putting my army down by the ocean; and a letter from Lee, written after the war, shows what *he* thought of the importance of my getting this water base, and of its sequence, the march north in the Carolinas. 'The moment he reaches the Roanoke,' said Lee, 'Richmond is untenable, and I leave it.'"

One May morning (1864), away back by Chattanooga, a certain General Warner asked General Sherman, privately, what he was going to do when he got his army away down to Atlanta, without supplies, and with a lot of rebels behind. General

Sherman suddenly stopped his pacing the floor, knocked the ashes from his cigar, and said, "*Salt water.*" "Do you mean Savannah or Charleston?" said the astonished staff officer. "*Yes*," replied Sherman, "I do." *That* was the origin of the "March to the Sea."

General Warner related the whole details of this conversation, in a letter to General Sherman's wife. Lincoln congratulated the great leader, and added, "*None of us, I believe, went further than to acquiesce.*" One of the interesting autograph letters of the war is that one to Sherman, saying: "I congratulate you on the splendid results of your campaign, the like of which is not heard of in past history. (Signed) U. S. Grant."

"Well," said the General at last, laughing, as he gave the fire a great stir with the poker: "I suppose they won't hardly doubt as to who really *made* the march."

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*November, 1872.*-Went out to my home in Iowa and visited my relatives. While there, received a couple of notes from General Sherman, saying Miss Sherman was getting ready to join me on my trip back to Europe, the 14th of December, by the "Celtic."

*"Washington, D. C., Nov. 5, 1872.*

"Dear Byers: I wrote to Mr. Sparks, agent, of the White Star Line, soon after you left us, but he had gone out on the

plains. He is just back, and writes me promptly, offering the most liberal terms, more than I deem it prudent to accept. He offers the best rooms in any of his ships, and 'to accept your ticket on the Bremen Line in exchange.' I knew he would be glad to favor me, but I always prefer to pay the usual price, and to accept as a favor 'preferable accommodations.' Now, I have written to Sparks that I prefer to pay full passage for Minnie, and merely suggest for you that he charge you the usual fare to Paris, $95, and take your ticket at its cost, $63. This would leave you $32 to pay, and this will embrace railroad tickets from Liverpool to Paris. I also named the 'Celtic,' the finest ship afloat, which sails Dec. 14, and I guarantee she will put you in Liverpool in 8½ days, and in Paris Dec. 24, giving you barely time to take Christmas dinner with Mrs. Byers at Zurich. Write me as soon as you can that I may close the bargain. We will expect you to come to stay with us as long as you please before starting.

"I take it for granted you vote to-day, and will then have a full month to see your folks and come to us. Of course, I don't like to hurry you, but this programme seems so fair I trust it will suit your convenience.

"My best regards to your father.

*Truly yours,*

*"W. T. Sherman."*

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*"Washington, D. C., Nov. 22, 1872.*

"Dear Byers: I now have a letter from Mr. Sparks, agent of the White Star Line, saying he has all ready for your and Minnie's most comfortable passage in the 'Celtic.' Dec. 14, next. So I shall expect you here by the 10th of December, and will accompany you to New York and see you off.

"He also reports that the 'Celtic' has just made the run from New York to Queenstown in 8 days and 12 hours, with bad coal. So you may safely count on reaching Paris inside of ten days. Truly yours,

*W. T. Sherman."*

Shortly, I went back to the General's home at Washington. He took me to see President Grant. He seemed to have free access wherever he pleased to go, for, although others were waiting in the reception-room, he passed them with a bow, and conducted me into the cabinet-room. General Grant sat quite alone at the end of the historic table. The warmth of his reception showed very quickly how intimate the two great leaders were.

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The President asked me some questions about the service

abroad, and my replies seemed to gratify him. Then there was a hint that Mr. Horace Rublee, the American Minister at Bern, was about to resign and come home. I had known that from Mr. Rublee direct, and I had quite an ambition to secure the place. Why not? I had performed the duties more than once in the Minister's absence, and the proposed promotion seemed perfectly natural. General Grant gave me every encouragement to believe that I should shortly have the post.

Shortly the President arose and asked General Sherman to let him know at once when the resignation of Rublee should be sent in. He saw no reason why I should not be promoted to the post.

"It looks like a very sure thing," said the General to me as we left the White House.

Alas, and alack! Mr. Rublee went home on a leave, found his affairs different from what he had anticipated, and did not resign at all. He simply got his leave extended and extended, and drew the pay, nearly to the end of Grant's term. My best good chance was gone.

*December 9, 1872.*-Went with the General and Mrs. Sherman to hear McDonald, the Scotch novelist, lecture on Burns. General Sherman introduced the speaker, and, in a little speech, showed his own familiarity with the Scotch bard. I knew this well enough, for I had seen him reading Burns by the hour. McDonald commenced with great feeling and enthusiasm. Once I had heard Charles Dickens read, but it seemed to me here, to-night, was a man more sincere with his subject. There was no effort at effect. I

recall Dickens in his dress suit, his enormous white shirt front, his big, red rose on his lapel, his dainty, foppish movements on the stage, his undisguised pauses and signals for applause, as much as to say: "That is good; now clap your hands." With McDonald, all was different, all sincere. Burns seemed to be there in person that night.

After the lecture we sat up till midnight, telling reminiscences of the war. The year before, in our home at Zurich, we had spoken of an escape I had once made from the prison pen at Macon, and of how near I had come to changing the whole siege of Atlanta. He asked me for some more of the details. I had been captured from his army in the assault on Missionary Ridge, and had endured many months of imprisonment at Libby. When they put us in the stockade at Macon, I resolved on getting away. The first time I tried it, the guards fired and killed another officer, who happened to be near me, in the dark. Then, by hook and crook, I got hold of a gray rebel uniform, and in this disguise, one bright July morning, walked over the dead line, past the guards, and, eventually, got off into the rebel army at Atlanta, a hundred miles away. For ten days I walked up and down among the troops, the forts, observing the position of the besieged army. I dared not stop, or rest, or sleep. If spoken to, or stopped, I was forever just going to the Ninth Alabama, where I claimed to belong. Naturally, I never went near that regiment. My intent was to collect all information possible concerning the rebel troops and forts, and then, in the excitement of the first battle, escape

through the lines. I well knew the value my knowledge now could be to Sherman. I had dozens of incidents every day that for a moment put my life in peril. Once I saw the lines of the enemy so thinned, Sherman's army could have entered almost without a shot. Then came the terrible battle of the 22d of July. I followed the Rebel troops in the attack on Sherman's rear, but failed to make my escape. The next morning I changed my course, and, passing their left flank, and down close by the Chattahoochie river, there in the woods, within sight of the Union banners, was captured as a spy. Every stitch of my clothing was searched. I was brutally treated and sent to Hood's headquarters for trial. Unfortunately for me, some of the very officers who captured me had seen me in one of the forts the preceding Sunday. Army headquarters were fixed on the green lawn of a city mansion. The officers' desks were out on the grass, and the papers describing me as a dangerous spy were put into one of the pigeonholes. These had been shown to me on my way to headquarters by a foolish guard. All was excitement, for fighting was still going on. As for me, I was put into a little tent, with two deserters, who were to be shot the next morning. During the night, one of these condemned boys got out of the tent on some pretext, and, when morning came, and I was brought out for a hearing, all the incriminating papers were gone. There was not a particle of proof as to who I was. I instantly acknowledged myself to be a Union soldier, and claimed the rights of a prisoner of war. The astonished officials reminded me that they had a right to shoot

me, I being discovered inside their lines in their uniform; that only a few months previous our General Rosecrans had shot two Southern officers for doing what I was now doing. I was in great peril, when a Colonel Hill, Chief Provost Marshal of their army, said, for the present, anyway, I should be put back among the prisoners at Macon. Almost the same night, I was selected, with some two hundred others, to be taken to Charleston, to be put under the fire of the Yankee fleet, then bombarding the city. The barbarism of the act, the excitement and confusion soon following, led to a complete forgetfulness of me. I never heard again of the charges against me.

General Sherman had listened to the story in perfect silence. Then rising and giving the coals in the fire a violent stir with the poker, he exclaimed: "By God! that was an experience. Had you gotten through the lines that day, it might have changed everything. It might have saved ten thousand lives."[2]

*Christmas Eve.*-The voyage on the "Celtic" is over, and to-night finds Miss Sherman and myself in Merry England.

I soon left Miss Sherman with friends in Paris, and hurried home to Switzerland. Later, after some rambling in Italy, she came and spent a month with us in our home by the lake. Two or three letters from her father at this time, though purely personal, are not without interest:

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[2] A detailed description of the incidents of the adventure within the lines of the enemy appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, May, 1880, and is repeated in Mr. Byers' "Last Man of the Regiment."

*"Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, 1873.*

"Dear Byers: We have all written to Minnie several times, but, I fear, we have overlooked the fact that you must have separated in Paris soon after Christmas, but I hope she was thoughtful enough to write you our several general messages of respect and fond wishes. I was in New York last Monday, Dec. 23d; called at the office of the White Line, and got the agent, Mr. Sparks, to promise to give me the first possible news of the 'Celtic.' That night I was at the New England dinner at Delmonico's, and received a note from Sparks saying the 'Celtic' was reported off Queenstown that night at 10:30, and that is all I know of her, and of the details of your passage, up to the present moment. The next morning I telegraphed to Mrs. Sherman here, and to your father at Oskaloosa. All the ships that came over at the same time report heavy westerly weather, so I suspect you had a rough passage after passing the banks of Newfoundland, though the westerly wind rather favored your speed. My supposition is that you did not enter Queenstown, but put the mails on some tug that went outside, and that you put into Liverpool the 24th, too late for London or Paris for Christmas Day, and I hope you found out General Fairchild and spent the day with him and Mrs. Fairchild. We will begin to look for letters from Minnie about Monday next-this is Thursday. The weather in all North America has been severe since you left us, except for two or three days after you sailed. The ground is covered with heavy snow. Yesterday (New Year's) was, however, strictly observed,

and we had a full house of visitors all day.

"All my folks are well, and send to you and Mrs. Byers and the baby all sorts of messages of love and respect. Yours truly,

*W. T. Sherman."*

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*"Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1873.*

"Dear Byers: I was very glad to receive your letter of Dec. 29, from Zurich, and I see why you were unusually anxious to reach Zurich, with a clerk deranged, and short in his accounts. I am glad, of course, his deficiency has been so promptly covered by his father, as I suppose you are personally liable for his act.

"We have several letters from Minnie, telling us of her voyage and safe arrival in Paris.

"The weather all December was so bad here that we feared you had a hard time, but, on the whole, ten days was a good trip at that season, and you were especially fortunate in having so smooth a passage of the straits at Dover. Minnie is beginning to figure on her trip to Italy, and is already in communication with General and Mrs. Graham at Florence. I suppose she will go there in February, and I hope a month or so there will satisfy her, and then she will turn toward Switzerland. I think she has secured the services of a most excellent French maid, who will enable her to travel with

great ease and comfort. At this distance I cannot well advise her, and think it best to let her shape her own course.

"All things in Washington remain as you left them. A little more visiting and more dinners, and this will continue till after the inauguration of the 4th of March, when we will settle down to our chronic state again.

"I propose to remain quietly at home till the North Pacific Road has progressed far enough to justify me in crossing the continent by that line.

"Give my best love to your wife, and believe me always, your friend,
*W. T. Sherman."*

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*"Washington, D. C., March 7, 1873.*

"Dear Byers: I have your letter of Feb. 11, and can see you and your little family settled down in your quaint home by Zurich's fair waters.

"We have letters from Minnie at Florence, and she is now with our old friends, General and Mrs. Graham, and we feel absolute confidence. She says they go to Rome about the 1st of March, and she proposes to spend March and April there and at Naples, and their project is to go to Vienna via Venice and Trieste. It certainly will be a happy incident if you can go along and take her to Zurich. I am afraid she will find less time to settle down to her French studies and

music at Zurich than she first proposed. But let time settle that. She is now on the right track, and will have her whole summer to put in in the Swiss cantons. There is no good reason why she should come home till October.

"We have just got through the ceremonies of inauguration, and, as all the papers are filled with it, I feel certain you will get some by telegraph, and the whole details by the New York papers. Thus far no changes have been made in the Consular or Foreign appointments. The senate is in extra session, and if General Grant proposes to make any material changes he must do so within a few days, but of this you will also learn by telegraph. He surely keeps his council well, as his most intimate friends do not know his purpose.

"I think the Washington bonds are good, as the debt is limited to ten per cent of the aggregate value of taxable property.

"Master Cumpy still flourishes, and asks innumerable questions of Europe, Asia and America. At present rate he will know geography before he reads.

"Present my kindest regards to your good wife, and believe me always anxious to hear from you and to serve you. Sincerely,

*W. T. Sherman."*

# CHAPTER IX
# 1873

LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN-LOSS OF THE "ATLANTIC"-THE BOYHOOD HOME OF NAPOLEON III. AND OF HIS MOTHER, QUEEN HORTENSE-A COMPANION TELLS OF THE PRINCE'S PRANKS AND STUDIES-JOSEPHINE'S HARP-ARENABERG FULL OF NAPOLEON RELICS-WE HAVE A LONG INTERVIEW WITH THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE-LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN-SPEAKS OF THIERS.

*May Day, 1873.*-The terrible wreck of the White Star Liner "Atlantic," took place two weeks since. Five hundred souls lost. I had secured passage for our young friend, Hirzel. He writes how he clung to the rigging that cold morning, and witnessed poor human beings gradually freezing, letting loose their hold, and dropping from the rigging down into the sea. He was almost the last one taken off on to the rocks.

General Sherman speaks of this disaster, as well as of the Modoc war:

*"Washington, D. C., April 24, 1873.*

"Dear Byers: Your last letter came promptly, and I have sent it out to Mrs. Sherman, who is on a visit to Ohio, and,

of course, demands prompt notice of everything concerning Minnie. We get from her letters regularly and promptly, the last being dated at Castellamare, near Naples. She seemed unusually well, and said she would soon return to Rome, and then begin her northward progress. The Grahams will probably move slower than she wants to, and she will probably catch a favorable opportunity to reach you in Switzerland. I advise her to take this course; get near you, and then maneuver from that as her base for the summer. She does not seem very anxious to go to Vienna, though I advise it for no other reason than to see the Fair and the city, and also to see the family of our Minister, Mr. Jay. I want her to come home in September or October, and to arrange for her passage as early as possible, for there will be a rush in the autumn westward. Notwithstanding the loss of the 'Atlantic,' I have not lost faith in the White Star Line. It was not the fault of the ship that she was foundered on the rock at a twelve-mile speed. No ship could stand that; still, if she is afraid, then the Cunard Line will be preferable.

"Our spring has been very backward, indeed, but the trees are trying now to blossom and to leaf. The grass is very green, and I hope that winter is past. The President is away at the West and the Secretary of War in Texas, so times here are dull, although we find the Indians are trying their annual spring business; not very peaceful. You will have heard of the killing of General Canby, and the treacherous conduct of the Modocs. I hope the last one of them will be hunted out of their rocks and killed. I have not heard of the actual coming of Mr. Rublee, but notice

that Consul Upton of Geneva has been named as chargé during his (Rublee's) absence. If I hear of his resignation, I will endeavor to remind the President of your claims, but must warn you that against political combinations I find my influence very weak.

"Present me kindly to Mrs. Byers, and, believe me, truly your friend,

*W. T. Sherman."*

The home of Queen Hortense, Napoleon's stepdaughter, is on the Rhine, only a couple of hours' ride from Zurich. One of our delightful excursions was to go and see the falls at Schaffhausen, and then take a little steamer up the river to "Arenaberg," the beautiful chateau where the Queen lived for twenty years, and where she died. Here, too, her son, Napoleon III., lived, as a youth. In the stable building, close to the chateau, were his sleeping-rooms and study. Louis Napoleon once said he would rather be a fine country gentleman than Emperor of France. He got his tastes for the beautiful in nature in this boyhood home. The chateau sits above the Rhine, with beautiful hills behind it, and the historic lake of Constance close by. It is on Swiss territory, and is a spot of perfect loveliness. It is the one spot where Napoleon's days were all happy days, and the one spot where Queen Hortense led a happy life. The scene is so perfectly enchanting, any one, not burdened with a crown, should find delight in just existing there. The Queen's room, in the upper corner of the villa and overlooking the river and the lake, and with ravishing vistas beyond, is just as she left it at her death.

There are her harp and her paint-brushes and her table. In this room she wrote the famous song of "Partant Pour la Syrie," that moved all France. Walter Scott translated it into exquisite English.

I went often to Constance, and among my acquaintances was one who had been a boyhood friend of the Emperor. It was Dr. J. Marmor, a retired linen merchant in the town. He still corresponded with France's ex-ruler, for Sedan's day was over, as was the terrible scene in that little farmhouse by Donghery. Dr. Marmor showed me his letters from Napoleon, and gave me the wax impress of his private seal from one, together with some writing of the Emperor's.

No one in Constance will forget the day when Napoleon, at the height of his power, came from Paris, to visit the home of his childhood. What grand preparations there were, what decorations, banners, bands, cannon; what a gilded equipage, for the Emperor to head the procession in! Suddenly the train whistle shrieks. "The Emperor! The Emperor!" cries the crowd, as he descends to the carpeted platform. The big, gilded carriage and the flunkies wait. "Where is my friend, Dr. Marmor?" asks the Emperor. He is sitting out there, in his old, one-horse buggy, looking at the scene, hoping for just a glance at Napoleon, as he will pass among the self-appointed bigwigs and flunkies. Suddenly the Emperor sees him, grasps him by the hand, and, springing into the old buggy, cries: "Drive on. To-day I ride with Marmor." Then Marmor's one-horse chaise, with nobody in it

but the Emperor and himself, heads the procession through the city. At first, everybody stared, and then everybody cheered. Marmor, in five minutes, had become the first man in Constance. That incident has been his pride ever since.

When I called on him, and told him I wanted to write for a magazine something about Napoleon's boyhood, he gave himself wholly to my service, went with me everywhere, and told of a hundred frolics he and the young prince had had in the neighborhood. Prince Napoleon would have been a poor secretary for the Y. M. C. A. He was an awfully fast boy, according to one who "had been there" and knew all about it. Some other old folks whom I met in Constance, knew things also peppery to relate, were they more than big pranks, or worth the writing down.

Hortense's chateau is two miles or so outside the town. "Many a time," said Marmor, "after half a night's frolic with a few of us here in town, have I galloped with him out home, yelling half the way. It must have been the beer. When we got there, I slept till morning with him in the barn, the place where he had his study. He studied, too, spite of his fastness," said the doctor. "How he read books! just as people nowadays read newspapers. He read everything, and he remembered it all. He was a generous soul, too; everybody said that. He was a famous youth for his kindness to the poor, just like his mother; only she was better. What a swimmer he was, what a wrestler, what a horseman, what a rake! As to horses," the doctor went on, "why it was a common habit

of his to mount, not by the stirrup, but by a single bound over the crupper and into the saddle." It is curious now to know that Louis Napoleon once was a captain of militia here, and also a member of the school board. "Bismarck never hatched out more schemes in Berlin, than the young prince did out there in the barn, over the horses. In his mind's eye, he was Emperor of France a dozen times out there. I guess all men do that, who have ambition," continued the doctor, "and he was the most ambitious boy I ever knew. But nobody thought he had any chance for anything."

The attendants showed us all the rooms in the Queen's villa. Here, in the upper east corner, is the one she died in, in 1837. The sun comes into it, and it has enchanting views. At the end of the room stands, not only her harp, but, near by it, the harp of Josephine. The villa is full of souvenirs of the great Napoleon, too; the clock that stood still the night he died at St. Helena; swords, banners, presents from kings, etc. In the garden, in a chapel, is a white marble figure of Hortense, kneeling before the altar. It is one of the beautiful things of Europe.

The Empress Eugenie comes here summers. No wonder; all is so enchanting. All except the memories. Right over there, almost in sight, on an island in the lake, is a castle, the summer home of the old German Emperor, who crushed out her husband's life. Greatness must all be paid for.

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What we had seen, made us now the more anxious to see the ex-Empress herself. Sometimes she was here at the chateau; oftener, at the little watering place of Baden, half an hour from Zurich.

Our chance came. Miss Sherman, the daughter of General Sherman, was visiting for a month at our home by the lake (July and August, 1873). She was a good Catholic, and her mother was the only American woman on whom the Pope had conferred the order of the "Golden Rose." Eugenie, also, was a zealous Catholic. Would she receive the daughter of General Sherman, and the Consul and his wife? The Duke Bassano arranged it all. "Her majesty will receive you on Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock," said a little perfumed note in French. We were not so sure of our Gallic verbs and pronouns; still, we could speak some French, and would risk the visit. Tuesday morning found us in our best toilettes, waiting in a little anteroom, at the annex of the Hotel in Baden. It was a simple enough old stone house, half of it built by the Romans, in the times when they, too, came to these springs for their aches and pains. In a few minutes, the friendly old Duke Bassano came in to announce that all was ready. Major Cunningham and his wife were with us. "And how shall we address her," we innocently inquired of the Duke, remembering that the Emperor was dead, and France a republic. "Oh, as her

majesty, of course, only as her majesty." He opened the door to a small, simply furnished sitting-room, and we entered. Almost at the same moment, Eugenie entered from an adjoining apartment. She walked to the center of the room, took each of us by the hand, and bade us a cordial welcome. She was dressed in full black, partly décolleté and trimmed with some white lace. She motioned us to some chairs arranged in a semi-circle, in front of a little divan. On this sofa she seated herself, and possibly never looked more beautiful on the throne of France.

"And now what language shall we speak in?" she smilingly asked in the most perfect English. "Your majesty's perfect accomplishment in our own tongue, settles that," one of our party answered. "Good. Oh, yes, I learned English in school, you know, after I left Madrid as a girl; and my master was Scotch; and then I lived a time in London, too. I like the English, and I like the English people; but I like the American people just as well, only I never knew why your country kept slaves, and had no respect for black people. I am sure color makes no difference, if it is only a good man. Would you not invite a black man to your table? I am sure I would, and did; and once, when a diplomat who was dining with me also, objected a little to my courtesy to a 'negro,' as he called him, I gave him quickly to understand that possibly the negro was better than he was."

Then she talked to Miss Sherman (now Mrs. Fitch) about her mother, of whose Catholic zeal and perpetual charity to the poor she had heard so much.

To each one in turn she addressed some pertinent word, and then, laughing, turned to me as a representative of my country, and exclaimed numerous things not very complimentary to our system of high tariff.

"Why, we make the most beautiful things in the world in Paris; you Americans all say so, and yet you won't let your people buy them without paying twice what they are worth, by your fearful custom-house rules.

"Americans are so clever; they ought to know they hurt their own people, and they hurt us in Paris, too. Our poor work for such small wages, and would always be happy, if you would only let them sell to you; and, after all, your rich importers just add your tariff fees on to the price of our goods, and who has the benefit?"

I answered: "Ours is a prosperous country, with our protective tariff system." "Yes, I know, in *spite* of your tariff. I have heard that, a hundred times. Some day, you will be just like us, and get where you can get the cheapest. You don't think making things dear helps anybody, do you?" Politeness prevented much discussion. It was all one way. Besides, was it not to hear her talk, not ourselves, that we were there?

She went back to the black man, or the black woman rather. "I had a good laugh on my dear husband, the Emperor, once. He lived in your country awhile, you know, and he was always fancying your pretty women. One day at New Orleans he saw a beautiful female form ahead of him in the street. It was all

grace of movement, and elegance of apparel. He was struck by the figure. I think he was half in love. 'I must see her face,' he exclaimed to his companion. 'I must see her. She is my divinity, running away.' He hurried his pace, passed her, and the moment politeness would permit, glanced back. It was a 'mulatto.' I don't think he always regarded black people quite in the light I did."

Shortly we proposed to go, though she made no sign that the interview was at an end. "No," she said. "Wait; I have leisure, nothing but leisure and rheumatism." But she had no rheumatic look; a more charming-looking woman of fifty, I never saw. Her bright eyes were as blue as the sky, her complexion exceeding fair, her hair still golden, her vivacity of manner and cleverness of speech surprising beyond measure; and then her kindness made us feel that we were talking with a friend. All of us were led on to say much, and the visit lasted for two hours. Much of the talk was about Switzerland and health resorts, and so much at random as not to be remembered or noted down.

When at last we arose to go, she again came to the middle of the room and took us each by the hand. And then I asked her a word about her future plans. "There are none," she said. "All is over. I have only my son, and he and I will spend our lives in quiet and peace." Alas! only a few years went by and that son was lying dead in an African cornfield, his body pierced by Zulu lances.

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In June General Sherman has written again about Miss S.'s travels, and also something about the French Republic, and the Modoc War:

*"Washington, D. C., June 9, 1873.*

"Dear Byers: I am just in receipt of your letter of May 20. Mr. Rublee was here not long since en route for Rome, and from what he said I think he has made no business arrangements, and that he will stay there his full term.

"We have letters from Minnie up to May 20, at Rome, at which time she had joined the Healys, and will accompany them to Venice, Milan, Nice and Pau, France, a route that takes her well away from Zurich, but she begs to be allowed to remain abroad longer, say till next spring, so as to enable her to have more time to stay with you and to visit England and Ireland. I suppose she ought to reach Switzerland in July or August and stay with you a month or more. I have given her my consent, and hope before she reaches you you will have all our letters on the subject. If she stays beyond October, she had better not attempt a winter passage, but wait till April or May. This will make a long visit, but I suppose it will be the only chance she will ever have, and she might as well profit by it.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.