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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES
OF
COL. JOHN SOBIESKI
AND A
HISTORY OF POLAND

F. M. Ward

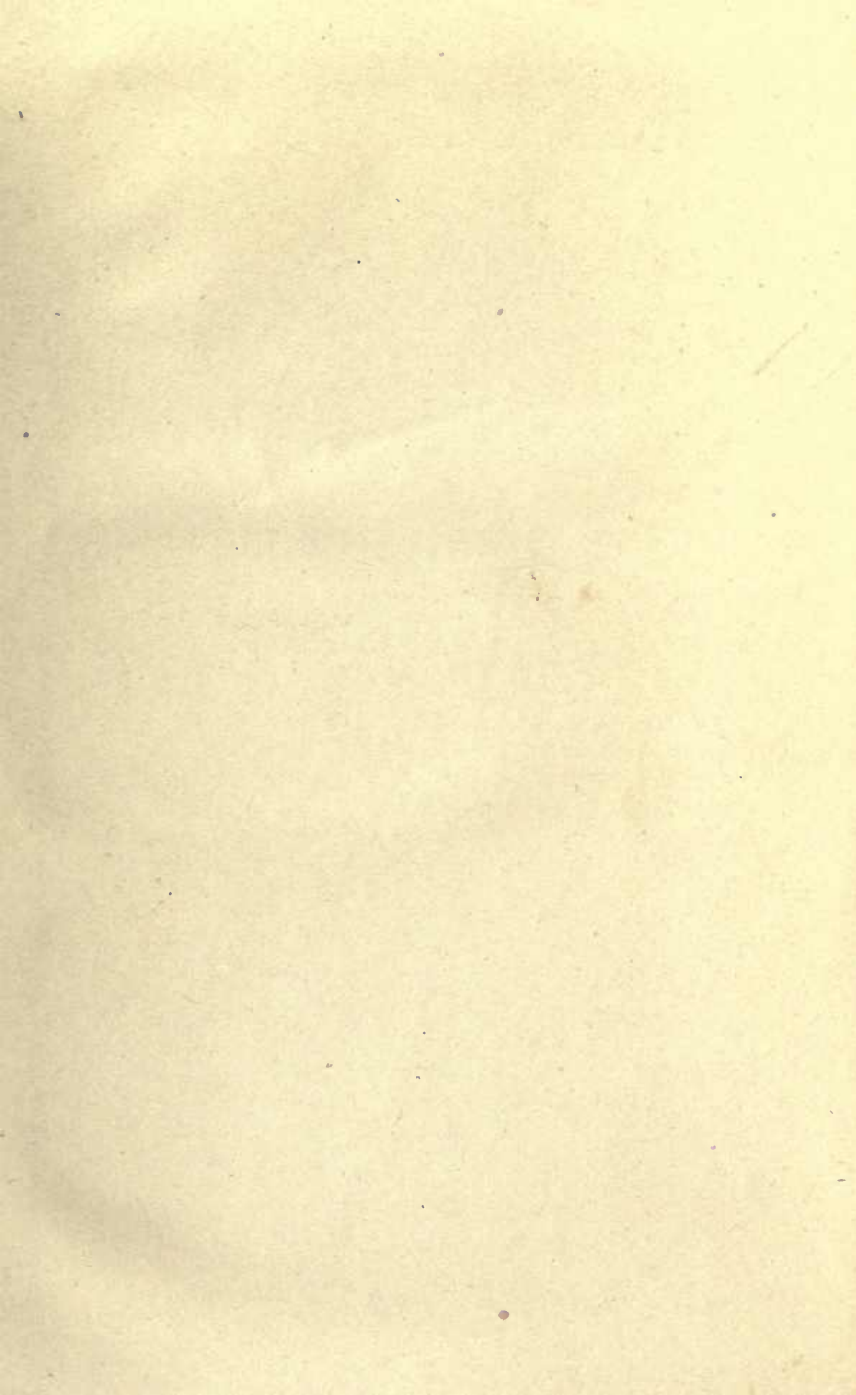
His Book

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JOHN SOBIESKI OR JOHN III
KING OF POLAND

The Life-Story and Personal
Reminiscences

OF

COL. JOHN SOBIESKI

(A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF KING JOHN III, OF POLAND)

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

TO WHICH IS ADDED HIS POPULAR LECTURE

'THE REPUBLIC OF POLAND'

(SECOND EDITION)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

PUBLISHER
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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by
JOHN SOBIESKI

DEDICATION.

To my comrades in the United States Army, who served with me in behalf of national unity; to my comrades who served with me in Mexico in defense of that republic; and to those noble men and women with whom I have for more than thirty years labored in behalf of the temperance and other reforms, this volume is dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

The late Dr. Benjamin Jowett of the University of Oxford once said: "We shall come in the future to teach almost entirely by biography. We shall begin with the life that is most familiar to us, the life of Christ, and we shall more and more put before our children the great examples of persons' lives, so that they shall have from the beginning heroes and friends in their thoughts."

All intelligent adults in recalling the things that most influenced their early lives will appreciate the wisdom of Dr. Jowett's prophecy. Multitudes of the wisest and best will testify that their first ambition for a noble life began with reading the life-story of some good man or woman.

What a quickening to faith and what an inspiration to righteous endeavor is that account in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, of the "great cloud of witnesses" (martyrs "of whom the world was not worthy") "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, * * stopped the mouths of lions, waxed valiant in fight," etc., etc.!

"The glorious company of the Apostles."

"The goodly fellowship of the Prophets."

"The noble army of Martyrs."

It is the life and example of such that move the world.

Many millions of people all over Christendom have been thrilled with admiration and moved to thank God and take courage at the story of the Polish patriot and Christian soldier, King John Sobieski, who in a mighty battle at the gates of Vienna (A. D. 1683) rescued Christendom from the terrible Moslem invasion. "That hero's victory, with his little army of Poles against ten times the number of Turks," says an English historian, "caused all Europe to ring with the praise of John Sobieski and echo the words chosen by Pope Innocent for his text when the great news reached Rome: 'There was a man sent from God, whose name was John' (John 1:6). For Sobieski had not merely delivered Austria—he had saved Europe."

And then again, how our youthful hearts have been stirred with righteous wrath against the oppressor, and warm sympathy with the oppressed, as we have read in our school-books of the downfall of the Polish Republic, and the cruel partition of that country by the three great powers, Prussia, Russia, and Austria—this last named being the same country that Poland's brave little army had delivered from Turkish pillage and slaughter.

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time!

* * * * *

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,

And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

More than fifty years after that "Battle of Warsaw" (1794) which Campbell celebrates in verse, in another heroic effort for Polish freedom, Count James Sobieski, the lineal descendant of King John III., fell as Kosciusko and others had fallen. That James left an only child, a son six years old, named John, for his grandfathers. This son, with an inborn enthusiasm for liberty, having heard of free America, soon after his father's death found his way to this country. And here he has been for forty-five years, giving himself entirely to patriotic and humane service: for the first ten years in the regular United States army and through many battles; then for two years helping Mexico to a republic; and since then as an American citizen he has spent his time in the halls of legislation and the field of reform endeavoring to rescue the weak and tempted and protect the home from the drink demon.

In these pages is given for the first time the life-story of this very worthy son of Poland's patriot kings and defenders—a son who, if that people were free to choose, might to-day be ruler of a Polish Republic.

(Perhaps it ought to be said, that while the author of this book has especially requested me to give this introduction, yet he has not been consulted as to what I shall say about him here, and will not

read this till he sees it in book form. If there be errors in it, I alone am responsible.)

A most unassuming man, it was only by much importunity that Colonel John Sobieski's friends prevailed upon him to dictate his life-story for publication. In fact, it was a long time before his most intimate acquaintances learned many of the facts in his life that seem stranger than fiction. The shrewd newspaper reporter did not learn of his royal lineage till within recent years, so that during the past twelve months for the first time the great dailies and some magazines have published sketches of this "royal Polish patriot, famed as a soldier and statesman." Always in love with democracy and free government, and imbued with hatred of the idea of aristocracy and a titled nobility, in his earlier years he held it no credit in itself to be of kingly lineage, and kept the fact to himself. In Europe to-day the renowned family of Sobieski is thought to be extinct; because, from the time this sole surviving member, when a twelve-year-old boy, secreted himself in the hold of a vessel bound for America, nothing has been heard of him.

But "blood will tell." All of Colonel John Sobieski's acquaintances who have read the story of King John III. in the book entitled "The Wizard King" (now out of print), recognize a marked resemblance in many particulars.

Though Colonel Sobieski never sat in the schoolroom a day in his life, and never was trained and taught as were his fathers, except by his mother before her early death, yet he betrays a nobly cultured ancestry. This is evident in a splendid physique, in rare gifts of mind, and in most courteous bearing and high moral character. He is well educated in the truest and best sense. True, he lacks much that he might have learned in our common schools, and at Oxford or Harvard; and none more regrets this than he. Nevertheless, he has been an intelligent observer and an extensive reader all his life (though he hardly knows how he learned to read), and as necessity arose learned to talk in several different tongues, though doubtless not always according to the dictionaries and grammars. But, as a wise and scholarly critic has recently remarked in referring to the late Evangelist Moody: "Grammatical and rhetorical niceties are not the final test of intellectual greatness and genuine culture."

The story in the following chapters is printed, with very few and slight changes, just as it was dictated to an amanuensis by the author; and dictated, too, within a month, wholly from memory, and with scarcely any reference to books.

Colonel Sobieski is an ideal orator. He simply "talks right on." He has never written a line of any of his numerous lectures and addresses,

and makes no written notes in preparing them—a most remarkable fact for one who has been so constantly on the platform. He is ready at a moment's notice to give a speech or talk on any subject with which he is familiar. For instance, a friend asked for a copy of a lecture that Colonel Sobieski had not delivered for ten years. He complied with the request by dictating the address exactly as delivered, though he had come to have different views since that time. He is not a one-ideaed man. He is continually surprising his intimate friends by his varied repertoire. He is ready, seemingly, at any time, to preach a sermon, conduct a funeral service, deliver a patriotic address, a Biblical or historical lecture, or make a stump speech,—and do it well,—always stopping when his auditors are saying “Go on.” And what a fund of fact, and fresh stories! But don't ask him to tell “that story.” Ten to one he will not. It must tell itself, as it were, when he wishes to illustrate a point.

He stands almost alone in being so very radical and outspoken in his convictions for reform, and yet so popular with people of all classes and parties. The reason of this popularity is that his natural kindness is always kindly expressed, and he habitually stands for fair play to everybody. Generous even to his own hurt,—he can hardly say no to a call for charity,—yet he is always strictly honest, and

faithful to promises. Once when an organization of which he was a member got so embarrassed financially that a majority advised repudiation, "Brother John" rose in his might with a thundering "No;" (for, though habitually gentle, he speaks with mighty emphasis on occasion). "Give me two years' time," said he, "and I'll raise that money (about \$8,000) myself rather than have a good cause disgraced by repudiating a just debt."

And he did it, though he impoverished himself in the doing. It was just like him.

For habitual buoyancy of spirit, and for always seeing the roses rather than the thorns in life's pathway, his friends say they have never known his equal. He is the only man the writer ever heard say that he never had "the blues," though he often suffers excruciating pain from that bullet-shot through his body and stomach—a wound that the army surgeons pronounced mortal at the time. And yet, since then he has traveled more miles, and delivered more lectures to more people, than any one now living in America; but he says he never was weary from a day's work, though he has often been very sleepy and hungry.

Although he richly deserves a pension, he has never applied for it. Why not? Because, he says, the government has already too many pensioners, and he prefers to take care of himself as long as he can. Here is a man who might have

been a millionaire since coming to America, but he has deliberately chosen to be as poor in this world's goods as the great Master he loves to follow. He was frequently offered promotion in the United States army, for brave and meritorious conduct, but he declined. He was offered choice of any position with commission in the Mexican army, but he preferred to be simply chief of staff of the commanding general, Escobedo. And after he had helped lead the army of that republic to victory, the Mexican government, to show its gratitude for his splendid service, tendered him a tract of several thousand acres of land; but he would accept no compensation whatever, and returned to his adopted country to spend his life in pleading for purer morals and juster laws.

What an inspiring example of unselfish devotion to the highest interests of country and mankind! What a harvest of good seed sown! And what a blessed reward, even in this life! So that he may well say, as he does, that he would be happy to live his years over again just as he has lived them.

While this Polish-American soldier lay bleeding on the field of Gettysburg, the surgeon said he must die, and kindly advised him to make his peace with God. "I've had no fuss with God," was the ready reply, in the best English the young count knew.

Always at peace with his Creator, ready to serve and suffer for the lowliest, tender to little children, kind to dumb animals, and courteous to every human being—

“ He wears the look of a man unbought,

* * * * *

Yet touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness ;
The face that a child would climb to kiss ;
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.”

J. L. D.

SHELBYVILLE, ILLINOIS, *February 10, 1900.*

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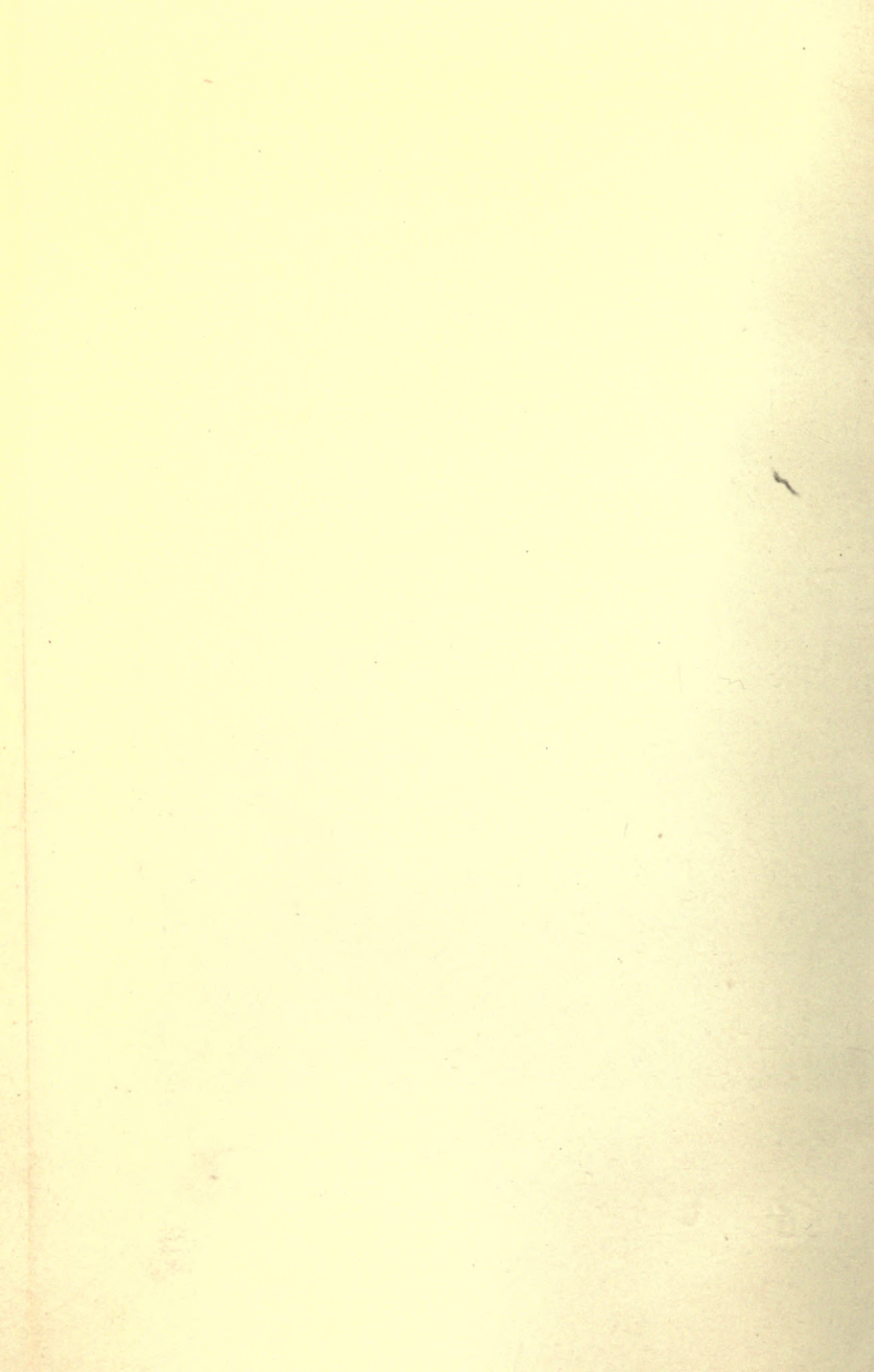
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John Sobieski



CHAPTER I.

My birth—Descendant of King John Sobieski—My ancestors—Father joins the Revolution—Captured and imprisoned—His death—My mother's summons to Warsaw—Her interview with the viceroy—Her refusal of the proposition of the viceroy—Our banishment.

I was born in Warsaw, Poland, September 10th, 1842. My father was Count John Sobieski, the son of James Sobieski who lost his life in the Revolution in Poland of 1830 and 1831, and a lineal descendant of King John Sobieski who is known in history as John III., being myself sixth in the direct line through the oldest sons of oldest sons of that great warrior monarch. My mother's maiden name was Isabella Bem, of the celebrated Bem family, so noted for their patriotism. Her oldest half-brother served under the great Napoleon, and was in most all of the struggles for liberty in Europe, from 1815 until his death in 1853.

My father was educated in the schools of Poland, France and Germany, graduating from the university at Heidelberg in 1840, when he was about twenty years of age. Immediately upon his graduation he returned to his native country, entering the service with the rank of colonel in the Polish contingent of the Russian army. Here he was serving at the outbreak of the insurrection in 1846, which insurrection he entered into at once

with all the enthusiasm of one of the Sobieski race. He participated in several battles of that contest, was wounded, captured, and imprisoned, and was finally executed by the Russian government March 10th, 1848.

The estate of my father was situated about one hundred and twenty miles from Warsaw, and as soon as the insurrection broke out, my mother with her boy—myself—at once repaired to the estate, which was one of the largest in Poland, comprising two hundred thousand acres of land. My mother learned that my father had been wounded and captured by the Russian army, and supposed that they had put him to death, as she did not hear of him again for more than a year.

But all this time my father was suffering the horrors of a Russian prison. For some thirteen months he was struggling for existence in that prison, without a bath or a change of clothing, in a cell infested with vermin of every description. One day he was visited by a Russian officer, who informed him that it had been decreed by the Russian government that he must suffer death. The officer told my father that, if he had any reasonable request to make, it would be granted. His only request was that he might be privileged to see his wife and boy.

• One day my mother was surprised by receiving a visit from a detachment of Cossack soldiers, who,

in the name of the Czar, ordered her to get ready and follow them.

Not knowing whither we were bound, in our own carriage, driven by our own servant, we proceeded with the soldiers. I remember the journey well. It was in the latter part of February or the first of March. In that north country winter had not abated any of its rigor, so I remember the severe cold and the gay trappings of the soldiers. We could not have been more than two days making the trip, stopping now and then for a few minutes rest, and for refreshments. We arrived in Warsaw at night.

The next morning we were ordered to appear before the viceroy of Poland, who was a brother of the emperor. He was a man noted for his savage and unfeeling nature. But, to my mother's astonishment, he received her with every token of respect and regard, and seemed, indeed, almost friendly. He told my mother that he had an unpleasant duty to perform, and would do it just as gently and as kindly as possible. He informed my mother that my father was still living, but that he would be executed the next morning; and that her father and her two younger brothers were in the same prison with my father, and would be executed at the same time with him. He said that he now had a proposition to make to her, and he hoped that she would consider it carefully;

that she would not let any sense of wrong she thought she had suffered prevent her from making a wise decision, as the future welfare of herself and child was in her own hands, and depended upon her answer. He said that the emperor had authorized him to make her this proposition: That if she would consent to have her boy taken from her that day, conveyed to an institution under the direction of the Greek Church, where he would be carefully guarded, instructed and educated under the supervision of the teachers of the Greek Church, (the object of the Russian government being to nationalize me, that is, to make me an adherent of the Russian government), assuring her that everything should be done for his welfare and culture, and that she should have the privilege of occasionally visiting him;—if she would consent to this and take the oath of fidelity to the emperor, she might return to the estate unrestrained and enjoy it until her son arrived at his majority, when he would come into possession of it himself: but, on the other hand, if she refused this proposition, then on the morrow a decree would be issued in the name of the emperor, expelling her and her son forever from Poland upon the penalty of death, should she or her son ever return, or enter any territory controlled by the Czar; and that our estates and all of our belongings would be forever confiscated to the Czar.

The viceroy very kindly offered my mother proper time to consider the proposition, and begged her to take the time. But my mother without any hesitation told him such a proposition would not require time for thought or consideration. Her mind was already made up. She said: "Sire, you can tell the emperor for me, that he can take from us our estate, he can take from us all we possess in the world, banish me and my child from our native land, home and kindred, to dwell in foreign lands among strangers. I may be compelled to beg bread for myself and boy, but I will go, and I'll teach my boy that he is a Pole, and to love liberty and to despise tyranny, and to revere and cherish the cause which his father cherished and died for, and to hate with undying hatred that nation and sovereign who murdered his father and kin and despoiled his country, and sent us into exile."

When my mother had thus spoken, we were dismissed from the presence of the viceroy, and were then taken to see my father in that terrible prison dungeon. Though fifty-one years have elapsed since then, and I have passed through many scenes, yet that terrible picture has never been effaced from my memory. In a small room without a single ray of sunlight, and with but a few straggling rays of daylight, we found my father. The dirt and filth were appalling—indescrib-

able. How he had existed for more than thirteen months, it was beyond our comprehension to conceive. Nothing but his splendid constitution had sustained him. For six hours we were permitted to be with him. Those six hours were spent in loving caresses and counsel. Promptly at the expiration of the time we were summoned forth. The parting was such as you might have expected of a brave man and a brave woman knowing that they should never meet again till they should meet in the land of spirits. My mother at once made the request that she might be permitted to visit her father and brothers, as they were confined in the same prison. This was refused, and we were then taken back to our hotel. The next morning my father and grandfather were executed. My father was not quite twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death.

Before we left Warsaw my mother learned that her younger sister, whose age was twenty, and who had been arrested and imprisoned some months before, had been sentenced to Siberia for twenty years at hard labor. Later, we met with a bishop of the Greek Church, who was present at the departure of my aunt for Siberia, who described her departure, chained to a gang of convicts, whose company she was to march in for twenty-eight hundred miles, all of which must be made on foot. She was never heard of afterward. She probably died or was murdered by the Cossack soldiers en route.

CHAPTER II.

Banished—Journey to the frontier—Refusal of the Austrian authorities to let us land—Go to Posen—Ordered out by the Prussian authorities—Go to Brussels, Berne, Milan—Expulsion from Milan—The case of Captain Ingraham—Arrival in England—Louis Kossuth and Hungary—My uncle Joseph Bem—My pledge to my mother on her death-bed—My parents—My mother's death.

Two or three days after my father's execution, my mother and I were placed in a sleigh, and under escort of Cossacks were started toward the frontier. We were driven out without any preparation at all, for my mother never dreamed when she left our ancestral home, that she was never to return. She took but a limited amount of money, and left all of her diamonds, valued at more than half a million of dollars. She often said that if she had taken these along with her, they would have secured her support, or furnished her all the revenue she might have needed.

After days of journeying, we arrived on the frontier of Galicia, the part of Poland absorbed by Austria. We were halted by the Austrian authorities, who in a few hours informed us that our presence was not desirable. From thence we went to the province of Posen, known as Prussian Poland. After sojourning there for a few weeks, we were one morning peremptorily ordered out of the country.

The reason for our ejection both by the Austrian and the Prussian authorities was evident. Both of those countries were being rent at that time by revolutionary movements, and, as we were political exiles, we were looked upon with suspicion and dread.

From thence we went to the city of Brussels, in Belgium. After sojourning there some weeks, we went to Berne, Switzerland, the beautiful capital of that country. Here we remained for more than a year, my mother teaching a school of young ladies, in languages, music, and painting.

From there we went in 1850 to Milan, Italy. My mother's health had begun to fail her, and she went to Milan, where she had some friends, and where it was thought her health would be better.

On the way we visited Rome. I still have a recollection of the Eternal City. Much as I enjoyed its walks and drives, my pleasure was greatly marred by the poor beggars, who seemed to meet us in swarms at every turn.

After living in Milan for something over a year, an event occurred that hastened our departure. Captain Duncan N. Ingraham, of the United States navy, while cruising in the Mediterranean Sea, had entered the little Turkish town of Smyrna, where he learned that an American citizen by the name of Martin Koszta had a day or two before

been seized on the streets and taken aboard an Austrian ship of war, placed in irons, and held as a prisoner.

The history of Martin Koszta had been this: He was a Hungarian, and had taken part in the revolution under Kossuth. He succeeded in making his escape after the failure of the revolution, and came to the United States, where he had taken out his naturalization papers. His health failing him, he returned to Europe and took a journey up the Mediterranean. The steamer, or ship, stopped at Smyrna, where he went ashore. Smyrna being a neutral port, no doubt he considered himself perfectly safe; and so he was, as far as international law was concerned. But in some way he was recognized; and the Austrian commander being informed of his presence, he was arrested and taken aboard the Austrian ship, and no doubt would have been returned to Austria or Hungary and executed.

Captain Ingraham, on learning of his arrest, went alongside of the Austrian ship and asked if Martin Koszta was aboard. He was at once informed that he was not and had not been. Captain Ingraham then went ashore, where he was informed that Koszta *was* aboard that ship, as the ship had been watched every moment from the time he had entered it. Ingraham then went alongside the Austrian vessel and asked the same

question again; and again Koszta's presence was denied.

He returned ashore, where he met the admiral, or commodore (for there were three Austrian ships of war lying in the harbor). He said to the admiral: "I have been credibly informed that an American citizen by the name of Martin Koszta has been arrested upon these streets and taken aboard your flag-ship, and is now held as a prisoner. I have been to your ship twice, and twice the commander of your ship has lied in my face and denied there was any such person aboard."

The admiral answered by saying: "Martin Koszta is a subject of his Majesty Francis Joseph, and is held a prisoner on board my flag-ship, and you can see him if you so desire."

Captain Ingraham immediately went aboard the Austrian ship. When Martin Koszta was brought before him in irons, Koszta was asked if he was an American citizen. He said he was. He was asked if he demanded the protection of the American government. He said he did. He was informed that he should have it. His release was at once demanded, but the Austrians refused to give him up. Captain Ingraham then gave them twenty-four hours time to release and restore the prisoner, and said if he was not released at the end of that time, he would open his guns upon the Austrian ship. But the Austrians laughed him to

born, as they had three ships, three men, and three guns, to the Americans' one. The ship that Captain Ingraham commanded was the sloop of war St. Louis.

When the next day dawned there was great excitement and stir in the little Turkish town. People gathered on the hilltops overlooking the bay, watching with deep interest everything going on in the harbor.

Now, before the expiration of the time, the governor came to Captain Ingraham and thanked him for his willingness to protect the neutrality of his port, but said that, with their superior armament, the Austrians would sink him in a short time.

The answer of Captain Ingraham was: "I know my duty and shall do it; and unless the prisoner is released, I will open my guns upon them at the time specified."

He now steamed his ship into better position, where he could bear directly upon the flag-ship of the Austrians. Quarters were beat, guns loaded, and every man was at his post; Captain Ingraham was on the quarter-deck, with watch in hand, waiting for the expiration of the time, when, just five minutes before the expiration of the time, a boat was let down from the Austrian ship, the prisoner was surrendered to the French consul, and by the French consul released and placed a free man upon the streets from which he had been

taken: and the monarchs of Europe had learned for the first time, that the young Republic of the West was strong enough and brave enough to protect her people everywhere, and would do it at every hazard, even though such citizens might be of foreign birth.

It was while returning from the Mediterranean that Captain Ingraham called at Milan. A demonstration was made in his honor by the people of that city, and especially by the political exiles who were then residing there. This greatly offended the government, and the viceroy, Archduke Maximilian, at once ordered the expulsion of all the political refugees residing in that city, and forbade them residing in any part of Italy that was under the Austrian government.

I remember Captain Ingraham well. I remember that as he passed under the window of the hotel where my mother and I were standing and waving our handkerchiefs at him, he raised his eyes and bowed and smiled upon us. That moment he was forever photographed upon my heart. That was forty-eight years ago, and yet, if I were gifted with the power of an artist, I could easily put him upon canvas, so vivid is my memory of him. He was a South Carolinian, and an ideal Southerner in every respect; tall, dark, and handsome,—a typical, splendid specimen of the American sailor, of which brave body Paul Jones,

Stephen Decatur, John Rodgers, Commodore Perry, Admiral Farragut, Dewey, Sampson, Schley, and Hobson are representatives; men who have made the American navy glorious everywhere and for all time to come.

The viceroy who decreed our banishment, as I have already stated, was Archduke Maximilian, the brother of the emperor of Austria. He himself afterward played the imperial act in a farce in Mexico. I shall refer to him again, later in my story.

My mother now proceeded with me to England, that glorious old land of liberty. I was now old enough to appreciate what that word liberty meant; and oh, how I rejoiced to be among the generous, warm-hearted, liberty-loving people of that country! For all classes, from the queen to the peasantry, showed interest in our behalf.

Some months after our arrival in England, Louis Kossuth, who had been liberated from his prison in Turkey, together with my uncle, General Joseph Bem, visited England. I remember Kossuth well: he was then in his prime. I remember his patting me on the cheek and telling me that some day I, too, would fight for liberty. No man in England ever received greater ovations than did he. From there he proceeded to America, where still greater honors awaited him. Congress gave him a vote of welcome to the land.

American statesmen like Webster, Sumner, Douglas, Seward, and Hale, voiced the sentiment of Congress and of the people in welcoming to these shores the glorious champion of liberty. After a few months he returned to Europe and sought to interest some of the nations there in behalf of his country. Failing in this, almost broken-hearted, he retired to Genoa, Italy, where he spent the rest of his days.

After Austria received its stunning defeat at the hands of France, and again at the hands of Prussia, by which it lost its place as the head of the German states, they sought to conciliate Hungary by conceding to her all she strove for under Kossuth: a diet of her own, a ministry, and a constitution. This seemed to conciliate Hungary: but it did not Kossuth, who said there could be no reliance upon Austria; that he could not trust the House of Hapsburgs, for they would betray Hungary whenever it would pay them to do it. Austria rescinded its decree of banishment of Kossuth, restored his property to him, and he was elected a member of the Hungarian Diet; but still he would not return, saying that he could only live in free Hungary, or not at all. So he died in Genoa, in March, 1894, at the age of ninety-two, beloved and mourned by all who love liberty, patriotism and consistency.

My uncle Joseph Bem, who served under Kossuth, had led a life of rare devotion. He had fought for liberty almost everywhere: wherever the cause of liberty was in peril, he entered into it with all the enthusiasm he displayed when fighting for his own country. He returned to Turkey, as he saw unmistakable signs of a coming conflict between that country and Russia. He became naturalized as a Turk, was raised to the rank of pasha, reorganized her army upon the modern plan, and, while right amidst his work, suddenly died in December, 1853. It was supposed he was poisoned by some one in the pay of Russia. But he lived long enough to put Turkey on such a good military footing as to enable her army to beat the Russian army in every battle that occurred the year afterward.

After living about six months in England, my mother's health had failed so rapidly, that it was deemed best that we be separated. So I was placed in the family of a Polish gentleman by the name of Zolaski. My mother continued to decline rapidly, and in September, 1854, she died. She was twenty-nine at the time of her death.

I do not know much about the personal appearance of my father, as he died when I was so young. But those whom I have met who did know him, described him as being tall, with a mass of black curly hair, large, flashing, black eyes, and

very handsome,—a thorough soldier. My mother I remember very well. She was of medium height, would weigh perhaps one hundred and twenty pounds. She had beautiful, dark auburn hair; her eyes were dark brown, not very large, but tender and beautiful. I have had people say to me, “What a beautiful woman your mother is!” It may be asked by those who know me, why I did not inherit some of the good looks of either my father or my mother. That seems to be one of those things that we can't account for.

My mother did one thing for me that I shall always remember with gratitude. She made me pledge to her on the day of her death, that I would never, as long as I cherished her memory, drink strong drink, gamble, or take the name of God in vain; and I have never in the slightest degree violated this pledge. It has proven to me of more estimable value than any wealth she could possibly have left me. When she died she left me in a land of strangers, without a penny, and, as it were, without friends. But that pledge has kept me through those years when I was in the army, when I was young, tempted and tried. The love which I cherished of a noble memory made me strong against every temptation; and all that I am, and all I expect to be, and all the good that I have accomplished in fighting the liquor traffic,—all belong to her.



Colonel Sobieski's Family.



CHAPTER III.

My voyage to America—Arrival in America—Enter the United States army—Barracks at Carlisle, Pennsylvania—Jefferson barracks, St. Louis—Sent to Fort Leavenworth to join the Utah expedition under General Albert Sidney Johnston—Our journey across the plains—Fort Bridger—The Mormons—Ordered to New Mexico—War with the Apaches—Return to Fort Fillmore, 1860.

At the time of my mother's death I was adopted into the family of Professor Kaloski, of Liverpool. They were very kind to me, and I shall always remember them with sincere affection, and regret that I repaid them so poorly for all their kindness to me. Professor Kaloski's wife was an English lady of rare accomplishment and beauty, who, before and after my mother's death, did all for me that a mother could have done.

Professor Kaloski came of one of Poland's noblest families. In the uprising for liberty in 1830, he entered enthusiastically into the struggle, and when it failed, lost all, and was compelled to go into exile. He came to America and was for some two or three years an instructor at Annapolis, our naval school. Before coming to this country he had lived in England for a year or so, where he met the beautiful woman who afterward became his wife. It was she, I suspect, who drew him back to England, where he married

and settled down. He was a strong, stern man by nature, yet kind of heart. He was all to me that a father could have been.

But while I was content in this lovely home, my mother had told me about America; of it being a land of liberty, where oppression by the government was never known; of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and all those splendid heroes who made this republic a land where there was complete equality before the law. It became to me my ideal land; and I shall never forget my delight and joy, when I beheld for the first time the beautiful flag of this republic in the port of Liverpool.

In the fall of 1854, or rather, December, 1854, the United States ship of war, Constellation, Captain John Cravens commanding, came into Liverpool. Captain John Cravens had been a pupil at Annapolis when Professor Kaloski was instructor, and a great friendship had sprung up between them. He frequently visited the home of Professor Kaloski while in Liverpool, and in that way I became acquainted with him.

There was a young midshipman by the name of Abbot, who frequently accompanied him. A great acquaintance and friendship sprang up between us, though he was some three or four years older than I. He was a whole-souled, free-hearted, careless young fellow, always doing a lot

of reckless things, and yet loved by everybody. He could say anything or do anything, even on ship-board, with all of its rigid discipline, without punishment, beyond now and then a severe reprimand. To him I imparted my great desire to come to America. He persuaded me to let him smuggle me aboard the ship, which he did, down in the sick bay, where I was dressed as a young sailor, and a sick one at that (and the most of the time it was literally true); and in this way I was successfully concealed until we were entering the harbor of New York, when my presence was made known to the commander, Cravens. His astonishment and anger were beyond bounds; but he soon got over both of them and became very kind to me, for he was a noble, good man. He wanted to know of me what I desired to do. I told him I wanted to be a soldier; that all of my ancestors had been, and I wished to be.

He said, "Why, my dear boy, you are not big enough; what could you do?"

I said, "Sir, I can blow the bugle as well as anyone; and you have a boy aboard the ship who blows the bugle for the marines, who is not any larger or older than I."

"Well," he said, "we will see what we can do."

Some days after he came to me and took me to Governors Island, where I was introduced to

the commander of the post; here a bugle was brought in and I was asked to give them some music on it. I did so, and it was highly satisfactory. Captain Cravens then became my guardian, and enlisted me in the United States service April 26th, 1855. This noble man was lost at sea during the Civil War, off Cape Hatteras, serving the flag which he loved so well.

After remaining on Governors' Island a few weeks, I was sent to Carlisle barracks Pennsylvania, where I was to be instructed further in music, drilled and disciplined, and converted into a soldier. I could speak or understand but a few words of the English tongue; but I rapidly picked it up, and in a few months could understand nearly everything that was said to me, and make all my wants and desires known.

A circumstance occurred shortly after going to Carlisle, that did much to set me forever against the evils of strong drink. Up to this time, I had never known much of anything about intoxicating liquor. I had seen people drink wine, but had never seen anybody drunk that I knew of. In the barracks there at Carlisle was a sergeant by the name of Warmingham, as fine a specimen of a man, physically, as I ever saw; a perfect soldier. I remember, as young as I was, how I used to admire his fine looks and wonder if I would ever be as fine looking a soldier as he. One day the

men were paid off, and Sergeant Warmingham that afternoon went over to town. I remember as he passed out the gate in his clean, new uniform, with his white gloves, my admiring eyes followed him far as I could see him. He did not come back that night—indeed, it was several days before he did come back; and when he did return—what a looking man! He was brought back by two policemen—drunk, crazy, cursing and raving. He was placed in a cell, where I heard his ravings for days afterward. He was finally court martialed, reduced to the ranks, and set to work about the grounds with a ball and chain. When I used to look out upon his blackened, bruised face, looking so wicked and desperate, and I was told that the cause of it all was strong drink, it so turned me against that dreadful beverage, that I have never ceased to hate it from that day to this, and shall hate it as long as I live.

After a while I was ordered to Jefferson barracks, near St. Louis. Jefferson barracks at that time was quite a rendezvous.

It was while I was at Jefferson barracks that I saw General Lee, then Colonel Lee, on the staff of General Scott. He came to the barracks on a tour of inspection. We were several days getting in trim for his visit. I remember him well. He was a very handsome man at that time, probably between forty-five and fifty years of age; a perfect

soldier in his manners and bearing. His refined face and manners I shall never forget. Little did I think at the time, that in so few years I should be fighting an army of which he would be the commander.

The commander of the post at that time, and, indeed, of that department, was General Harney, at that time one of the best known and popular men in the service. He had served in the army more than a quarter of a century; in Florida, in Mexico, and on the plains. He was a typical frontier soldier; strong, brave and daring; hated and feared by the Indians as no other man. At the opening of the Civil War he was still in command of that department. He adhered to the Federal government, but because of some act of his at the opening of the war, and perhaps to make way for a younger man, he was retired.

I remember a circumstance while at Jefferson barracks, that gave me all the experience with tobacco that I ever had. Some boys who were musicians went up to St. Louis. They drank beer and wanted me to; upon my refusal to do so they made fun of me and called me a "girl". I stood that as well as I could, but felt it deeply. Then they offered me a cigar. I thought I would compromise with them on that, but regretted afterward that I did. We sat and talked and smoked, and I grew dizzy, then sick, and then began to throw

up. I not only got sick, but I got awfully sick. The first hour I was really afraid I was going to die; and the next hour I was afraid I wouldn't die. The boys took me into the rear of the saloon, and laid me on a cot where the other toppers usually lay when too drunk to promenade. Finally, the boys started me back to the barracks. When we arrived at the barracks my red cheeks were all gone: I was so weak I had to be led. I was taken to my room and was laid upon my bed.

A few minutes afterward the sergeant of the guard came in and said: "Where is that drunken musician?"

My comrade said, "He is not drunk, but he is sick from smoking a cigar."

"I know better," said the sergeant, "let me see him."

He came along to my bedside and said: "Are you drunk?"

I said, "No sir, I never drank any liquor in my life, but I smoked a cigar and I'm afraid I'm going to die."

He said, "Oh, h—! you'll be, all right in the morning. I'll excuse you from roll-call to-night."

I was all right in the morning, but I came to this conclusion: that two things which many men consider absolutely necessary for their happiness and well being, whiskey and tobacco, for some rea-

son or other, were never intended for me ; so I bade them adieu forever.

I was shortly after this, in the spring of 1857, ordered to Fort Leavenworth, which was being prepared to suppress the trouble then brewing in Utah with the Mormons. In the winter before, Congress had passed stringent laws for the suppression of polygamy. This was done at the demand—or practically at the demand—of the whole nation, which was shocked at the development of polygamy in one of our territories, and it was determined, at whatever cost to the nation, that it should be suppressed. Yet, as I dictate these words to-day, we learn that a treaty has been made with the so-called Sultan of Sulu, that not only permits polygamy in one of our newly acquired Philippine Islands,—not only permitting it,—but the sacred honor of the nation is pledged that it shall never be interfered with. It has been the proud boast of our country for thirty years or more, that we neither tolerated polygamy nor slavery; and now we do both. It only shows what territorial greed will do for a nation.

The commander of the expedition was Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston. Colonel Johnston was one of the best known and most competent men of our army. Born in Kentucky, I believe, he had fought for liberty in the Texan army against Mexico, had risen to distinction in the army of the

little republic, and gained additional laurels in our war with Mexico. He was a man of a kind heart and noble bearing; very dignified, without being at all austere; winning in his ways, and loved by all who came in contact with him. At the outbreak of our Civil War, it is said by those who knew him best, that his sympathy was actually with the national government. His Southern birth and relations caused the Federal government to treat him with suspicion and coolness. It was more than his sensitive nature could stand; so he resigned his command, settled his accounts with our government, and went over to the South. He was killed at the battle of Shiloh, April, 1862, and in his death the South lost one of her ablest commanders.

The second in command was Colonel Alexander, who, during the Civil War, was the chief of General Lee's staff. Another prominent officer was Major VanDorn, who was afterward a distinguished general in the Confederate army, and was assassinated by a grieved husband in Mississippi. Another was Captain Hancock, our quartermaster, afterward so distinguished in the Union army as commander of the Second Army Corps, and one of the most celebrated generals of our army. He was the Democratic candidate for president in 1880, and came near beating Garfield for that high position. Others were Fitz John Porter, afterward a distinguished commander of the Fifth Army

Corps; Captain J. B. Magruder, afterward a distinguished Confederate commander; and Major Beauregard, the great Southern general.

How often I have seen these men eating together at the same mess! Yet only a brief period of four years passes away, and we see them leading brigades, divisions, corps, and armies against each other in the mightiest conflict the world has ever seen.

An incident occurred a few days before our march from Fort Leavenworth, that was very amusing, especially as I look back upon it now. One day I was acting as orderly for Captain Hancock, our quarter-master, when Major Beauregard came to Hancock and said he had received some books from France, recently, on engineering, and they were very valuable volumes; and asked if he could have permission to take them along on the train. Hancock asked him how many books he had.

"Oh," he said, "quite a box of them. I suppose they would weigh a hundred pounds, box and all."

Hancock replied, saying that he would be glad to accommodate him, but the order was imperative not to take anything along, except that which was absolutely essential for the welfare of the expedition.

So the major went away in disappointment.

Shortly after this, Major VanDorn came over to the headquarters and said that he had a barrel of peach brandy that he had received a few days before from Kentucky; he said it was the finest stuff he ever tasted in that line; he didn't want to sell that which had been given to him, and asked if he could have the privilege of taking it along on the train.

Hancock said: "Certainly, certainly, anything of that kind, now; but Beauregard was here a few minutes ago, and wanted me to permit him to take along a whole library of books, and I refused him. Why, those books would be just as heavy when we get to Salt Lake City; but I think that barrel will be a great deal lighter, don't you?"

That admitted of no discussion at all: the barrel was taken, and I am very sure that it began to lighten from the first hour—certainly from the first day; for a few days after our march began, I saw the barrel cast aside on the prairie.

We left Fort Leavenworth on the 26th of June, on a beautiful, bright, hot day of summer. As we marched out from the fort, and I watched our little army starting on that celebrated expedition, I thought what a magnificent array it was. What a fine army! It numbered twenty-nine hundred men all told—infantry, artillery, cavalry and engineers; just about the size of a good brigade of our

army during the Civil War. In our march of the first fifty miles westward, we passed little villages and cabins; but after that, in a few days, we found ourselves out on the great American desert. How splendid was the scenery! We soon began to encounter little herds of deer, and then the buffaloes.

Coming down through western Kansas a few months ago, passing through her fine towns and cities, with their colleges, universities, electric lights and electric trains, and looking out on their splendid farms, I remembered that in my day I had seen those plains covered with herds of deer and elks and immense numbers of buffaloes, and thought how wonderful was the advance of our American civilization.

The story of that celebrated march has passed into history: its hardships, its sufferings are well known to the reader of American history, and I will not undertake to tell it. It would make a volume larger than this which I intend to write.

When we reached the Green River, we were met by a deputation of Mormons from Brigham Young, who was still governor of Utah, saying that he regarded our advance to Utah as an act of hostility, and that he should resist it: but as it was too late for us to return that fall, we could remain there, and he would furnish us with rations which would be reasonable in price; but he would

expect us early in the next spring to return from whence we came. But we continued to advance.

A few weeks after this, Brigham Young, in addressing his people, told them not to be frightened, as our army would never reach Salt Lake City; for some night while we slumbered, the angel of death would visit us, and we would wake up in the morning and find ourselves dead; or words to that effect.

But the angel of death didn't visit us; at least, not all of us. That winter, while we lay at Fort Bridger, a negotiation was held between the Mormons, represented by Judge Kain of Philadelphia, and the government authorities, and a peace of some kind was effected; so that in the following spring, when we took up our line of march again, we were not opposed anywhere, and the first of June we arrived in Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City of that day was not the Salt Lake City of to-day. It was a city, then, of about seven or eight thousand, I should judge; ragged and uneven in appearance, yet everything was neat and tidy. But nearly all of the inhabitants had fled upon our approach; indeed, I do not think there were a hundred people left. The Mormon people at that day, the same as to-day, were composed almost entirely of foreigners; people from nearly all the nations of Europe, except Poland.

They had been told of the bad character of our army ; hence, they fled upon our approach.

But a few days after, the commander of the army issued a proclamation assuring them that we had come in the name of law and government, and they would not be molested as long as they were obedient to law, and inviting them to return. In a few days they came back to their homes and farms, and everything was going on as usual. A proclamation was issued by the new governor, inviting all persons who were tired of their polygamous life, or any other person, to enter our lines, and they would be protected, and returned to their homes if they so desired. But nobody came, and the Mormons at that time impressed us as being a very prosperous, contented, and industrious, but very fanatical people.

I think but once during our stay did they have any reason to complain of the conduct of any of our officers or men. Some months after our arrival, we were paid off for eight months service ; and that afternoon, after payment, most all of the boys, except those on duty, got permission to go into the city. We were camped out where Fort Douglas is now, about four miles from Salt Lake. While down in the city one of the boys got pretty boozy, and meeting a Mormon woman on the street, suddenly became very affectionate, threw his arms about her and gave her a good hugging

and kissing. I am sure he must have been very boozy, for no man, unless he were in such a state, would have hugged and kissed such an ugly woman. But, unfortunately, she turned out to be one of the wives of Heber Kimball, who was second in authority in the Mormon Church. He was in great anger, and demanded to see the commander at once. Captain J. B. Magruder was officer of the day, and pretty drunk, as most every one else was, except myself and the men on guard.

I entered the tent of Captain Magruder and found him sitting on a camp stool, with his feet thrown on another, leaning up against the wall of the tent, and about three sheets in the wind. I said, "Captain Magruder, there is a Mormon official of some kind, who wishes to see you at once."

He said, "All right, go out and trot him in."

I did so, and followed along behind to overhear what was said.

As he entered the tent, Captain Magruder did not rise to his feet to receive him, for the very best of reasons. He simply raised his head and said, "Who are you?"

Heber Kimball straightened himself up and said, "I am Apostle Kimball."

Magruder said, "What in the devil are you an apostle of?"

He said, "The Latter-day Saints."

Magruder said, "Latter-day devils!"

In great anger, Kimball at once withdrew from the tent.

The next morning Magruder said to me, "What did I say to that Mormon yesterday?"

I told him.

He laughed and said: "I was pretty drunk; however, I was very correct in my statement."

But shortly after this, when Kimball came to the camp again, he found Magruder sober. Captain Magruder at once became very much enraged at the insult that had been offered the woman, and told the apostle to go and bring his wife, and if she could identify the man who assailed her, he should be punished to their complete satisfaction.

At once great excitement prevailed in our little garrison: the offender was known to us at once, and every one of us determined to shield him. So when Kimball returned with his wife, we were ordered to fall in double rank. We had told the guilty man to fall in the front rank, about midway in the rank, as that is always the best place for a man to be who is looked for.

Captain Magruder, Heber Kimball and wife started down the line, the woman apparently scanning carefully each face as she passed. I expected that the nervousness of the guilty man would betray him, and felt very much relieved



Mrs. John Sobieski.



when he was passed. They now began marching along the rear rank. Our lines were resting right off the officers' quarters, when our chaplain—an Episcopal clergyman, a very dignified man—very unfortunately stepped outside of his tent.

The moment the woman's eyes rested on him she became excited, and, pointing her finger at him, said: "There is the man; he is the one that did it."

We were all paralyzed with astonishment for a moment—men and officers. Then we all burst out laughing. But you ought to have seen the poor chaplain. He stood there like a statue.

After a while the commanding officer tried to control himself, and shouted, "Order in the ranks."

The men drew up and tried to contain themselves, and then burst out again. Again and again we laughed and laughed; and when order was at last restored, the chaplain stepped forward and proved by all present that he had not been to town for more than a week. She now wished another trial to pick out the offender, but, of course, that was denied her. So Kimball and she returned to the city very much outraged, and I suppose always believed that they had been very unfairly dealt with.

But the poor chaplain never recovered from it. The officers continually chaffed him about it; and

the men, when he was anywhere about, pretending that they did not know of his presence, would fall to discussing the question of his guilt or innocence. Finally, the one who was defending him would always give in and say: "I guess you are right. I guess he must have done it; but I wouldn't have thought it." Some weeks afterward he received a furlough, and we never saw him again, and I suppose he never ceased to regret the mistake the woman made in identifying him as her assailant.

A few weeks after this we were ordered to New Mexico, as the Apache Indians were threatening trouble again. On our arrival at Fort Union, we were assured that everything was quiet and no trouble was apprehended. But a few mornings after our arrival we had unmistakable evidence of their hostility, by discovering that one of our sergeants had been horribly tortured and murdered within a mile of camp. We were at once assembled and put upon our guard. As we were but a small band, we could easily be surprised and massacred.

There was a still smaller garrison twenty miles away, and the commander desired to communicate with them at once. But alas! our force was too small to send a detachment, and so we were assembled and asked who would volunteer to carry a communication to the other fort. No one seemed to be anxious to undertake it except a young musician, who was then about sixteen years

old, and he was permitted to go. Probably that which he thought least of during the entire journey was Indians.

Arriving at his destination, he delivered the papers; and when he started to return, was informed that a young lady would be placed under his protection, to be conducted to Fort Union. He rather demurred to this. He had never had much acquaintance with the fair sex, and was more afraid of them than he was of the Apache Indians. She was a beautiful Spanish girl, the only daughter of our army contractor, who had requested that she should be sent back to Fort Union the first opportunity. When she came out upon her horse, her dazzling beauty and electrifying smiles quite captivated the young bugler, and put him at his ease. Neither one of them could talk very good English, but they made that up in other respects. By the time they arrived at the fort, they had gotten on excellent terms with each other. He asked permission to visit her, which was readily granted.

She had no mother. The house where she lived was about one hundred rods from the fort, entirely surrounded by a shrubbery peculiar to that country. He went often to see his young lady friend, and everything went lovely until the old man got home. He knew soldiers and had a poor opinion of them; and he had reasons, too, for disliking them. One day the old man ordered the

bugler off the premises and threatened him, if he ever caught him around there again, that he would make it warm for him.

Then the young man arose in his wrath, and with all the dignity of a man of sixteen, said: "As you are the father of the young woman whom I love, I will spare you ; but were it not for her, you would soon be sleeping with your fathers."

This did not seem to disturb the old Spaniard any, and I think he slept well that night; but the young musician didn't. The old saying is that "Love laughs at at the lock and key," and very soon the young lady, with a pair of scissors, had cut a hole through the shrubbery sufficiently large for the young man to creep through; and whenever the coast was clear a white handkerchief would be displayed, and then the young man would start out to see his girl.

Everything went lovely for some time; but one day, right amidst a very interesting visit, the young lady gave a scream and started for the house. The young man saw the old Spaniard bearing down upon him with a big, bright knife glittering in his hand. His first impulse was to stand and fight; but as he had nothing to fight with, he thought discretion was the better part of valor, so he started for the hole in the wall, the old man hard after him. The young man got to the hole first, and was about half through when the old

gent got there. In justice to the old man, I'll say he did not attempt to impede the exit of the boy ; indeed, he assisted him very materially in getting through: but the young man never thanked him for the help he received, for it put him in such a condition, that he was only fit to serve on a standing committee for some days thereafter.

Shortly afterward we were ordered to California. A year later, when we were ordered back to Fort Fillmore, the young man was now a year older, and declared he was going to assert his rights, and we expected there would be bloodshed. But when we arrived at Fort Fillmore, we found all cause for this had been removed, as both the father and daughter were dead: they had been killed by the Apache Indians a few months before. I am very sure that the young man mourned for weeks—yes, for months and years—for the beautiful girl whom he really loved ; but as for the old man, I am sure he never wore crape for him.

CHAPTER IV.

Second enlistment—Ordered to Fort Leavenworth—News of Lincoln's election—Ordered East with Lieutenant Armistead on recruiting service—Brooklyn, New York—Dr. Van Dyke's great sermon in defense of slavery—Hear Henry Ward Beecher reply—Hear Wendell Phillips on John Brown's death—Ordered to Washington—Closing scenes in American Congress before Lincoln's inauguration—Inauguration of Mr. Lincoln—Beginning of the Civil War.

On the 26th of April, 1860, I entered upon my second enlistment in the United States army. I was given a furlough of thirty days, but got tired of it at the end of two weeks and returned to duty.

My company was then ordered to Fort Leavenworth, where we arrived on the 11th of November. The next day came the news of Mr. Lincoln's election to the presidency. Mr. Lincoln had been elected more than a week before, but it had required all that time for the news to reach the Missouri River. At this period there were no railroads nor telegraphs to speak of west of the Mississippi, and none at all west of the Missouri. I shall never forget the sensation that Mr. Lincoln's election created. Not more than one or two at the fort sympathized with his political views. I had never before heard politics discussed in the army; but now the discussion became fierce between those who were in favor of sustaining the national

government and those who were defending South Carolina for taking steps to secede from the Union.

Right amidst the discussion, orders came for Lieutenant Armistead to go East and recruit our battery up to its full complement of one hundred and fifty-three men. Our battery had been converted into a fine artillery. Our first point was Brooklyn, New York. We arrived there the 1st of December.

The next day was Sunday. I accompanied my lieutenant that Sunday to church. It was the first time I had ever been in a Protestant church. It was a Presbyterian church: Dr. Van Dyke was the pastor. He preached a sort of thanksgiving sermon that day in defense of slavery. His text was taken from Jeremiah I:14, from these words: "Out of the north an evil shall break forth upon the inhabitants of the land." His church was one of the richest and most fashionable in Brooklyn, and Dr. Van Dyke was a very learned and eloquent speaker. He boldly defended slavery, denounced abolitionism, and declared that slavery was a moral, social and political blessing, and a divine institution; and he said every word spoken against slavery was a sin, and a reflection on God's holy word and his divine religion.

I shall never forget this, my first Thanksgiving time in America. Indeed, I can say that the first public Thanksgiving I ever knew anything about

was in New York, in 1860. Thanksgiving day, then, was quite different from what it is now. Now, the same day is observed by common consent throughout the entire Republic, in every State and Territory, North and South. Then, Thanksgiving day was not observed in any of the States in the South, and only in those States in the North where the people, to more or less extent, were of New England or Puritan origin. Therefore, Thanksgiving was held all along from the first of November to the middle of December. In New York it was customary for the mayor of New York city to appoint a Thanksgiving day, usually fixing the same day that had been selected by the governor.

On this occasion I refer to in 1860, Fernando Wood, the distinguished Democratic leader of those days, was the mayor of New York city. In his proclamation he rather impiously said, that in obedience to the usual custom, he would designate a day for Thanksgiving and praise for those who thought they had any special reasons for feeling thankful to God for the situation that confronted them. With an abolitionist elected President and the party of disunion triumphant, and with a civil war impending, he thought it called for a day of fasting and humiliation instead of Thanksgiving.

The Sunday before that Thanksgiving, as I have said, Dr. Van Dyke had preached his celebrated sermon in defense of human slavery.

The Sunday following I heard Henry Ward Beecher preach for the first time. Mr. Beecher at that time was in his zenith of power and fame. While his sermon was not intended to be a reply to Dr. Van Dyke's, yet it was practically a reply to that divine, and also a reply to Mayor Wood's Thanksgiving proclamation. After enumerating many reasons we had for thanksgiving to God for his blessings, Mr. Beecher, with his fist clinched, reached the climax of his great sermon by rushing to the side of his platform with eyes that blazed like meteors, as he shouted in clarion tones that seemed almost to shake the great building:

“Another reason, and the best of all, we have to thank God that freedom has at last won a victory at the ballot box, and upon the 4th day of next March our government, for the first time, will be administered in the interest of human liberty instead of human slavery.”

When the great preacher had thus spoken, the vast audience was silent for almost half a minute, and then the people broke out in most rapturous applause, that shook the immense church from pillar to rafter. It was a scene I can never forget.

When I went to New York, I had supposed that Abraham Lincoln was an abolitionist, and also the party which had elected him, as I had always heard that party and Mr. Lincoln spoken of as being abolitionists. But a day or two after my arrival in

New York, I read in the *New York Times* an editorial denouncing abolitionists, and yet I found the same paper was a Republican paper. It puzzled me: I could not understand it.

At my boarding-house I had become acquainted with a very intelligent gentleman, whom I knew to be a very strong Republican. I asked him to explain the matter to me. He was very much amused at my verdancy in political matters. He assured me that the Republican party was not an abolition party; and while he had always voted the Republican ticket, yet he had no sympathy at all with the abolitionists. He said he would regard it as the greatest calamity in the world—the abolishment of slavery. He said the Republican party only proposed to keep slavery out of the territories, and thus keep free labor from being contaminated and degraded: at the same time, he admitted that, now that Kansas had been admitted into the Union, there was no territory where slavery was likely to go anyhow. I was beginning, now, to get an idea of American politics. He said there were a few abolitionists in the country, like Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Stephen Foster, and Parker Pillsbury; but they were persons of no influence at all, and scarcely amounted to a cipher.

A few nights after this, I went over to New York, accompanied by a friend of mine, to attend

an anniversary of John Brown's death. When we arrived at the hall where the meeting was to be held, we found it surrounded by a mob. It was not by any means an ideal mob; the men were dressed in their broad-cloth, and their looks indicated that they belonged to what we call the "upper class." The mob was being kept out of the hall by the police. As I and my friend were dressed in United States uniform, they permitted us to pass in.

In a hall that would hold perhaps fifteen hundred people, we found about one hundred and twenty-five, who were quietly sitting there. Shortly after we had taken our seats, the curtain rose, and out walked Wendell Phillips and several other distinguished abolitionists. As soon as he came out upon the platform, the rioters, who had now gained access to the hall, began their disturbances in the corridors and galleries. Mr. Phillips was now introduced to the audience. I remember my disappointment in some respects. I expected to see a stout, red-faced, vehement orator; but instead there stood before me a man about forty or forty-five years of age—as handsome a man, I think, as I ever saw. He was perhaps six feet high, with a refined, scholarly face, and a Roman nose.

He stood for a moment with his hand upon the desk, and attempted to begin his speech by say-

ing, "Gentlemen." But that moment the crowd began their noise; shrieking, stamping, singing and braying. The police contented themselves with preventing the mob from entering the parquet, where those who wished to hear were seated. For more than an hour Mr. Phillips battled with the mob; but he reserved his force, while they were exhausting theirs. After awhile his splendid voice rose above the din of the noise, and after a time the mob became silent: he had conquered them. And then for more than an hour he was the master. He poured upon the friends of slavery his scorn, his invectives and sarcasm. It was grape and canister, solid shot and shell, and Greek fire—all combined. He glorified John Brown as the greatest martyr of his age; no words that he could use in his eulogy were rich enough: and he declared prophetically that his death had begun a struggle that would not end until slavery was ended.

I met Mr. Phillips years afterward in Bloomington, Illinois, where he was to give a lecture in the regular course. The lecture was on Saturday night. He was to stay in Bloomington over Sunday. The lodge of Good Templars in that city, of which I was a member, appointed a committee to wait upon him to ask him to speak upon the temperance question. Two of the committee were Democrats, and very much prejudiced

against him. But he received us very graciously, readily consenting to speak gratuitously, only making this condition: that no announcement should be made until Sunday, as it might be a detriment to the lecture committee. As we were about to retire, he asked us to remain longer; he said he was always glad to meet young men who were interested in a reform of any kind. I had become the spokesman of the committee. I told him I had heard him in New York at the time of the John Brown meeting.

He said, "I remember you well; as you were dressed in United States uniform, you attracted my attention."

His conversation was so charming, that when we retired, he had captured us all, and especially the two young Democrats who were so bitterly opposed to him. On the following night he delivered an address on temperance to a crowded house, and delighted all.

Mr. Phillips, unquestionably, was the greatest orator America ever produced. He dedicated the wonderful powers with which God had endowed him to righting wrongs, defending the right; and no just cause, however poor and unpopular, but that he advocated, even at the expense of his financial interests and social standing. He was against slavery; was for woman suffrage, even when it was more unpopular than abolition; he

championed the cause of Ireland even more eloquently than Daniel O'Connell himself; he opposed capital punishment, and demanded its abolishment; he pleaded for prison reforms; he pleaded for the abolishment of imprisonment for debt; he pleaded for monetary reform; his patriotism was broader than his own country; he might well say, as another great American said, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." Although he, for so many years, was regarded as the South's great foe, yet at the close of the rebellion, while he favored the reconstruction measures and insisted upon negro enfranchisement in the South,—in which I think he erred,—nevertheless, he opposed everything like vindictive punishment of the Southern people; and of all the reformers of this century, Wendell Phillips was the greatest Roman of them all.

We were now ordered to Washington. Rumors of trouble to occur in Washington on the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration had induced General Scott to call to Washington all the regular troops that could possibly be obtained; and, as we had secured our full complement of men, we were ordered to report in Washington on the morning of March the 1st.

We found the Capitol city full of excitement. The members of the outgoing administration were leaving the city, and the Southern families were

also going, so as to avoid being present at the inauguration.

I had never been in Washington before, and as it is the capital of the country, I was all alert to see and hear everything that I could. I was at that time nineteen years old, just at the age when young men or boys like to see everything and learn everything. The first thing of all I wished to see was Congress; and by the kindness of the commanding officer of my battery, I was permitted to go up to the Capitol building every day. The first place I went to visit was the Senate of the United States.

The Vice-President at that time was John C. Breckinridge. His appearance attracted me at once. He was the ideal Southerner in appearance; the very personification of grace and ease. At that time he was not quite forty years of age. He had come from one of the most celebrated families in the United States; his ancestors had all been distinguished from the earliest days of the Republic. His father had been a Senator and in the cabinet of President Jefferson. He himself had served in Mexico as a major, winning a fine reputation. He had redeemed the Ashland district—Henry Clay's old district—from the Whigs, and made for himself such a reputation that he had been nominated for Vice-President on the same ticket with Mr. Buchanan, when he had barely arrived at the constitu-

tional age of thirty-five; and he gained fame rapidly while Vice-President, and was nominated by the Southern wing of the Democratic party for the presidency, in 1860. He had stood second to Mr. Lincoln in the electoral college; he had already been elected United States Senator from Kentucky for six years, and was sworn in as United States Senator the day Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. He returned to Washington and took part in the extra session of Congress, and made a very bold and able speech in defense of the Confederate cause; resigned his seat, entered the Confederate army as a major-general, and finally was made Secretary of War by President Davis. At the close of the rebellion he succeeded in making his escape. After a year or two abroad, he returned to the United States, dying at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1874. It was said that his death was hastened by that which has hastened the death of so many other brilliant men—strong drink.

The great debate in Congress during those last days of that session was on the adoption of what was known as the Crittenden Peace Compromise. It was advocated by Crittenden of Kentucky, Douglas of Illinois, Johnson of Tennessee, Corwin of Pennsylvania, Dixon of Connecticut, Green of Missouri. It was opposed by Trumbull of Illinois, Hale of New Hampshire, Chandler of Michigan.

It was adopted, but nothing came of it, as the war soon broke out.

It was my good fortune to hear Stephen A. Douglas speak. Douglas spoke on the 2nd of March and Green on the 3rd of that month. I was very much interested in Mr. Douglas, as he had been the candidate of the Northern wing of his party for the presidency. He was at that time forty-seven years old—a very handsome man; rather short of stature, but well proportioned; had a very large head, with a mass of dark brown hair inclining to be curly. His voice was sweet, full, and clear. He had the attention of the entire Senate, and the galleries were filled as full as they could be packed. He lived only a few months after this, dying the following June. He devoted the last months of his life in rallying his countrymen in defense of the national flag.

The next day the great Senator from Missouri (Green) spoke. As soon as he arose to speak the members of the House of Representatives came flocking over to the Senate, completely filling the chamber. I remember seeing clustered around his seat while he was speaking, Senator Douglas, Senator Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, Senator Seward of New York, Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, and Wade of Ohio. He was a man of marvelous oratorical powers and transcendent abilities. I shall never forget that great speech; it

was thrilling in the extreme. That closed the great debate upon that question. You might say it closed an epoch in our country's history.

The next day Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. The day dawned bright, clear, and crisp. At noon the carriage containing President Buchanan and Lincoln drove down to the Capitol building. I saw then, for the first time, the President of the United States and the President-elect. One could not imagine greater contrast than those two men presented. Mr. Buchanan at that time was something over seventy years of age, tall and handsome in appearance. His career had been a successful one: he had been a member of both branches of the State legislature; he had been a member of the lower house of Congress for several terms; three times he had been elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania; minister to Russia under President Jackson; Secretary of State under President Polk; minister to England under President Pierce; four years President of the United States;—it seems that all of his ambitions had been satisfied. He was closing his administration in the tumult of secession and revolution. He has been very much censured, yet I am satisfied, when everything is considered,—his age, his environments,—that future historians will say he did the best that he could.

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him that March morning for the first time, seemed tall, awkward, and shambling in his appearance, his face plain to ugliness; yet, while he was speaking, delivering his inaugural, there seemed to be some sort of a transformation. He appeared so sincere, so true, so honest and sensible, that from that moment I had a faith in him which never wavered.

My battery was lying out near Brightwood. I used to go into the city almost every day. Hardly anybody thought there would be war. Though another government had been organized and foreign ministers appointed, still people thought it would blow over without bloodshed. It all seems so strange to us now—almost incredible. But one morning news was brought to the camp that startled us all—Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, had been fired upon. The next day came news of its surrender; and at last it burst upon our minds that war—grim war—was upon us, and, worst of all, civil war!

CHAPTER V.

Washington after the surrender of Fort Sumter—Manifestation everywhere of Southern sympathy—Entrance of Northern troops—Change of public sentiment—Gathering of the Union army—Organizing the army—Marching into Virginia—Battle of Bull Run—Our defeat—Retreat to Washington—Demoralization of the army and people.

That night, after the news of the surrender of Fort Sumter, there was a consultation in the quarters of Captain Magruder, and the next morning three of our officers went into the city and placed their resignations in the hands of the Secretary of War, and we saw them no more. Public sentiment in Washington seemed to be all one way. I heard everywhere expressions of sympathy for the Southern Confederacy, and even cheers for Jefferson Davis and the Southern cause.

My captain came to me the morning he went into the city, and urged me to go with him and join the Southern cause. He complimented me by telling me that I was a thorough soldier and could command his batteries as well as he or anybody, and that he would guarantee me a commission at once; but I reminded him that I could not resign; that I was an enlisted man and was bound to the general government for four years more.

He said, "Oh, the government be d——!" that it had all "gone to h——," and the Southern

army would be in Washington before two weeks.

I told him I did not know anything about the merits of the question which brought about secession and war; but the way I looked upon the matter, my duty was plain: that I had come to this country an exile, without home or country; the United States had given me both, and I should be forever true to the government of my adoption: wherever the flag went, I should go; and if it went down in defeat and disaster, I would go with it. He then sadly bade me good-bye, and said he appreciated my scruples and feeling of gratitude, mistaken as he believed I was.

Captain Magruder was a good man, warm-hearted and generous, thoroughly devoted to his native State, Virginia. For six years he had been almost a father to me, and it made me sad to leave him. The last time I met him was in 1870—a broken man in every way. When I told him I had come two hundred miles out of my way to see him, he thanked me warmly for the esteem which I still held for him. We talked over old times together. He mentioned the incident I have just given: I was in hopes he had forgotten it. He told me that I had acted the wiser part, though he said he had acted conscientiously in the matter at the time. I did not doubt that. He lived only a few months after this interview.

On the fifth day after the surrender of Fort Sumter, if my memory serves me correctly, volunteer troops began to arrive at Washington; and how quick public sentiment began to change. It was as sudden as a burst of sunshine after a thunder-storm. I shall never forget the day that the first Northern regiment arrived. I think it was the Sixth New York. Way down Pennsylvania Avenue we heard a band playing. We soon caught the notes: it was the "Star Spangled Banner." And then we began to hear the cheering of the people. It was a crack New York regiment, composed of the sons of leading citizens, finely dressed, finely equipped, and finely drilled. What a splendid appearance they made!

Within the next few weeks at least fifty thousand men came into the District of Columbia; and all, with the exception of a few regiments of State militia, were raw men who had come from the workshops, the farms, the school-room, the store,—indeed, from everywhere; men of every calling and occupation, except the brewer, the distiller, the saloon-keeper—I did not hear of their coming; but everybody else came. Splendid material to make soldiers of; but they had to be made soldiers "from the ground up," as the saying is. Not one in ten thousand had ever seen a soldier; hardly knew a ramrod from a knitting-needle. They used to afford us of the regulars a good deal of

amusement in witnessing their drill, for the officers seemed to be more awkward than the men themselves. Among the first things that a soldier learns is his facing, and marking time; so you'll hear the drill sergeant say, "Right, left; right, left." So we used to say they didn't know their right foot from their left, and they'd have to bind hay on one foot and straw on the other, and say, "Hay-foot, straw-foot; hay-foot, straw-foot." But they had something better than drill, better than discipline; that was their patriotism, their enthusiasm for their cause. They were the nucleus of the grandest army that was ever organized or led, the *Volunteer Army of the Union*.

I remember witnessing an amusing incident just before we marched into Virginia. Near where we were encamped was a regiment of volunteers. I was out one day witnessing a lieutenant drill his company. They had gotten sufficiently advanced, now, so that they did pretty well. That morning there had been a thunder-storm, and there had been quite a heavy fall of rain. In the middle of the drill ground was a slight depression, and the captain had his men going at a double quick; he espied this water, and knew a part of his line would pass through it. Military words had not become familiar to him yet, so, instead of obliquing his men, or halting and right-abouting them (I presume he had been a teamster a few weeks

before), he shouted to his men: "Haw! haw! haw!" It did just as well; the men understood it, but it was hardly military.

A few days afterward we marched into Virginia, and then out toward Manassas or Bull Run.

I wonder if an army ever went forth to battle as that army did. It was composed of forty-five thousand men. We thought it was a mighty army—and to us it was. It was three times larger than any American army that had ever gone forth to battle before. Most of them were young men. I presume ninety per cent were under twenty-five years of age; full of enthusiasm, life, song, and mirth. We expected a little brush with the "Johnnie Rebs," as we called them, but we expected to easily dispose of them and march proudly on.

But, alas! how few of us ever entered Richmond. It was more than twenty years before I did; and when I did enter Richmond, I went there as a soldier in another army. I went there fighting a more destructive foe than the one we met at Manassas: I went there as a helper and a friend, to save the homes of that beautiful city from the devastation of the liquor traffic.

As the battle of Bull Run is now a matter of history, I shall not take space in this small volume to describe it.

On our retreat the night of the battle, we came to a place where the road had become choked up by different obstructions, and they were trying to clear the way so our artillery could pass, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. A stray private soldier was making his way back to Washington. He was the tallest man I ever saw. He looked more like a pair of tongs than anything else I could think of; he actually looked as though his legs began right under his chin. And he was the most disgusted looking man I ever met. Throwing himself down on the earth where several of us were lying, in the idiom peculiar to a New Englander, he said: "Gol darn it, I won't run another step to-day."

Some one said to him, "You had better run, and run now, for the black-horse cavalry will be along here in a few minutes."

He said, "I don't care for the black-horse cavalry or any other cavalry; I would not run another step for Jeff Davis and the whole Southern Confederacy."

A few minutes afterward a shout came up from the rear, warning us of the approach of the black-horse cavalry, and I tell you there was clearing out of that road pretty quick. Our Yankee friend rose to his feet with alacrity, gave one disgusted look toward the rear, and started on a run that would have done credit to a

jack-rabbit. I do not believe he stopped until he arrived at his Green Mountain home.

The next day at two o'clock we entered Washington, and passed through her streets out to our old camping ground at Brightwood. Utter demoralization reigned. No one seemed to have a command; no one seemed to care for command. The few regular troops alone kept together, and had brought away with them their arms and accouterments. Washington was full of saloons, and they alone seemed to be in high glee and reaping a rich harvest. A thousand men could have charged across Long Bridge and have captured the city. It was the darkest day for our cause during that terrible conflict.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival of General McClellan at Washington—Bringing order out of chaos—Preparation for the defense of the city—Complete defensive works erected about the city—Lincoln calls for five hundred thousand men—General McClellan made the commander-in-chief of the army—Organization of the Army of the Potomac—Peninsular campaign—Our arrival at Fortress Monroe—Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.

General McClellan was called to Washington and placed in command of Washington city. The first thing he did was to close the saloons of the city; the next was to establish rendezvous for the army, sending out patrols to pick up scattered men. Then began the preparation to put Washington in a defensive condition. Ditches were dug, fortifications were erected, and in a short time Washington had been made impregnable against any possible attack that could at that time have been made against it.

Now, for the first time, Mr. Lincoln began to realize that there was really war in the land: not a little insurrection that would blow over in ninety days, but a mighty and terrible war that would tax all the resources of the nation. So he issued a call for five hundred thousand men, to serve for three years, or until the close of the war. Soon these fresh levies began to come into Washington by the thousands and tens of thousands. They

were taken in hand and disciplined, and were prepared for the great work that was before them.

At this juncture General Scott resigned his command and retired. General Scott was one of the greatest men our country ever produced. Born in the State of Virginia, he began his life as a lawyer. At the outbreak of the war with Great Britain in 1812, he entered the army, and remained in continuous service until November, 1861, a period of forty-nine years; the longest time of any great general who has served in our army on the active lists before or since. He had won a brilliant reputation in the war with Great Britain, and was ever known thereafter as the hero of Lundy's Lane. Afterward, in service in Florida and on the plains he showed his efficiency. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico, he was soon placed in command of our entire force in that country, and in his march from Vera Cruz he showed a genius which has never been excelled by any war captain in the world. Marching his army for almost a thousand miles over blistering plains, fighting a dozen battles of more or less magnitude, outnumbered three to one in every contest, the foe at times commanded by the President of the Republic of Mexico, General Santa Anna, Mexico's most renowned soldier, he won every battle, and planted the flag over the halls of Montezuma. Though his army was composed mostly of volunteers, he

accomplished in less than a year what it took more than two years for the French army of more than ten times his number—drilled, disciplined troops and veterans—to accomplish.

He was the Whig candidate for President in 1852, against Franklin Pierce. He was the most magnificent looking man I ever saw. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans he would have been worshiped as a God. He was six feet, seven inches high, well proportioned in every way. He weighed about two hundred and seventy-five pounds. I remember I used to go blocks and blocks out of my way to get a chance to see him. A great admirer, as I am, of beauty in either man or woman, and realizing General Scott's great reputation as a soldier, I felt almost like worshipping him. Indeed, I think we could all say of him, "He was Winfield Scott, the magnificent." He died in the summer of 1866, full of honor and of years.

General George B. McClellan was now placed in command. He took this raw material of our volunteers, organizing them into armies both East and West. Early in the spring of 1862 he was relieved of the chief command, that he might assume the command of the Army of the Potomac in person.

It had been determined to approach Richmond by the way of the peninsula, so we left Washing-

ton the 27th of February, arriving at Fortress Monroe on the 4th of March.

The next Sunday after our arrival in Fortress Monroe, just after dinner, our attention was called to evident excitement at the fort. Looking up the road, we saw the occasion of it. Coming down from Norfolk we espied three steamers: two of them were easily discerned and understood; the third one not easily made out. Her appearance was so peculiar; she looked like a half sunk house. The word soon passed around that the strange looking craft was a Confederate ram, the Virginia.

When Norfolk navy-yard was captured by the Confederates, there was a partially finished ship of war called the Merrimac; this had been scuttled and sunk by our people. The Confederates raised her and constructed her into an iron ship. Her mail was made of railroad iron; then they added to her, to make her more destructive, a tremendous battering-ram made of the finest steel, for the purpose of crushing into the sides of ships and sinking them. It would seem that the head ones of our government knew of her construction, but it was all new to us.

When she came sailing down from Norfolk, escorted by those other steamers, I surveyed her, and then looked over to our naval ships, looking so majestic and strong,—the Congress, carrying thirty-eight guns; the Cumberland, the same

number of guns; the Minnesota, with forty-eight guns. With a joyful heart, I thought how soon our noble ships would do them up and send them to the bottom of the deep. I changed my mind shortly afterward.

The escort now halted at a safe distance, but the Merrimac (I'll call her the Merrimac, although the Confederates had re-named her the Virginia,) came steaming on, evidently making for the Congress, passing the Minnesota on the way. The Minnesota fired a broadside at her. The great big sixty-four-pound shots struck fairly and bounded away, as harmless as though they had been peas shot by a pop-gun. When I saw the little effect of those mighty projectiles, I was filled with despair. The Merrimac did not deign to answer, but steamed down into the channel, passing the Congress. This seemed very strange; but it was explained afterward that Captain Buchanan, the commander of the Merrimac, had a brother aboard of the Congress, who was an officer of the ship, and he thought, by destroying the Cumberland first, that the Congress would then see the futility of any further resistance and would surrender; and his brother's life would thus be saved, or, at least, not endangered. In this it would seem that he was mistaken.

As soon as the Congress had been passed, the Merrimac—with her long ram glittering in the sun,

ready for its work of destruction,—put on all steam, opened the port holes, and ran out the guns, making directly for the Cumberland; all the while being stormed at by both the Congress and the Cumberland, but with utterly futile results. The Cumberland was finally struck amidships, breaking into her side a hole that would have sunk her in fifteen minutes, anyhow. The Merrimac now drew back and let fly a couple of guns that sent a pair of two-hundred-pound shots ripping through the entire length of the Cumberland. The surrender of the Cumberland was now demanded, but the answer came back, "We will never surrender;" and neither did they. But, firing their guns to the last, and cheering their flag, they kept up until the sea settled over them.

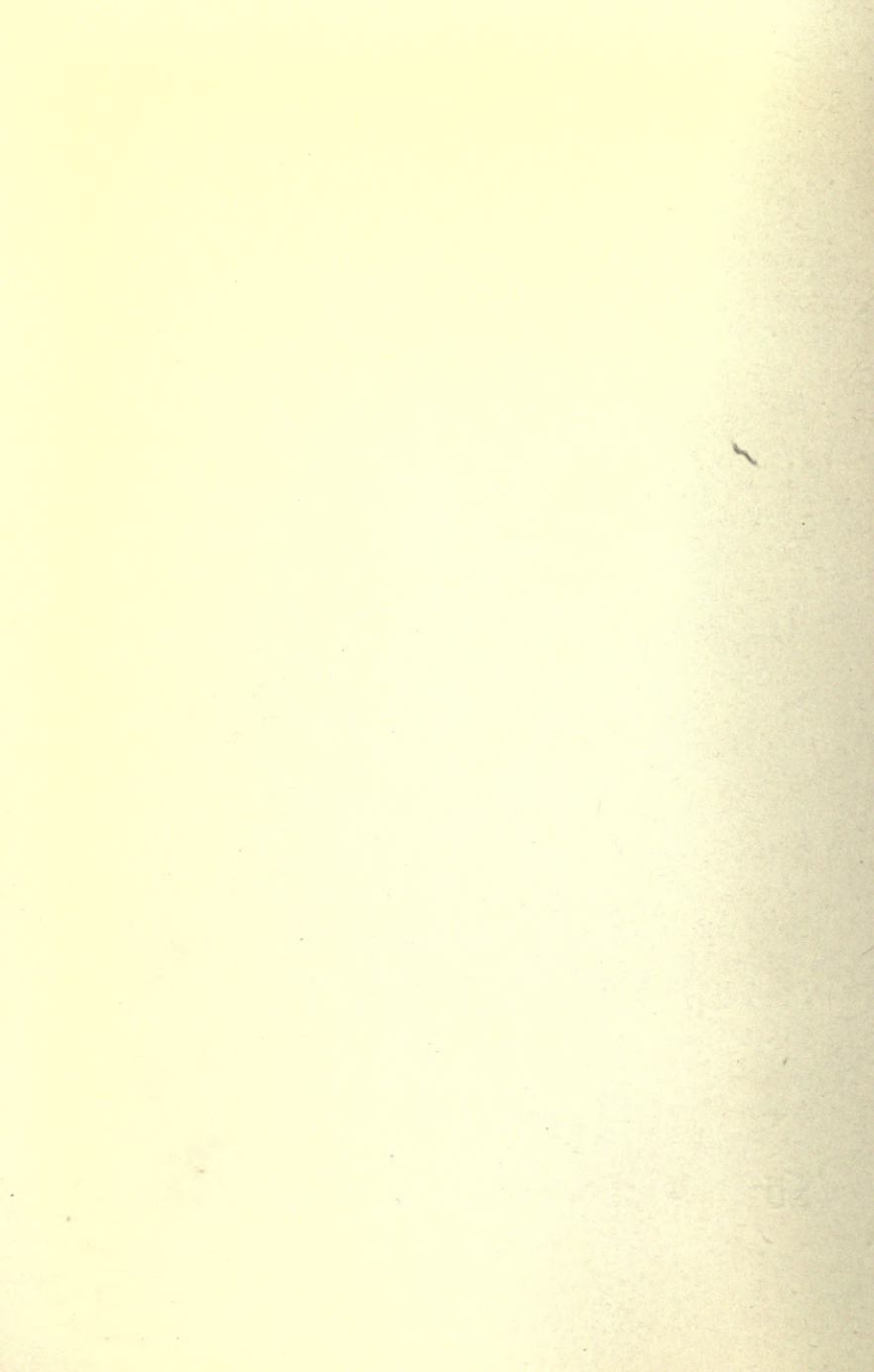
The Merrimac now turned her attention to the Congress. The tide was now going out, and they could not get close enough to ram, so they stood off at arm's length and riddled her through and through with their terrific projectiles; and, as she refused to surrender, the Southern vessel then fired several red-hot shot, setting her afire. The Merrimac then returned to Norfolk.

What a night of despair it was! We anticipated everything disastrous for the next day. We hated to see the dawn of another morning. And, what added to our sorrow, the splendid ship, the Minnesota, in attempting that night to leave the



Mary and John Sobieski.

(At the age of five and three years respectively.)



Roads, had run aground and could not be gotten off.

Next morning early, at high tide, the Merrimac and her escort returned to complete the work of destruction. But she did not know the new foe she had to grapple with ; neither did we know of it. Down she came steaming in all of her gloomy ugliness, making for the Minnesota, which was lying hopelessly aground. All at once, from out behind the Minnesota, there appeared a new craft, more ludicrous in appearance, if possible, than the Merrimac had been the day before ; looking just as some Southern writer said, "like a raft with a cheese-box on top of it." She steamed out spitefully to meet her antagonist, and they came together. Now began for the first time in the world's history a contest between two ships of iron, and for three hours and fifteen minutes those ships of war fought each other.

During the contest we became so excited and carried away, that we forgot all about them being simply ships of war, and in our imagination they became mighty combatants ; instead of being men-of-war, they became gods. We would shout and cheer whenever we thought our champion had made a point. At one time we thought the battle was lost, for all at once the Monitor ceased firing ; she seemed to be drifting, and we thought she had become hopelessly disabled. It seemed that a shot from the Merrimac had struck the pilot-house

of the Monitor right at the point, or aperture, rather, where inside Captain Worden was conducting the battle. The shot striking so close to his eyes, caused a concussion, paralyzing the optic nerves and making him temporarily blind. It was while the change was going on in the command, that the ship seemed to be drifting ; but she soon came into battle again as gallantly as ever, amid the shouting and cheering of the forty thousand men who were watching from the shore. After a while the Merrimac drew out of the contest and steamed aimlessly around : evidently a council of war was being held. All at once she put on all the steam she had and made for her little antagonist, striking the Monitor with such force as to cause the Merrimac to careen on one side, exposing herself below her iron mail. Quick as a flash the Monitor let go one of her two-hundred-pound shots. It went tearing through the entire length of the Merrimac, killing fourteen men, wounding twenty-eight others,—among them Captain Buchanan,—and put the ship in a sinking condition. She now steamed out of action and signaled for her escorts, who tugged the sinking ship back to Norfolk.

And when we saw the battle was over and practically a victory had been won, our joy knew no bounds. We shouted and cheered, cried and laughed ; some men fell down on their knees and

thanked God for the victory ; others hugged their comrades ; others cursed and swore ; just as they felt, so did they express themselves. Our joy was unconfined : we had no drill nor parade that day. It was a day of joy that I shall never forget.

That battle revolutionized the navies of the world. Lord John Russell, Minister of Marines at that time, said in the British House of Lords the next day : "Yesterday, we boasted that our navy was the greatest in the world ; to-day, we have to realize that we have no navy at all."

CHAPTER VII.

Capture of Norfolk—Destruction of the Merrimac—Siege of Yorktown—Battle of Williamsburg—Our sojourn in the Chickahominy swamps—Battle of Fair Oaks—Seven days' battle in front of Richmond—Our retreat to Harrison's Landing.

A few days after this we captured Norfolk, and one result of that battle was the destruction of the Merrimac. The Confederates blew it up to prevent it from falling into our hands.

When we captured Norfolk, we captured about a thousand Confederate prisoners. Norfolk had been a celebrated slave mart before the war, so for a temporary prison the Confederates were put into these slave pens. An old colored woman, when she saw the pens which she had so often seen filled with her own race, now filled with their masters, it was too much for her, and she turned herself into a regular Methodist camp-meeting, and began to shout, "The Lord is slow, but he is mighty sure." Doubtless she had been praying for her freedom for many years, and now, when she saw the dawn of the day of freedom appearing, she had unconsciously given expression to the saying of the ancients: "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

We now marched on to Yorktown, where we besieged that place. But when the Confederates

saw that their works were becoming untenable, they evacuated; and we followed them to where we fought the battle of Williamsburg, where General Hancock won his spurs, and his title as "Hancock, the superb."

I remember the morning of the battle, when we were pressing our way on to Williamsburg. It had been raining for two or three days, and the roads had become exceedingly heavy. An ammunition wagon had stalled, and the driver had been beating and pounding, the horses doing the best they could. Finally, in his anger, the man jumped off the horse and threw a rock at its head. Hancock was right behind the man, who did not know it. Hancock immediately jumped off his horse, and seizing a rock, hurled it at the man. It hit him right between the shoulders.

The man cried, "Oh!" and Hancock said: "Yes, damn you, that's what that horse would have said, if it could have spoken."

I was never cruel in my nature, and I do not know that I ever mistreated a dumb animal; but I never have occasion to deal with a dumb brute but the words of General Hancock come to my mind: I wonder what this animal would say, if it could speak. It is a matter of a good deal of consolation to me to believe that no dumb brute will rise up in judgment against me. I killed a little bird once, but that is the extent of my "cussedness."

After the battle of Williamsburg, we marched on toward Richmond. Now every inch of soil that we trod upon was historic ground. We passed William and Mary College, where the great Jefferson graduated, with other distinguished Virginians; and the white house where Washington courted and married the beautiful widow, Mrs. Custis. Both of those historic landmarks fell a victim to the torch—a wicked and uncalled-for act.

There are always men who, unrestrained, delight in destruction; there are no rights of their fellow men that they will respect; with them there is nothing sacred; they are really barbarians—as much so as the Apache Indians; the only civilization that they have is a very slight veneering; they are men who are never brave in battle, who are always hanging around the outskirts of an army, their object being to plunder, to murder, and to destroy. As war itself is a species of barbarism, I presume that this class will always curse civilized armies.

May 31st and June 1st, 1862, we fought the battle of Fair Oaks. The first day of the battle, owing to a heavy rain, all of our pontoon bridges crossing the Chickahominy had been swept away, except one made of wild grape-vines. The Confederates took advantage of this and attacked our army in force; that is, the portion of it that had crossed the river before the flood, and they had to

stand the brunt of the battle the first day: but during the night the rest of our army succeeded in crossing the river. So on Sunday morning, June 1st, our army attacked the Confederates fiercely, and the battle raged all that day until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the Confederates gave way all along the line and retreated in confusion to their old position.

The most important result of this battle was the severe wounding of General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, when General Robert E. Lee assumed the command. There he began his great career as commander of the army in northern Virginia, a career which placed his name among the world's great soldiers, and endeared him forever in the hearts of all Southern people.

General McClellan has been censured a good deal for not continuing the battle, driving the Confederates out of their position, and capturing Richmond. He may have erred in this, and he may not. Repelling an attack of an army and driving it back is quite a different thing from driving an army out of a fortified position and capturing a city fortified and defended as that city was. I am satisfied that General McClellan acted wisely in the matter.

We had now pushed the Confederates to the very outskirts of the city: we could see the

steeple of the churches and hear the church bells. But just at this juncture General Lee succeeded in forming a junction with Stonewall Jackson. Stonewall Jackson had succeeded in utterly defeating Generals McDowell, Fremont, and Banks; and we found ourselves attacked not only by Lee's army, but by Stonewall Jackson's also. Now followed six days of terrific fighting, which, for a succession of battles, the world has never seen equaled, and in which more than fifty thousand men were either killed or wounded.

The last of that series of battles was fought at Malvern Hill, and this was the climax. McClellan had formed his army in such a way that his flank was protected by the great gunboats lying in the York River. Early in the afternoon General Lee attacked our forces fiercely. My old captain, now General Magruder, finding out where his old battery lay, determined to capture it at every hazard. We hurled them back four times. Once a hand-to-hand contest took place right over our guns; but we drove them back, and his splendid division was nearly annihilated. He was afterwards put under arrest by General Lee for recklessness in the matter. Just after dusk the Confederates gave way at all points, General Lee losing more than ten thousand men in this battle. That night we resumed our march to Harrison's Landing, where we arrived early in the morning.

To show how the bravest of armies will now and then have a coward, I will tell this story.

At the battle of Malvern Hill General Lee met a great tall Johnnie in full retreat, blubbering like a whipped boy. The general halted him, saying: "Halt here! what regiment do you belong to?"

"Tenth Virginia, boohoo! boohoo!"

The general said, "Go back to your regiment, and stand your ground and fight like a man."

He said, "Oh, no, General! I'm a coward; I told them I was when they drafted me, boohoo! boohoo!"

The general said, "Why, nonsense! Virginians are never cowards; and if I was, I wouldn't be a great boo-baby."

"I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that, boohoo! boohoo!" was the reply of the poor fellow.

CHAPTER VIII

The army at Harrison's Landing—Our corps ordered to reenforce Pope—Defeat—McClellan again in command—March into Maryland—Battle of South Mountain—Battle of Antietam—McClellan removed—Burnside in command—Battle of Fredericksburg.

I shall never forget the morning we arrived at Harrison's Landing. It was raining hard, as it had been for several hours. It was a regular Virginia downpour. We had had six days of constant fighting. My corps, the Fifth Army Corps, commanded by Fitz John Porter, had borne the brunt of the fight, as we were the rear guard and were fighting by day and marching by night. A dozen hours would safely cover all the sleep I had for the six days. So, when I had hitched my horse to the picket rope, I took off the saddle and lay down on the ground. I laid my head on the saddle, and slept until late in the afternoon. I remember when I woke up, the rain had just begun to subside a bit. The spot where I lay was on the side of a little hill, so the water ran away as fast as it fell. When I arose and looked at myself, I could hardly recognize myself; the rain had washed, or bleached out, my dirty uniform, so it looked bright and new. Our rations had not yet come up, so I strolled out into a field where I found an apple

tree full of half-grown apples, and I think I ate a peck. I will not vouch for this statement, but it was astonishing how many I ate of them. My comrades wouldn't touch them, as hungry as they were, and they tried to make me believe that I wouldn't live more than an hour and a half; but they agreed with me perfectly—I felt as gay as a lark. I remember my sergeant said that a Polander might eat them and digest them all right, but it would raise hell with any human being.

We remained at Harrison's Landing about a month, or a little more, when our corps was ordered to Washington, and then out to reenforce General Pope, who had practically superseded General McClellan.

In the last days of August we fought the battles of Manassas and Chantilly, and were again defeated. We lost several very valuable officers in these battles; among them was Colonel Fletcher Webster, the only surviving son of Daniel Webster, the great statesman; Colonel Isaac Stevens, of Oregon, formerly governor of that Territory; but our greatest and saddest loss among the officers was the gallant General Philip Kearney.

General Kearney was a native of New Jersey, I believe. At West Point he was a classmate of General Robert E. Lee. He had won a splendid reputation in the Mexican War, where he lost an arm. When he returned from Mexico, he retired from

the United States army. He fought in the Italian army against Austria, and maintained his splendid reputation as a soldier; and such was his record there, he was given a badge of the Legion of Honor for his services in Algiers. At the outbreak of our Civil War he returned to the United States, tendered his services to our government, and in the Peninsular Campaign was the inspiration of the army. He was a perfect stranger to fear. The night of the battle at Chantilly, without any guard, he rode out to inspect the enemy's lines, and ran into them; they called upon him to halt; he wheeled his horse and attempted to escape; the Confederates fired upon him, and he fell dead from his horse. General Lee was not far away; they reported to him that a Federal officer of distinction had been killed. General Lee and his staff went over to where the body lay. Lee at once recognized his old classmate, and ordered the soldiers to take him to his quarters; a guard was at once posted over the remains, and the next morning the body was sent into our lines under a flag of truce.

While I was lecturing in England some years ago, I read a statement made by an English officer who was serving on General Lee's staff, in regard to the death of General Kearney. He said that when Lee and his staff went out to ascertain who the fallen general was, as soon as Lee saw him he recognized him. He said for the first time he saw

General Lee show indications of emotion. He turned at once to the party who had done the firing and said: "Boys, do you know whom you have killed? You have killed one of the bravest soldiers that ever drew a sword: you have killed General Kearney." General Lee ordered a stretcher to be brought and the remains of General Kearney placed upon it, and ordered that the remains should be carried to headquarters. General Lee and his staff dismounted, and, uncovering their heads, formed a procession and followed the remains to the headquarters. Thus it is that the brave always honor the brave.

We now retreated to Washington, and Pope was superseded in command and ordered to report to St. Paul, Minnesota, to take charge of the campaign against the Indians on the frontier.

General Pope was an able soldier, but he was entirely lacking in what is known as tact. When he was called from the West to the East and placed in command of the Army of the Shenandoah, the good record he had made in the West had preceded him, and he was well thought of by all of the men and, I think, most of the officers. But in two weeks' time, by his unwise utterances, he succeeded in making himself thoroughly disliked by all. He began by making reflections on the Army of the Potomac, sneering at his officers, reflecting on the men. In the first general order he issued

to the army, he began by saying: "I have come from the West, where we have been accustomed to look at the backs of the enemy;" and numerous other unwise sayings made him thoroughly detested: yet I believe the army did their duty fully and faithfully under him, as they loved their cause, if they did not their general.

McClellan was now again placed in command of the defenses of Washington, which really meant the command of the Army of the Potomac; and the news of his reinstatement was hailed with enthusiasm by the men.

General Lee had already crossed over into Maryland, and was rapidly approaching Washington. General McClellan at once put his army in motion, and we marched out of Washington to meet Lee. We met his advance guard at New Market, drove it back, reached the city of Frederick on the 12th of September, and everywhere our army was received with enthusiasm by the people, which much surprised us.

On Sunday, the 14th, we fought the battle of South Mountain, where the Confederates were defeated with great loss.

We rapidly followed them to Antietam. There we met General Lee with his entire command. A drunken general, in command at Harper's Ferry, had, without much resistance, surrendered to General Stonewall Jackson his entire command of

twelve thousand; and thus enabled Stonewall Jackson to reenforce General Lee at Antietam with his entire corps. This made the battle one of the most terrific and bloody of the war. The battle opened in the morning, and lasted all day and far into the night; the loss of the Union and Confederate armies on that day was more than thirty thousand.

The next day was spent in replenishing our exhausted ammunition, and making preparation for an attack early on the morning of the 19th. But during the night General Lee succeeded in making his escape. His expedition into Maryland had cost him heavily. He expected large reinforcements to his army from the Southern sympathizers in Maryland, but did not receive any. He had lost twenty-five thousand men, and had also lost the prestige of the victory he had won in the summer. His mistake was a heavy blow to the Southern cause.

A few weeks after this, while General McClellan was reorganizing his army, refitting it by issuing clothing to the men and doing those things necessary to make an army efficient after such an exhausting campaign, he was superseded by General Burnside, and ordered to report at Trenton, New Jersey, his home. This closed his connection with the Army of the Potomac, and, indeed, his services in the Civil War.

General McClellan was one of the most accomplished officers our army ever had. He had graduated at West Point at the head of his class, and had won a fine reputation in Mexico. When the war in the Crimea was going on, he was selected by General Scott to visit the seat of the war to study the operation of the allies and the Russian army, and received a high compliment from General Scott for his report. Shortly after, he resigned from the army and was made president of the Illinois Central Railroad.

At the outbreak of the war, the governor of Ohio made him a major-general of the State militia, and he led them into western Virginia. His campaigns there were so brilliant in defeating the Confederates, that he was made a major-general in the United States army by President Lincoln. He was at that time but thirty-five years of age. After the battle of Bull Run he was ordered to Washington and placed in command. The promptness with which he brought order out of chaos delighted the country. His great organizing powers were so manifest, that when Scott retired from the army, he, by general consent, succeeded him. But already murmurs had been raised against him; there were those who thought he ought to inaugurate an active campaign in Virginia in the winter, and nothing could he say in defense of himself that the country would receive. But

after General Burnside made the experiment, after the battle of Fredricksburg, the impracticability of such a course was demonstrated. Such is the nature of the soil in that country, by reason of the almost constant rains, that it would be as impossible to carry on a campaign at that time of the year as it is in the Philippine Islands during the rainy season. Then his Peninsular Campaign was severely criticised, and he was unfortunate enough to secure the ill will of the Secretary of War, who was a very strong and a very vindictive man. And at last President Lincoln considered it wise, under the circumstances, to remove him from command; but his removal almost caused a mutiny in the army. No man was ever idolized by his army as was General McClellan, with the possible exception of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was one of those men whose defeat did not effect the confidence the men had in him; they were ready to do, dare, and die for him. Such was the men's love for him, that the government considered it wise at the beginning of the battle of Gettysburg to let the impression go out that he was again in command; and the impression was general throughout the entire army during that battle, that we were fighting again under the eye of "little Mac;" but he was never with us again.

He was nominated for the presidency by the Democratic party in 1864. This was the mistake

of his life; and made worse by the platform upon which he was placed, known as the "peace platform," although in his letter of acceptance he declared that the war should be prosecuted as long as any man disputed the authority of the government. He was overwhelmingly defeated by President Lincoln in the electoral college, although he received a large popular vote. He was afterward nominated for minister to England by President Johnson, and rejected by the Senate for political reasons. He was in 1877 nominated for governor of New Jersey by the Democratic party, and elected by an overwhelming majority. He made an exceedingly popular and able governor.

The last time that I saw him was at the Palmer House in Chicago, in 1885, when I and some other old soldiers who had served under him, called upon him. He received us very graciously, and seemed to be much touched by our kind remembrance and regard. It had been twenty-three years since I had seen him, yet he was looking so young that we all remarked how lightly the finger of time had touched him. The whiteness of his mustache alone seemed to show his age. He died a few weeks after this of heart trouble, after a few hours' sickness.

General McClellan was in every way a high-toned Christian gentleman. His habits and morals were exceptionable; he was a total abstainer,

he neither drank liquor nor used tobacco; he was unpretentious in his life and living. He sought to make the war as bearable as possible, by respecting property and families in Virginia. He was very much censured for this. There are those who believe with General Sheridan, that the most humane way is to make war as terrible as possible, and thereby shorten it. But General McClellan did not take this view of it, and I am satisfied that future generations will decide that he was right. Of all the twenty battles that he fought, he never clearly lost a battle, although none of his victories were decisive.

General Burnside now assumed the command, and was received with great satisfaction by the army. Recognizing the fact that he had been given command of the army in response to a public demand for a battle, regardless of whether he was ready or not, he gave battle to General Lee at Fredericksburg; and though our men never fought more bravely, yet our defeat was terrible. We lost more than twenty thousand men, while the loss of the Confederates was very slight in comparison.

An incident occurred in this battle, showing how gallantly the adopted sons of America fight for her flag.

The citadel of the Confederate position at the battle of Fredericksburg was Marye's Heights, just back of the city of Fredericksburg. This was

commanded by more than fifty pieces of artillery. I remember reading of the conversation that took place between General Lee and General Longstreet the night before the battle. When Lee asked the question if Longstreet had gotten his cannon so posted that he could command the approach of the hill, he replied that he could comb it as with a fine-tooth comb; and we found it so, to our terrible sorrow.

Four times an attempt had been made to capture the hill, and we had been beaten back with a loss that was appalling. About four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, General Thomas Francis Meagher, commander of the celebrated Irish brigade, begged permission to charge it with his brigade. Dismounting from his horse, sword in hand, he led the charge. My battery was on the other side of the river, and it seemed to us, from where we were posted, that the side of the hill was so literally covered with our fallen comrades that it would be impossible for a charge to be made without the men tramping upon their dead and dying comrades. The hillside was literally blue with their uniforms; yet on went our gallant brigade. We watched them with bated breath as they advanced. All at once the entire artillery of the enemy opened upon them; but unbroken on they went, their brave commander sorely wounded, his sword broken by a fragment of a shell, bleeding in

half a dozen places,—he still led them on. Already two-thirds of the distance had been made, and more than two thirds of the brigade was down; but still on they marched. The very crest of the hill had been reached, and we were shouting: "He's making it! He's making it!" when the enemy's infantry, four deep, arose and blazed in their faces; and down went the whole brigade. It seemed to us as though every man had been killed; but under the darkness of the night a few hundred succeeded in making their escape. But the next morning, out of the thirty-eight hundred who had made the charge, only six hundred and eighteen answered the roll-call. The brave general himself was wounded in a half dozen places. This shows the sacrifices those splendid men made, that the flag of their country might wave over a free and united people.

Their brave leader—such was the severity of his wounds—was never again permitted to take active part in the field. He was at the close of the rebellion appointed by President Johnson as governor of Montana Territory. He was drowned in the Missouri River. When a young man, he had joined with others of his countrymen to liberate Ireland from the power of Great Britain. Failing in the attempt, he was sentenced to death. His sentence was commuted to transportation to Van Diemen's Land for life. After serving there

some years, he made his escape and came to the United States. He served as a captain in the Sixty-ninth New York at the battle of Bull Run. Such was his conduct there, that he was appointed brigadier-general by President Lincoln, and signalized himself for bravery at the battle of Fair Oaks and at Gaine's Mill. In addition to his soldierly qualities, he was a great orator.

I was very nearly captured while we were near New Baltimore, after the battle of Antietam. I took charge of some teams one day, to go out and get some forage. Our orders were very strict not to enter into any private house, and if any of my men did so, or attempted in any way to molest the inhabitants, to report them on return to the camp. After getting some distance out into the country, and being some little distance in the rear of my teams, I noticed that they had halted in front of a farm-house. I put the spur to my horse, and as I approached the house heard the cackling of hens and the gobbling of turkeys, and knew some fowl (foul) proceedings were going on at the front. I rode up to the house just in time to meet the men on the way out to their wagons, with their hands full of fowls. I halted them and ordered them to drop their plunder, and threatened to report them on returning to camp. A very handsome lady, apparently about thirty-five, who was standing on the porch of the house, thanked me for my protec-

tion, and calling me captain, asked me how soon it would be before I would return. I told her in a couple of hours. She said if I would call, she would show her appreciation of my services by having a good dinner for me.

On my return she met me at the door, and a darky received my horse and led it away.

As I was entering the hall, she said: "Captain you can lay your belts upon this table, and I'll promise you that they shall not be interfered with."

I hesitated for a moment, questioning in my mind the wisdom of the act; but I took them off and threw them on the table. She led the way into the parlor, where she introduced me to an exceedingly handsome young lady, who was her sister.

She said, "Sister, this is the young captain who protected our house this morning."

The young lady bowed and smiled. I was at that time twenty years of age, a very susceptible time in one's life, so the smile was more than I could stand, and I was gone in a minute.

She said, "Yes, sister told me about the event of this morning, and that shows that all the chivalry is not on our side."

The lady of the house said: "Now, I will hurry up my servants with the dinner, and my sister will entertain you;" which she did charmingly.

Soon dinner was announced, and when I entered the dining room, I saw there were several extra plates. I was assigned to a place at the table, and while waiting for the ladies to be seated, a door opened to my right, and in walked two Confederate officers, a captain and a major. They were introduced to me as Captain and Major Grayson. They extended their hands, and I shook hands with them and said I was glad to meet them. I reckon I never told a bigger lie.

The lady of the house said: "Now, I will put the major on the right of our friend, and the captain on the left. There, you don't know how nice you warriors look."

I thought I might look nice, but I didn't feel that way. It was some minutes before I dared look in the face of my hostess. I cannot describe my feelings in those minutes, though I tried to conceal them. I thought, after I had protected her house, she had laid a trap to take me prisoner. I was afraid, if I looked at her, I would say something that wasn't nice; so I waited until my emotions were conquered, and everything went as pleasantly as though we were old friends.

After dinner we went into the parlor. All around the parlor walls there were pictures of distinguished Virginians: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Marshall, Zachary Taylor, and others. I thought all this time that

I was a prisoner, though not the slightest reference had been made to the subject, or to my peculiar position. As we walked around the room we talked about the great men whose pictures we looked upon, and they complimented me that one so young as I was, and a foreigner, too, should be so well acquainted with the lives of these great men. Soon the ladies came in and we got to talking about my native country. As I told them of the struggle of our country for liberty and the part my family had taken in the struggle, and as I described the Russian prison, the death of my father, the banishment of my mother and myself, I saw the tears standing in the eyes of the two fair Virginians.

I now told my hostess that I must go. They all begged of me to remain longer, as they had enjoyed my visit so well; but I assured them that I must go. I thought they were going to say that they would keep me anyway; but soon my horse was announced, and we proceeded out into the hallway, followed by the ladies. The gentlemen assisted me in adjusting my belts, and when we arrived at the porch the little darky stood ready with my horse. When the bridle was placed in my hands, I turned around and confronted them for the first time. Up to this time not a single word had been said in regard to our peculiar relations

As I extended my hand, both of the gentlemen stepped forward to receive it. The major said he was glad to have met me, and hoped to meet me again under more favorable circumstances. And the captain said, "And above all, we hope you may go through the rest of the war unscathed."

I thanked them for their kind wishes, tipped my hat to the ladies, mounted my horse, and was gone. My relief was great when I found that I was a free man.

Still, I have often since pondered upon my strange adventure that afternoon. I have rather concluded that the major was the lady's husband, that the captain was his brother, of course, and that they had come there that day after we had left, and the lady had told them of the events of the morning, and, under the circumstances, they could not avail themselves of their opportunity for my capture. I wonder if they did go through the rest of the storm of war unscathed! I hope they did; and I have often hoped since then, that if they did come through alive, that I might meet one or both and have a talk with them over the events of that afternoon. I have given up that hope now, but trust in the great Beyond we shall meet and have a talk and laugh over the peculiar dinner on that November day, when we met together, and, forgetting the bitter passions of war, passed the hour so pleasantly.

CHAPTER IX.

March again—Stuck in the mud—General Burnside superseded by General Hooker—Reorganization of the army—Advance again on the foe—Battle of Chancellorsville—Charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania—Our defeat—Discouragement.

After a few weeks of rest, General Burnside, heeding the demand of the press of the country, advanced again on the foe. We went just far enough to get submerged in the mud so deep that it took us six weeks to get out.

General Burnside was now removed, and General Hooker appointed in his place.

General Burnside resumed the command of the Ninth Army Corps, and reported to General Grant for service in the West. He took part in the siege of Vicksburg. In the campaign of 1864 he returned to Virginia again with his corps, and took part in the siege of Petersburg. At the close of the war he took up his residence in Rhode Island, was elected governor of the State two or three times, was twice elected United States Senator, and finally died of apoplexy. General Burnside was one of the most refined, cultured, Christian men that ever served in the army. He was an ideal man in his character: he made a good soldier and an enlightened statesman. Peace to his ashes.

General Hooker went to work with all of the wonderful vigor of his nature to reorganize the army and perfect its machinery; and completed his work to the last detail. His great reputation as a fighter pleased the army and the nation; and the campaign of 1863 was looked forward to with the greatest hope, by army and nation. So, when we opened the campaign on the 27th of April with one hundred and fifty-eight thousand men in the ranks, the Army of the Potomac was never before or afterward in such a fine, hopeful and spirited condition.

But an incident occurred the first day of our activity that I shall never forget. General Hooker, with his staff, was standing close to our battery. He was sitting on his magnificent charger, when an orderly came up and announced the successful crossing of the river by General French. As Hooker read the despatch, he almost jumped from his saddle.

“Good!” exclaimed he, “I have got them where I defy God Almighty to help them.”

In three short days the enemy was triumphant; and our army, defeated and broken, with a loss of nearly twenty-five thousand men, retreated again across the Rappahannock to the old camps. General Hooker was a good fighter but a poor commander of an army: everything went wrong from the beginning.

I can never forget that fatal day when General Howard permitted himself to be surprised. General Howard had been apprised in the morning by General Hooker to look out for his rear, but in some way had neglected doing so. While some of his men were preparing their suppers, and others were writing letters to their loved ones, that leopard of the Southern army, General Stonewall Jackson, was creeping up into their rear, getting ready to make his last and awful spring, which should cause the defeat of our army, and his own death. Without a note of warning he sprang out on Howard's men. The men were shot down before they could get to their guns or rifles. Panic now seized the men and spread from regiment to regiment, brigade to brigade, division to division, until the whole corps was involved. Down they came pell-mell, like a seething ocean or river.

That day we were with General Pleasanton. He intuitively, as soon as he heard the tumult, seemed to understand it. Already the fragments of the dispersed corps were upon us: we could hear the shouting of the exultant foe. General Pleasanton seemed to be helpless. There were two field batteries, but it would take time to get them in line. There was a splendid regiment of cavalry that had just come in from a scout.

General Pleasanton turned to them and said: "Major Keenan, are you willing to sacrifice yourself and regiment to save the army?"

He answered, "I am willing to obey orders."

"Charge the enemy at once," ordered General Pleasanton.

Major Keenan coolly turned to his regiment and ordered the men to mount.

As they passed my battery I knew I was looking upon a regiment of men that were going out to die. They were splendid looking men from western Pennsylvania. They drew their hats down close around their heads, settled themselves in their saddles, grasped their carbines with a firmer grasp, and started out on a trot toward the enemy. Just at a place where a point of woods pointed down into the clear field, they sounded the bugle for a charge; and eight hundred men threw themselves into the face of twenty thousand.

Stonewall Jackson, never dreaming that he was being charged by a single regiment unsupported, gave orders for his corps to halt and reline. It took twenty minutes to do this; but before that time we had our batteries in position, and were giving them shot at the rate of one hundred a minute. We were now reenforced by General Sickles, and the fierce, triumphant onset was stayed, and the army saved; and the gallant Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry had done it. It was a grander charge than that of the "Light Brigade," for that charge was a blunder; but this a case where a regiment deliberately sacrificed itself to

save the army. Oh, that we had a Tennyson to immortalize these splendid heroes!

Thirty hours after this we were back across the river again, with a loss of twenty-five thousand of our comrades, defeated and discouraged. We had started out with great hope and expectation; but all our hopes were blasted, and we were eating the bitter fruits of defeat.

CHAPTER X.

The death of Stonewall Jackson, and its effect on the Confederate army—Lee's march into the North—We follow him—Arrival on the field of Gettysburg—The battle—Thrilling description of Pickett's charge—Wounded—A faithful comrade—Taken to the hospital for the mortally wounded, near Hagerstown—Taken to the hospital at Washington—Rapid recovery—Rejoin my company—Ordered before Casey's examining board—Commissioned colonel of a colored regiment—My declination—Rejoin my company—Crossing of the Rapidan—Retreat—Winter quarters.

The loss of the Confederates in killed and wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville was nearly as large as ours, and the loss on both sides was nearly forty thousand; but the greatest loss that the Confederates sustained was the death of their celebrated leader, General Stonewall Jackson.

In my opinion, take it all in all, he was the greatest soldier developed by the South during the Civil War. He was a most remarkable character. Coming from very humble origin, an orphan boy, he succeeded, partially by his own endeavors, and with the help of some friends, in being appointed a cadet to West Point. He chiefly distinguished himself in school by studious habits. If he did not graduate at the head of his class, he came near doing so. I think the same year he graduated he went to Mexico; and in that array of wonderful, bright young men from West Point, he stood in the very foremost rank. He returned home a



Mary Sobieski.
(At the age of 16.)



major by brevet. He afterward resigned from the army, and became an instructor at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, it was said he hesitated long before he decided to cast his fortune with the Southern Confederacy; but, believing that his duty to his State was imperative, he offered his services to the State of Virginia.

At the battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade. During the battle General Beauregard saw his brigade was about to be fiercely attacked. He asked Jackson if his brigade would stand. "*Yes, like a stone wall,*" was the reply.

The only time he was defeated was at the battle of Winchester, when he was defeated by General Shields. But a few weeks afterward he fought and beat in detail Generals Banks and Shields, and succeeded in joining Lee before Richmond, where he hurled his invincible divisions against McClellan's army with such fierceness that he compelled us to raise the siege. It was his coming so suddenly and unexpectedly on the field of the second Bull Run battle, and striking such a terrific blow, that fairly paralyzed Pope, and made the defeat of his army complete and overwhelming. When Lee crossed the Potomac in 1862, it devolved upon General Jackson to go by way of Harper's Ferry and capture our army there. This he executed to the letter; and rejoining Lee the night

before the battle of Antietam, saved Lee's army from being crushed in that battle. And when everything was going well with us in the battle of Chancellorsville, it was Jackson who succeeded in getting into Howard's rear and leaping like a leopard from the jungle upon the Eleventh Corps, sweeping everything before him, and making the defeat of our army complete.

Just after dark that night, as he was riding along his lines, he received a shot that completely shattered his arm. It was from the effect of this wound that he died.

General Lee, in writing to President Davis, speaking of Jackson's death, said: "I have lost my right arm." He had lost more; for the Army of Northern Virginia never won a decided victory after his death. He was so deeply religious in his character, that one is reminded of the days of Cromwell. He was the Bayard of the Southern army; without blemish or reproach.

As soon as the armies had rested, preparation was begun for another campaign, when General Hooker received information that General Lee had started northward. He at once put his army in motion to follow him. During the march General Hooker retired from the command of the army, and was succeeded by General Meade.

The appointment of General Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac proved to be

most unfortunate. While he was a brave, splendid fighter, yet he lacked the coolness of a great commander. He could not work a great army. At the battle of Chancellorsville he never got more than one-half of his splendid army into battle, and some of them got in on their own hook. He was hot-headed, impetuous, and passionate; and what made matters still worse, he loved whiskey.

After he left the Army of the Potomac, in the fall of 1863, the Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps were consolidated, forming the Twentieth Army Corps. With it he went to reenforce General Grant at the battle of Chattanooga, or Look-out Mountain, where he did some splendid fighting. But during the campaign of Atlanta he got displeased at something, and asked to be relieved. He died in Cincinnati some years afterward, from paralysis.

General George G. Meade, who succeeded him, was a fine soldier. He came out in command of the Pennsylvania Reserves. As a brigade commander, as a division commander, and as corps commander, he had been eminently successful. A better selection could not have been made. Taking command of the army while it was on the march, he had many things to contend with; but he brought it upon the field of Gettysburg, notwithstanding the hot and dusty march, in fine shape. We arrived on the field of Gettysburg

about three o'clock in the afternoon. We had a brisk engagement with the enemy as soon as we arrived, and were compelled to retreat through the suburbs of Gettysburg.

A lieutenant of my battery, Lieutenant Wills, was mortally wounded. My captain ordered me to take charge of him, and see that no harm befell him. I took him into a house and laid him upon a sofa. There was no one in the house: I think they had gone into the country for their health. My lieutenant lived but a few minutes. He had given me his watch, a picture of his wife, and a letter which he had written to her that morning. In the letter he had predicted to her his death in that battle.

As I looked out of the window of the house, I saw the Confederate soldiers swarming all about it. I saw at once that I was in the Southern Confederacy. I put the keepsakes in my pocket, and ran down cellar and into a room where the farmer kept his milk, cheese, butter, and such. The cellar was dimly lighted from the west.

The little village of Gettysburg was largely what is called an agricultural town, that is, many of the farmers lived in it and were cultivating farms that were adjacent to it; and this happened to be one of those farm-houses.

I soon took in the situation, and already hearing footsteps up-stairs, and knowing the instincts

of a soldier well enough to know they would be down-stairs hunting for something to eat, I came out of the room, and getting behind the stairway, took a seat on a barrel. I wanted some of that milk and cheese awfully bad: but soon down came the rebel soldiers, and as they passed me, I fell into line and went into the little room with them, and drank milk and cream out of the same earthen milk-pan with men whom I had been fighting half an hour before.

I remember as I was drinking from the first milk-pan, a Confederate soldier who was waiting to take his turn at it, became impatient for his turn, and said: "Come, chum, hurry up now;" and when he saw so little left in the pan as I handed it to him, he said: "My God, chum, what a capacity you have for drink!"

Then I found some pickles and some gingerbread, and got a big hunk of cheese. I then retreated with the boys, but was very careful to fall in behind and unobserved take my place again on the barrel behind the stairway. A half dozen delegations came down in the next two or three hours, and each time the same thing was gone through with: each time I fell in with them and went into the little room, to prevent myself being discovered by anyone who was bent on investigation. I filled myself chuck full of milk, cream, gingerbread, cheese, and pickles, without any

detriment whatsoever to myself. I wish I could do that now. Early in the morning the rebels were driven back again, and I found my command without any difficulty.

Late in the evening of the 2nd of July, and the second day of the battle, I started out with some canteens, to fill them with cool water for myself and some comrades. A large spring which was on the field, was in our hands late in the afternoon; but it seemed later that the Confederates had expanded themselves and taken it in. I carefully made my way through the dark to the spring. I filled my canteens, and noticed quite a number of men filling canteens at the same time. All I could see of them was the dark outlines of their forms.

When I finished filling my canteens, a man at my side said: "Chum, may I have your dipper to fill my canteen?"

I said yes, and gave it to him; but that word "chum" was a word not in vogue with us, so I asked him what command he was in.

"Why," he said, "Hood's command, Third Texas."

"What command is yours?" said he.

I had a lie all ready for him; I told him the Fourth North Carolina. Just then he had finished his canteens and handed the dipper back to me, when another man asked me for the dipper. I let

him have it, but I had lost all interest in that dipper. However, I succeeded in getting into our lines without any trouble.

The next morning about nine o'clock our battery was ordered to reenforce General Farnsworth. We started on our journey. Just at that moment I was not dreaming of any danger, but a sharpshooter, who was posted somewhere out of sight up among the rocks, drew a bead on me and let me have it. When I was struck by that bullet the sensation was peculiar; it seemed to me as though I went right up into the sky about one hundred and fifty feet. A spiritualist friend of mine said my soul did, but that it came back again. Well, I am glad it did change its mind, and not leave me on such a slight pretext as that. My comrades say I fell like a log. When I came to myself my battery had disappeared, but my horse had remained with me and was smelling me. The first thing that I did was to ascertain what was the matter. I rose to a sitting position, when I felt the blood trickling down both sides of my body. On raising my blouse, I found I had been shot through the stomach, the bullet coming out close to my back-bone, without in any way injuring it. I at once lay down on my side. I thought I would live about half an hour. I had seen men similarly wounded, and they usually died within an hour.

Do you ask what I thought while I lay there? Well, not much of anything. I thought what kind of a sensation I would experience in my last moments. I was not at all afraid to die. I had never in my life consciously done any man a wrong, and never desired to harm any one, except in the discharge of my duty as a soldier. I had no desire to injure anybody, not even the Czar of Russia. I at that time took comparatively little interest in religion. My early training had been that of a Catholic, but I had now ceased to be one. I loved God and my fellow men. I believed in the Bible; at least, what I knew about it. I had never read the book at that time, but had read Bible stories, which constituted all of my Bible lore. I believed in the immortality of the soul and in the recognition of our friends hereafter, and did not doubt that, in case of my death, I would soon be with my father and mother in the happy land. And I believed in Christ; so the thought of death did not worry me.

While I was lying there,—perhaps it had been twenty minutes from the time I had recovered my consciousness,—a young man belonging to the ambulance corps came along and asked me about my wound. I told him. He told me to lay over on my back, and as soon as he could he would send a stretcher for me and take me from the field. As the day was very hot, I took my hat and

shaded my face. All at once a new sensation took possession of me: it was like an electric thrill. I almost shouted with gladness. I knew I was not going to die, but would soon be restored to health. A couple of men with a stretcher came then and took me off the field.

Down under the base of a hill was a straw-stack, where there was an improvised hospital. As there was no fighting going on in that part of the field that morning, I was at once waited upon by a kindly old doctor, who did not belong to the army, and who evidently had come in from the country.

As he came up to me, he said: "My dear young man, do you know the nature of your wound?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, "if you have not made your peace with your God, you had better do it at once, as you have but a short time to live."

I told him that God and I were on the best of terms, for I had never done any fussing with him. He looked upon me compassionately, and told them to take me into the shade near by, as the sun was very hot. I got along excellently that day, suffering only a little feeling of nausea, and that was all.

About one o'clock the terrific artillery battle began between the Confederates and our forces. Three hundred pieces of artillery were pouring

forth their missiles of death. I had never heard anything like it; the earth where I lay shook and trembled constantly. After two hours or so it ceased, and then after a short interval it reopened again. It was our artillery attempting to repel Pickett's charge. About half past four they began to bring in the wounded. I soon lost all thought of myself in the groans and cries of my suffering comrades. So many of them were torn by shot and shell, and their suffering was awful.

About six or half past six my comrade found me. He was overjoyed when he saw that I was alive, but saddened at the nature of my wound. I told him I was all right, hadn't suffered a bit, wasn't going to suffer, and expected to live at least seventy-five years longer. He now went off for a doctor, and brought one, who, after examining my wounds, asked me how early in the day I had been wounded. I told him. He said he was astounded to think that I had lived so long, and told me that I would not live an hour. My comrade expressed some impatience when the doctor told him he could do all that could be done for me, and that was to keep my wound as cool as possible, and for him to get a canteen of cold water and to keep the wound constantly wet. He did as directed, and all night long he kept up his vigil: trickle, trickle, trickle—I can feel the water now, it seems. When morning came I was in fine condition. Early in the

forenoon I was placed in an ambulance and taken out near Hagerstown, where I was put into a big barn that had been converted into a temporary hospital for the mortally wounded.

Shortly after my arrival a young man came along, asked me my name, my company and age. These items he wrote out on a piece of paper, and pinned it on my blouse. I told him that was unnecessary, as I expected to live many years.

Right behind him was a Catholic sister, who, looking down upon the piece of paper on my blouse, said to me: "You are a Catholic."

I said, "No, I am not."

"You have a Catholic name," she said.

"Yes," I replied, "I have been a Catholic, but I am not one now."

She asked me what I was.

I told her I was nothing.

"Well, my poor, wayward boy," said she, "I shall stay by you until it is all over with you."

"Well," I said, "then you'll have to marry me, as I intend to inhabit this planet for some years to come."

She smiled and said nothing, but carefully watched over me until I was removed from the barn hospital.

In the course of four or five days all had died except about a half dozen, and we were taken to Washington to the hospital. The doctors cheered

me up by telling me that I would live only a day or two, and wanted to label me again. I refused to let them, kept in the best of spirits, laughing and joking with my attendants, and in four weeks' time I was down on the streets; and in eight weeks to a day from the time I was wounded, I reported for duty. From the day I was wounded, I kept improving every minute. I attribute my wonderful recovery to the fact that I was a very young man,—lacking a few weeks of being twenty-one,—possessed of a happy, jovial, hopeful nature, and I had lived a good life. I had never drunk liquor, or used tobacco—except about half of a cigar, and I am sure that I vomited that poison up about as soon as it made a lodgment. The doctors told me that I must have come of a splendid line of ancestry, who had led pure lives, as there was not the slightest evidence of any poison in my system. I do not know how that may have been, but I got well, and was able in two months to eathardtack, corned beef, and “sow-belly,” and digest it all right and return to my duty.

A few days after my return to my battery, I was ordered to return to Washington and report to General Casey's examining board. I passed my examination so successfully that it was announced to me as soon as I was mustered out of the Second Artillery, that I would receive a commission in the regular army. I was at once mustered

out of my company, went to Washington, reported to headquarters (war-office), where I received a commission as colonel in the United States colored troops. You may be surprised, but I was very much disappointed with the outcome of this. Had I received the commission of second lieutenant with white troops, I would have been delighted; but with the prejudice I then had, if I had received the commission of major-general in the colored troops, I would have hesitated. I went out to Georgetown and saw the men that I was to convert into soldiers—that was enough. I went back to the city, returned my commission, had the order mustering me out of my company rescinded, and returned to my bugle again. I am more than ever convinced in the face of recent events that the formation of colored regiments in our regular army is a mistake. The gulf between the two races is so deep and the prejudices so strong that it has been a continued source of trouble and contention in our army and increasing rather than diminishing, so it is for the best that our army should be composed entirely of the white race.

Shortly after I returned to my command the army made an advance over the Rapidan, in an attempt to surprise General Lee; but owing to the blunders of a drunken general, the opportunity was lost, and we returned to Culpepper, Va., for winter.

CHAPTER XI.

Reorganization of the Army of the Potomac—Preparation for the campaign of 1864—Grant visits us—Opening of the campaign—Battle of the Wilderness—Terrible slaughter—Changing of our base to Petersburg—Siege of Petersburg begun.

The Army of the Potomac was again reorganized, the First and Third Corps broken up and put into other corps. My corps, the Fifth, received a large portion of the First Corps. General Meade labored all that winter to bring the army to the highest state of efficiency for the great campaign which we knew was before us. General Grant visited us and reviewed us, and it was well understood that he would be with us to conduct the campaign. The record of General Grant had been such that he had the confidence of the entire army, as well as of the country; and during all of the time that he was with us, it grew instead of diminishing. He was cool, wise, and tactful.

The first of May we opened our campaign in the Wilderness with a series of battles lasting twelve days, which took the name of "Battle of the Wilderness." It should have been called the "Battles of the Wilderness." It took the name "the Wilderness" from the fact that the country over which we struggled was heavily wooded. In the twelve days of that struggle the Union army

lost seventy thousand men in killed, wounded and missing. It was a battle of giants: the strategy of Lee was pitted against the strength and courage of Grant. Finally, Grant, seeing the futility of attempting to force Lee back, changed his base to Petersburg. In doing so we fought what was known as the celebrated second battle of Cold Harbor. It took that name from the fact that a battle had been fought on the same ground during the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. It proved to be the most awful and destructive battle of the war, for the time it lasted. In one half hour Grant lost sixteen thousand men in killed, wounded and missing. Grant always said he made a great mistake in fighting that battle, as nothing was gained by it except the slaughter of men.

We now began the siege of Petersburg, which lasted from June, 1864, till March, 1865. The country would not have permitted so long a siege at the beginning of the war, but the people had learned something since then; the press of the country had learned something; and all had confidence and faith in the patriotism and the ability of General Grant, and were willing to trust him and to let Grant and the President run things, believing all would go well. If they had felt so at the beginning of the conflict, it would have been better for all concerned.

During the winter of 1864-65 we saw unmistakable evidence of the disintegration of

Lee's army; desertions became very frequent, and those who came to us were half starved to death. Grant and Sheridan had perfected their plans, and were ready, as soon as the roads permitted, to give Lee's forces a stunning blow.

On the 26th of March the campaign opened. The battle of Five Forks was fought: then began the great struggle that ended in the surrender of Lee. Lee was compelled to evacuate Petersburg which uncovered Richmond, and that city at last fell. Lee started up the valley, evidently to try to reach Lynchburg. The enthusiasm of our army on this march was boundless. The officers could hardly get their men to rest. They had got Lee on the run at last, and were determined to keep him moving. When he reached Appomattox he found Sheridan in front of him—that ended the matter. I shall never forget the enthusiasm when we learned that the two great generals, Grant and Lee, had met under a flag of truce and were negotiating for a surrender. Then came the news of the agreement of the surrender of Lee. Our division was appointed to receive the surrender. General Grant gave strict orders that there should be no cheering or exultation at the surrender. "For," said he, "remember that they are no longer our enemies, but our countrymen." There was no disposition for exultation. We had fought these men for four years; we had tested their man-



Miss Mary Sobieski.

(At the age of twenty.)



hood upon forty fields of battle; we knew that they were sincere in their convictions that their cause was right. So the least thought of our hearts was the spirit of exultation. On that lovely morning of April, twenty-eight thousand starved, ragged, and destitute men marched out and stacked their arms and broke ranks, and the war was practically over.

We divided our rations with them; you would never have imagined that we had been foes. We freely mingled with each other; there was no discord.

After a few weeks my battery was ordered to Washington. I was not mustered out of the service until the 26th of June. I desired very much to take part in the great, grand last review in Washington. The Army of the Potomac was reviewed one day, and Sherman's army the next day. I remember as we marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, the shouting of the mighty hosts of people who witnessed our march, and this inscription on a banner that stretched across the avenue: "There is one debt that the nation can never pay, and that is the debt that is due to its soldiers." The next day Sherman's army was reviewed. How anxious I was to see that mighty army of men and leaders! Sherman, Logan, Blair, and others; and then the mighty army itself—men who had marched from Atlanta to the sea, then north to Washington: and

when I came to witness their parade, I was filled with pride for this army. They looked every inch the mighty men of war they were. I saw a sight those two days that probably will never be witnessed in this country again: two hundred thousand veteran soldiers, whose average service was three years; who had gone through a war such as no other army in the world's history had ever seen, and probably will never see again.

On the 26th of June, 1865, I was mustered out of the service. I was at last an American citizen. For ten years I had served in the army of my adopted country; I had fought forty-two battles in defense of her flag; I had been under fire four hundred and twenty-six times; had never seen a sick day, except when I was suffering from the wound which I received at Gettysburg; was never in the guard house; never under arrest; never reprimanded but once, and that was under circumstances that brought no discredit upon me; had drunk no liquors of any kind—and to this, more than anything else, I attribute my good fortune.

CHAPTER XII.

Interest in the struggle for liberty in Mexico—Interview with the Mexican minister, Romero—Commission to raise men to go to Mexico—Take a vacation for a couple of months—Go to New Orleans—Informed by the United States authorities that we will be arrested if we proceed to Mexico—Arrested—Discharged on parole of honor—Determined to go at every hazard—Finally enter Mexico by way of Sonora.

I had taken great interest in the contest in Mexico, between there public on one side and the so-called empire on the other. There was a great deal of sympathy throughout the nation for the Mexican Republic.

I do not think it would be out of place here to give the causes which led up to the invasion of Mexico by France and Spain. The Mexican Republic had had a stormy existence. The people had suffered so long from Spain, and when at last liberated, they did not know much about self-government, and had to learn its principles. People cannot be taught by books, schools, or mere oral instruction, the principles of self-government. One might just as well learn how to build houses or ships or railroads by text-books. They must have actual experience; they must use the hammer, the plane, and the square; learn by mistakes and blunders. Just so with people learning to govern themselves. They must learn by experience, and in that way alone

can they ever learn to govern themselves or their fellow men. The Mexican people were going through that school of experience, and they did learn, so that to-day Mexico is one of the best and most wisely governed nations in the world. In learning self-government the people found one great evil that had to be righted. The people in Mexico at that time were Catholics, and, in fact, outside of the foreign element in Mexico, to-day the people of that country are practically members of the Catholic Church.

The progressive element in 1856 found that not less than two-thirds of the real estate belonged to the Church; and there were other abuses that necessarily arose where all the people belonged to one church. Therefore, the Liberal party, under the leadership of Juarez, made it an issue at the election to remedy these wrongs; and upon that issue the Liberal party triumphed, and proceeded to confiscate the entire property of the Church, and to abolish the monasteries and the convents. This was a very extreme measure, but reforms often go to extremes. This was the situation, and is the situation in Mexico to-day, that the Catholic Church can only occupy their church buildings by permission of the government, and there are no convents or monasteries.

- Beaten at the polls, the Church party then appealed to the sword; and there, too, they were beaten.

At this juncture the Pope was appealed to, but the Catholic powers were not disposed to interfere. Napoleon of France, though nominally a son of the Church, was not inclined to interfere until he was approached in another way. The next effort was made through Eugenie, the empress. The Pope then being a temporal prince, had a representative at the French court. He, reaching Napoleon through Eugenie, held out the grand idea of the establishment of an empire in Mexico as a breakwater against the influence of the great American Republic; and Napoleon was to have the glory of founding a Latin empire in the West. Archduke Maximilian, a very devout, pious prince, the brother of the emperor of Austria, was to be selected as its emperor; and he in turn was to pledge that as soon as the empire was permanently established, he would restore to the Church her property and her ancient privileges.

Some excuse now had to be made for making war upon Mexico, and one was found. Mexico was owing to the subjects of Isabella in Spain, and to Napoleon in France, bonds of the Mexican Republic, which had long since become due, and of which neither principal nor interest had been paid. Therefore, both the French and the Spanish governments at once demanded prompt liquidation of the claims. The Mexican government replied that it was not within its power to do so at that

time; that it had not the money in the treasury, neither was it in condition to float a loan.

War was at once declared against Mexico, and France and Spain sent a fleet with an army to enforce their demands. They landed at Vera Cruz, bombarded and captured that city, and began their advance toward the capital. Then and there an agreement of some kind was made by the Mexican government with the Spanish government, and a proposition was made to the French government of a similar character, that was eminently fair, and yet was rejected by the French government. The Spanish government now saw the ambitious designs of the French emperor, and withdrew.

The French pressed on toward the city of Mexico, where, after many hard battles, in which the French were sometimes defeated, they at last succeeded in capturing the city of Mexico, the capital of the republic.

The French general called together an assembly of notables, as it was termed, but it was made up almost exclusively, if not exclusively, of the Conservative, or Church party. They had their instructions, and immediately made known to the French government, or emperor, that they desired the establishment of an empire, with Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, as their emperor. The French emperor informed them that he was only too delighted to carry out their wishes. Maximilian

was communicated with, and he promptly accepted. He and his wife, Carlotta, landed at Vera Cruz with every demonstration of enthusiasm. It was said that their whole journey from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico was one constant ovation, and with magnificent display they were installed in the halls of the Montezumas. But it was noticed all the while that those who joined in the ovations were only the French soldiers and the Church party.

While President Juarez was driven from the largest cities, he retired into the mountain regions in the interior, and kept up a battle for the republic that challenged the admiration of the whole world and called forth the sympathy of the lovers of liberty everywhere. The empire was at once acknowledged by all the nations of the world, except the United States. Our government, under the leadership of the great and enlightened Lincoln, took the position that no nation should be governed without the consent of the governed. But our nation at that time was engaged in the Civil War and could not interfere, though a day of reckoning came. Our government all the while recognized only the republic, and its minister, Romero. This was the situation in June, 1865.

Having determined that I would go to Mexico, I went to General Hancock, told him my desire, and asked him if he would not give me a letter of introduction to the Mexican minister, Romero. He

said he would do so gladly. Hancock at this time was in command at Washington.

I obtained an interview with Romero. After reading my letter of introduction, he received me warmly. We had a long talk together; he told me that he would give me any kind of commission that I wanted, but I was modest and only asked for one as a colonel. Romero said that as for pay, I would have to take my chances. I told him I didn't want any pay; all I wanted was to fight for liberty in Mexico.

I caused to be put in the paper this announcement: "An excursion to Mexico: all who desire to make a visit to Mexico call at the Roanoke Hotel, room twenty. No one, except those who have served in the Union army for three years, need apply."

In less than ten days I had one hundred men and over; good, true men, sober, thoughtful, patriotic, who were willing to do and dare. It was arranged that we should meet about the middle of August in New Orleans. I spent the time meanwhile in visiting some old army friends in Michigan and Illinois, and arrived at New Orleans on the 14th of August. Some of my men had already arrived. Being young men, we talked too much, and the government heard of it and informed me that such an expedition would not be allowed. I went right on making preparations just the same.

On the morning of our contemplated departure we were all arrested by the order of General Sheridan, and found that we had been arrested under the Anti-filibustering Act. But they let us go, on condition that we would agree not to undertake to reach Mexico until we had been discharged from our arrest, and that we would report to the provost marshal each morning. Thus for three weeks we put in our time in that way; putting in the day as pleasantly as possible, and in the evenings going over to the French market, drinking their fine coffee, and flirting with the pretty black-eyed French girls.

I had sought the counsel of Mr. Rosier, who was the leading lawyer of New Orleans. When I laid before him our case, he said that the law against filibustering applied only to those persons who were contemplating the invasion of a nation with whom this government was at peace, with hostile intent, and that in this case our government had never recognized in any way the government of Maximilian, and that we were going to fight him—not to fight the republic, but to defend it; but the great trouble at that time was this: everything was in a chaotic condition, the military ruled everything, and the writ of *habeas corpus* was suspended.

It was just while Mr. Rosier was considering by what kind of process he could get us into court, that General Sheridan arrived at New Orleans and

invited us up to headquarters to see him. He gave us some good fatherly advice. He told us that we had violated no law, but said we must not go to Mexico. He said Maximilian could not exist one day in Mexico without the French soldiers, and that our government had determined that the French soldiers must get out of Mexico, and had so informed the emperor of France; and if the French did not go, that he, Sheridan, would be sent over with an army to drive them out; and then if we wanted to fight, we could fight all we wished to. He said if we would give him assurance that we would return to our several homes, he would order our discharge. A few of us told him we would consider the matter; but we were all discharged the next morning, and those who desired to go home, said through their spokesman that they felt they ought to take the advice of General Sheridan, that their object in going to Mexico had not been one of adventure or romance, but purely to aid the Mexican Republic in the fight for existence, and as that could be better accomplished by the power of the United States government, and if our going might complicate the negotiation now going on with the French government, they felt it was their duty to return home. Ten of us considered it our duty to go to Mexico; so we sadly parted company.

Upon consultation, our little party deemed it best, in order to prevent any possible conflict with the authorities, to reach Mexico by going west through New Mexico, by the way of Sonora. It was a long journey to take. Three more of the company changed their minds when we arrived at Santa Fe, and concluded to go on to California. We persevered on our way, and arrived at the camp of the patriots October 16th, 1865, just sixteen days after the so-called Emperor Maximilian had issued the celebrated order that every man found fighting for the republic, if captured, should be immediately shot. The issuing of this order by Maximilian cost him his life.

CHAPTER XIII.

Arrival in camp of patriots—Their little army—Different nationalities—The character of the Mexican greaser—I trust them and find them reliable—What we had to eat—The way the contest was carried on—A thrilling adventure.

I found the little band that I first reached comprised of about six hundred,—that is, when they were all in camp,—without quartermaster, commissary, wagons or artillery; armed with all kinds of fire-arms, of ancient and modern makes. The little army was composed of Americans, English, Germans, French, Canadians, Russians, Scotch, Irish, Grecians, and pure Mexicans—that is, if there is such a thing as a pure Mexican; and we were of all religions and no religion, and those of no religion were in the decided majority.

The day of my arrival I had a long talk with a young Englishman, who was on the staff of Colonel Contena. He told me that the greasers, who would form the bulk of our followers—probably three-fourths or more—were very peculiar, and I would find them unlike any other part of the human family; that they were lazy, unreliable, and treacherous, and that the only way to get along with them was to treat them as though they were dogs; that when I ordered one to do anything,

and he didn't start, to go right at him and kick him until he did start; when I was out on the march with them, I should never let them get behind, for they would be liable to stab me in the back; and never, under any circumstances, to go to sleep with them, unless there was some white man on watch, as they would be liable to convert me into a ghost, if I did.

This was the gloomy outlook that I had before me; these were the men that I had come so many thousand miles to fight for, and to die with for liberty. I informed the young officer that I should treat these men as human beings, as men, and that I had no fears as to the result. I told him that I thought I saw where the trouble was; that if any man should kick me, that he would live just long enough for me to get at him to kill him; that I should treat these men in every respect as my equals, should not kick them, and when out on a march I wouldn't care whether they walked before me or behind me; that I should go to sleep without leaving anyone to watch over me, and had no fears whatsoever of the result. And in the eighteen months that I was with these men, I treated them kindly, trusted them implicitly, ate with them, slept with them, and never received anything but kindness and courtesy from them.

I found that it was the policy of the Mexican government to avoid anything like a general

engagement with the imperial troops, but to watch for the enemy and catch him every time when he was unguarded, to strike him at every unguarded spot, and not permit a day to pass that he could fancy himself secure. This was a wise policy, and in this way we could have kept up the war indefinitely. We always knew where the enemy was; there was never an hour in the year but eyes were upon the foe, ready to report any mistake.

For our commissary—we had none at all; we had to live on the country, literally. We learned to eat everything that flew in the air or crept upon the earth. Mingling with those people who were composed of all bloods, caused me to lose all my race prejudice; and being compelled to eat everything made me lose all my prejudice in regard to foods. I got so that I would eat a rattlesnake as quick as I would a bluefish or a chicken.

During the eighteen months that I served in the Mexican army, I had many adventures, and desperate ones, too; but the size of this volume will not permit me to go into the history of all of these. As no prisoners were taken on either side, we always went out to fight the foe with our lives in our hands.

Upon one occasion, word was brought to us that a small French force of fifteen or twenty men had taken possession of a sugar-ranch down in the

valley, for the purpose of confiscating the sugar and sirups belonging to the old planter, who was a good, true republican. Their location had been described to us, and we knew just where to strike them; so I took twenty-five men and started out to sweep them off the face of the earth. I think most everybody has heard the old adage of the one who went out for wool and came home shorn. Well, it was fully exemplified in our case.

A path through the thicket had been described to us, by which we could easily approach the enemy unobserved. There was no moon that night, but plenty of beautiful stars, such as they have in that glorious country. As we approached the enemy, we saw by their light where the men had lain themselves down on their blankets. They had evidently made a fire and had thrown some green cane upon it to make a smudge to keep off the mosquitoes. The mosquito is quite an animal in that country. It was a volume of smoke that could not be perceived in the dark that led us into our fatal mistake. I had directed my men to creep as close to the enemy as possible, and when I gave the signal, to aim and fire. They did so: but, Jerusalem! instead of the little party that we annihilated on our first fire, we found the woods were full of them; they rose up everywhere. Finding that if we remained, it meant massacre, I ordered my men to escape the best they could to

the thickets. The French were pouring their fire in upon us, and I saw the men falling everywhere. In my flight I ran behind a cane factory that had been used quite recently, as there was a large amount of the debris of the cane still at the mill, and I found it right in front of me. In my attempt to go over it—for there was no way to go around it without running into the French—I stumbled and fell, and the ground cane fell over me in large abundance, covering me completely with perhaps two or three feet of the debris. I concluded to lie there. The French soldiers went over me—I thought about a thousand of them, but probably fifty was nearer the number.

After they had passed I began to reflect upon my situation. I came to the conclusion it would be better to lie there until the French returned, and then, if possible, creep out and get to the thicket. Soon they returned, very much excited and noisy. I knew that I must get out of there as soon as possible, as daylight would soon come, and that would be fatal. I considered the question whether I would take my carbine, or blunderbuss, with me. I dare not undertake to find the path through the thicket through which I had come, as the entrance, I feared, lay in the hands of the enemy; and so I must get into the thicket at the nearest point and take my chances, and be guided back to camp by the stars. I cautiously



Louie S. Gilhousen.



crawled out from my hiding place into the opening; and was glad enough to get into the opening, too, for I knew that no place anywhere could be hotter than my hiding place had been. It had been, indeed, a veritable Turkish bath. The distance to the thicket was probably sixty rods. I concluded not to attempt to take my carbine with me, but to rely upon my revolver for any emergency. Stealthily on my hands and knees I crawled to the thicket, and when I got into it I congratulated myself; but a thicket in that country is a thicket. One who has never seen the "shrambles" of Mexico cannot appreciate anything about their density; and then they are thorny, and there is among them a large population of insects to the square foot. But, guided by the stars, I slowly and painfully crawled along, and finally succeeded in getting into camp just as daylight had begun to dawn.

When I arrived my body was in the condition of our first parents in the garden of Eden, but bleeding all over, and without even an apron of fig leaves. I was the only one of my company that ever returned. At once a consultation was called, and we decided to move, as a precaution against being pursued by the French. We learned afterward that after dark a whole regiment of French soldiers, some five or six hundred men, had arrived at the plantation; and this was the force our little squad had got into.

CHAPTER XIV.

The meeting with General Escobedo—Become a member of his staff—The French rapidly leaving the country—News arrives that the last detachment of French has left, and that Maximilian has left the city of Mexico and gone out to Queretaro, where he proposes to make his last stand—His capture, trial, death—My impressions of the Mexican leaders and their corps.

In January, 1867, General Escobedo arrived and took command of our force. I was introduced to him shortly after his arrival, and found him an elegant gentleman, a fine soldier, and of a chivalrous nature. For some reason he took quite a fancy to me from the first, and shortly afterward I became a member of his staff. A little incident occurred about this time that shows the simple, primitive character of the Mexican.

There was a lieutenant in our command whom I had known ever since joining the Mexican army. In our march we had come within a short distance of his home. His handsome daughter, a girl about fourteen, came to camp with her mother to see her father. She was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, and in that warm country girls become young ladies very early. I have seen mothers there twelve years old. I was introduced to his wife and daughter, and took a meal with them. They belonged to what we would call the lower

order of the Mexicans, and yet among this class sometimes you meet magnificent specimens of both men and women.

After his family had left, I complimented him upon his beautiful daughter, just as I would a happy father in this country, who had such a treasure. I thought nothing more of it, but he seemed to have misjudged me. He came to me some few days afterward and wished to borrow some money of me. I had brought with me into the Mexican service about two hundred dollars in gold. There was no chance to spend any of it, so I had most of it still on hand. I loaned him a ten-dollar gold piece, the amount he had asked for, yet he continued waiting around. Finally, he came to business by offering me the hand of his beautiful daughter. It seems that is a custom in that country. I was quite taken by surprise, but the Mexicans are so sensitive that one has to approach them very carefully. Nothing was further from my thoughts, then, than becoming a benedict, and I could not think of marrying a Mexican lady, however beautiful, as the ways and natures of Mexicans were entirely foreign to my own, and so I must decline the offer. I thanked him for the high compliment he had paid me in offering me the hand of his beautiful daughter, but reminded him that we were in an uncertain contest and our lives were not promised us for a single day. He frankly told me that would be no

great misfortune to her, as she could very readily get another husband. With this I coincided, but urged other reasons, and among them, that I was a heretic in religion, and that his beautiful daughter could never be happy as the wife of a heretic. I knew he was a very devout Catholic, and that last objection seemed to be satisfactory, for I saw him visibly shiver as I mentioned it. He then departed, and I congratulated myself on my diplomacy.

We were now ordered to Queretaro, where we arrived May 14th. There I met for the first time President Juarez, and General Diaz, now President of Mexico, and other leaders of the republican forces. I saw again a regular army—one of forty thousand men—composed of artillery, cavalry and infantry. Plans were made at once to attack. I had been on Escobedo's staff, but now I was to lead a brigade in the assault. We were lying upon our faces waiting for the first appearance of daylight to attack. We were to attack them on every side; but Maximilian had been sold out by Lopez, one of his Mexican generals, and I was told about two o'clock that there would be no battle. General Escobedo entered the city, relieved the Imperial guards at every point—all of this happening while Maximilian was sound asleep. He only awoke to find himself a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER XV.

The summoning of a military commission to try Maximilian—Universal demand for his death—Found guilty and sentenced to death, which was to take place within five days of his sentence—The trial of Generals Miramon and Mejia—Efforts made by the different European nations and the United States government to save Maximilian—The refusal—His death—Reflections.

I did not see Maximilian until the second day after his capture, when I had charge of him for a day. I do not think he had the slightest idea of his impending doom. I am told that when he was informed he was about to be tried, he seemed very much surprised, and asked on what charge. He was told the charges were being formulated, and they would be submitted to him soon. He asked if he could have counsel, and was informed he could have any one whom he might choose. He chose an American, a man by the name of Hall, from the city of Mexico. Mr. Hall was sent for at once, and the trial proceeded.

The two principal charges against him were: first, issuing his celebrated order executing all who were found fighting to sustain the republic; second, of being a filibuster, as a subject of Francis Joseph of Austria, making war upon a nation with whom Austria was at peace. He was found guilty, and at once sentenced to be shot within five days of the time of the sentence. Upon this being made

known to him, he asked that he might have proper time to prepare for so important an event. This was granted him, and the 19th of June was fixed as the day of his execution. Generals Mejia and Miramon were tried upon the charge of being traitors to their country, and also sentenced to be shot, the date of their execution being fixed the same day as that of the archduke.

Great efforts were at once put forth by all of the European powers to save Maximilian's life. They remonstrated, threatened, protested, and entreated. Finally, the Emperor of Austria, his brother, asked the United States government to use its good office and influence to save the doomed man, and this was done.

I am sure that President Juarez disliked exceedingly to put Maximilian to death, and above all would have liked to grant the request of the United States, to which country he felt every sense of gratitude for the part our government had taken in compelling the French to evacuate Mexico: but that terribly cruel order Maximilian had issued, by which so many noble men had perished, caused practically all of Mexico to demand his death; and however much President Juarez was loved and adored, he could not have prevented the execution. I am sorry to say that I felt just that way myself—that he had to die.

One day when I had charge of him, I said to

him: "Your Majesty remembers, no doubt, when you were the viceroy of Italy, that you ordered the expulsion from all of your domain, of those political refugees who had taken part in the demonstration of honor to Captain Ingraham, of the United States navy."

He said, "Yes," without raising his head.

I said, "Your Majesty, I was one of those refugees."

Now for the first time he raised his eyes, and said: "That is impossible, as that was many years ago, and you are a very young man."

I said, "Yes, that was sixteen years ago, and I was but a very small boy, but your order excluded me."

"Well, time rounds up all things," was the reply.

Among those who were taken prisoners at the time with Maximilian, was Prince Salm Salm. The prince had been a brave soldier in the Union army. The United States government asked that he might be liberated, and he was. His wife was an American lady, and a very beautiful woman; a woman of wonderful power and fascination. She was so charming that when she went through the hospitals in Washington, the boys used to say that if she would visit the hospitals every day, they could discharge their doctors, as she would do more by her charming smiles and manners to restore

them to health than all of the doctors and their medicine.

Upon her arrival in Queretaro, we found out that she began at once to use her blandishments and fascinations to affect an escape for Maximilian. One Mexican officer who was to have charge of him one day, was offered by the princess three hundred thousand dollars in gold. He was a man who did not possess a dollar in the world, but such was his patriotism, and the universal hatred which was borne toward Maximilian, that he spurned the offer. After the development of this attempt to bribe, the charming princess was informed that there was a good deal of malaria in Queretaro, and for the good of her health she had better return to the city of Mexico. She went at once.

The last three or four days of Maximilian's life were spent almost wholly with the priest. On the morning of the execution, June 19th, 1867,—a beautiful, bright morning,—he was taken out of the old convent where he was captured, and where he had lived during the time he was in our custody, and there placed in an ambulance, and driven outside of the walls of the city, near an old fortress, where the execution took place.

Arriving on the ground, the troops were formed in line. The doomed men were placed in position, Maximilian standing on the right of the firing party. The firing party consisted of thirty-six

men, formed into two companies, six men to each one of the doomed men. Each of the six men were furnished with loaded rifles, except one in each of the six, who had a blank cartridge. There had been a sharp rivalry for the honor of belonging to the firing party. I was selected to command the reserve firing party. When everything was ready, each one of the men was asked if he had anything to say.

Maximilian, speaking in Spanish, said in substance, that he loved Mexico and desired its welfare; and if the shedding of his blood would be the means of bringing peace and happiness to the distracted country, he was willing to die. Generals Mejia and Miramon said a few words that I do not now remember, closing by saying: "Long live Mexico." Maximilian asked that the commander of the firing party might advance to him, when he delivered to that officer six pieces of gold, which is equivalent to about ten dollars of our money. He ordered a piece of gold to be delivered to each one of the firing party, directing them to take good aim.

The firing party was now ordered to advance, make ready—aim—fire. The two generals fell dead, apparently never moving after they struck the ground. Strange as it may seem, Maximilian fell mortally wounded only, exclaiming as he fell: "Oh! my God! my God!" At once the commander of the reserve firing party ordered one of the men

from his own party to advance, and drawing his own revolver, ordered him to put it to the ear of the archduke and fire. He did so, and the career of the archduke was ended. I ordered him to use my revolver for this reason, that I did not know who of the firing party had the blank cartridge, and I did not wish any more mishaps, and thus add to the misery of the unfortunate man. Thus ended the career of the so-called emperor. At the time of his death he lacked about a month of being thirty-five years of age.

It seems very strange now that Emperor Napoleon should have chosen such a weak man for such a trying place. A more unfortunate selection could not have been made. Maximilian was a man of exceedingly small caliber, but probably as good as the average monarch of Europe. He would have done well enough to have acted as a mere figurehead, as most of the monarchs of Europe are—indeed, I think he would have been eminently successful in that role. Unlike most of the monarchs of Europe of to-day and of the past, he was a man of sound morals. He was a very handsome man—I should say at least six feet high, a blonde, and rather pleasing in his manners. He was well calculated for the ballroom and the palace. I believe that a strong, wise, discreet man could have succeeded in the role that he attempted to play in Mexico; but it required all of these qualities,

and he possessed none of them. He treated all of his Mexican chieftains with contempt, which is the natural feeling that everyone has for a traitor. It is said he took up the precious time which he should have used in maturing measures for the consolidation of his empire, in settling questions of etiquette about his court.

His wife, Carlotta, who was the daughter of the King of the Netherlands, was a bright, able, and beautiful woman, liberal in her views, and broad in her ideas of statecraft. Had she been the ruler, I believe she would have succeeded.

The conduct of Maximilian while waiting for execution in the last month of his life, was becoming. This was surprising to those who knew him, but I think I can understand it. He was a deeply religious man, and had no doubt in his mind but when he died his soul would immediately pass into the abode of the blest, and he would at once join his Carlotta—for at the time of his death he supposed that she was dead, as it was so represented to him; and then he was aware of the fact that he belonged to one of the most ancient royal houses of Europe, and that the manner of his tragic death would be such that the whole world in all ages to come would read of his every act, word, and movement during that last eventful month of his life.

The world seems to think, or rather, I might say the impression is general, that Carlotta went

crazy on account of the tragic death of her husband. This is a mistake; she had gone mad a year previous to his death. After the French agreed to leave Mexico, Carlotta returned to Europe and went from court to court begging help to sustain Maximilian, but was rebuffed everywhere; and it was too much for her proud, sensitive spirit, and she went mad, and has remained so even unto this day.

There are some who would try to apologize for Maximilian and save him from the discredit of that awful, blood-thirsty and cruel order, trying to do so by throwing the blame on others—Mejia, Miramon, and Bazaine; but the whole thing is characteristic of the Austrian reigning house. It has been said that he was a weak man, and therefore could not do such a bloody thing; but weak men more often than strong ones do cruel things. Nero was not a strong man, neither was Mary of England a strong woman.

CHAPTER XVI.

My impressions of President Juarez, Escobedo, and Diaz.

The next day after the execution of Maximilian I met President Juarez personally for the first time. He gave an audience to the foreign officers who had served in behalf of the republic. We had a long talk with him. In our group there were Americans, English, Germans, French, and Italians. All of these different nationalities had been drawn to Mexico by a love of adventure and to serve the cause of liberty. The President won our hearts at once. He warmly thanked us for our services in behalf of Mexico. He addressed us in the Spanish language, or rather the Mexican dialect, as we could all understand him in that. He said it was useless for him to express his sense of gratitude to us, as he had not words and could not find words to express it; and he said all that Mexico could do for us would never be half enough. He said that for Mexicans to fight for Mexico was natural; but for foreigners who had no other ties except the love of liberty and a desire to assist a brave people who were struggling against fearful odds, to make every sacrifice and to suffer every privation for the republic, was a spirit so noble that it could not be put into language.

For some reason or other my associates chose me as their spokesman, although I was the youngest of the group, lacking at that time a few months of being twenty-five. I assured him in behalf of my associates that what we had done, we had done freely; that we desired neither gold nor lands; that we had been amply repaid in seeing the cause for which we had served triumphant, and Mexico free; and we felt assured that Mexico had taught the world a good lesson, and that hereafter ambitious adventurers would see in the fate of Maximilian that Mexico was not a good country for them to trouble.

As we shook him by the hand at the close of our interview, he said he hoped that we would all conclude to spend the rest of our lives in a land in defense of whose liberties we had fought so nobly.

I saw him quite a number of times afterward, while in Mexico, and enjoyed several chats with him. In one of the visits I had with him, he gave me the full history of the causes which led up to the invasion of Mexico, which I have given in a former chapter, and which Minister Romero had given me in my interview with him in Washington.

I regard President Juarez as one of the noblest characters that we have any record of in history. He was a full-blooded Indian, yet he had risen up through every obstacle, until he reached the highest position in the gift of his nation. On com-

ing to public life, he saw that the great incubus upon that republic was the clergy; that they owned more than two-thirds of the real estate of Mexico, that they were thoroughly monarchical in their principles, and that nothing would satisfy them but monarchy; and that, as far as the education of the masses was concerned, they were bitterly opposed to it. So it was their aim to keep up such a tumult, insurrection, rebellion, that the people at last, weary from the struggle, would willingly yield themselves to some despot. Appreciating the true situation of his country, he was determined to inaugurate and lead a movement that should give both peace and liberty to his people; and to do this he was called upon to make a great sacrifice of his feelings. He was a Catholic; he knew practically nothing of any other kind of religion; an Indian Catholic at that, knowing nothing but submission to the priesthood. He wished to live and die in communion with the church. He saw before him excommunication, ostracism, and possibly death in disgrace; but, nevertheless, he was determined to strike the blow. He knew, too, what a people he had to contend with; a people that were ignorant, as far as the mass was concerned; a people that were superstitious, and thoroughly devoted to the clergy: but he was determined to make the trial. He gathered about him some of the most progressive men of the republic, and laid his plans before

them. They at once joined him with one accord in the movement. Then began that tremendous struggle that ended only on the 19th of June, 1867, just ten years from the time of his inauguration. His theory as to the real cause of the trouble in Mexico has proven to be correct ; for though thirty-two years and more have passed since the execution of Maximilian, yet in all that time there has not been enough blood shed in insurrections to equal what has been spilled in some of our bloody strikes and riots. He was thoroughly humane in his feelings, and was very much opposed to bloodshed. So much was he opposed to it, that, as much trouble as Maximilian had given his country, and notwithstanding the cruel decree of the emperor, by which so many of Mexico's noble sons had been cruelly butchered while prisoners of war, if Juarez had had his own way he would not have executed him. And he told me that he regretted Mejia's and Miramon's executions, and that if he had had it in his power, he would have sent them out of the country instead; and yet two worse traitors could not be imagined. Mejia had been a soldier in the Mexican army; Miramon had been not only a general, but a president of the republic; and yet they had joined themselves together to slaughter their own countrymen and to perpetuate the reign of a foreign prince.

As soon as the republic was thoroughly established, Juarez went to work to enlighten it. He reduced the army to a minimum, established schools free from clerical influences, and secured the very best of teachers. And the best paid officials in Mexico to-day are her school-teachers; and under the operation of her free-school system the Republic of Mexico has in a single generation raised the standard of popular intelligence till it will compare favorably with that of our own country. He invited capital to Mexico, promising it protection; encouraged the construction of railroads and the establishing of manufactures; and he capped the climax of his magnificent career by establishing perfect religious liberty. He died in 1872, of apoplexy. He was the real founder of the Mexican Republic. He was Mexico's greatest general, greatest statesman, purest patriot.

I did not see much of Diaz. My opinion of him at that time was not favorable, and his conduct afterward in opposing Juarez rather confirmed that unfavorable opinion; but after he became President he carried out the enlightened views of Juarez, and has given to Mexico a splendid government.

General Escobedo I knew well. I found him an elegant gentleman, sincere and patriotic. He was a splendid soldier; tall, graceful in carriage, gracious to all with whom he came in contact,

brave in battle, and chivalrous. He was my ideal of a perfect soldier.

The general impression in this country is that the Mexican people are treacherous, and when their passion is aroused, cruel. I never found them so; I found them frank, cordial, and polite. Like the people of all warm or hot climates, if they are deeply wronged, their revenge is terrible. No doubt there are treacherous persons amongst them, but what nation of people has not that class? I think I have found a few outside of the Mexicans myself.

As an illustration of their way of revenge,—yet I do not know whether I should say *their* way, for I have known of similar cases in our Northern country,—while I was in the city of Mexico, a couple of months after the war was over, I had been out one night calling on a friend. Returning about midnight, I saw standing in the shadow of a large tree a man who was apparently waiting for someone. I had a small one-barrel pistol in a side pocket; I put my hand upon it. While I had wronged no man or person in Mexico, yet I thought sometimes mistakes were made, so it was better to be prepared. When I arrived opposite him he leaped at me like a tiger. I quickly stepped aside, just in time to avoid him, and stuck my revolver in his face, when the beautiful moonlight fell on the faces of both of us. I

shall never forget, if I should live a thousand years, the expression of hatred and the desire for revenge that I saw on that man's countenance; and then his surprise when he saw my face. He dropped his knife immediately, begged my pardon a thousand times, it seemed, which I readily granted. He gave me his card, strange as it may seem, and asked me to call and see him. I assured him if I remained in the city long enough I would do so, but other engagements during my few remaining days in the city prevented me from calling. It was clearly a case of mistaken identity, and might have been a costly one to me.

Shortly before I left Mexico the Congress of Mexico conferred upon all of those who had come from other lands to fight for the cause of liberty without any financial consideration, the rights of citizenship, and ten thousand acres of land upon any unoccupied domain of Mexico. I have never called for my land.

There is something very remarkable about this invasion of Mexico by France and Spain that I have never seen mentioned by any writer: it is the terrible fatality or misfortune that has befallen all the individuals who had any connection with it.

The two Mexican generals and leaders, General Mejia and ex-President Miramon, were both declared to be traitors by a jury of their countrymen, and sentenced to death.

Pope Pius IX, who influenced France and Spain to make war upon Mexico, lost his power as a temporal prince, and his capital, Rome, and shut himself up in the Vatican, declaring himself to be a prisoner of the King of Italy, and never left the Vatican alive again. His minister or delegate, as the title is, afterward fell into disgrace and committed suicide.

Eugenie, the empress of France, who intrigued to secure her husband's cooperation in the expedition, lost her throne, her husband, and her son; and she has now for nearly 37 years been an exile in England, a grief-stricken, heart-broken woman.

The Emperor Napoleon led his country into war with terrible defeat, broke the prestige of his uncle's great name, was driven from his throne, and died in disgrace, an exile in England.

Isabella of Spain lost her throne, and for more than thirty years has been living in exile.

General Prim, who led the Spanish army into Mexico, and the greatest military man that Spain has had in a hundred years, was assassinated in the streets of Madrid.

Marshal Bazaine was tried upon the charge of being a traitor to France, and was sentenced to be shot; but his old comrade-in-arms, President McMahan, commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life, and he was confined for several

years, but finally made his escape, and died in poverty and distress in Spain.

France, who had led the movement, lost her proud position as the most powerful nation on the continent of Europe; was humiliated in her war with Germany, in which she never won a battle or a skirmish; had her capital captured by the Germans; was stripped of a large portion of her most valuable territory, and trodden in the dust.

Spain, who seconded France, got into a war with the United States, lost practically all of her colonies, most of her navy, and suffered the most humiliating defeat that any nation has ever known.

Surely, in this unparalleled record, as one contemplates it, can be seen the retribution of God for a causeless and cruel invasion.

CHAPTER XVII.

My return to the United States—Visit different points in the United States—Finally settle down in Minnesota—Become a reformer in politics—Elected to the legislature—Introduce three reform measures.

After spending a couple of months in the city of Mexico, and enjoying myself as I never have before or since for the same length of time, I was finally wakened out of my dreams of pleasure, receptions, balls, celebrations, and so forth, to realize that there was something more serious for me in hand; so I turned my eyes toward the United States.

The ten years which I had served in the United States army, and the battles I had fought in the country's behalf, had so imbued me with American spirit and national feeling, that I could never think of permanently locating anywhere except in the domain of "Uncle Sam."

I would not return to my native land and permanently locate there, even though it might be free, and all of my ancestral rights restored to me. It is my earnest desire that the last time I shall open my eyes to behold the light of day, it may be to look upon the land of my adoption; and may all of my descendants ever abide under the stars and stripes, in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I landed in New York the 1st of September, 1867. After sojourning a few days in New York, I went to Boston. I then proceeded to Chicago; and from there to Rochester, Minnesota, where I spent the winter and the following spring. It was while in Rochester, Minnesota, that I became connected with the Independent Order of Good Templars. I was at that time rough and uncouth, as one naturally would be whose life had been spent in the army from the time he was twelve years old until he was twenty-five.

It was in this lodge of Good Templars that I met a very beautiful young lady, Miss Sophia D. Chapin. She took a great deal of interest in me, and at once exercised a remarkable influence over me. She was a school-teacher, and she did her work well with me. She would chide me when I did wrong, which was quite often, and correct me in my speech and manners; she did wonders for me the six months that I remained under her beautiful influence. We left Rochester about the same time, she to teach school in Mississippi, and I to go further west. We did not meet again for twenty years. At first we exchanged letters for a year or so, and then our correspondence ceased.

During the campaign for prohibition in North Dakota, in 1889, I often saw letters in the New York *Voice*, written by Mrs. J. C. White. I liked her letters very much indeed, and found out that

she and her husband, Captain J. C. White, were conducting the campaign for prohibition in that State.

When I spoke in Fargo, I met Mrs. Baxter of Michigan. She said to me: "Mrs. J. C. White sends her regards to you, and says that you must come to Castleton and visit them before you leave North Dakota."

I replied that I had read and heard a good deal about Mrs. White, but had never had the pleasure of meeting with her; however, I should enjoy meeting her and her husband very much.

"Why," said Mrs. Baxter, "she said that you and she were old friends, and that you were one of the noblest young men she ever knew. She said you would know her maiden name, which was Sophia D. Chapin."

How delighted I was to hear of my old civilizer, and friend of olden days, and find her so active in a cause to which I was devoting my life!

When I arrived in Grand Forks, I received a letter from Captain White, saying that I was announced to speak at Fargo on Sunday night, and asking me if I wouldn't speak in Castleton Sunday afternoon, as the train ran so that I could return to Fargo in time to lecture. He said he had heard so much of me, and heard his wife talk so much about me, that he was desirous of meeting me. I accepted the kind invitation, arrived there

early Sunday morning, and spent the hours very pleasantly talking over the olden days. I spoke there in the afternoon, and then Captain White and his wife accompanied me to Fargo and remained until Tuesday morning. I found Captain White a high-toned, chivalrous gentleman, a worthy husband of such a noble woman.

A few weeks afterward I received a letter from him, telling me that he had seen by the papers that I was to be in Chicago during the session of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union; that it would be impossible for him to attend, but his wife would attend, and asking me if it was too much to ask of me to see that his wife got a pleasant stopping place, and to care for her in any way that she might need help while she was there. I did so, and did all I could to make the time pleasant for her.

She died a few months afterward from la grippe. Her husband survived her only a few weeks, dying from the same disease. Both of them had worked so hard during that campaign which gave to North Dakota prohibition, that they hadn't strength enough to resist the ravages of disease. It is due to them and to the temperance people of North Dakota that a suitable monument should be erected at their grave, and upon it should be an inscription telling of their splendid lives and the sacrifices they made to give

to North Dakota its constitution forever prohibiting the liquor traffic in the State. A brighter or more beautiful spirit than that of Mrs. Sophia White never went through the pearly gates.

I visited St. Paul first, and then Minneapolis, finally settling down in Dayton, a suburban town of Minneapolis, where I spent my time when not working for temperance, in reading law. I had the good fortune while there of making the acquaintance of Mr. E. H. Robinson, a splendid man, and his noble wife, who were as true friends as any that God ever gave me. They were loyal to me in every emergency.

That fall a serious breach broke out in the Republican party of Hennepin County, and the better element of the party was so dissatisfied with the nominations made in the convention that they bolted. A call for a convention to nominate a reform ticket was immediately made. It was composed of men of all parties, and I was nominated as one of the candidates for the legislature. The convention was presided over by Russell H. Conwell, who was then a young attorney, and editor of the first daily paper of Minneapolis, *The Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Conwell is now Rev. Dr. Conwell, the celebrated popular lecturer, and pastor of the great University Baptist Church of Philadelphia, the largest Baptist Church in the world.

I took the stump during that campaign and spoke in every town in the county. I was elected by an overwhelming majority, leading my entire ticket, which to me was quite remarkable, as I had lived in the county but a few months: and during the entire campaign I proclaimed myself first and last and at all times a prohibitionist; and to say that in that day and in that new country was quite different from what it is now.

The legislature assembled in January. The Sunday before I went to St. Paul, I was invited to the house of an ex-member of Congress to dine. After dinner he took me into his library and said he was going to give me some good advice. He said he had taken a great deal of interest in me ever since he had known me, and had in every way shown his friendship for me, and continued: "Now you are the kind of a young man I can talk to, for the reason that you don't have any symptoms of the big-head. Now, my young friend, you have a brilliant political future before you, if you do not make any mistakes. There is no reason why you cannot be in Congress in less than ten years, if you act wisely. Now do this, my young friend, and you will be all right: fully identify yourself with the Republican party, and never fly the track; let the Republican platform be your creed, and never know anything else or advocate anything else except that which you find in the

platform of the party. Doubtless, sometimes the party will do something and stand for something that you would not wish to accept but never mind, swallow it down. This should always quiet your conscience: that the average intelligence and morality ought to be equal to yours, consequently you should be willing to submit to whatever a majority of the party says is right and proper. Let these social questions, such as temperance and kindred questions, alone; leave them to the ministers and to the Church."

I thanked the judge for his good advice, but that winter in the legislature I advocated woman suffrage, the abolishment of the death penalty, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and did and said a lot of other things which no wise or discreet politician who was looking for future political promotion would ever do.

Then the judge told me that I would never be elected to another office by any political party. As that has been more than thirty years ago, and as I have never had an office since, I guess the judge was right. Still, I am more than satisfied with my choice; and if I had my life to live over again, I would choose the same path.

When I was in the legislature, William A. Marshall was the governor of the State. Governor Marshall was a very courteous, affable gentleman. He had been a brave soldier, and was in every

way a worthy man. Hon. William Yale, of Winona, was lieutenant governor. J. Q. Farmer was speaker of the House. All of these gentlemen are now living, with the exception of Governor Marshall.

The leading men of the State Senate at that time were Hon. William P. Murray of St. Paul, Senator Daniels of Rochester, and Senator Lord of Mower County. In the House of Representatives, the leading members were Hon. Mark Dunnell, Hon. Dana King, Hon. Cushman K. Davis.

I found myself to be the youngest man of the legislature. There were two others born the same year, but later in the year. They were Cushman K. Davis of St. Paul, and A. A. Ames of Minneapolis.

Cushman K. Davis, though serving his first term, and one of its very youngest members, at once came to the front as one of the ablest debaters, and gave promise of the great name that he has since achieved. While governor of the State of Minnesota, Mr. Davis gave evidence of some political independence, and that injured him for a while; but he has recovered from it, and is now the idol of his party in the State.

A. A. Ames, one of my colleagues, a bright, rising young doctor, has since been four times mayor of the splendid city of Minneapolis, and has

several times been a candidate of his party for the governorship. He was and is a Democrat.

As soon as the legislature had got well under way, I gave notice of the introduction of a bill prohibiting the liquor traffic, and another bill for the abolishment of the death penalty. The last named bill I could never get from the committee it was referred to.

One day I received a petition from a Mrs. Coleman. It was signed by about one hundred names, asking for woman suffrage. Mrs. Coleman was an educated woman, and of considerable ability; a forceful speaker. On receiving the petition, I consulted with one of my colleagues as to what I should do with it. "Oh!" he said, "pay no attention to the thing; for if anyone introduces it, it will make him the laughing-stock of the House."

I thought over the matter a day or two, and came to the conclusion that I ought to present it. So one morning at the proper time I sent up the petition. It caused great laughter and applause, and a motion was made, and carried unanimously, that it be referred to a committee of one, and that one the member from Hennepin who had presented it. So, amid shouting and laughter the motion was carried, and it was handed back to me. I put it back in my drawer, never intending to look at it again.

Of course all of this was reported in the papers, and in a few days I received a letter from a lady who was quite renowned in the educational world, and whose husband has since been a judge and a United States Senator, saying that she had seen the action of the legislature in the case, and knowing that I was a young man, she would send me some books and other printed matter, and it might help me in getting up my report. I had thought that the whole thing was a joke, and intended to pay no attention to it; but in a day or two the documents came, and to my astonishment I found speeches and papers favoring woman suffrage from such statesmen as Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, Senators Wade and Corwin of Ohio, Senators Sumner and Wilson of Massachusetts; and from such literary men as Wendell Phillips and Ralph Waldo Emerson of Massachusetts. I read the documents, and became a convert to the principle, and have remained so to this day.

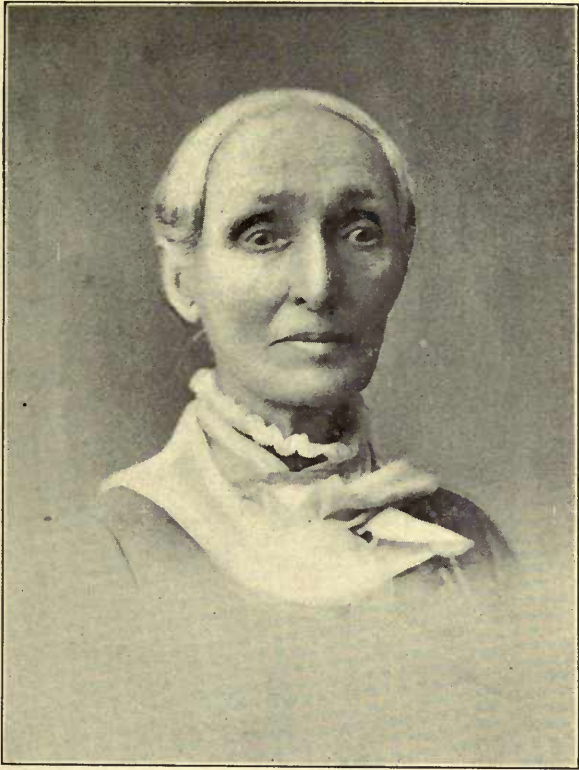
I found another member of the House who was a believer in woman suffrage, Hon. Charles Wheaton of Northfield, Rice County.

I presented my report to the House, and it was laid over. Mrs. Coleman wrote to me that she would like to come to St. Paul and speak in its behalf. I asked for the use of the hall of the House of Representatives, and it was readily granted. The meeting was largely attended; the

lady made an able speech, and it evidently made a good impression.

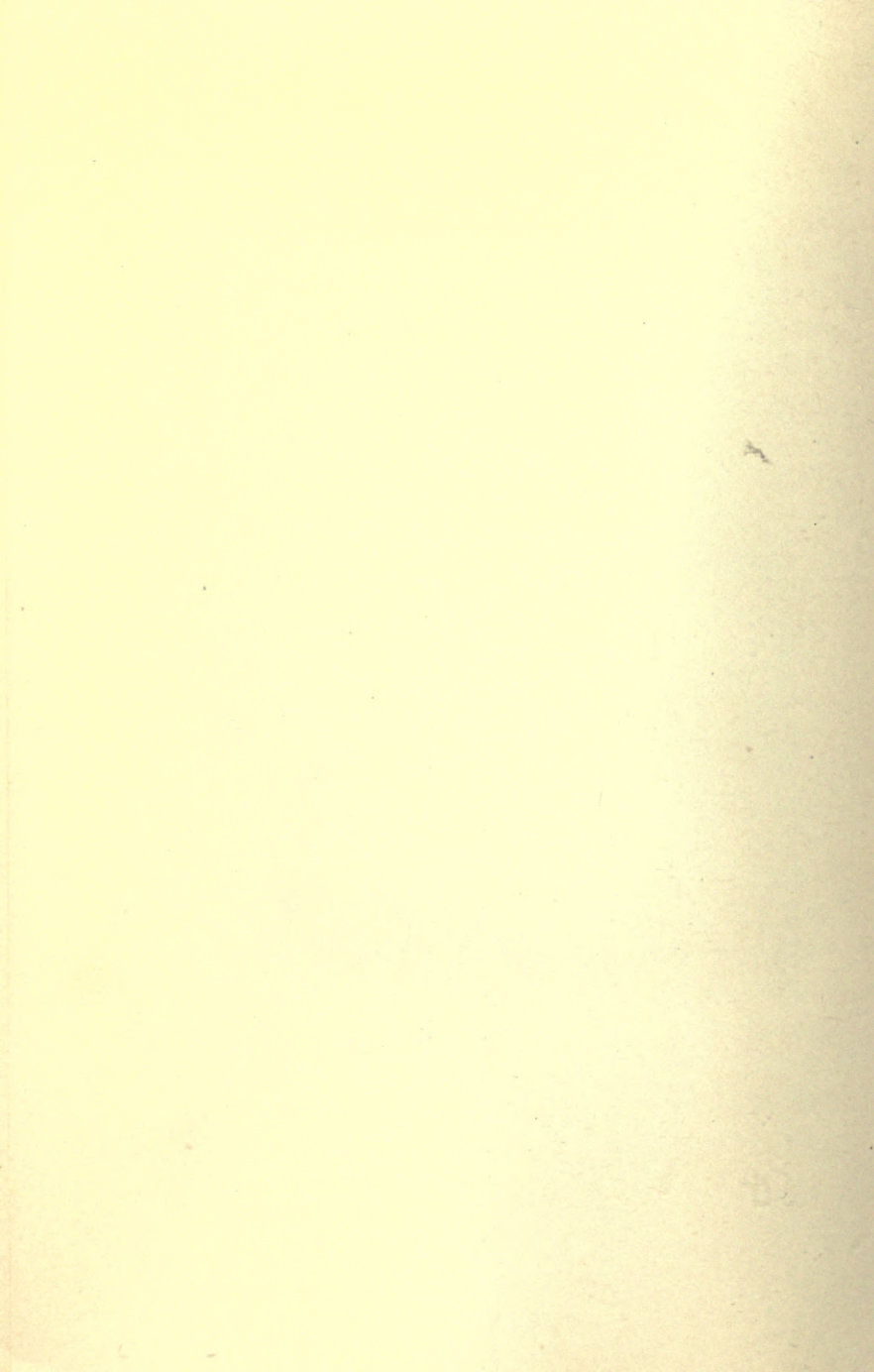
At the same session of the legislature the Republicans were trying to get through a resolution amending the constitution, by striking out the word *white* as one of the qualifications of a voter. Mr. Maynard, the leader of the Democratic party, came over to me and told me if I would vote to tack both propositions together, that all the Democratic members would support me. Their object was to so load down the measure that it would be overwhelmingly defeated.

My idea was that one proposition was as good as the other ; that a woman ought to have a chance to vote and the black man ought to have a chance to vote ; that no one should be deprived of the ballot on account of color or sex. All this time I had been laughed at so much that I was quite sensitive. I thought I was standing practically all alone in my support of the bill. But when it came up for action, some of the most fashionable and elegant ladies of St. Paul and Minneapolis came into the house, filling the lobby and the galleries. I shall never forget my feelings that day. Under the influence of the smiles of those fair ladies, how brave I was! And we fought a royal battle ; and though defeated, it endorsed a movement that will not end until the women of our land stand equal with the men before the law.



Mrs. M. P. Lemen.

(At age of seventy-nine.)



The next battle in that legislature was on the prohibition question. My bill was referred to a special committee, of which I was chairman; and, to my surprise, I found, after making my speech before the committee, that every member was in favor of it. It was so reported back to the House, and was referred to a committee of the whole, and there a battle royal was fought. It went through the committee of the whole by a large majority, but under the lash of the party whip—the measure being stigmatized by the principal Republican paper in the State as a bill in the interest of the Democratic party, the paper saying if the bill passed it would drive the German and the Scandinavian vote into the Democratic party, and would hopelessly defeat the Republicans in the State—and under the tremendous pressure that was brought against the bill for political reasons, it was defeated.

I said that night after its defeat, that, God helping me, I would never vote again with any political party that was dictated to by the distiller, the brewer, and the saloon-keeper; and I never have.

During that session of the legislature, a matter came up that I have often thought of with a good deal of pride. Minnesota being largely a lumbering State, the State was divided into six lumbering districts. An eastern district had what

they called a surveyor of logs. I do not remember now what his duties were, but it was a very lucrative office. When the war broke out a Mr. Camp held the position. It was a position worth four thousand dollars a year. But when the call was made for men to put down the rebellion, he threw up his position and joined the army as a private soldier. He came out of the army a major.

One morning in the lobby of the House of Representatives, Dr. Ames introduced me to Major Camp. Major Camp said to me that he wished my support for the office of surveyor of logs. He said he resigned the position to go into the army, and that Mr. Lane, his successor, had held the office now for seven years, and he thought, under the circumstances, that he was entitled to it again. I told him that I would support him in the caucus.

That night just as we were going into caucus, a senator who did not live in my district, nor in Major Camp's district, came to me and said: "I suppose you know who the man is who is to be nominated for surveyor in your district."

I said, "Why, yes, Major Camp."

"Oh, no!" said he, "Mr. Lane, for I have a petition signed by every lumberman in that district, asking for his reelection."

“Well,” I said, “nevertheless, I shall support Major Camp.”

He said it would be useless, as everybody else would support Mr. Lane. He said even the man who would present Mr. Camp's name to the caucus, would vote for Mr. Lane, and would say so in the caucus. I told him all right, he was privileged to do so; that while I was well acquainted with Mr. Lane and knew that he was all that his friends claimed for him, nevertheless, I should always vote for the soldier when everything else was equal. With that we parted.

When the caucus got down to our district, the senator rose and nominated Mr. Lane with a neat little speech, and then started to read the petition, when the chairman of the caucus told him that he did not presume it was necessary to read the petition, as he presumed there would be no opposition to Mr. Lane. The senator looked over to where my colleague and I sat.

My colleague said nothing. So I rose and said: “Yes, there will be another nomination.”

So he proceeded to read the petition.

When he sat down, my colleague rose and said he had been requested to put in the nomination of Major Camp. He said this request had been made by Mr. Camp himself, but said he should vote for Mr. Lane, as his election was desired by the lumber-dealers of the district.

I was determined that the matter should not rest there, and that Major Camp's name should not go before the caucus in that way. So I rose and said: "Mr. Chairman, on behalf of Mr. Camp, I wish to say that everything that has been said in behalf of Mr. Lane we agree with. He is honest, capable, and popular, and his reelection doubtless would give entire satisfaction. But when the Civil War broke out, it found Major Camp holding this office that he had been elected to a few months before: and when the nation called its sons to arms in its defense, he threw up this fat office, and entered the army as a private soldier, at eleven dollars a month; and for gallantry in the field he was promoted at the close of the war to be major of his regiment. During those four years he marched in the rain, slept in the mud, faced Confederate bullets, while all this time Mr. Lane—without any disrespect to him—was staying at home, eating three square meals a day and at night sleeping on a bed of down, and drawing a salary of four thousand dollars a year. And now this gallant soldier, Major Camp, comes to us and asks us to reelect him to the position that he left to defend his nation's flag: That he is just as capable as Mr. Lane, no one will deny. And now, what are we going to do about it? Gentlemen, I remember, and some of you remember, when we marched down Pennsylvania Avenue at

the time of the great review, we saw a banner stretched across the avenue with this inscription: 'The nation owes one debt it can never pay, and that is the debt it owes its soldiers.' Gentlemen, it is the boast of the Republican party that it is the friend of the soldier; that boast will be tested to-night, and what shall be the answer? Your votes will tell."

A vote was immediately taken, and Major Camp was nominated by a vote of thirty-five to eighteen. Immediately after the ballot had been taken we adjourned.

The senator whom I have already mentioned came to me and said: "Your man went through a kiting, didn't he?"

I said, "He went through all right."

But the next morning while I was sitting in my seat, a leading lumberman came to me in great excitement and said: "Do you know what you have done? Do you know what you have done?"

I replied, "Nothing very alarming, I hope."

He said, "You have, by defeating Mr. Lane, offended the entire lumber interest of your district."

"Do you know Major Camp?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I have always known him."

I said, "Well, is he honest?"

"Yes."

"Is he capable?"

Yes," he replied, "but we like Mr. Lane better personally."

"Well," I said, "I like Major Camp better personally, and I take the responsibility of the whole matter."

He said, "He shall not be elected."

An attempt was made by Lane's friends to make a bargain with the Democrats, and they succeeded so far as to postpone the election for a week; but during the week they heard from their constituents, and Major Camp was triumphantly elected.

A few days afterward the legislature adjourned, and I am sure that my term in the body demonstrated the fact that I was utterly wanting in the qualities that go to make up a successful politician.

After the adjournment of the legislature I spent a few weeks in determining what should be my future course in life. I came to this conclusion: That I would devote it to the world's betterment. Though but a young man, being at the time twenty-five years of age, I had seen enough of the world, and knew enough of the world's history to convince me of how unsatisfying are the ordinary things which men strive for: Wealth and fame and the world's applause and smiles. Therefore, I determined that my life should be consecrated to reforms and redressing abuses wherever found. That in doing so I should not consult my personal interests, but

rather I should be guided exclusively by the teachings of the great Master, believing as I did in those teachings, "That whosoever would lose his life, would find it, and whosoever would find his life, would lose it."

Three great reforms presented themselves to my views at once: The abolishment of the liquor traffic, the abolishment of the death penalty, and the enfranchisement of women. To these great reforms my life has been devoted, and in advocating them, I have lectured in nearly all the states and territories of the Union, and in British America, and nearly all the English speaking countries of the world.

Writing this at the age of sixty-four, after nearly forty years of constant labor, I am fully satisfied with the choice I then made. While I possess little of what the world calls goods, yet the rich experience of my forty years, the work which I have been enabled to do, and the work that I have seen accomplished, the noble men and women with whom I have been associated, have been an ample reward to me. Had I to live my life over again I should choose the same path. And the remaining years of my life, be they many or few, will be devoted to these reforms.

While I have been vitally interested in other reforms, and shall ever be, yet these reforms mentioned are the ones I feel especially called upon to promote.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I meet Miss Willard—Estimate of her power as a leader—My marriage to Lydia Gertrude Lemen—My wife's family—Our children, Mary and John.

In June, 1875 I attended the National Temperance Convention that was held in Farwell Hall, Chicago.

It was here that I met for the first time Miss Frances Willard. She was the chairman of the enrolling committee. I saw that she had my name wrong, so I went to her to have the correction made. I had heard of her before as an educator. It was under these circumstances that an acquaintance began which lasted through her lifetime. She was at that time about thirty-five years of age, and was just beginning a career which made her immortal. Her personality was very charming. It is said of Queen Elizabeth that at court she was full of her foibles and flirtations and vanities, but that when she entered the council room she laid them all aside, and was every bit a sovereign and a stateswoman. Miss Willard's heart was always a girl's heart, full of love, affection, and sentiment; but her head was always the head of a stateswoman. She had singular powers on the platform; she never seemed to me to be a great orator, and I have seen many

that seemed her superior, but with Webster's definition of what constitutes an orator, she was unexcelled. She could move and convince an audience as I have never known any one else to do.

At the National Prohibition Convention at Indianapolis, I saw an example of her wonderful power. There was a great deal of division of sentiment in our party as to the advisability of putting woman suffrage into the platform. The convention was composed of about fourteen hundred delegates, and they were nearly equally divided on that question when we met. Those of us who were in favor of putting it in our platform only claimed forty or fifty majority. She addressed the convention the first night on that subject, and took it by storm. So, when the final vote was taken on the question in the convention, there was hardly enough left of the opposition to be counted.

I was very much attached to Miss Willard, and when her death was announced, I, with thousands of others who had known her and loved her, wept at the bereavement. I was one of the pall-bearers at her funeral. It was a bitter cold day in the middle of February. Her body lay in state at Willard Hall. Thousands stood on the streets all day—men and women, old and young, rich and poor—to get a chance to look upon the face of one who loved everyone, and had worked for everyone with all the energy of a great soul.

In this National Temperance Convention, where I first met Miss Willard, she introduced a resolution declaring that where the question was one of temperance alone, that women should have the ballot. The resolution was adopted, but it caused a hot discussion, many women opposing it, declaring they could do all they wanted to do by prayer alone.

During the discussion the celebrated Anna Dickinson was seen in the convention, and was called upon to speak. She began by saying that she was not a member of the convention, and was not in sympathy at all with the object of the convention; yet in this question of suffrage she had a good deal of interest. She said that one lady had said that she didn't care for the ballot, that she could do more with prayer. She said: "Let us illustrate that point. Supposing there was a certain town where the liquor question was an issue, and the temperance people should meet in convention and nominate a ticket; and the liquor men should also nominate a ticket; but when election day came, the liquor men would go to the polls and vote for their ticket, and the temperance men, instead of going to the polls, would go to the church and pray for their ticket, instead of voting: which ticket, in the judgment of this convention, would be elected?" The convention saw the point, cheered lustily, and adopted the resolution.

In the spring of 1876, as chairman of the Pro-

hibition State Committee of Illinois, I called the convention to meet in Chicago, to nominate a State and electoral ticket. The Prohibitionists already had a ticket in the field for President. Green Clay Smith of Kentucky had been nominated for President, and Professor Thompson of Ohio for Vice-President. The convention was to be a mass convention: just ten persons came. I took them to a Good Templar hall, at 310 West Madison Street, and locked the door to keep the reporters out, so they would not make fun of us through the papers. We proceeded to nominate a full ticket, with Dr. James F. Simpson of Greene County for governor. Every man in the convention was nominated for something. It was a very harmonious convention. There was no caucusing nor trades nor combines; it was an ideal convention.

That night at my boarding-house (I was then living in Chicago), a reporter of the *Tribune* found me and said he had been hunting for our convention all day. I laughingly told him I didn't doubt it; that had it been a Democratic or Republican convention, he would have known just where to look for it—adjacent to some liquor saloon or beer-garden. He wanted to know where we met. I told him at Garden City Hall.

He said, "Why, that is not a large hall."

I told him it was not a large convention. He wanted to know what we did. I gave him a list of

our candidates nominated, the new State central committee appointed, and resolutions adopted. Then he asked a question that I didn't want him to ask, and that was, how many delegates there were in the convention.

I said, "What number?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "Three hundred and ten;" that was the number of the street where the convention was held.

So the next morning the *Tribune* had it in great head-lines: "The Prohibitionists hold a State Convention and nominate a full ticket. Three hundred and ten delegates attended." But what amazed me was who had misinformed the reporter as to the number of delegates. But as the statement was of such slight importance, I did not think it worth while to correct it; so I let it go.

On June 3rd, 1879, I was united in marriage to Miss Lydia Gertrude Lemen. Miss Lemen was born in Salem, Marion County, Illinois, January 3d, 1851. She was educated in the public schools of Salem, studied a few years in the Young Ladies' Seminary of that town, and graduated at Almira College, Greenville, Illinois, in the class of 1876.

Her father I never met, as he had died a year or two before I became acquainted with the family. He was the son of Rev. Joseph Lemen and the grandson of Rev. James Lemen, the man through

whose labor the territory of Illinois came into the Union as a free State, whose six sons were Baptist ministers and whose influence was felt throughout the entire West. For over one hundred years the Lemen family labored in the cause of Christ. He was an ardent Abolitionist and labored earnestly for the overthrow of slavery. He was an accomplished writer of both prose and poetry.

Mrs. Lemen was one of the greatest and best women I ever knew. She was born in New York in 1811. The family moved to New Hampshire in 1813. She was educated in New Hampton Academy, graduating in 1831. In 1832 she was sent West as a teacher to work in behalf of the educational interests of the Baptist Church. She was one of the founders of Shurtleff College, at Alton, Illinois, and one of its first instructors, being the first of her sex that ever held that position in this county, and, perhaps, in the world. She was for years the preceptress of the Young Ladies' Seminary, at Salem, Illinois, and was compelled to retire from that institution on account of her pronounced anti-slavery views. She was an original abolitionist of the Wendell Phillips school, and of course a prohibitionist. She worked for every good cause; she hated every evil. The weak and the oppressed always found in her a friend; whether they were white or black, red or yellow, learned or ignorant, good or bad, it was all the same to her.

She could only see the man and the woman, and she was ready to help them. The last years of her life were spent very largely in the temperance work. In the summer before she died, though she was eighty-three at the time, she was president of the county Woman's Christian Temperance Union, teacher in the Sunday-school, secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, a correspondent of many religious and temperance papers, teacher of a private school, and spent a part of her time lecturing on temperance. She so impressed her personality on her children that they all believed what she believed, and are working for that to which she devoted her life. She died January 12th, 1892, at the age of eighty-three years and eight months.

Her family consisted of three children. The oldest daughter, Mrs. Helen Denny, is a leading woman of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a lecturer of great acceptability. She has lectured in every part of the Union. Her husband, Colonel W. N. Denny, is a leading man in Indiana, a veteran of the Civil War.

The son, Rev. J. G. Lemen, after graduating at Harvard University, began the practice of law; then became a minister, and then a journalist. He is now at the head of the Christian Home, Council Bluffs, Iowa. That institution is conducted upon the George Müller plan of England, depending entirely upon the gifts that God in

some mysterious way bestows upon it. Gifts come in all the way from one penny to five thousand dollars. He began his work with a house of one story and a half; he has now thirty cottages, a chapel, and other buildings, with more than three hundred inmates, coming from almost all of the States of the Union. Mr. Lemen is a man of great ability—minister, doctor, lawyer, orator, philanthropist, and reformer.

The death of J. G. Lemen occurred October 26, 1904.

Dr. B. J. Kendall of Chicago, has written an appreciative article concerning Rev. J. G. Lemen and his work, headed "America's George Müller." The article is as follows:

In all ages when God had a great work to do He has raised up a great man for its leader.

When He would found the greatest nation on earth He raised a Washington to be a leader in freeing its people from the fetters that would check their progress in the forward march of time.

When He would free a down-trodden race of slaves He raised a Lincoln to reiterate to the world that all men were born free and equal.

When He would establish in England an institution where those who were unfortunate and left homeless and friendless could find not only a shelter from the storm but a friend whose great heart was throbbing in sympathy with their own, He called a Muller whose name is as familiar in that land as the name of that great Washington is in our own land. This man was as truly called of God to establish the great Orphanage in England where an incalculable amount of good has been done as was our beloved Washington in establishing a nation to be the light of the world.

When he would establish in America an Orphanage destined to be the largest and grandest institution of the kind on the globe

He called that noble man, Rev. J. G. Lemen, who was faithful to the trust imposed in him and the result was the establishing of the Christian Home Orphanage at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Twenty-five years ago, three little children were suddenly bereft of father and mother. They were friendless and homeless; but it was only one of the many similar instances happening every day—only three little children left friendless and homeless, that was all. But it was a crucial moment in at least one life. Rev. J. G. Lemen, whose heart was large enough to find a place for every unfortunate one, took these children into his own home, where they shared the same loving, tender care that was bestowed upon his own little ones. Moved with compassion, he took others also into his already overcrowded home, until finally the test came, and he must give up the pastorate of a large church in Council Bluffs, with all his hopes and aspirations, and devote his entire time to caring for these homeless ones he had taken in out of the cold and storm, or he must turn them back into the streets of a merciless city. He felt that God had led him thus far and he dare not refuse to follow the leadings of His Spirit. As he stepped out upon His promises and obeyed the command to go forward, the way opened before him, and when he had exhausted his own competency, never doubting but that a way would be opened to supply their needs, He who owns the cattle upon a thousand hills moved upon the hearts of His faithful ones to send of their substance, that these little homeless ones might be cared for. Contributions of food, clothing and money began to pour in from those who had miraculously learned of the great work God was establishing through the efforts of this faithful servant.

His sainted wife was as faithful as he and the noble work grew rapidly under their united and unceasing efforts to care for the many helpless ones that had poured into this home from all quarters. Hundreds of homeless and friendless children have not only found here a shelter from the storm, but loving, tender hearts have been ready to help them and lift them from their helpless condition into a plane where all the affection of a father and mother was theirs to enjoy.

Instead of being left to the cold mercies of a selfish world where they would have been compelled to occupy our poorhouses, jails and prisons, growing up in ignorance and steeped in vice they were in this, the grandest of all institutions, carefully and

lovingly educated and trained for the Master, that they might go out into the world, educated Christian men and women, to be a blessing instead of a curse.

In addition to this, in the last twenty-five years more than two thousand children have been carefully and cautiously placed in good Christian homes. No other institution we know of is so careful that every child that leaves the Home shall be adopted into a Christian family whose character must be thoroughly vouched for in every particular by their pastor and official church members and bankers or business men. The greatest precautions are taken that no child shall go to be a slave for any one. Love must be the great factor in securing a child here that it may have the affectionate, tender care which only comes from a parent or the true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Families of young children are never separated here. For this and many other reasons, I am fully satisfied that there is no institution anywhere more worthy of the hearty support of every person who has a heart that beats with sympathy for the unfortunate.

Our lamented Brother Lemen was a lawyer before he was a preacher, and he knew the importance of having all the business of the Home done to conform to the laws of the land as well as the laws of God. Because of this fact all of the real estate is deeded to the organization in a way that it can never be mortgaged nor can it ever be used for any other purpose than an orphanage. Therefore, this large plant will not only be a permanent institution but I predict for it that within the next twenty-five years it will be the largest and best Orphanage in the world. It certainly will if each one who reads this article does just what the Spirit impresses him to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemen were blessed with four lovely children, three sons and one daughter. All of them take great delight in the work of the Home. The oldest son had given his entire time to this noble work for several years before the death of his father and mother, and naturally the mantle of his parents fell on him, and having had almost the entire management of the Home for several years before their death no perceptible change has taken place in its policy; but the greatest advancement in the history of the Orphanage has come since the death of the founder.

I have been in this Home often and knowing all the family and having examined the genealogy of the Lemen family extend-

ing back 250 years, I find there are many clergymen in our brother's ancestry and many other professional and business men, as well as farmers, all of whom are prominent and earnest supporters of every good work and all great reforms. Many of them were noted for their activity as abolitionists, temperance workers, as well as workers for every good cause. After a long and intimate acquaintance with this family and the noble work they established and are still tenderly and faithfully caring for, I feel sure that our Heavenly Father could not have put the work in better hands.

The fruit of our marriage has been two children. Mary, the older, is nineteen. She has been for two years a student at Forest Park University, St. Louis; one year at the Stevens College, at Columbia, Missouri. She is a beautiful girl, all that her father's heart could desire.

My boy, John, was born October 3rd, 1882; died April 5th, 1895. He was a beautiful boy, my pride and joy. His head was all covered with ten thousand clustering curls; he had large black eyes. The boy was in every way as beautiful as a poet's dream. He was a great student, and loved books. Before he was twelve years old he had the reputation in our little town of being the best posted in history of anyone in the town. He was naturally very religious. He died at his uncle's house in Council Bluffs, where he was visiting. He was sick only a few days with brain fever.

CHAPTER XIX.

Nominated for Governor of Missouri—Lithia Springs Assembly—Hon. Wm. E. Mason—Good Templar Organizer—A happy life—Education, religious, views, etc.

In May that year (1892) the Prohibition Convention of Missouri met in Chillicothe, and nominated me for governor. I was not present in the convention, being in Canada at that time lecturing. It was some days before I received the announcement of my nomination, and I was quite surprised thereat. I did not desire the nomination, and there were other reasons which, had I been present, would have compelled me to decline it. I so wrote to Dr. Brooks, and to Hon. D. Ward King, the chairman of our State committee, telling them that I could not see my way clear to accept the nomination. But they prevailed upon me to accept, and I did so in the following letter:

Hon. D. Ward King, Maitland, Missouri.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of recent date, as chairman of the Prohibition State Committee informing me of my nomination for the office of governor of the State of Missouri, is received and its contents noted.

To have one's name mentioned in connection with the high office of governor of our great State, an office that has been filled by so many of its gifted sons, is an honor which I highly appreciate. But to be nominated by a convention like that which recently assembled at Chillicothe, composed, as it was, of the bravest men and most intellectual women, is an honor, indeed, which one cannot too highly esteem and prize. I have examined the platform laid down by the convention, and I heartily endorse it.

The liquor problem has been considered by all thoughtful men and women one of the most difficult problems to meet and solve. In our State we first tried the so-called Downing law, which many hoped would give relief from the baneful effects of the liquor traffic; but that proved disappointing. Then we tried the local-option law. When that was enacted, we were greatly rejoiced, believing a great step forward had been made. We entered into the contest with enthusiasm, and more than eighty counties of our State were carried against the liquor traffic. But in most of these counties the elections have been set aside by subservient courts, and in a large number of others the laws have been rendered largely ineffective by the unfaithful prosecuting attorneys acting in the interests of the political parties that stand behind the liquor traffic. So it seems to us now that there is but one way out of it, and that must be through a political party that is unanimously opposed to the traffic, and pledged to its entire destruction. Nor do we stand alone in our views on the importance of the liquor problem. *The Globe-Democrat* of our State, the largest and ablest Republican paper in the nation, declared a few years ago that the supremacy of the saloon-keeper's influence was complete; and *The St. Louis Republic*, the greatest Democratic organ in the Southwest, smarting under the terrific blows that were dealt the Democratic party by the liquor interests, caused by the enactment of the local-option law, declared that the saloon was the greatest menace to the purity of our politics and the independent action of legislators. Our own observation teaches us the same thing—aye, it teaches us more: that it is not only the power behind the throne, but it is the throne itself. The distinguished gentlemen who have been nominated for the same office that I have—gentlemen whose characters are such that they cannot have any possible sympathy with this traffic—would not dare to say one word either publicly or privately against it. Our party alone appeals to the Christian, moral, and patriotic elements of our State and nation to enter our ranks to combat and overcome this giant evil.

I am glad to note that while the convention was thus so bravely outspoken against the liquor evil, yet they just as fearlessly grappled with other social questions.

That one-half of our people should be disfranchised on account of their sex—and that sex just as intellectual, and confessed-

ly much more moral—is manifestly so unjust, that to me it seems superfluous to argue it. Suffrage should be predicated upon intelligence, and upon intelligence alone.

The currency question is another question to which the convention addressed itself, and I agree with the convention that the money of our country, whether gold, silver, or paper, should be equal to the business demand of the country, and should not be less than fifty dollars per capita.

The government ownership of railroads and telegraphs I have long advocated, and it is no longer an experiment. It has been tried in both Canada and Europe, and the electric light and water-works systems, predicated upon the same principle, have been tried, and have in every case proven successful.

The public domain of our country should be carefully guarded, so that foreigners could not in any way be owners. Our public lands should be for Americans, and for Americans only.

I fully coincide with the convention in its views on the school question. Our public schools are the universities of our plain people, and the glory of our nation; the religious bigotry must not be permitted to attack them. The motto of every true American should be: "A school-house on every hill-top, and no saloons in the valley."

The criminal institutions of our State should, in my opinion, be so conducted that they may be as free as possible from the spirit of vindictive punishment; and the one object in view should be for the moral and intellectual improvement and reformation of the unfortunate inmates. That the lash is still permitted in our prison is a shame and disgrace to our State. It belongs only to the age of the rack and the thumbscrew. And I believe, further, that the prisoners should be paid for their labor; and, with this in view, that the contract system should be abolished and the work done inside the prison walls, and that, after deducting the cost of clothing and feeding the convicts, the balance of their earnings should be kept and turned over to the convict at the end of his term, except those who have families, and their earnings should be sent to the families at the end of each month. This would enable the convict to support his family, and it would enable the man without a family to have a sufficient sum of money ready when he closes his term to start anew in life, instead of leaving the prison penniless—as is often the case—and being driven

back to a life of crime; and it would also prevent cheap prison contract labor from coming in competition with the labor outside of the prison. I feel that, in advocating this humane view of the prison question, we should have the hearty co-operation of the Democratic, Republican, and Populist parties, inasmuch as every convict in the nation is either a Democrat, Republican, or a Populist.

I believe that our tax laws should be so readjusted that the residences, or homes, of our people should be free from taxation except where their value is more than two thousand dollars. Taxation should be upon people's luxuries, and not upon their necessities.

Thus going before the people of the State of Missouri, and the nation, so manifestly just and right, we have a right to demand their sober and intelligent consideration. We are not afraid of the sting of defeat, as we know that victory has always been rocked in the cradle of reverses. But with our faith in God and the American people, and with supreme confidence in the justice of our cause, we go forth to battle, and ultimately to victory.

[JOHN SOBIESKI.

Neosho, Missouri, August 3, 1892.

During August of this year (1896) I was platform manager at Lithia Springs Assembly, where I presided at the debate there between ex-Governor St. John and Hon. William E. Mason, on the financial question. It was an intensely interesting, and a good-humored discussion. The disputants were quite courteous to each other. Both are men of very popular qualities. I make mention of ex-Governor St. John in another place. I will here speak of Mr. Mason.

I found Mr. Mason a genial, warm-hearted, sympathetic man. I must confess that his career in the United States Senate has been to me a

pleasant surprise. I took it for granted that he was an intense partisan, and would cheerfully obey the dictum of his party chief; and doubtless, if he had been consulting his own personal interest, he would have done so: but in the Senate he has shown a laudable independence. He has not only antagonized the administration, but the entire leadership of his party, in standing by his convictions for what he thinks is for the best interest of country and humanity. He has recently declared in a letter to a friend, that he would rather be one of the people to help elect senators, than to be in the Senate and stultify his conscience. The principles that seem to govern Senator Mason are lofty patriotism and an enlightened humanitarianism.

I have organized two thousand and eighty-six lodges of Good Templars, and taken into the order ninety thousand members. In all of my eight hundred thousand miles of travel, I have never been aboard a boat, or a ship, or a train, when there has been anyone injured by accident.

Though I am sixty-four years of age (in 1907), I am not conscious of the slightest decadence in any of my mental or physical powers. During the last year, on one occasion I rode thirty miles by private conveyance, and made four speeches in one day, and felt in splendid condition when I retired.

My life up to the present time has been exceedingly happy. My work has brought me in contact and association with the best people in the world, and I am not aware that I have an enemy on earth. I am sure that I am not an enemy of anybody in the world. And if I had my life to live over again, I would choose the same path; avoiding, however, some of the mistakes that I have made. *And I think my life has been a remarkably successful one*, considering the small amount of mental capital I had invested.

Some years ago I was the guest for a night at the home of a distinguished American statesman, who has been the governor of his State, and is now serving on his third term in the United States Senate. He and I had become acquainted when we were both just starting out in life. We were both born in the same year. In addition to his success politically, he has been very successful financially, being a millionaire. During the evening a gentleman called on him, and they stepped into the library, which was just off from the parlor, leaving me to be entertained by his very charming and witty wife. During our talk the lady told a witty story—for she was a very good story-teller—and I gave a very hearty laugh, as I often do.

After his wife had retired, he said to me: "How much money have you accumulated?"

I told him I couldn't tell exactly, but I would

see in a minute. I was pretty flush that day. When I went down into my pocket, I found twelve dollars and sixty-two cents.

“Well,” said my distinguished friend, “the world generally would say that I have been the more successful man of the two. I have all the political honors I ever aspired to, and have accumulated more wealth than I ever expected to. You have none of these things, and yet you are the happier man of the two. I see by your talk that you believe in everybody, while I believe in hardly anybody. Your life has been such that you have seen the best side of mankind; mine has been such that I have seen the worst side of mankind. I have a lot of political friends, yet I know they wouldn’t hesitate to cut my throat, metaphorically speaking, or trample me under foot at any time when it would advance their interests. I thought when I heard you laugh to-night while I was in the library, that I would give half of my fortune if I could give such a hearty laugh as that.”

I have often been asked where I received my education. I have to answer that up to the age of eleven years my mother taught me; and since then I have picked up all that I have. I never went to school a day in my life. I always had a passion for books—and the best of books; I have never read any of the light, trashy literature. The works of fiction that I have read have for the most

part been standard works. My reading has generally been historical, biographical, travels, sociology. The magazines that I have read chiefly have been the *Century*, *Arena*, *Forum*, *North American Review*, and *Harper's Magazine*. I have often been asked what my method of learning to read English was. That was quite easy for me: the Polish language has the Latin letters the same as the English language; so just as soon as I once learned to speak English, I easily learned to read English. Strange as it may seem, the first book that I read in the English tongue was the history of Aaron Burr and his celebrated trial. The next book was Irving's "Life of Washington." Capt. Magruder, afterward Major-General Magruder of the Confederate army, my old captain, let me have the book. He said it would make a good American of me, and it did. My next book was Bancroft's "History of the United States." This was followed by Gibbon's "History of Rome," and from that time on I have always been passionately fond of history.

I have never cared for games of any kind; consequently I have never played any except croquet, and never liked that. I love music and painting; especially am I fond of vocal music. I am passionately fond of children—especially little girls. Children intuitively seem to know my fondness for them, and they soon begin to recognize me on

the street; and when I lecture in a place a week or ten days, as I usually do, it is the children who always greet me the first thing when I leave the platform.

I was always fond of reading religious literature, and especially had a passion for reading or investigating religious beliefs and controversies; so that I am fairly well posted in regard to the beliefs of the reading religious denominations: and I think the fact that I have read so many of these books of controversy has brought me to the point of appreciating how little theological views have to do with Christian life and character. Since I have arrived at what they call the "years of understanding, my views upon theological matters have greatly changed. My religious views at this writing (November 28th, 1899) are these: I believe in one eternal God and loving Father of all, the Creator and Governor of all things. I believe in Jesus Christ, who was sent to teach us the way of salvation and truth. I believe it is our religious duty to do all we can to overcome every evil propensity of our nature, and I believe that through God's grace and power we can accomplish this. I believe we should carry our religion into all the affairs of life. In all of our transactions with our fellowmen, we should in every case do as we would have them do unto us.

THE GREATEST CRIME I EVER COMMITTED

It is the saying among the French, that an Englishman will arise on a beautiful morning—which they occasionally have in England—and say: “This is a glorious morning, let us go out and kill something.” But I never had a fondness for the murder of animals or birds, or even fish.

Some years ago, I was stopping with a friend, a doctor, in a little town in Illinois and he proposed that we should go out and kill something. So, giving me a musket, and taking one for himself, we started for a small grove a couple of miles from his house, but failed to find anything to kill. The squirrels, which were our objective game, had evidently got an inkling of our coming, and kept out of sight. After an hour or so spent in the forest, we started to return to the house.

Sauntering leisurely along under some tall elms, I heard a bird singing, and looking up I saw a wee bit of a bird perched upon a lofty limb, singing very sweetly. Without a moment's thought, and without the slightest idea that I could hit so small a mark (for I had none of the spirit of murder in my heart), I up with my musket and banged away. I saw some feathers fly, and the little songster came dropping down from branch to branch, and fell at my feet. I stooped down and picked it up. It was a tiny little thing, not much larger than my thumb, of a yellowish green color, as beautiful as

it could be. Then like a flash the thought came upon me: what a contemptible deed I had done! Here was one of God's beautiful creatures that had just as much right to existence as I, and its life, doubtless, was as sweet to it as mine was to me, and at the very moment that it was singing its beautiful songs to make the world more pleasant and glorious, I had brutally shot it to death!

I carefully buried it among the leaves, and then promised myself that I would never again wantonly destroy life. I then begged my friend, who wore a pair of very heavy boots, to please kick me over to his house. This he refused to do. But I returned to his home a wiser and a sadder man.

I regard this the greatest crime I ever committed.

CHAPTER XX.

Some of my Co-workers in Reforms—John Russel—John P. St. John—Col. Frank J. Sibley—Mrs. Charlton Edholm-Sibley.

In the nearly forty years that I have been a lecturer and associated with reformers alike interested with me in the temperance work and kindred endeavors, I have formed acquaintances that have been very dear to me, and if space only permitted it, I should be pleased to include them all in the notices which I print in this book.

JOHN RUSSEL OF MICHIGAN

My first real temperance work was under this distinguished reformer, who was then at the head of the Independent Order of Good Templars in the state of Michigan. At that time the order numbered forty thousand members in that state.

John Russel is one of the greatest men of our country. He entered the Methodist ministry when a very young man, and remained in active work in that ministry until his very advanced age prevented him from meeting the requirements of its arduous labor.

The time which he devoted to temperance reform he never regarded as in any degree con-

flicting with his regular work, as he regarded it as a part of his church labor.

He received a splendid education, and with his strong, vigorous mind and imbued with Christian thought and ideas he was enabled to leave the great impression he has upon the church and country.

He was an early free soiler, and then an early Republican, and one of the organizers of that party. But when the war was over and slavery was abolished, he had no further use for the Republican party. He wanted a party to do something else, that he knew the Republican party could not, or would not do. That was to abolish the legalized liquor traffic. So he was the first one to move in the direction of organizing the Prohibition party. He was the temporary chairman of their first national convention, their first candidate for vice-president, and was conceded by all to be the father of the Prohibition party. Though an aggressive Prohibitionist and reformer, yet I am sure he has never said a bitter or vindictive word; he was always sweet and Christian-like in spirit. But his logic was irresistible. I have never known one that equalled him. No one could resist him.

He is still living—almost ninety years of age; still confident in the ultimate victory of the Prohibition party.

JOHN P. ST. JOHN

I made the acquaintance of ex-Governor John P. St. John at Topeka, Kansas, in 1881, at the time of the meeting of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars. He was then the governor of the State of Kansas. Governor St. John was born in the State of Indiana. While he was yet very young the family came to Illinois. When the gold excitement occurred in California, though but a mere lad at the time, he walked across the plains to California; and I think he finally went to Australia. Returning to Illinois, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He married Miss Parker, the daughter of State Senator Parker, of Charleston, Illinois. He now began the practice of law at Charleston. He had just got well started in law when the Civil War broke out. He entered the army at once, in one of the Illinois regiments, where he made a splendid reputation as a brave and gallant officer.

At the close of the war he moved to Missouri, but remained there only a year or so, when he went to Kansas, locating where he now lives, at Olathe. He was elected to the Kansas legislature, I think serving in both branches; and 1878 was elected governor of the State. Governor St. John is a natural-born reformer. He was an early abolitionist and Republican, and was once indicted in Illinois, under the infamous black laws, for feeding



Rev. J. G. Lemen.



a negro. They failed to convict him, although he openly acknowledged his offense. He was always a temperance man—a radical temperance man—and an uncompromising prohibitionist.

When the prohibition amendment was pending in his State in 1880, he entered earnestly into the battle in its behalf, and was the only man of prominence in his party who did; and it is generally conceded that his influence resulted in the adoption of the prohibition amendment. A gentleman who was at Bismarck Grove, near Lawrence, Kansas, at a prohibition camp-meeting in 1880, said that Governor St. John was there to speak in behalf of the amendment. The Republican State Convention was to meet a few days afterward. Some of his political friends came there to protest against his doing so. They told him they could see no objection to his speaking along the line of general temperance but told him if he spoke in behalf of the amendment, it would defeat him in the convention.

He said to them: "Gentlemen, I am here to speak for the prohibition amendment, and I shall do it. I hate the traffic, and I have always hated it; I have never got a chance to give it a blow, but I shall do so in the future; and while I would like to be re-elected governor of the State, I do not propose to purchase it at the price of my conscience and convictions. Gentlemen, I shall

speak for the prohibition amendment to-day, and many other times before the election."

That ended the interview, and he was renominated and reelected, and the amendment was adopted and the law enacted. He was renominated again in 1882, but the liquor element in his own party joined with the Democratic party, and there being a great Democratic slide that year, he was defeated by a small majority. It has been said that he deserted the Republican party on account of his defeat that year, and sought to revenge himself by defeating it in the nation. Nothing could be further from the truth. His attachment to the Republican party was as strong as ever after that defeat. I had several conversations with him, and know this to be so.

After the action of the Republicans in convention in 1884, there was but one thing he could do, and he did it bravely. The campaign of 1884 was signalized for slander, the Republican party charging Mr. Cleveland with an immoral life, while the Democratic party, on the other hand, were charging Mr. Blaine with selling his influence as Speaker of the House to carry through corrupt measures, and with being an immoral man when he was young; and altogether the campaign was the dirtiest, most disgusting and disgraceful our nation has ever known. Every effort was made that could be made to prevail on Governor St. John to

withdraw from the contest so late in the campaign as to prevent another man being put on in his place, but it was unavailing. Governor St. John received one hundred and fifty thousand votes at that election.

COL. FRANK J. SIBLEY

One of the most pleasant associations in my life has been with Col. Frank J. Sibley who was introduced to me by John B. Finch who had been intimately associated with Col. Sibley from the beginning of his career.

In 1880 I found Col. Sibley hard at work speaking and planning for the adoption of the Prohibitory Constitutional amendment in Kansas, and in many conversations with him on that subject at the time he outlined the struggle which has continued for twenty-seven years for the putting in successful operation the suppression of the liquor traffic as provided by the amended constitution.

As I look back over these years of efforts at law enforcement I now perceive that he had, at that early date, foreseen all the impediments in the way, and had suggested the practical remedies for every one of the difficulties that has ever arisen, and I am satisfied that if the Legislature would have listened to the suggestions that he then offered their committees, the liquor business

in Kansas would have been completely suppressed more than two decades ago.

Very early in my acquaintance with Col. Sibley I became impressed with his ability to cope with almost any situation and to adapt himself to almost any situation or set of conditions which might arise.

I was early impressed with his wide knowledge of business details of large enterprises. This was again emphasized by the wonderful success of a series of Prohibition camp meetings, reaching to the principal points in five states and managed under his sole direction. Ten of the most eminent speakers in the United States appeared in the course.

I had the pleasure of being associated with this eminent talent throughout the course. Everything was so carefully arranged by Col. Sibley that at the beginning of a two months tour each speaker received from him a carefully prepared schedule showing the exact date and hour he was to leave each point, by what railroad and the hour of his arrival at the next. This involved over 5000 miles of railroad travel and the stopping of a day or more at over thirty cities. I thought when I received my schedule that the chances were that we should have to make a good many changes in it.

The amusing fact in the outcome was that

everyone of the speakers made all these trips exactly as laid out in advance and always arrived in time, except once, when Col. Bain and myself were induced by a conductor on the railroad to change the route as he said there were no trains that would make the connections in the schedule. This change brought us five hours late and we were somewhat chagrined to find that the train on which we had been appointed to travel had arrived exactly as had been designated in our schedule.

Col. Bain and I had a good many laughs at what we supposed was Col. Sibley's mistake, but when we found out the real facts we concluded that we did not have much of a joke on him.

I might add that although this series of meetings was very expensive yet the management was so carefully and judiciously planned that on the last day of the last meeting every speaker was paid in full and every bill for the whole trip promptly paid.

In late years Col. Sibley has resided in Tucson, Arizona, and has been engaged in very large Copper mining experiences, which, under his careful management, with his great talent for arranging every detail of business, has proved marvelously successful and has made many thousands of dollars for the fortunate people who have invested with him.

It has been a source of gratification to me to find that even in the midst of large business responsibilities requiring the closest application and his constant attention, that Col. Sibley never forgets the interests of the Prohibition cause or the workers engaged in it, and they still have his warmest sympathy and most substantial help in all the work of the great reform.

Col. Sibley was exceedingly fortunate in his marriage relations. When but nineteen years of age, in 1866, he married Alice F. Barney, who was then but seventeen years of age. She was a schoolmate of his, reared in the same neighborhood. She matured into one of the most attractive women I ever knew. She was exceedingly handsome, very vivacious, and witty, a model wife and mother. She was a helpmate in every particular. In all the struggle of Col. Sibley's life, she stood faithfully and loyally by his side. The fruit of this marriage was two sons. This estimable lady died in 1903.

On September 28, 1905, Col. Sibley married Mrs. Charlton Edholm, a renowned lecturer on Prohibition and social purity, a woman in full sympathy with her husband in all his moral ideas.

MRS. CHARLTON EDHOLM-SIBLEY

From "*Who's Who in America*" we quote as follows: Mary Grace Charlton Edholm, lecturer;

born Freeport, Ill., Oct. 28th, 1854; daughter of James Bovard and Lucy Gow Charlton, educated in the public schools and college to sophomore year. Married 1878 Osborne L. Edholm, journalist. Was connected for years with Oakland and San Francisco newspapers; was Superintendent of Press, Worlds W. C. T. U.; lectured for Florence Crittenton Missions and now engaged in evangelistic work in the line of social purity. In 1901 founded the Lucy Charlton Memorial, named after her mother, as a home for unfortunate women and children. For this purpose she used her own home in Oakland, Cal., and has supported the charity from proceeds of her lectures and sale of her books. Prohibition nominee State Supt. of Public Instruction, Cal. 1902. Arthur: *Traffic in Girls* and *Work of the Rescue Missions*.

In 1901 Mrs. Sobieski persuaded many ministers in Southern California to invite Mrs. Edholm to speak on the Traffic in Girls, and these hundreds of lectures aroused the people to stop this infamous traffic in white slaves. Scores of girls told Mrs. Edholm that they had been saved from snares laid for them by the warning they had received from hearing the addresses or reading her book. It is fitting that as King John Sobieski saved the maidens of Europe from Turkish harems in 1683, that the wife of his descendent should arouse the ministry of California to save the

maidens of their land from a still more horrible fate.

Rev. Dr. Chapman invited Mrs. Edholm to speak on Anti-Saloon Day at the Long Beach Chautauqua, and her address on "Municipal Partnership with the Traffic in Girls" so aroused the righteous indignation of Rev. Sidney C. Kendall that he called on Mrs. Edholm and outlined the plan of his now famous book, "*The Soundings of Hell*," offering her the manuscript if she would publish and circulate it with her own book, "*Traffic in Girls*." With gratitude Mrs. Edholm accepted Mr. Kendall's generous offer, and his marvelous book has since become the *Les Miserables* of the purity reform, while he himself has achieved an inter-national reputation as a Knight of the Twentieth Century to save girls from organized hordes of procurers.

As the prohibition of the liquor traffic is the only way to stop the traffic in girls, and as Rev. and Mrs. Wiley Phillips had long been interested in purity work it was but natural that *The California Voice*, the organ of the Prohibition Party, should publish in serial form "*The Soundings of Hell*." As Rev. Kendall, the author, and Rev. Rev. Phillips, the publisher, scoured the "crib" district for evidence against these traffickers in maidens, their blood boiled with fury, and night after night they risked life in this holy cause. Like the signers of the Declaration of Independ-

ence these men have pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to free these victims from the living tomb of the house of shame and abolish forever the traffic in girls.

The people of Los Angeles became so aroused by this constant agitation of the *Voice* and Mrs. Edholm's addresses that after a tremendous mass meeting, led by Rev. Kendall and Rev. Phillips, five hundred Christians marched *en masse* to the "cribs" singing "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War." There they prayed and sang with the poor enslaved girls and on Tuesday night by order of the police every one of these three hundred "cribs" were closed. Later they were nearly all razed to the ground.

But realizing that the only permanent enforcement of law must come from the Prohibition Party officials, Mrs. Edholm made the trip from Vancouver, B. C., to Indianapolis to persuade the National Convention of the Prohibition Party to incorporate a plank in their platform denouncing the municipal partnership in the "*Traffic in Girls.*" This was done, and these splendid crusaders, many hundred thousand strong, with their battle cry, "God wills it!" will rescue not the tomb of the dead Christ from the infidel Turk but these maidens, countless numbers of them, whose bodies are "temples of the Holy Ghost," from a living death, for with the abolition of the liquor traffic they will abolish the traffic in girls.

JOHN SOBIESKI

FEB. 22, 1855—FEB. 22, 1905

By F. J. SIBLEY, of Tucson, Arizona.

A half a hundred years! Alone, storm tossed,
A half a century passed! since exile crossed
A wintry ocean. His the heart to brave
All dangers. As his fathers gave
Their lives for Freedom,—so, not less would he
Endure all things to make his brothers free.

From England's fading shores, no loving hands
Were waved to cheer the voyage to unknown lands.
No welcome waited when the voyage was done.
In all the surging multitude, not one
Was there to greet him. Just a sturdy lad,
With true, strong heart;—'twas all the wealth he had.

Yet, in his veins the high and royal blood
Of untold centuries of valor flowed.
Imperial Sobieski led the host
That overthrew the Turk, else had Europe lost,
And, superstition thrust across its track,
The onward march of Christian thought turned back.

Nor yet less brave or grand, that later sire,
That dared to lead, along the path of fire,
That he must surely tread, who would restore
The sceptre that his fathers held before;—
That sire who proudly trod the scaffold path,
Prepared for him who dares the Russian wrath.

Strange that he reached our land that day of days,
When all the nation, deepest homage pays
To Washington. Did that great patriot call
This robbed and exiled prince to stand or fall,
In new-world wars, for all that men hold dear?
Whose e'er the call, he answered, "I am here".

Then years of march, where tropic river flows,
Or where the storms have piled the mountain snows,—
Ten years of war and camp, and battle field
Ten years of his young life to freedom sealed,
And then a life enlistment in the cause
Of sober manhood, stayed by righteous laws.

What, though to him the ancient throne no more
The fate of future year can e'er restore!
Riches, and strength, and power, are vain to bring,—
The life he lives, is all that makes a king.
Though crown and throne, and sceptred kingdoms fall,
A royal manhood triumphs over all.

CHAPTER XXI.

Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of my Arrival in America—Addresses and Letters from Prominent Reformers.

REMARKS BY CHAIRMAN GEO. M. BASSETT

I am glad to serve as chairman on this occasion. This large company present is glad to be here. Willard Hall could not contain the people who would like to be here today. In coming here to show our appreciation of Col. Sobieski, and to honor him, we are ourselves honored. I presume every one here claims Col. Sobieski as a personal friend and could testify how helpful and uplifting his influence has been to us.

We honor the man today who has been used of God to strike mighty blows at our common enemy.

There is a fitness in meeting today in Willard Hall. This place is already rich in memories and observances. How appropriate that here and now John Sobieski and his friends are permitted to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in America.

One of the best equipped organizations for fighting the liquor traffic has been the Order of Good Templars.

I presume the majority of those present has at some time been a member of a Lodge and has helped it form the "circle of unity."

No man has done more to advance the interests of this Order than Col. Sobieski.

ADDRESS BY E. W. CHAFIN
Grand Chief Templar of Illinois

Ladies and Gentlemen, Colonel Sobieski: On behalf of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of the State of Illinois, I take pleasure today in extending to you our hearty greetings and congratulations. In 1868 Brother Sobieski was induced to leave his home in Minnesota and come to work for the Good Templars of Illinois. That was Brother Sobieski's first session of the Grand Lodge and I have no doubt that that session made a lasting impression upon his mind. The report of the committee on Prof. Wilkin's report laid the foundation for political action in this great reform. We cannot in five minutes give much of Colonel Sobieski's work for our order. He was connected for many years with our work in this state. Last year I spoke in forty-seven different counties of Illinois, and in not a county did I speak but that someone asked about him. I found that his speeches and the lodges he organized had driven the saloons out of many towns and some counties.

Colonel Sobieski had the honor of being Grand Treasurer of our Grand Lodge, was twice Grand Counselor and represented this Grand Lodge in the Supreme Lodge. This is something of his work. I want to say to you that he has spoken in every state and territory in the nation. He has organized more Good Templar Lodges than any man in the world during our fifty-four years of Good Templar history. He has organized 2000 lodges. One hundred thousand men and women and boys and girls have received the obligation from him. Such a record as that a man ought to be as proud of as to be president of the United States. He is still a young man, looks as young as he did thirty years ago. While he is still young in this work it is not too much to say that probably no man on this continent has had such a wide influence in promoting the Independent Order of Good Templars and all other temperance organizations for he has worked with and for them all. He has worked with anybody and for anybody that stood against the saloons and worked for temperance and total abstinence. He was a pioneer. He was a member of the legislature in Minnesota and introduced three bills, one in favor of woman suffrage, the first one to be introduced in the northwest. That received one vote in the house, He introduced one for the abolition of capital punishment.

That got three votes. He also introduced one for prohibition which didn't pass. We wish him God-speed in his work. We expect he is good for at least thirty years of Good Templar work, and long before that the saloons shall have been banished from America.

ADDRESS BY ELLA S. STEWART

I think that I can claim a somewhat special and unique interest in this hour's celebration because like Colonel Sobieski and Washington, I also arrived on the 22nd of February, and this coincidence, while of no general interest, is of keen significance to me. My birthdays have always been hallowed by the memory of our greatest national hero, and hereafter they will have an additional flavor when I recall that on this day in 1855 there arrived, unobtrusively, in this country one of the true nobility of earth who adopted it and has served it so devotedly. I think I never met a man whose life has been of so much inspiration to me as that of Colonel Sobieski. Mr. Stewart and I both prize his friendship as one of our most valuable assets. Our home has been hallowed by his visits and our meetings have always been keenly anticipated and remembered. Colonel Sobieski's character is so rich and varied that it would take many hours such as this to form an analysis and review

of it so I will simply mention one or two phases which have most strongly impressed me. The first is his patriotism. The blood of ancient heroes and conquerors flows in his veins, and the holy zeal and devotion which prompted his ancestors to devote their lives to the interests of Poland have impelled him to devote his time and best interests to the true welfare of America, the country of his adoption. I noticed that some minister in a sermon last Sunday in this city, called attention to an incident in the life of Washington which he said was unparalleled in that of any other American citizen when he refused the salary of \$6000 that had been voted to him by Congress. But this lofty conception of service of country without any mercenary motive has been shown also by Colonel Sobieski. The first ten years of his life in America he gave to her army, serving through the civil war. He wears the scars of a bullet that passed through his body at Gettysburg making a wound from which he suffered for many years. He is richly entitled to a pension but he has steadfastly refused to apply for one. When the Civil War was over he went to Mexico and enlisted in the army to aid that struggling republic to repel her invaders. When this task was accomplished the Mexican government voted him citizenship in the republic and a grant of 10,000 acres of land but he refused

to accept any compensation whatever. His services were offered to both of these governments from the very highest motives—a true love of liberty. For twelve years he was a brave soldier. But that is not all. All these years since he has been constantly and actively serving his country, and I want to say that the life of Colonel Sobieski, as an American citizen, during these years of peace has been lived in such a way that if he had never worn the uniform of a soldier he still could say with the German poet, Heine, “Lay a sword upon my coffin, for I was a valiant soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity.”

This later warfare which he has waged during years spent in the quiet walks of citizenship and these later battles have called for a higher type of courage than that required of him as a good soldier. There are millions of men, of all nationalities and ages who have shared with Colonel Sobieski this physical courage. Nations have never called in vain for warriors but the vast majorities of those who have answered these calls would be utterly unable to comprehend the higher patriotism which has impelled him to fight these battles for a better civilization. Many men volunteer for war. They are eager for battles, with all their possibilities of suffering and death. They rush out upon an enemy without any symptom of alarm but most of them would show the

white feather if called upon to champion and defend an unpopular cause. They turn their backs when a hard moral duty confronts them. It is easier to face shot and shell on the field of battle with thousands of comrades at hand than to stand alone and face scorn and ridicule and to bear the banner of a weak and despised, though righteous reform. This Colonel Sobieski has done and I imagine he would say that it took more courage to stand, as Mr. Chafin has mentioned alone in the legislature of Minnesota, a year after his retirement from the army, when he was only twenty-five years old and champion prohibition in America, the abolition of capital punishment and the enfranchisement of woman than to be under fire on a field of battle. So these later years of his service for America have been the best. He has been fighting for civic righteousness; for purer laws; for the American home. His battles have been to redeem men from their depravity; to redeem helpless women and children from their misery and to redeem our nation from the corruption and decay which always follow legalized sin and governmental iniquity.

There are so many other characteristics of this man that I love and admire, so many beautiful personal qualities that I would delight to speak of his generosity, his unselfishness, his patriotism, his loyalty, his devotion to truth,

his loyalty to his friends, his willingness to believe in the highest motives of people rather than the lowest, his openmindedness, his optimism and his soul aglow with enthusiasm for all that is noble and good. Truly one might use Brownings words of him and say that he is

“One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward:

Never doubted clouds would break;

Never dreamed though Right were worsted
Wrong would triumph.”

I am proud to clasp his hand, to thank him for all he has given to me of inspiration and to wish him many happy returns of this day.

ADDRESS BY JOHN H. HILL

Friends, I am very happy indeed to drop into this meeting today and have a word with these others in congratulation to Colonel Sobieski and to you and I who have benefited by the influence of his life. I represent probably, today, the crowd that do not recall the kind of weather on the day the Colonel landed in this country, but who are, nevertheless, very glad that he *did land* and who have knowledge of his having “landed” many times since.

It was twenty years ago that I met Colonel Sobieski back in my home town, a county seat in Central Illinois. I was then a high school boy,

a member of the Good Templar lodge in that town. The Colonel came to give us a lecture and help us in our work. It has been a pleasure to have met and heard him frequently since that time, to have shared the inspiration of his life and work and to have counted him as a friend. Of the characteristics of Colonel Sobieski that I should like to mention today, I have only time to mention one. In the line of the temperance reform where we have best known him, he has always been faithful. Now I couldn't say anything more of anyone than that the one had been faithful to duty. How much we need for people to be faithful and constant and true, that you may know the next year and the year after you will find them the same. What if we could have gathered together all those who at some time have been interested in our great reform.

Some of our brilliant leaders of the reform have suddenly found a supposed "twenty-four hour solution of the problem" or have discovered some question of such momentous public importance, that they have left the temperance movement on some tangent, and the reform has lost the influence of what their efforts might have accomplished. But Colonel Sobieski has never dropped out—he has never "let down," and while others have chosen to follow the light of some meteor or comet, he has always set his

course by the light of the old North Star, and friends, I can say nothing better than this—he has always been faithful and loyal and true.

Do you know, as I have been thinking of his life and I have heard these expressions that have been given from this platform today, I am more than ever convinced that life is really worth living—that is—if it is that kind of a life. We cannot sit down and figure out the far reaching influence of an actively good life, and Colonel Sobieski will never know the good he has done until he stands before “the King in His Beauty.” I congratulate Colonel Sobieski today that he has run his race of life so well. I congratulate all of us who have known him and loved him. may we all catch the spirit of this occasion and renew our mutual pledge of loyalty, consecration and effort and help to bring in “His Kingdom on the Earth.”

REMARKS MADE BY MRS. MATILDA B. CARSE
IN INTRODUCING COL. JOHN SOBIESKI

Dear Friends: I am indeed glad, happy and proud to welcome to this platform one who arrived on our shores fifty years ago today, Colonel Sobieski.

We are glad, Colonel, to welcome you to this Hall so much beloved by Frances Willard and

named after her. She was your loyal friend.

As I turn back memory's pages to those days in my early womanhood when I first became a worker in the temperance reform and for the first time met you, your face rises before me, handsome benign and sweet—much the same as today—only it is more enriched with that soul beauty which comes in life's afternoon when our days have been spent as yours have been, for the good of mankind.

Colonel Sobieski has proved himself a kingly soldier, brave and magnanimous, fighting only in defense of righteousness and in behalf of the weak and oppressed. He is a worthy descendant of a noble sire, John III, King of Poland. For five years Colonel Sobieski bravely fought to defend the stars and stripes and then when he heard the cry of distress from the young republic of Mexico, he hastened to its defense without the hope of any emolument. He had a noble mother, and I hope he will tell you today about that mother and how her brave, unselfish life and dying request influenced his character and made him the man he is.

What a blessing it is to any mother to have such a son! He has not secured what most men consider the greatest thing in the world, money, and he will not be counted among the great multi-millionaires of his time, but he has secured far

higher honors, he has saved souls from going to destruction and has won, as we have heard here today, more than 100,000 men and women to join the Good Templars, besides a great host outside of these he has won to temperance. He has returned many to righteousness and he will shine as a star forever and ever.

I am sure that you are anxious to hear from this man that we have gathered here to honor and I will not detain you longer, only to say that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, from Miss Willard to the humblest member have honored and loved Colonel Sobieski for his heroic life, not only on the battle field in defense of right, but on the platform in the defense of the home against the saloon. We are glad to see him here today among us, so fresh and young looking, and I welcome him heartily to this platform as a Patriot, a soldier and statesman, but above all, as a lover of his kind.

RESPONSE BY COLONEL JOHN SOBIESKI

Friends, of course I am glad to be here today, and I hardly know what I can say after listening to all these words of praise by my friends. I am awful glad I am not dead. At one of our Chautauqua Assemblies a couple of years ago a distinguished lecturer of the South lectured on "Taffy and Epitaphy" and said we should say

the nice things of our friends before their death instead of an epitaph after they are dead.

These pleasant words that have come this afternoon from my friends have made a profound impression upon me. They have spoken words which I shall cherish the remaining days of my life. To be loved and esteemed by those whom I have all these days stood shoulder to shoulder in this great battle for our deepest and truest interests, is certainly all the compensation I could ask.

Fifty years ago today I landed in New York and little did I think at that time that in fifty years from then I would be in a meeting like this. Fifty years ago I landed in America about eleven o'clock in the morning. I was between twelve and thirteen years old, large for my age, I had black curly hair, large brown eyes, chubby dimpled cheeks. I landed upon the shores of America with my eyes wide open. The ship was covered with flags and bands playing but I was never conceited and I knew it wasn't for me. Perhaps many of you know something of my early history, of my father who commanded the uprising for liberty of Poland, and as stated here today, I left my native land a boy five years of age. As I have been requested to give the reason that led me to become a temperance man and the circumstances, I will do so. I had not seen my

mother for six months until the day of her death. I had only seen my father once that I can remember and that was in a dark, awful dungeon where he had been for twelve months. So my mother had been my constant companion and when I went to that room so still and silent, and as I laid down at her side with her face so white—she was only twenty-nine years of age but her hair was as white as snow. Her husband and father and two brothers had been executed at the same time and a sister exiled to Siberia. I remember as I lay down beside her she said to me, “I am going away to join your father in another land and I shall leave you all alone in the world. Promise me that you will ever cherish the cause for which your father died, that you will fight for any land, any nationality or any race that is struggling for liberty, and further promise me that you will never take the name of Him in vain whom I shall pray may have your guidance.” I promised her that I never would take intoxicating liquors and that I would never post the gaming table. I didn’t know what these things meant, but I did afterwards. With a kiss that she sealed upon my lips I was taken away, and in a single hour she had joined my father. Though more than fifty years have passed since then, though I have done other things that I would undo if I could, yet believing as I do in the pres-

ence of my spirit mother, I can say that those promises I made to her have never in the least degree been violated. That pledge which she took from me has proved the boon of my life. Though she left me in a land of strangers, a boy homeless and penniless, yet with that pledge and promise it was of more value to me than though she had left me a million dollars without that pledge. A few years after found me in America, twelve years of age and shortly after I entered the army as a soldier and musician. How many times I was asked to drink, but those last words of my mother, "never as long as you cherish the memory of your mother must you drink intoxicating liquors" amid all these temptations, that memory made me as strong as a man to overcome the temptation.

As my friend, Mrs. Carse spoke about my mother, I wish to speak of one instance alone—when we were taken in the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine the day before my father's execution. He was the brother of the Emperor and the great uncle of the present Emperor of Russia. He informed my mother that he was authorized by the Emperor to make her this proposition, that if she would consent to have her boy taken from her that day and conveyed to a school under the management of the Greek church, and be educated in the faith of that church,

in other words, educated to be a Russian instead of a Pole, if she would consent to this, then she could return to her estate and enjoy it until her son arrived at his majority, but if she refused, then the same day that her husband would be executed that she should be banished from Poland upon the penalty of death if she or any of her descendants thereafter ever returned to any territory over which Russia ruled. The answer of my mother was that of a spirited patriotic Polish woman when she said: "Sir, you can take from us our estate, you can take from us all that we possess and I may be compelled homeless and penniless in a land of strangers to beg bread from door to door, but I will teach my son he is a Pole and to hate with an undying hatred that nation and sovereign that murdered his father, desolated his native country and sent him into banishment."

Coming to America as I did, I entered the army which I served for ten years, going to Mexico and serving in that republic and then to the United States.

Shortly after I found myself in a temperance meeting. Just as soon as I got in that meeting I knew I had struck my crowd. When they first talked about the prohibition of the liquor traffic, I was warmly opposed to it. I thought it was in some way curtailing liberty. I could not

reconcile myself to that. Now you know the Methodists can always tell the time and place where they were converted, so can I and it was my old friend Dr. Satterlee who was the means of my conversion. I went to his church one night to lecture and took special pains to tell that I was not a Prohibitionist. I remember that when I sat down that the minister arose and said that he should certainly have to protest against that part of the speaker's address where he spoke about the prohibition of the liquor traffic. He said, "I believe it to be just as wrong to license the traffic as the drink habit itself." When we were going out he reached out his hand and said that he hoped God would open my eyes and that I would see the error of my ways. I thanked him and told him if I was wrong I wanted to be put right. The next morning as I was going out of town, (they had the saloons all on one street leading down to the depot) a big son of Germany as soon as he saw me, stepped out from in front of a saloon and extended his hand and I put my hand in that great soft one, and said "I heard how you downed that preacher last night. That preacher does us more trouble than all the preachers in our town. Mine friend, won't you come in and have a glass of beer mit me?" I dropped that hand very suddenly and I wrote back to my friend Satterlee that he needn't pray for me any more. I had got there.

It has been a matter of precious memory to me the splendid men and women whom I have met in this reform, nearly all of them gone now. I remember when I entered the field that Judge James Black, of Pennsylvania, Samuel D. Hastings, of Wisconsin, Wm. Ross, of Illinois, and that chivalrous, handsome man, John B. Finch, who died altogether too young, were the leaders of the host. They are all gone. Later I remember the splendid women that arose after the crusade. There was one that I remember having met thirty years ago. She is present in this hall today, known to us all, a woman of great energy, push and enterprise whose brain conceived this magnificent building where this meeting is being held today. I have watched with the deepest of interest and sympathy her noble struggle to see it cleared from debt and become what is her fond hope, that it should be the rallying place of the temperance host of our country. I believe she will succeed, I do not believe she can possibly fail, that God will give her the victory.

I remember well Frances Willard whom I met for the first time here in this city, as she was Secretary of the National Prohibition Convention. That began our acquaintance and it has kept on all these years. Sometimes we think the life of the reformer is hard. I know I have felt so sometimes myself. We feel that we do not have

the sympathy and support that we should have from those that ought to sympathize with us, at times when it seemed the whole church and the whole world was either opposed or indifferent. But I shall never forget the morning that the remains of Frances Willard were received in this city. I had the sad honor of being one of her pallbearers. When I went down to the Twelfth Street Depot to meet her remains with the other gentlemen who had been selected with me as pallbearers, it was a bleak, cold, bitter day, the thermometer way below zero, yet I found 2000 people there waiting with sorrowful faces to receive the noble dead. When we conveyed her to Willard Hall where she was to lie in state, thousands had already gathered before the Hall waiting for the door to be open, and when the hour came then the doors were opened and the procession began, tramp, tramp, tramp for six hours until 40,000 people had passed and, when the door closed at four o'clock the crowd in front of the Hall had not been perceptibly diminished. Though this great woman had never held an office, though she died comparatively speaking, in poverty, yet the love and affection that was shown to her taught me that down in the hearts of the people there was always an appreciation for our work and devotion. A few weeks ago I was in Statuary Hall at our National Capitol. As I walked about it and saw the statues

which had been placed there by the different states, Massachusetts had placed there the statue of John Hancock and Samuel Adams; Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris; Ohio, James A. Garfield and Governor Wm. Allen; Indiana, her two great Governors, Morton and Hendricks, and when Illinois came to select one of her statues to be placed in that Hall, and certainly no state was richer in mighty characters than Illinois, there was her Lincoln, her Douglas, her Trumbull, her Logan and yet by a unanimous vote of both branches of the legislature they declared Frances Willard was their choice as their most gifted citizen and that her statue should have a place in that pantheon of the nation. All honor to this grand old commonwealth for her tribute to this noblest and mightiest and yet most gentle of all of her citizens. But I must close my address. I appeal to you young gentlemen present to rally to the standard of temperance and help by your influence and power in the mighty work of rescuing the land. As one of America's greatest sons said to a young man who came to him and asked him how he could best serve his time and generation, he said: "Find a worthy but unpopular cause and identify yourself with it and you will become like unto God. Here is your opportunity young gentlemen. Don't miss it. Join with us, for ultimately we shall win the victory."

LETTER FROM HON. WM. E. MASON.

Chicago, Feb. 16, 1905.

Mr. George M. Bassett,
Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

I am greatly disappointed and more than sorry that I cannot be present to tender my congratulations to Col. John Sobieski on the event of his 50th anniversary as an American.

I have known him for years, but within the last years have become more intimately acquainted with him and from what I know of him there is no living man whom I would more delight to honor than I would John Sobieski.

Born in the very bitterest storm of life, his father and mother before him felt the cruel oppression of those who wished to govern others without the consent of the others. His father was executed and his mother with her young boy driven to banishment worse than execution, robbed and murdered by the cruel conduct of the Russian Government. A stowaway he became in order to become an American citizen, and having learned when he was ten or twelve years of age from an old Polish Soldier how to blow a bugle, he became a soldier of our republic. For ten years, entirely through the civil war, he served our country and our flag. After that he joined the Army of the Republic in Mexico. He went hungry and almost naked and fought for the right of self-government there.

I particularly want to praise him for this not only that he has fought for liberty; that he has observed mankind's unkindness to mankind, but through it all he comes out in the afternoon of his life smiling and sunny without an unkind feeling towards any one of God's creatures.

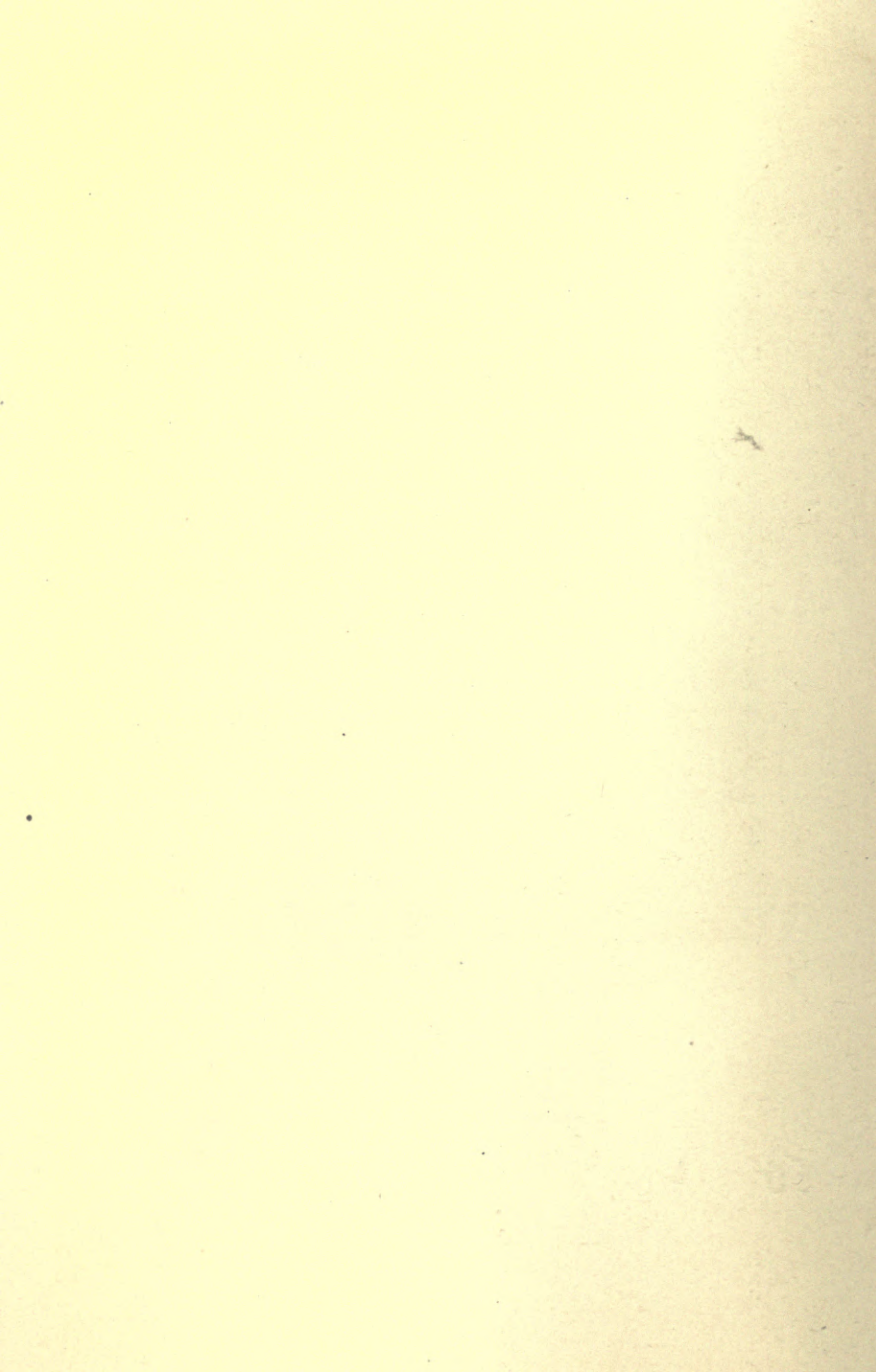
Once when he was wounded dangerously, the surgeon told him to make his peace with God. He said in soldier language "I have never fussed any with God" and he never has. I said he had reached the afternoon of his life. May it be a long and pleasant afternoon; may the twilight be along time coming. For a man like him there will be no night because he is without fear. He has the faith that makes people unafraid. He will not be afraid to meet his Master face to face, but again I say, may the twilight of his life be a long time coming, that the young men and women of America may have the benefit of his fight for what is right and the presence of his life an example.

I am, with very great respect,

Your friend,
 WM. E. MASON.



Col. Frank J. Sibley.



LETTER FROM REV. J. G. EVANS, DD. LL., D.

Kankakee, Ill., Feb. 20, 1905.

Dear Bro. Bassett:—Forty years ago, in Dwight, Illinois, I formed the acquaintance of Col. John Sobieski. Since then we have met often, and the passing years have increased my appreciation of that stalwart defender of the prohibition faith. In all these forty years I have never known him to falter, or to give an uncertain sound. He has never had any sympathy with any kind of compromise with wrong nor shown any disposition to be silent because majorities were against the right. He is worthy of all honor.

Yours truly,
J. G. EVANS.

LETTER FROM MAE GUTHRIE TONGIER.

Rev. George M. Bassett,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Friend:—I wish exceedingly I might be with you at the celebration of Col. Sobieski's 50th anniversary in America, and that I might say something worthy the day and the man. But the thought is too large to be borne by the tip of a pen, and so I shall not attempt. But it was a happy addition to our population, and to our country and to the cause of humanity when he cast his lot among us, and American citizenship has been immeasurably enriched.

I congratulate Col. Sobieski upon the battles he has won and also upon the battles he has lost, those splendid bloodless conflicts in behalf of humanity, battles which, though lost today, will be won tomorrow. I congratulate him too upon his possessions—the acquirement of over a half century of years.

Emerson said he owned the landscape, but Col. Sobieski owns the landscape with quite a patch of sky thrown in, where a few larger stars are always shining. And then his folks, and when I say his folks I mean those whose hearts beat in unison with his, they are everywhere. There is not a town of any size between the two oceans that does not hold some of his friends. They are always there waiting to welcome him with outstretched hand, or bid Godspeed at parting.

MRS. MAE GUTHRIE TONGIER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

LETTER FROM ALONZO E. WILSON.

Chicago, Feb. 27, 1905.

Rev. Geo. M. Bassett,

Dear Sir:—It was with deep regret that I found myself unable to attend the Willard Hall meeting. I have always regarded Col. Sobieski as one of our most distinguished men and believe that he has accomplished much for prohibition in America. It was providential that he came here and the prohibitionists of this country cannot show him too much honor for what he has done in educating the people against the licensed liquor traffic. I trust he may be spared for some years yet that he may see the consummation of his labors on behalf of this great cause.

Very sincerely yours,

ALONZO E. WILSON

FROM URIAH COPP.

Loda, Ill., Feb. 21, 1905.

Rev. Geo. M. Bassett,
Chicago, Ill.,

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to my family and myself to be present at the reception to be given Col. John Sobieski by his friends in Willard Hall Wednesday, Feb. 22, has been duly received.

I reply that it would give us very great pleasure to be present on that occasion, for Col. John Sobieski is one of our most respected friends. We have been intimately acquainted with him for many years, and ever have found him to be true and honorable.

He is the descendant of one of the noblest races, and is the embodiment of all their best traits. He has spent his life battling for liberty and for the uplifting of humanity. He is and has always been the most bitter foe of all tyrants and oppressors and the truest friend of the oppressed.

We heartily appreciate these noble qualities and feel that the congratulations of his friends could not be more worthily and justly bestowed.

Yours truly,

URIAH COPP.

LETTER FROM HON. DAN. R. SHEEN,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 20, 1905.

Rev. G. M. Bassett,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir:—I am exceedingly sorry that my duties here in the legislature will prevent my attending the fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Col. Sobieski in this country. I should like so much to join my voice with many of his other friends in doing honors to Col. Sobieski upon that occasion. It has been my good pleasure to have known him for many years, and have ever known him as a whole-souled, genial champion of human rights and a foe of human wrongs. God grant that he may see a return of many anniversaries. Mrs. Sheen joins me in congratulations.

Yours truly,
DAN. R. SHEEN.

LETTER FROM JAMES M. CAMPBELL

Lombard, Ill., Feb. 22, 1905.

Rev. George M. Bassett,
Chairman of Sobieski Reception Committee.

Dear Sir:—I want to have my unspoken testimony added to what may be said in a more formal way at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the landing in the United States of our friend Colonel Sobieski. I have known him during thirty of these fifty years. Occasionally I have lost sight of him for a time, but he has a way of coming again into view. He is one of those kind of people whom having once met, one does not wish to forget. Very few men that I have known have a greater genius for friendship. He grapples his friends to him with hooks of steel, and it speaks volumes for the breadth of his sympathies to know from what a great variety of classes his friends have been gathered.

The thing which has always impressed me most in the Colonel is his innate modesty. He is never obtrusive, and has a place in his big heart for other people's interests, and especially for their troubles. That is why we all like him, and forgetting his royal birth speak of him as *John Sobieski*. He is one of the kind of people to whom titles add nothing. He does not need them.

No man was ever more democratic, and I believe that were the crown of Poland (which is his by rights) offered to him on a golden salver; he would decline it with thanks; and would vote that Poland should become a Republic—which God grant she one day may.

It was to me a matter of wonder when first I met the Colonel, that a man possessing such a gift of leadership, and the endowments which make for success in public life, should have chosen for his career that of a temperance reformer. When I knew him better I began to understand the reason. Within that sphere he found a place to carry on the fight for humanity to which he had pledged himself to his dying mother. And right nobly has he carried out his purpose. With an ancient Roman he has taken for his motto, "Whatever concerns humanity concerns me," and through his touch of brotherly helpfulness many struggling souls have been helped to a better life.

For our old friend and comrade-in-arms in the best of all causes let me wish that he may die with his armor on. And may his last days be the best. I am glad of the opportunity of telling him how we have loved him and respected him for his sterling worth and for his works sake. This is better than to have waited until he was dead, and strewn flowers upon his grave.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

LETTER FROM JASPER L. DOUTHIT

Lithia, Shelby County, Ill., Feb. 21, 1905.

Col. John Sobieski,

Willard Hall, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Noble Friend:—I send most fraternal greetings and congratulations of myself and family to you on the fiftieth anniversary of your landing in America. With a great multitude who know you and love you, I thank the good God for your long and eminent service in temperance and other needed reforms. Verily, I believe you have conferred more benefit upon all mankind in these fifty years of patriotic and philanthropic labors than you could have done as king of Poland. God bless you forever and ever.

Sincerely yours always,

JASPER L. DOUTHIT.

Secretary of International Chautauqua Alliance.

RECENT EVENTS IN MY FAMILY

In the early part of the spring of 1901 I made up my mind to reside in California. I arrived in Los Angeles on the 30th of March where I have since lived. While I have continued to lecture in all parts of the country, and more especially in the east, still my home is in California and probably will so remain the rest of my life.

On June 18, 1902, my daughter Mary was wedded to Louie S. Gilhousen, the son of W. H. Gilhousen, an esteemed friend of mine. The marriage was in every respect a congenial one. Mr. Gilhousen is a bright, promising young business man, a teller in the First National Bank of Los Angeles, esteemed and honored by all who know him. Their marriage has been an exceedingly happy one.

On October 26, 1906, there was born to them a son. He was named John Sobieski. He is a sturdy, bright, healthy boy the pride of both parents and grandparents.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POLISH REPUBLIC

This is Colonel Sobieski's most famous lecture, in which is told the whole story of his people's struggle for freedom.

A nation, like an individual, as soon as it ceases to play an important part in the affairs of men, is forgotten. Take the men who laid the foundation of the American Republic, how few of the names of the founders have survived the century: Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, and Hamilton, and that is about all. Other men struggled, sacrificed, and died, and yet how strangely their names would sound to the average person of this generation; and 'tis so with a nation.

A little over a hundred years ago my native country was one of the most powerful in Europe. In population we exceeded all except France and Russia. In territory we exceeded them all except Russia. In art, science, education, we were well up to the most of them. In the achievement of arms I think we eclipsed them all; and yet a little more than a century has passed since she was so foully assassinated: and how little is the world's knowledge of that once great country.

Not only was Poland great in the extent of her territory and in her achievement of arms, but

was great also in the renown of her sons, and her colleges, her universities. The University of Warsaw is one of the oldest universities of Europe, and from her halls there have gone out to bless the world and to enlighten it, some of the world's noblest men.

You can hardly think of any department of literature or art and science but what can be found in them the graduates of Warsaw University.

And the University of Cracow is not less celebrated. There went from her halls of learning one of her sons who alone would have made that institution of learning, immortal. That man was Nicholas Copernicus. He was the discoverer of the true system of the universe. As one writer has truly said of him, "Poland gave birth to a man who arrested the course of the sun, and bid the earth move." And, as another poet has said in describing his achievements:

"'Twas his to point to worlds above the skies,
And show creation's wonders to our eyes.
The seed of knowledge and of truth to sow,
Science extend and prejudice overthrow.
Objects like these inspired his native mind,
Through life pursued and but with life resigned.
These are the wreathes that shall adorn his brow,
Far brighter than laurel's purest glow.
These are the wreathes that flourish undecayed
While heroes share the ruin they have made."

In this address I shall only discourse upon her history from the time of the republic, 1572. The circumstances that caused the origin of the republic were these.

The Jagellon dynasty, which had ruled in that country for a hundred years, had become extinct. Now it became necessary either to found a new dynasty, or to found a new form of government; and the Polish people—and when I say the Polish people, I mean the nobility—had got a glimmer, as it were, of popular government, but failed to comprehend the whole idea. They could not understand how the rule of the majority could be less odious to the ruled minority, than the single despot. So they organized the new government upon the unit system. It provided first that the first officer of the republic should be styled a king, yet they denied him all kingly authority. He did not possess one-tenth of the power that the President of the American Republic exercises under her constitution. He was not much more than the chief marshal of the republic. Then he had to be chosen by a unanimous vote of the constituency, in which every nobleman in the republic had a voice and a vote. A single vote given adversely was just as effective to defeat as though every vote in the republic had been cast against him. The law-making power was vested in two Houses, called the Diet, and every proposed enactment had

to be passed by a unanimous vote; and what was still more absurd, was what was known as *veto libertum*, by which at any time during the proceedings any single member by quitting the body could bring the entire proceedings to a standstill.

Another great defect of our government was our serfdom. More than two-thirds of the people were serfs. The only difference between our serfs, and the slaves of this country of a generation ago, was that our slaves could be sold from the auction-block, while our serfs could not be sold. They were a part of the realty itself. Your slaves belonged to a different race; ours were our own race—our own people—our own countrymen. And when I look back over the last hundred years of sadness and sorrow—that hundred years of sorrow and sadness that is unspeakable,—and when I ask, “Why all of this?” the answer comes back, “It is but the recompense for our own sins against our own countrymen.”

Now, having spoken of some of the defects of our constitution, I will speak of some of its virtues. It has been supposed by the world that religious liberty is of quite recent origin. Yet Poland put in her constitution three hundred years ago these words: “The right to worship God as one sees fit and proper, shall never be questioned.” Under that provision Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Mohammedan and infidel, were at

perfect liberty to worship God as they saw fit and proper.

Another article of our constitution was just as extraordinary, considering the age in which it was promulgated. Up to a hundred years ago, nation made war upon nation, often simply to plunder each other—"for revenue only;" yet Poland put in her constitution three hundred years ago these words: "The arms of the republic shall never be engaged, except for these purposes: in defense of the republic, and in defense of the Christian religion." And in the two hundred years that the republic existed, this provision was never violated.

Now, having spoken of her peculiar institutions, I will proceed to speak of her military grandeur. It had ever been the dream of every successor of the great Mohammed, that the time would come when the Crescent would triumph everywhere, and that the religion of the great Prophet would be universal. This had led to seven hundred years of almost constant contest between the followers of Jesus, so called, on one side, and the followers of Mohammed on the other side; and Poland, occupying the position that she did, often became the battle-ground between these two contending faiths. Poland stood like a wall of fire protecting the Christian world from the swords of Mohammedan fanatics, who again and again sought to overwhelm the Christian world.

I shall in this discourse speak only of the last great struggle that the powers of Mohammed made to conquer Christendom. This was in 1683. Hitherto, in their battle against Christendom, they had ever found a united Christian world banded against them. But now all of this was changed. The Christian world had become hopelessly divided into two hostile parties, hating each other, if possible, with more bitterness than their ancient foe: the followers of Martin Luther on one hand, and the Pope of Rome on the other.

“Now,” said Mohammed the Fourth, “Allah once more smiles upon us; and in my own day we are to sweep the hated Cross from existence, and the Crescent shall wave at Rome—shall wave the world over.”

So in the spring of 1683, with an army variously estimated from five to eight hundred thousand,—I will compromise it, and call it six hundred thousand,—under the leadership of one of Mohammed’s greatest favorites, they marched out westward to what they believed would be their final campaign of conquest. Such was the terror they invoked, that they practically reached the walls of Vienna unopposed. When they reached Hungary they were reinforced by fifty thousand brave Hungarian troops. Hungary, long oppressed by Austria, had been promised her religious and political liberty if she would aid

the Mohammedan army. The Mohammedan army arrived at the walls of Vienna about the first of July. All Europe was in consternation and alarm.

It was at this time that a deputation of forty German and Austrian noblemen came down to the court of our king, John the Third, who is known in history as John Sobieski, the greatest warrior of his day, and with the exception of Napoleon and Frederick the Great, the greatest warrior of modern times. This delegation came into his presence, bowing before him, and kissing his garments, and addressed him. They spoke of the battles he had fought and the victories he had won when he had been outnumbered ten to one. They said they believed that God had raised him up to succor Europe. They spoke of how at that very moment an army of six hundred thousand Turks was battering down the walls of Vienna. They closed by using these words: "Oh, your Majesty! come to our rescue, and Europe will owe a debt of gratitude to Poland that will never be forgotten."

How strangely sound those words in review of the events a hundred years afterward. Sobieski at once ordered the assembling of his army. The Polish army was never a large one, as the serfs were not permitted to serve in it; only the gentility and the nobility. But while the army was small, it was composed of the very best material;

hence its great reputation. When he reached the frontier, Sobieski was reinforced by thirty thousand Germans under the Duke of Lorraine. With this united army, now numbering seventy thousand, they marched toward the Danube. They expected that when they reached the Danube, they would find the bridge that spanned the river either destroyed or their passage disputed. But, to their joy, they found neither to be the case.

That is a characteristic of the Turk. I remember at the time of the Turko-Russian War in 1877, I used to predict the certain triumph of the Turks. With so much confidence I used to say: "The Russian army will never cross the Danube." But when I saw them crossing it practically unopposed, but steering toward the Balkans, I said: "Now I understand them; instead of attacking them at the Danube, they will attack them in the Balkans." So, with a palpitating heart I watched each day the march of the Russian army into the Balkans. I said: "In those narrow defiles all the wrongs of my native country will be wiped out in blood." But judge my surprise, if you can,—you certainly cannot my chagrin,—when I saw them entering those defiles, passing through unopposed; and not until they reached the plain beyond, where man stood for man, did they attack them at all.

I have never prayed for the Turks since. I

thought if a people would not avail themselves of strategy better than that, I would not insult the Almighty by asking him to help. And, upon this occasion, had they only destroyed the bridge, or had they with a small force opposed Sobieski's passage of the Danube, they could have delayed him for a sufficient length of time to have prevented the saving of Vienna; and had they done so, how different the history of the world would read today.

On the night of the 11th of September, Sobieski's army had arrived on the top of Kalem-burg Heights. The city of Vienna is situated in the valley of the Danube, that historic river separating into two branches, and reuniting again below the city. Forty-eight hours before the arrival of Sobieski's army, Count Stahremberg, the commander of the city,—for the king and court had long since deserted the city,—announced to his people that unless help came within forty-eight hours he would be compelled to open negotiations for the surrender of the city. In this action he was certainly justified by the situation. The walls of the city were crumbling, and starvation and epidemic prevailed within the city. The conquest of a Christian city by a Mohammedan army two hundred years ago meant that all of the strong men would be taken away to serve as slaves, and all the beautiful women would be taken

away to grace the harems of the Mohammedan conquerors.

The archbishop issued a proclamation asking the people to come up to the Cathedral of St. Stephen and devote the day to prayer. Said he in his proclamation: "Since all earthly kings have failed us, now let us ask the King of kings and the Prince of princes to interpose in our behalf." And all day long the people gathered round their great cathedral, inside, outside, everywhere, asking God's interposition in their behalf; and when night came the priests remained at the altars, still invoking the favor of Almighty God.

Every morning for more than three weeks a man had been sent to the top of the tower of St. Stephen to see if there was any appearance of the army of the rescuers. But the morning after the day of prayer, the fateful morning of the 12th of September, was the last morning. Now just by the wave of the hand the fate of the people would be sealed. So warriors left their places at the bridge, and women left their homes, to gather about St. Stephen to watch the signal from the top of the tower.

The man started out upon his journey up the tower. He must have seemed to the people of that beleaguered city like a messenger going into the presence of the Almighty. Arriving at the top of the tower, before raising his eyes to look

in the direction of Kalemberg, he dropped his head for a moment in silent prayer. Now, raising his eyes and looking in the direction of Mt. Kalemberg, how his heart must have leaped with joy, for lo and behold! its crest was all covered with the army of Sobieski. With his glass he could easily discern the barred banner of Poland; and he waved back the glad tidings: "The city is saved; the King of Poland has come." Upon that announcement the thousands who had gathered around the cathedral rent the sky with their shouts of joy. The glad warriors returned to the bridge to continue their resistance, while mothers and daughters returned to their homes, giving thanks to God for his deliverance from their terrible foe.

But while this feeling of exultation was going on in the city, quite different was the feeling on Kalemberg Heights. When the morning dawned and the Christian army looked down beneath them, what a sight greeted them!

Vienna at that time was a city of about two hundred and fifty thousand population, nestling there in the beautiful valley of the Danube. Stretching out before them as far as the eye could see, and farther, was this magnificent valley of the Danube. In the distance loomed up grand old St. Stephen. But, alas! the city was surrounded, and the valley filled with six hundred thousand



Mrs. Charlton Edholm Sibley.



warriors. These men were semi-barbarians: Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and the remotest part of Asia had contributed to this army. Breeches in the wall, they could see, had already been made. Cheers and shouts of the beleaguered host could be distinctly heard. It was indeed a sight most appalling to all except the stoutest heart.

Shortly after daylight the Duke of Lorraine came to the camp of our king and begged him to retreat, declaring the Mohammedan army would devour our army, that it would be madness to attack them, and it would be courting destruction.

The answer of our king was: "I shall attack them this day. I know their army is a mighty one and their leader is supposed to be a man of great ability; but a leader who permitted us unopposed to cross the Danube right under his nose, a soldier who has been here for two months and has never intrenched himself, and who has disposed of his army about the city in such utter disregard, has neither sense, prudence, nor science. It shows that his reputation is greater than his merits. I shall attack them this day, and before the sun goes down that army will be fleeing before my face."

The duke returned to his camp, only to return an hour afterward with the announcement that his men had mutinied, declaring that they would not be marched out to a useless slaughter, and

begged of our king to come down and address his soldiers.

It is said by the historians that our king was the handsomest man of his day; and judging by the pictures I have seen of him, as well as descriptions I have read, I think this might have been the case. Something over six feet tall, with a high forehead, an abundance of black curly hair, and large, flashing black eyes, he was indeed a man of imposing appearance. His education was complete. He could speak fluently every language of Europe.

He immediately went down to the camp of the Germans and addressed them. He said: "Soldiers of Germany, we are to fight a battle to-day, not for despoliation or plunder, but a battle for the Cross. While we contend with an army apparently so overwhelming in numbers, yet encamped around, about, and above us are the invisible hosts of Heaven, who will bring confusion to the foe and victory to our arms. This day, by the blessing of Almighty God and the Christian's Christ and Redeemer, we are to crush yonder exultant foe, and write such a page in the world's history that will cause mankind to glorify the Cross in all ages to come." And pointing to the city, he exclaimed: "While the garrison of yonder city is bravely defending it, the mothers and daughters are engaged in prayer in our behalf."

When he closed his oration the sturdy sons of Germany shouted: "Let the King of Poland lead us: we'll follow him to victory or to death."

Returning to his camp, he began preparation for action. Mass was said, and then it was customary in those days to have a battle-cry to shout on going forth to battle; so our pious king gave to his men, these words of the psalmist: "Not unto us, but unto Thee be the glory."

At eleven o'clock they began to descend into the valley. At one o'clock they had reached the valley, where they met a part of the Mohammedan army, which had been sent to oppose their progress; and after a short engagement defeated them, and sent them scampering back upon their main lines.

At four o'clock the line of battle for a general engagement was formed. Our king placed the German troops on the right, giving them the post of honor; in the centre he placed his own infantry; upon the left and flanking, his magnificent cavalry. This cavalry was a most brilliant body of men: every man of them was a knight, commanded by the king in person, the most knightly man of that age or any other age. Thus, ladies and gentlemen, you have the picture.

September 12th, 1683, at four o'clock in the afternoon, these two great systems of religion, the followers of Jesus on one hand, and the fol-

powers of Mohammed on the other, after seven hundred years of almost constant conflict, confronted each other upon the field of battle for the last time as foes. Doubtless what assisted the Christian army that day was a peculiar incident. The Mohammedans did not understand the science of astronomy, and had ever regarded an eclipse to be the wrath of Heaven. Just as the Christian army moved forward to attack, a total eclipse of the sun set in. The presence of our king had been denied by the Mohammedan commander to his men, for the name of Poland's king was a terror to Mohammedans everywhere. But now when he came blazing out at the head of his magnificent staff and cavalry, his presence could no longer be denied. And the word went through the Mohammedan ranks: "By Allah, the king is with them."

"Aye," said the Kham of the Crimea, "see the awful black spot is approaching the sun."

Just at that moment the seventy thousand Christian soldiers moved forward to attack. All were shouting: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thee be the glory." And they fell upon that army, eight times their number, with the power of an avalanche; and in two hours time they crushed it completely, scattering it like chaff before the wind. The Mohammedans, in their dismay, as they fled left behind them their

camp, their equipage, their gold, their precious stones, their carriages, their chariots, their horses and elephants—everything that they had brought with them to make their entrance into Rome brilliant and imposing; never stopping until the borders of Hungary were reached.

The next morning the Christian army entered the city through the very gaps in the wall through which the Mohammedans would have marched that same morning, had it not been for the arrival of Sobieski's army. They marched to the Cathedral of St. Stephen, where they all bowed in prayer. Then our king entered the church and led in chanting the song of victory, the *Te Deum*. The archbishop proceeded to the outer porch of the cathedral, where he preached to two hundred thousand people there gathered, taking for his text these words: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

A hundred years passes away, when an army marches out from this same city with their faces turned toward Poland. Do they go for the purpose of paying back this debt? No: they go for the purpose of joining with the armies of Russia and Prussia to wipe from the map of the world the nation that had saved them. No wonder that Voltaire said in speaking of it, that "God only permitted the damning deed, that he might show to the world what kings were made out of."

We now pass on through a hundred years, and we come to the event that led to the overthrow of the republic. The absurd constitution largely contributed; a weak, drunken, dissipating king was another contributing cause; and, worst of all, Frederick the Great was the king of Prussia.

I hardly know how to speak of this monarch. When I think of his genius, I feel I could almost fall down and worship him. Greater than Napoleon, greater than Hannibal, in my opinion, was this marvelous man. We see him when he came to the kingship of Prussia, then a little, insignificant power, and yet, when in the Seven Years' War two-thirds of Europe, numbering a hundred and twenty millions of people, banded against him, he fought them for seven years, and beat them in the end.

Yet, when I turn from his genius and contemplate his character, I shrink from him as I would from a leper. If in all the seventy years of his life he ever did a good deed, if he ever had a good thought, I have failed to find record of it.

About the first act of his so-called glorious reign was to rob Austria of one of her finest provinces. This had led to seven years of war. Now, old and about to die, he wished to conciliate Austria before passing off the stage of action. So he sent a deputation to Vienna, proposing the partition of Poland; guaranteeing to Austria a

valuable province, much more valuable than the one he had wrested from her. After some hesitation it was acceded to. Then the question arose, how will Russia regard it? So they sent a deputation down to St. Petersburg.

Catherine the Second was the empress of Russia. All I have said in regard to Frederick the Great, I can apply to this wonderful woman. In ability she has never had her equal upon the Russian throne; and in my opinion but few among the world's great sovereigns have equaled this remarkable woman. But in character she was just as depraved as Frederick the Great. Why God in his loving mercy permitted two such sovereigns to reign at the same time, I cannot understand.

When the proposition was made to her, she said she would consent to it on this condition: that she was to have a territory as large as both of theirs put together. This was consented to, and they joined their armies together and entered Poland and robbed her of more than one third of her territory, while our miserable king never raised his arms to defend his country.

About this time the American Revolution occurred, and there came to these shores two sons of Poland. One, the young and gifted Pulaski, whose services were so eminent, whose death so sad, and yet glorious, while leading the soldiers

of the Colonies at Savannah; where since a grateful nation has erected upon the spot which drank up his rich blood, a monument that will exist as long as your hills remain, to testify the appreciation and love of a free people for one who died for their liberty.

But of the other I love to speak the most. Of all the sons of Poland, he was the most illustrious. I have not language fit to describe him. The only thing I can do is what we always do in describing those who are especially endowed with patriotism, virtue, and honor; and when we wish to put the capstone on, we say this, and this is enough: "He was our Washington." Of course I refer to Kosciusko. Coming to this country, joining the army of Washington, becoming his chief of staff, for six years he associated with that great character; became so imbued with his spirit that when he returned to Poland he entered upon the work of reform in his own country. He entered the Assembly, he moved a revision in the constitution by striking out all those absurd features I have mentioned; and what I think was better than every thing else, he provided that when the sun should rise on the first day of January, that the shackles should fall from every serf, and from that moment every son of Poland should stand free before the law.

This was accepted by the Polish people, but

it came just at the period of the French Revolution; and the surrounding nations declared that they could see germs of republicanism that endangered their own integrity. So again they divided Poland, still our king not resisting. Now the time had come for Kosciusko to act; so he issued his proclamation, calling upon Poland's sons to rally to the standard of the country and drive the foul invaders from her soil. Now began the grandest and the most terrific struggle for freedom the world has ever seen. There could be but one ending of this unequal combat, and it came at last. In that awful night of death, where thirty thousand women and children were massacred by the German troops, amid the shouting of murderous soldiers and the shrieking of dying women and children, the Republic of Poland, after two hundred years of existence, passed forever from the view of man.

About this time Napoleon was forging to the front, and the sons of Poland looked to him as one who would lead them out to victory. So they gathered around his standard, more than one hundred thousand, under the chivalrous and knightly Poniatowski, and in all the campaigns of Napoleon, in Italy, in Germany, even in Russia, they followed him. When the men whom Napoleon had taken from the ranks and had made marshals, dukes, princes, and kings, had deserted

him, these sons of Poland remained true and loyal until the last hour of Waterloo.

When the Congress assembled at Vienna in 1815, England lost her fine opportunity. England was the mistress of the world in 1815. It had been England's pluck, England's courage, that had conquered the great Napoleon and chained him as a prisoner to that lone rock in the sea. The Congress assembled at Vienna for the avowed purpose of readjusting the map of Europe. Now, if England had only been wise, and said through her representative in that assembly: "We have met here for the purpose of readjusting the map of Europe. Let us do it in such a way that mankind can never doubt our honesty: let us begin by restoring Poland." If she had done so, how different would be her position to-day, trembling as she is before the power of Russia, knowing that sooner or later she must measure swords with her, with the result so doubtful. Ah! if England had only been wise then, she, and not Russia, would be mistress of the East. But apparently desiring to apologize to the world, they took about one-third of what originally constituted Poland, erected that into what they were pleased to call the Kingdom of Poland, and declared that she should have a constitution of her own and a diet of her own, that the emperor of Russia should be the king of Poland, and that

he should go to Warsaw and should there take the oath of fidelity to the constitution. These were splendid guarantees, but were never respected or complied with.

Fifteen years pass and we come to the uprising of 1830. A hundred young men, students of the university, had entered into a covenant that they would dedicate their lives to the regeneration of Poland. Coming into their quarters one night, they learned that the next morning they would all be seized and hurried to Siberia. Then these young men resolved that they would give their lives as costly as possible. They immediately came out of their quarters and proceeded to the barracks, where three thousand Polish troops were quartered. Arriving there, they shouted: "Down with the standard of Russia, and up with the standard of Poland."

The troops fraternized with them. They then marched up into the city, shouting: "Women to homes, and men to arms;" and within six hours from the time that those young men first raised their shout of defiance, a battle had been fought, a brilliant victory had been won, and the viceroy and Russians had been expelled from Warsaw.

When the sun rose the next morning and looked down upon that city, what a sight greeted it! Only twelve hours before it had gone down

upon a people apparently sleeping in the embrace of death. Now it was greeted by a hundred thousand men and women, marching through the streets singing, their patriotic songs, and waving their national flag. It was not a nation born in a day, but a nation resurrected in a night.

But the patriots made a mistake right at the beginning, by listening to the counsel of the conservatives. The conservatives advised them not to strike then, or rather, not to follow up the successes already won, until they first appealed to the sovereigns of Europe and reminded them of their guarantees at Vienna; and to appeal to their knightly honor to do justice to Poland; just as though any sovereigns ever had any knightly honor. There has never been a case of it since the days of Nimrod, clean down to that last poor remnant of royalty that is floating around somewhere, the ex-Queen of the Hawaiian Islands. But of course an appeal to wait is always a taking one, and the appeal was an eloquent one. It spoke of the past glories of Poland; it reminded them of the seven hundred years that Poland had stood as a protector of Europe against the powers of Mohammed; reminded them of Vienna, when all Europe was in dismay; how Poland's king and Poland's armies had saved Europe from Mohammedan conquest; reminded them of the damning deed by which it had originally been stricken

from the map of the world; reminded them of their guarantees but fifteen years before; and now appealed to them that they would deal justly with Poland. But alas! alas! or rather in the language of Campbell, the poet:

“France was under the Bourbon thrall;
And the rest of Europe had no soul at all.”

So Poland learned that alone she must fight her own battles.

In this lecture I will only describe the great battle of that uprising, the battle of Warsaw. It was fought on February 25th, 1831. The Russian army numbered one hundred and forty-five thousand infantry, sixty-seven thousand cavalry, and three hundred pieces of artillery; while the Polish army numbered but forty-five thousand all told, not one-half of them properly armed, and with but twelve pieces of artillery. Yet, in a battle of twelve hours they utterly defeated the mighty host of Russia, showing how mighty are men who fight for liberty, as against those who fight for despotism.

In the morning, just before the battle opened, the commander found that they were short of ammunition, and the men were instructed to make all of their powder and lead tell. A regiment of students—twelve hundred, students of the University of Warsaw—commanded by my uncle, himself a student, answering for his men,

said: "Others can have our ammunition." They discarded their pieces and drew spears instead, and in that battle of twelve hours they constantly charged and charged and charged. And when night came, out of twelve hundred that the morning sun had found so warm, brave, and grand, but twenty remained alive. The others had gone down with their faces to the foe, dying so nobly, that Poland might be free. A grander exhibition of devotion the world has never seen, not even excepting the ancient Spartans.

The battle opened at five o'clock in the morning by the Russian right of sixty thousand attacking the Polish left of ten thousand. At ten o'clock the Russian commander, seeing he was getting the worst of it, ordered the attack along the whole line; and from ten o'clock until four o'clock those sons of the North struggled for the mastery. Just as the sun was sinking in the west the Russian troops had been driven from the field and compelled to take shelter in the forest beyond. Wishing to draw them out where they could get a better opportunity to attack them again, the Polish commander feigned a retreat. The feint was a success.

The Russian commander, drawing out his watch said: "After this day of blood and of horror, I will take supper to-night in the palace of Villanow."

He now ordered his troops to advance again, and when they reached the open field they were again unexpectedly attacked, and the attack was so fierce that the Russian troops became panic-stricken, and fled from the field. But that night when the remnant of the Polish army re-entered the city, out of forty-five thousand that the army had been composed of in the morning, less than eight thousand remained.

But after a few more battles, in which the Polish patriots showed unparalleled bravery and devotion to their country, the inevitable came, and again Poland found herself at the mercy of the nineteenth century. Nicholas the First of Russia now began acts of oppression that the world shuddered at as it contemplated them. When the slaves in the reign of Nero arose in rebellion after their suppression, he executed three thousand of them, and that shocked the whole heathen world. But Nicholas the First of Russia executed more than twelve thousand. There was hardly a day of that awful month of November, and hardly a town in that unfortunate country, but men whose only crime had been that they had tried to make their country free, could be seen marching forth to die upon the scaffold.

We pass on now for fifteen years, and come to the uprising of 1846. It was intended as a part of the great uprising which took place two years

afterward throughout all of Europe; but the spies of Russia precipitated the contest: so it was not a great uprising, but it was a brave one. In the last battle of that contest, my father, wounded, was taken prisoner, and conveyed to the prison near Warsaw, where he was afterward executed.

We will now pass on until 1863. Again Poland's sons made a strike for liberty. An address was issued to the entire civilized world, asking for their sympathy and support. But of all the powers of Europe, Napoleon the Third of France alone showed any disposition of sympathy, and the result was in as preceding struggles,—an exhibition of wonderful heroism and sacrifice,—but the ending was the same. Poland, bleeding and crushed, lay again at the feet of Russia. A decree was now issued, which wiped the very name of Poland from the map of Europe; even the viceroyship was abolished, and Poland was completely absorbed as a part of the great empire of Russia.

I am often asked, “What is the condition of Poland to-day?”

I answer, most deplorable.

As an illustration of this, I will give an incident which occurred a few years ago at the house of one of the nobles in Warsaw. There was a party one evening at this house. A young lady of sixteen went up to the piano and dashed off a

prohibited national air. As soon as the attention of the company was called to it, she was stopped and chided, as they knew, however small the party, the Russian spy would not be far away.

The next morning before she had risen from her bed, a detachment of soldiers entered, battering down the door of her room. She was ordered to arise and dress herself and follow them; and was compelled to dress herself in the presence of the brutal soldiers, and barely time for that. She was conveyed to a Russian magistrate, and this crime I have given was computed against her. She confessed the fault and pleaded for mercy, and her plea was supplemented by that of her mother. The old Russian magistrate said, in consideration of her extreme youth, and as this was her first offense, he would deal leniently with her; but warned her against a repetition. He ordered her to be taken to the guard-house and kept there till high noon, and then to be taken to the market place, and there be stripped to the waist and receive upon her bare back the lash of the knout thirty times, from the effects of which she died some days afterward; and for this act the magistrate was complimented by the emperor, and promoted.

And the question is often asked: "But are there not hopes for the future, as Russia advances in Christian civilization?"

There can be no improvement until there first comes such a gigantic upheaval, that the upheaval in France during the days of the Revolution will be mildness in comparison.

How wonderfully interesting is the struggle of mankind for liberty, beginning way back there when Jesus said to his disciples: "Ye are men and brethren." That's the first we get anywhere of the enunciation of that great principle of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Of all the words spoken by the great Nazarene, none have proved mightier than that utterance. From that moment to this there has never been a moment when the idea of liberty has ever quitted the heart or the brain of man. Down through the dark ages this idea of liberty constantly flashes out like sparks of electricity in the awful gloom of those days, until we see the yeomen of England, led on by their barons, wringing from King John the Great Charter; again in the establishment of the Polish Republic we see this principle largely recognized; the next in the English Revolution, when the grand old Cromwell brought the head of the tyrant Charles to the block, and taught the world a lesson that it has never forgotten—that tyrants should never rule with impunity.

From this time the idea of liberty now grew grandly apace. Next it blazed out in beauty and glory on the borders of the American forests, when

the great Jefferson, writing with the pen of inspiration, wrote: "We hold this truth to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." This principle, vindicated in the success of the American Revolution, vindicated in the establishment of this republic upon that idea, then leaped across the water to the old world. Then began the struggle of a century for liberty. Battles have been fought, victories have been won, reverses have been suffered, but still this idea of liberty goes on; and it will go on until that great utterance of the Master is fully realized, and believed in by men. Then men will understand that there is no such thing as race or nationality; that we all belong to one great family, having the same origin and bound for the same destiny. When that blessed day shall come, then crowns and thrones will be a thing of the past; wars will cease from off the face of the earth; then will come the blessed day of peace, liberty, and fraternity.

I

KING JOHN SOBIESKI, 1683.

BY DAISY HUBBARD CARLOCK

Splendid is the tent of Kara,
 Silken, broidered thick with gold;
 Set with Orient gems whose luster
 Gleams from every wind-swung fold.
 Vast and mighty is the army
 Camped before Vienna's gates;
 Crescent-shaped, the horde of Mongols,
 Sure of triumph, calmly waits.
 Leopold has fled before them,
 Scarce escaping with his life;
 Court and nobles quickly follow,
 Fearful of the coming strife.
 Far around the royal city,
 Smoke ascends from Hungary's plain;
 Where were town and peasant cottage,
 Blackened ruins now remain.
 Who will hasten to deliver
 From the proud invader's might?
 Surely God will hear his people,
 Turn their darkness into light!
 Lo,—from Poland comes the rescue,
 Sobieski leads the van;
 Warrior-king and Europe's savior,
 Patriot-prince and noble man!
 "Not Vienna, but Christ's kingdom
 Do we fight this day to save,"—
 This the watch-word Sobieski
 To his valiant legions gave.
 "Not for earthly monarchs strike we,
 But for Christ, the King of kings."
 "Sobieski," shout the soldiers,
 And the air with tumult rings.
 Dreaded name, that to the foemen,
 Terror brings and dire dismay;
 For in many a well-fought battle

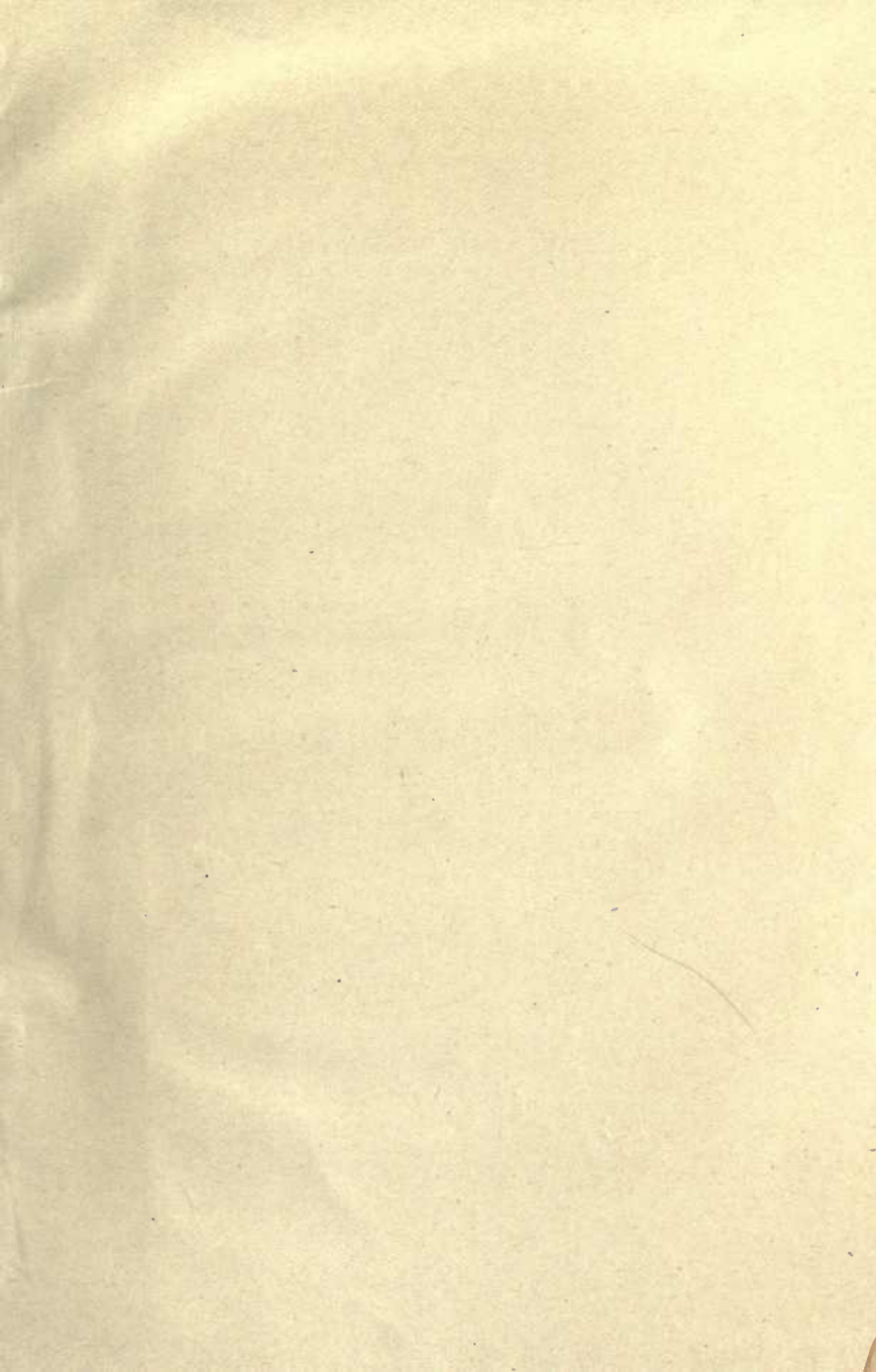
Has he held their hosts at bay.
 Forward dashes Sobieski!
 "Allah!" cries the Turkish chief,
 "Surely now their king is with them;"
 Sharp the conflict is and brief.
 Six pashas are slain 'ere evening,
 Kara and his khans have fled
 From the field where lie the thousands
 Of his conquered army—dead.
 On the roll of earth's great heroes,
 Who have won undying fame,
 Graven in light shines "Sobieski,"
 Brave and true, a glorious name.

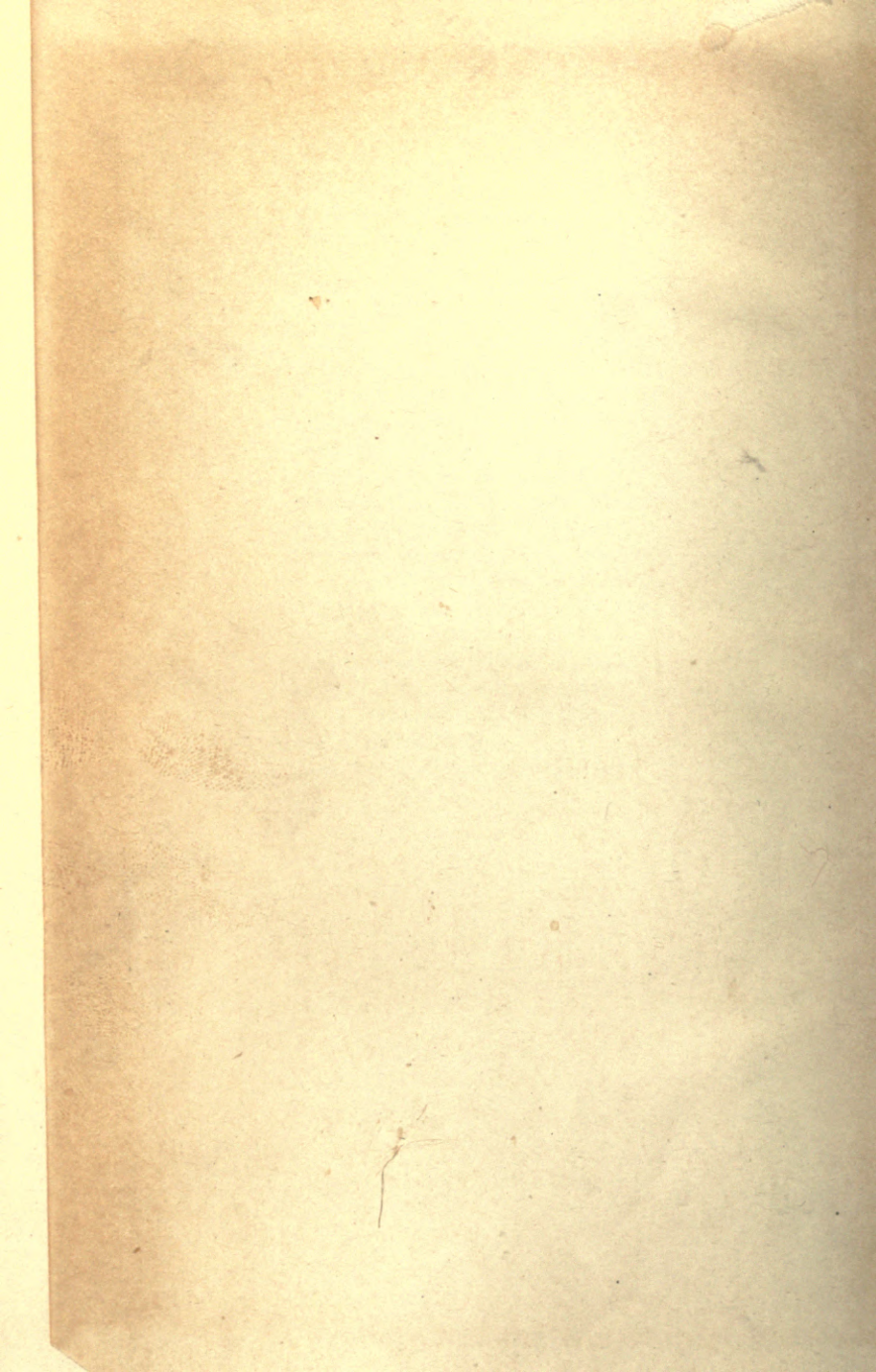
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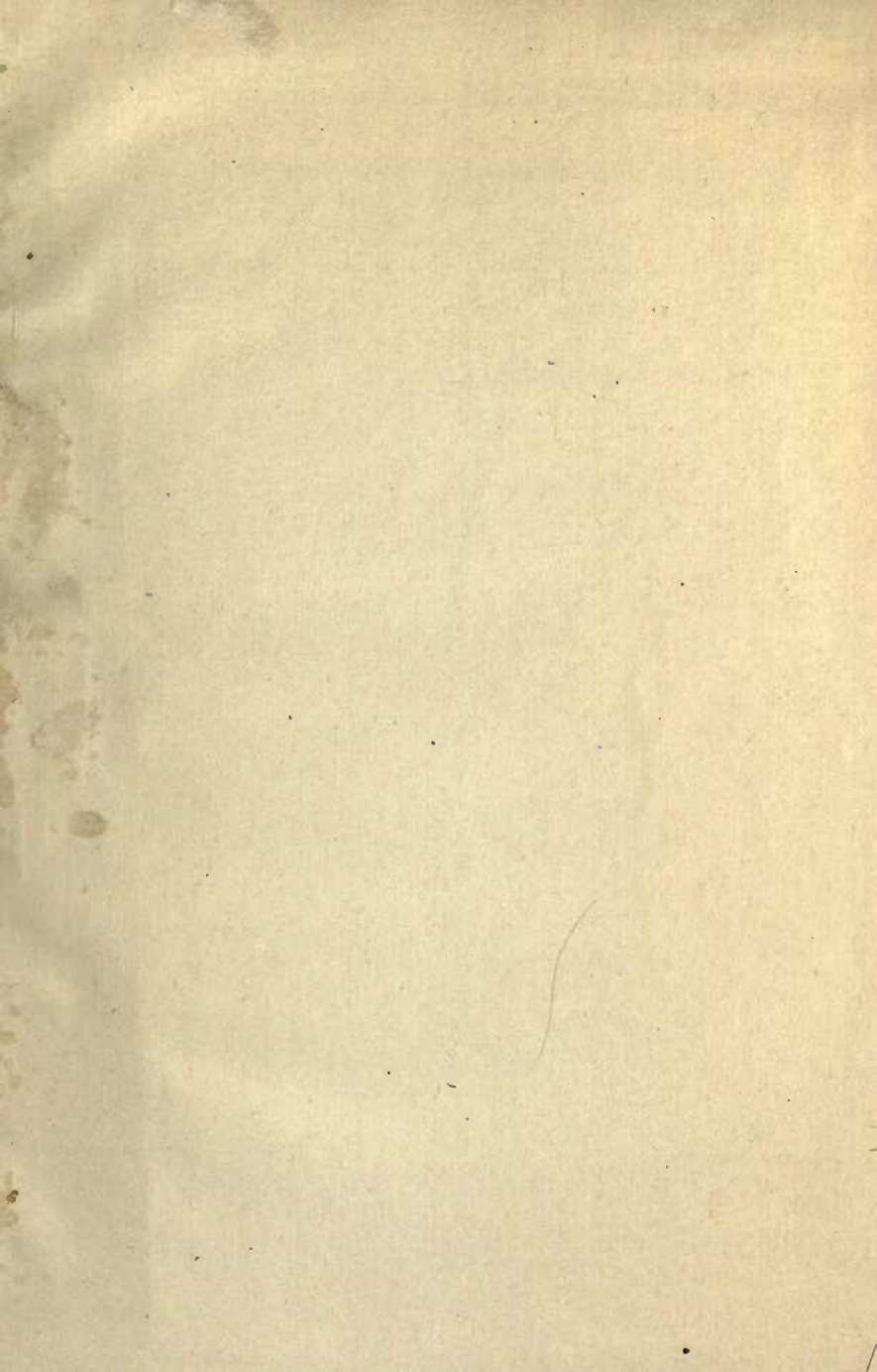
COLONEL JOHN SOBIESKI, 1892.

Where Missouri's stream is flowing
 O'er the prairies of the West,
 Where the Mississippi's borders
 With the flowers of Spring are drest,
 Sobieski's name is chosen
 On our banners to be borne.
 Let us rally round our standard,
 Praying for the coming morn,
 When with victory on our pennons,
 Men have heeded the command,
 "Strike for God and free His people,
 Save your homes and native land."
 Not alone in ancient story
 Are the world's great lessons taught;
 Not alone on fields of carnage
 Are the grandest victories wrought;
 If we count "earth's" chosen heroes,
 Those whose lives have been sublime,
 Men whose principles make impress
 On the record of their time,
 They are men, who, seeing Duty,
 Tread its path nor backward turn,
 "Buy the truth" and sell it never,

Teach what they through trial learn.
In this age of great achievement,
Men are needed who will stand
'Gainst the hosts of sin and ruin
Threatening to destroy the land.
When a Cathaginian army
Marched victorious on to Rome
And the baffled Romans gathered
To defend their seven-hilled home,
Faith in Rome was so triumphant,
That the soil outside the wall,
Trampled then by feet of foemen
Waiting for the city's fall,
Sold at auction in the Forum,
Brought its price in Tuscan gold;
And this tale of faith undaunted
Through the centuries has been told.
Let us doubt not Truth will triumph,
They must win who side with right,
"No surrender" be our watchword,
God is King, and Truth is might.
"Not our own, but His the glory,"
As of old, cried Poland's king,
Sobieski still is leading,
And the Lord will victory bring







**COL. SOBIESKI, 85,
DEAD AFTER LIFE
AS ADVENTURER**



COL. JOHN SOBIESKI

**Commanded Firing Squad That
Executed Maximilian
Of Mexico**

1904.11-1927
Death yesterday took Col. John Sobieski, who lived 85 somewhat exciting years, first as patriot, soldier and adventurer, and latterly as

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A VETERAN PASSES

ON WEDNESDAY, January 10, 1923, there was laid to rest at Los Angeles, California, in beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery, all that was mortal of her who was known as the wife of Colonel John Sobieski. The sympathy of unnumbered thousands of people who know and love him will go out to him in this hour of affliction and sorrow. By his side in this bereavement is his daughter, Mary, who for two years was nurse to her mother while the latter was confined to a bed of pain.

Mrs. Sobieski shared the interests of her illustrious husband in prohibition and all kinds of reform. During twenty-two years of residence in Los Angeles, she established a name for herself in the fight for civic righteousness and betterment.

Her funeral was largely attended, the writer noting the presence of several whose names are known throughout the land for the work which they have done and for the fight they have made for better things.

Colonel Sobieski's friends are entitled to know that he is manfully enduring the shock. While declining years have measurably enfeebled him, his mind has all its old-time clearness and he faces the future resolutely and calmly. Many who read these words will wish to communicate with him. His address is 2807 Brighton avenue, Los Angeles, California. His many friends may be assured that he will not lack appreciation for any words of cheer or comfort which may be sent to him.

Death has broken a union of more than forty years. He, who has charmed multitudes with his eloquence and who has been unswerving in his loyalty and devotion to his high ideals, sits in a lonely home in southern California awaiting the summons for his long journey.

An old warrior has been hard hit.

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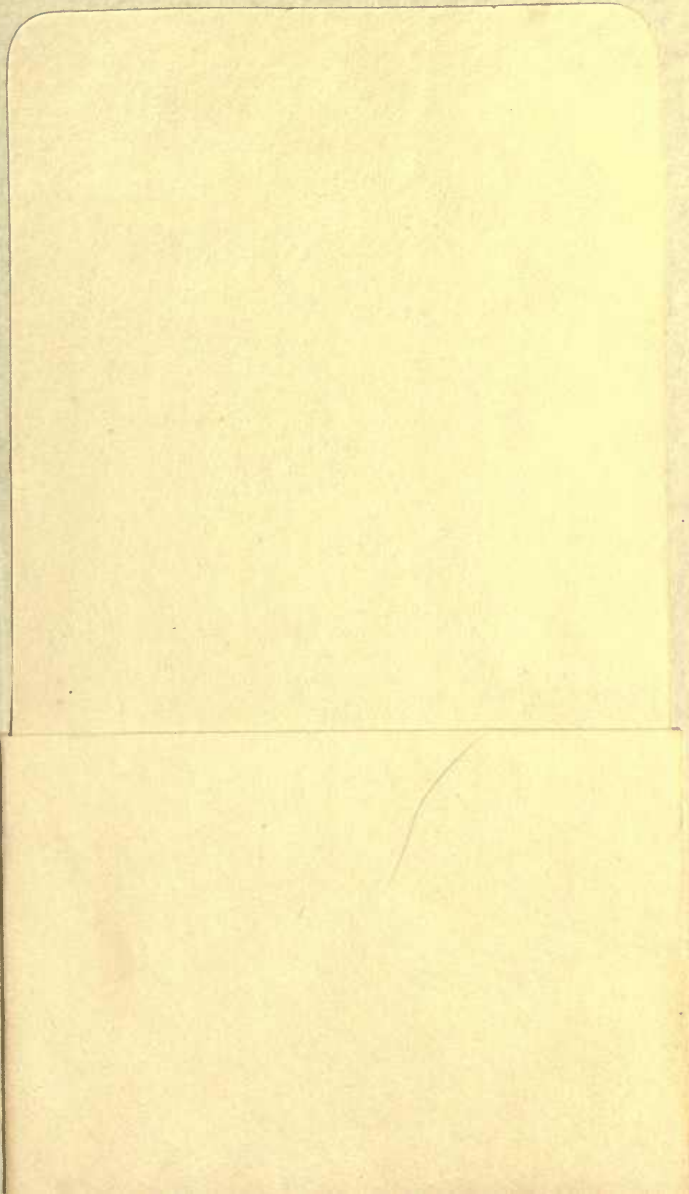
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