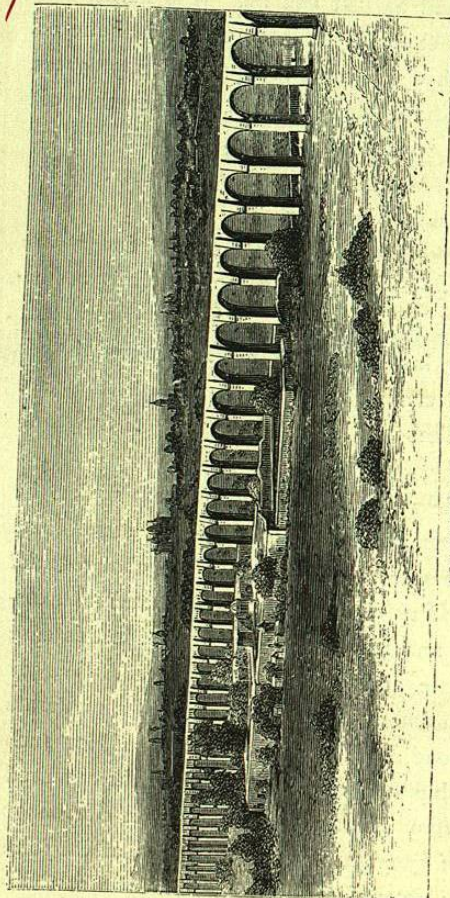


pieces. The city ever allures us on. Its towers and domes glisten in the dying light, half hidden among abundant foliage. Da-



AQUEDUCT OF QUERETARO.

mascus never looked lovelier. Though I never saw that earthly Eden, I fancied I saw it in this sunset view. The hollow of the hills looks small from this height, and the city seems embossed on the bottom of a bowl of radiant green. It looks large and majestic from this hill-top. It is perfectly in the grasp of the eye. A farther descent brings the aqueduct to view, the state-liest Roman that is extant in America, and there is no grander in Italy, nor one so grand. It strides across the hollow, forty feet high, with massive pillars and broad arches. We rush beneath it, fly round and

round dirty, mud-faced streets, into the thick of the town, and halt suddenly at the Hotel of the Diligence. The day's ride of over one hundred miles is done, and gladly the couch is sought and found.

II.

QUERETARO.

Into the Town.—Maximilian's Retreat.—Capture and Execution.—Hill of Bells.—Factories and Gardens.—Hot-weather Bath.—A Home.—Alameda.—Sunday, sacred and secular.—A very Christian name.—Crowded Market, and empty Churches.—Chatting in Church.—Priestly Procession.—Among the Churches.—Hideous Images.—Handsome Gardens.

As I came rattling down the steep place into this fair city with the setting of the sun; I could only think of another sun that set here, and whose sad brilliance shot a lurid flame across the orb of the world. Here Maximilian met his fate.

This was the last landscape he ever saw; such a sunset on these same hills the last he ever looked upon. It brought a shadow over the picture, a shadow not of time, but of man. These are the fields and hills which

"Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Maximilian and Montezuma, three hundred and fifty years apart in their history, are blended in a historic unity. They had much in common. Men of refined rather than of strong nature, loving art rather than arts, put in command of a turbulent people at a crisis in its history, with an instinct of honor rather than of government, they each fell into hands more powerful than themselves, and perished with regret, and yet with dire military necessity.

Maximilian retreated to Queretaro, after the French left the country, a step of exceeding unwisdom; for Mexico the city is Mexico the State, and the possession of that is nine points in the possession of all the country. He fled to this city probably because

it was a clerical town, and one of his most ardent supporters, while the political capital might prove treacherous.

The Republicans surrounded it. Batteries were planted on the hill down which the diligence plunges; on a headland next to it, across a broad and deep cañon; and the third on Sierra de los Campanas, or Hill of the Bells, a knob of not much height, rising out of the meadows to the north-west of the town. He was in the Church of the Cross, with huge gardens attached, surrounded by a high wall, making a fortress of especial strength. One of his generals betrayed that fortress of a church, and he was captured.

Tried by court-martial, he is condemned for publishing a cruel edict, two years before, which outlawed all Republicans, and caused the murder of many. He is ordered to be shot, with two associates, Miramon, ex-President of the republic, and Tomas Majia, a general. They are marched out to the Hill of the Bells, and in front of its fort, high up the hill-side, the three men fall by the bullets of the government. With them fell the Church power in Mexico. It was her last battle. For twenty years she had plotted, and raised rebellions, and introduced a foreign prince and a foreign army. Miramón was her Mexican leader, Pius IX. her European.

A favorite picture on the parlor walls of devout Romanists here is Maximilian and Carlotta visiting the pope. He sits on a dais, holding converse with them about Mexico. They were blessed by him, and urged on their dim and perilous way. He was the real centre of the imperial movement; Napoleon was only his military director. All of it was Romanism, and Romanism only.

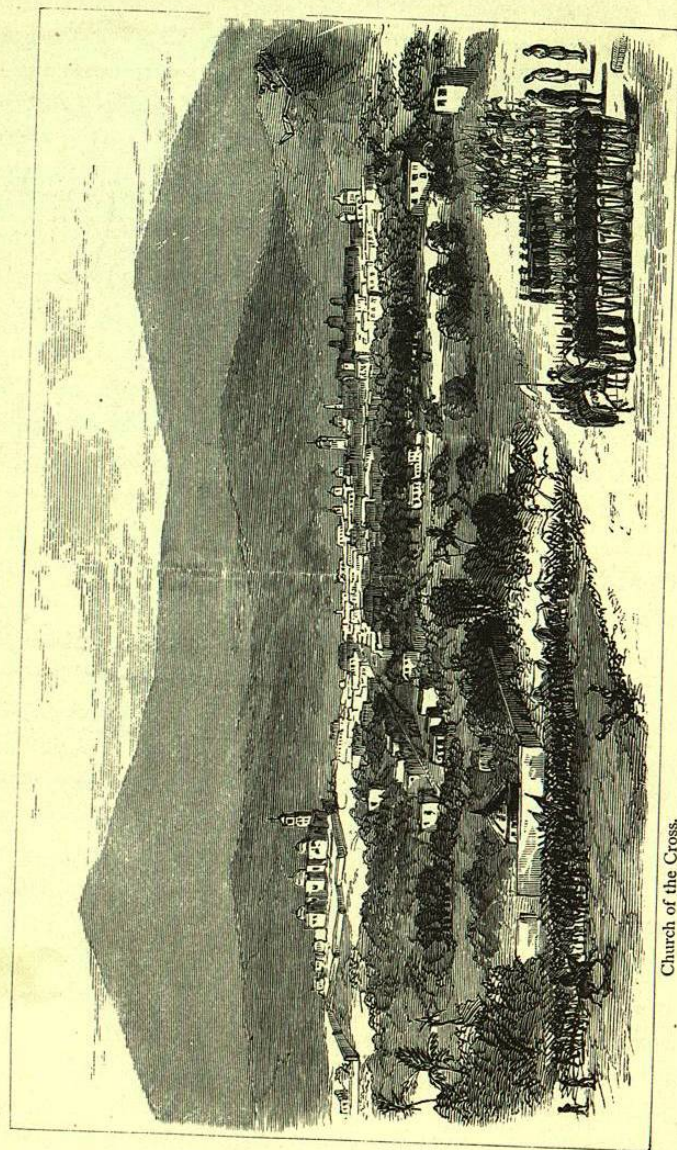
When América finished her war, Mr. Seward put sixty thousand men on the Mexican frontier, and sent a polite note to the French minister suggesting that the French troops be recalled from this continent. Napoleon saw that his stay in Mexico was at an end, and gracefully withdrew his troops. Maximilian should have gone with him. But he fancied he could win alone. He trusted the Church party. They were weak and weaker every day. Juárez, inspired by the United States, moved on him and drove him hither, captured, condemned, shot him.

Miguel
López
Otero de
los
"migue-
litos" de
nuestra
historia.

16HT

Pero qué
hijo de
puta
que
ignoran-
te es
este
perro!
16HT

¡qué
bruto
No es
"Sierra
de los
Campanas"
y no
es "de
los",
sino
"de las"
¡qué
bruto
es este
buen
señor!
16HT



Hill of Bells.

QUERETARO.

Church of the Cross.

The hill where he was killed is only a mile from the town. It is about a hundred feet high—a Bunker Hill in size, height, and history; for here Mexico achieved, in her way, her independence. He was placed a little below the summit, facing the east, looking toward Miramar and his mother's house. A sketch, made at the time, gives the sad scene. The three men stand apart from each other, and guards of soldiers are on either side. Easy and graceful in their attitudes, calm of feature, they await the shot that sends them to another world; let us hope a world where there is no war, nor wickedness, nor woe. *Desolación*

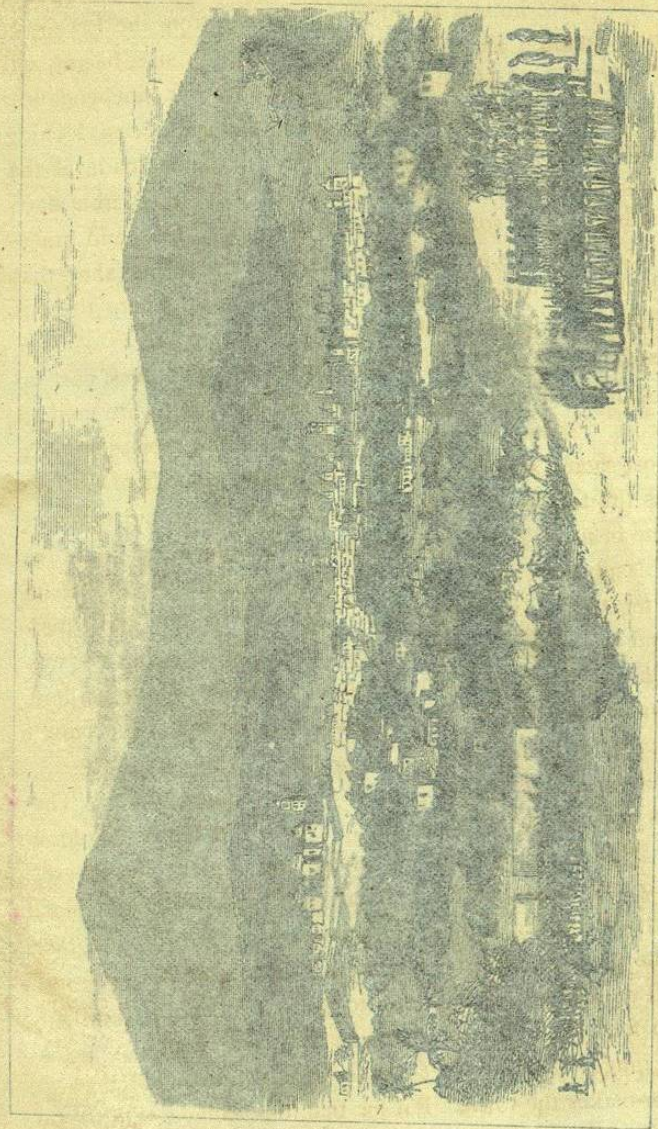
The spot where he fell is marked by a heap of stones, cast up without order by living hands. Many of these stones are marked with a cross. Some of them have three crosses on them, some five—the most sacred sign—emblematic of the five wounds of Christ.

This is the tribute of his party and Church, and could not have been done in many cities of the country. It shows how badly the cross is blasphemed, and justifies our Puritan fathers for abolishing its use altogether. It came to signify spiritual tyranny and superstition, and was rightly rejected. So these rude scratches are evidence of hostility to republican and tolerant ideas, of bitterest hostility to true Christianity. It may yet burst forth, not in crosses alone, but in crucifixion also.

The view from this Hill of the Bells is uncommonly fine. The valley lies about you, full of verdure. Never did any valley look lovelier. Hundreds of acres of wheat and barley and lucern, greenest of the green, seem in a race for superiority in color, while the trees are not behind in beauty. Flowers of richest hue glow in the gardens, and the city stands forth, with its glittering towers and domes, a spectacle long to be remembered. It would be hard to find the equal in beauty of this combination of high, bold cliffs, ranges of hills, velvet meadows, and stately churches.

The river makes the town. But for that, this valley would be as dry and yellow as that of Mexico. As it is, one can not see within the circuit of the spurs of the hills a barren spot. If but George L. Brown were only here to put this scene on his burning canvas,

Boquerio



Hill of Bells.

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Bozque