

struggled for the philanthropic principles of liberty, should wish to embitter the existence of families by a punishment which annihilates the criminal. The life which is swallowed up in death on the scaffold for a political offence is but a black shadow of existence; but that spectre—which, at the time of executing a culprit in the name of political justice, escapes observation—history informs us, in course of time, not unfrequently haunts that man who sincerely believed he was but discharging a duty imposed on him by law.

“The Citizen President, the affectionate father of a family, educated with sentiments repugnant to the horrible spectacle of blood shed for political offences, may imagine that, if he were to listen to the voices of his dear children and beloved wife, they would ask him, in the name of the revered mother of Maximilian, and of the unhappy Princess Charlotte, for the life of this unfortunate Prince, who, by involving himself in the politics of our unfortunate country, fell into that fathomless and dark abyss which is created by civil dissensions. Poor mother!—how little does she think that her son is on the brink of the grave, if he be not saved in time by the Citizen President opening his generous heart, which ought to reflect the sentiments of the people he governs!

“The sentiment of mercy may at present be suppressed by the terrible tyranny of an exigency, by some unwisely designated patriotism; but that sentiment ought surely to be dominant towards one who has been misled, and from whom a sincere repentance would shortly follow.

“Let those who may be called upon to vote with the Citizen President on the question of this pardon, imagine what would be the prayer of the members of their families, if they were in this city; and we should be certain of the pardon we implore. By granting it, the Citizen President will have followed the dictates of his own conscience, and shown himself to have been the worthy interpreter of the sentiments of the Republic.

“We still have an abiding hope in your generous heart, and entreat that you may be pleased to grant a pardon, and give your immediate orders for a suspension of the execution, in order to avoid the misfortune which might otherwise be occasioned by the slightest delay attending the despatch of this appeal, and which might unhappily render it ineffectual by arriving when it was too late.

“MARIANO RIVA PALACIO.

“RAFAEL MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE.

“San Luis Potosi, June 16, 1867.”

After waiting anxiously for three-quarters of an hour, Señor Lerdo returned, and read the message addressed to Señor Escobedo, as follows:—

Telegram. San Luis Potosi, June 16, 1867, 1 P.M.

“To Citizen General MARIANO ESCOBEDO, Queretaro.

“The advocates of Maximilian and Miramon have just presented themselves before me, to intimate to the Government that the sentence of the Court-martial has been confirmed, condemning them and Mejia to the punishment of death, and that orders have been given for their execution to-day. Pardon has been solicited for the three condemned persons, which the Government has refused, after most mature deliberation on the point. In order that the condemned may have the necessary time to arrange their affairs, the Citizen President of the Republic has determined that their execution shall not take place until the morning of Wednesday the 19th instant. Be pleased to issue your orders in conformity with this resolution, and advise me immediately of the receipt of this message.

“MEJIA.”

The following official reply to our appeal was delivered to us shortly afterwards :—

“ Department of the Secretary of State and of War and Marine, 1st Section.

“ To the Citizens MARIANO RIVA PALACIO and Licentiate
“ RAFAEL MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE.

“ To the document presented by you, under this date, to
“ the Citizen President of the Republic, soliciting the grace
“ of pardon to Ferdinand Maximilian de Hapsburg—who
“ has been sentenced in Queretaro, by the Court-martial
“ which tried him, to suffer the extreme penalty of the law
“ —the following answer has been given :—

“ This petition for pardon, together with all the others
“ which have been presented with the same object, having
“ been examined, with such deliberation as the graveness
“ of the case requires, the Citizen President of the Republic
“ has been pleased to resolve—that he cannot accede
“ thereto, as the most important considerations of justice,
“ and the necessity of securing peace to the nation, stand
“ opposed to such an act of clemency.

(Signed) “ MEJIA.”

“ San Luis Potosi, June 16, 1867.”

A profound silence expressed our feelings. That silence cannot be explained. It was a prolonged farewell to a hope which had fled ; it was the presence of a sepulchre which deprived us of the power of speech ; it was the goblin of three scaffolds, announcing that Maximilian, Mejia, Miramon, are dead to the world ; it was an irrevocable act, in the form or figure of justice for the Government—of death, of material extinction, for the condemned.

The Minister had gone in person to order the telegraphic message to be forwarded instantly, suspending the execution until the following Wednesday ; and on his return, in subdued but expressive words, we still repeated our prayer, which he answered by saying : “ The Government has experienced inexpressible pain on taking this resolution, by

“ which they believe a quiet future may be marked out for
“ the country ; justice and public convenience exact it. If
“ the Government commit an error, it will not be the off-
“ spring of passion, but of a tranquil conscience : that
“ conscience dictates this painful refusal.”

The sad destiny of the Archduke of Austria was about to be fulfilled. A superior Power called him to another tribunal, where, freed from the distortions with which the imagination enshrouds them, the actions of man are displayed in a light so pure that the crucible of reason is not required : that light illumines, with refulgent clearness, the goodness of our acts ; or, being itself extinguished by the vileness of our deeds, resolves in dark obscurity the hope of eternal life.

Perhaps these are the ideas which were concentrated in our souls. Our heart was oppressed. A philosophical contemplation, or a religious awe, must have taken possession of our minds, which now took no note of history or of mundane affairs, neither of its tribunals nor their judges. There was something more exalted in the silent grief of our wounded spirits.

That silence of pure reverence for God and immortality, which is induced by the contemplation of man reduced to his own nothingness in death, was interrupted by the necessity of taking into consideration what the circumstances of the case now demanded of us.

What ought we to do ? Should we still remain here, to take advantage, if it were possible, of any opportunity to renew our supplication ; or did our duty call us to the side of our client ?

This was our doubt, and that vacillation had to be determined by a quick resolution. Time was running on, and nearly two hundred miles of bad road separated us from the unfortunate Archduke.

We begged the Baron de Magnus to decide the question. His feelings, deeply affected by the impressions of that day, riveted his thoughts upon that scaffold which, in

imagination, he already saw erected ; and for some time he was unwilling to speak.

In the evening he said to us that he ought to return to Queretaro, and that we should still exercise our efforts in San Luis, in order not to lose the remotest hope.

The following telegram announced to our colleagues the resolution of the Government :—

“Telegram from San Luis Potosi for Queretaro, June 16, 1867.

“To Señores Licentiate Don EULALIO M. ORTEGA and Don JESUS M. VAZQUEZ.

“Our efforts have been fruitless. Pardon has been refused ; an order was sent for the execution to take place on Wednesday. We write to you to-morrow.

“M. RIVA PALACIO.

“R. MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE.”

The execution having been deferred from Sunday, the 16th of June, to the following Wednesday, we received the following message :—

“Telegram from Queretaro. Received in San Luis Potosi at 8.13 P.M. on June 16, 1867.

“To Señores Don MARIANO RIVA PALACIO and Licentiate Don RAFAEL MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE.

“When the order for suspending the execution arrived, the three condemned had already confessed, and received the Sacrament. They had, therefore, morally expired at the moment in which they were to have been taken out for execution. It would be horrible to put them to death a second time on Wednesday, after having experienced the first death to-day.

“ORTEGA.—VAZQUEZ.”

What, we thought, will the Sovereigns of Europe do when they hear of the imprisonment of Maximilian ? How great their efforts, it is to be hoped, to prevent the pain of death !

Certain circumstances demand prompt action, because the inefficiency of a step taken is often attributable to loss of time. The opportune moment is the useful one in public life. This must be well understood by the statesmen of Europe.

Has the submarine cable broken ? Why this silence since the imprisonment of Maximilian ?

We daily believed that a despatch would be received from abroad, renewing the solicitation for pardon ; and on that night in particular, we hoped to receive something which might frustrate that fatality which now possessed almost all the characters of a *fait accompli*, since, otherwise, it must irrevocably be consummated. Vain hope !—Europe and the United States had become dumb. Not a letter, a note, a message, nor any news, was brought by the American mail. Everything is gloomy when the fatal destiny is drawing near.

The Baron de Magnus left for Queretaro at midnight. An incident which occurred in that city, between the Chargés-d’Affaires of Austria, Belgium, and Italy, caused us to ask from Señor Lerdo a letter of recommendation for the Baron to Señor Escobedo, which he immediately sent us.

On Monday and Tuesday various steps were taken by the defenders of Mejia and Miramon to obtain a pardon. In their efforts they were associated with several other persons. The ladies of Queretaro asked permission from Señor Escobedo to allow a message to be forwarded to San Luis Potosi, craving pardon for the condemned, but, although the message was sent, nothing could be obtained. The same fate attended the efforts made by the ladies of San Luis itself.

Amongst that multitude there was a lawyer, Don Prospero Vega, who, after defending General Mejia in Queretaro,

made a rapid journey to San Luis to plead for mercy. His heart overflowed with hope, and his soul was full of illusions. He associated himself with a colleague and friend of Señor Iglesias, and, together, they presented themselves in solicitation of a pardon. They also presented a judicious exposition, in writing, which, a few hours after, received the like sad denial. Never have supplications been met by a more energetic resolution—never has inflexibility been more positive.

We had to take leave of the persons who composed the Government; nevertheless, at the risk of being considered importunate, we would not retire from the field without a last effort, which we made by speaking to all the Ministers and to the Señor President; but the reply was uniform. The conviction of the Government had hermetically sealed the door of pardon. Maximilian himself had asked for the lives of Mejia and Miramon, saying that his own blood might be shed to save the others; but his desire, his entreaty, received no satisfactory reply. The message containing this supplication was the following:—

“Central Telegraphic Line. Official Telegram.
Deposited in Queretaro. Received in San
Luis Potosi at 1.50 P.M. on June 18, 1867.

“CITIZEN BENITO JUAREZ,

“I should desire that the lives of Don Miguel Miramon and Don Tomas Mejia, who, the day before yesterday, suffered all the tortures and bitterness of death, be conserved; and that, as I intimated on being made prisoner, I may be the only victim.

“MAXIMILIAN.”

The death which the condemned had already morally suffered, afforded abundant matter for renewed exertion, and we urged our entreaties by every means in our power. Absolutely nothing was obtained.

With that anguish which may easily be felt, but cannot be expressed, we wrote the following farewell message:—

“Telegram from San Luis Potosi to Queretaro, June 16, 1867.

“Señores Licentiates Don EULALIO M. ORTEGA and Don JESUS MARIA VAZQUEZ.

“FRIENDS,

“All has been useless. We feel it in our very souls, and beg Señor Magnus to present to our client this expression of our sentiment of profound grief.

“MARIANO RIVA PALACIO.

“RAFAEL MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE.”

On Tuesday night, after having complied with a painful request from Señor Magnus respecting the embalming of the Archduke's body, a lady suddenly called on us, exclaiming: “My sister has arrived, and, converted into a maniac, desires to speak with you; she wishes to know if the Government will pardon Miramon. Only a few moments remain to be taken advantage of; I beg of you to come and see her.”

We instantly went to a neighbouring house, where the wife of General Miramon had just arrived, in a distracted state. Surrounded by fifteen or twenty ladies, who wept for the agony of the General, or mingled their tears of sympathy for the Señora, she instantly asked us, “Is there any hope for the life of Miguel?” From our reply was gathered the simple version—*None!*

Vague, incoherent, and impassioned words were the expressions of that moment of anguish. The heart of that woman must have burst, and her days would have ended, if she had not given vent to her feelings, which were those of a wife and a mother, who wept over her anticipated widowhood and the prospective orphanage of her children. She asked us to see the President, to solicit the favour of granting her an interview, that she might, on her knees, implore him for the life of a General who still cherished an idea of

expatriating himself for ever—to return only, if he could shed his blood in a war against a foreign invader.

Ten days' continuous conversations about forgiveness, blood, pardon, death, clemency, energy, mercy, justice, peace, and scaffolds, wrought up our feelings to a state of the highest sensitiveness, and the spectacle from which we had just taken off our eyes touched our hearts in their most delicate fibres.

We immediately presented ourselves before the President, and, speaking to him on behalf of a lady, who begged for the life of her husband in the name of her children and the country, we poured out our heart in a multitude of sentiments, expressed with an earnestness which can only be comprehended by those who can imagine that sorrowful picture which impelled us to go there.

It was impossible to obtain anything.

We asked the President to receive the wife of Miramon, and he replied: "Excuse me, Gentlemen, from that painful interview, which would cause much suffering to the lady, by the irrevocability of the resolution come to."

The brain of man is weak in comparison with the superior power of his physical organization, and the mind is frequently overpowered in the vicissitudes of life by the sudden emotions of the heart. Martinez de la Torre, on bidding farewell to the President, unable to suppress his feelings, and scarcely able to speak, took him by the hand and said: "Señor President, no more blood!—let there be no gulf between the defenders of the Republic and the vanquished!—let the imperious necessity of peace, which is approximate, be satisfied by pardon! It is not the defender of Maximilian who addresses you, Señor President: I see him in his tomb, as well as Mejia and Miramon. I am a man who loves his country with enthusiasm, and that love inspires this appeal. Let not the future of Mexico be overcast by the blood of her children; let not the redemption of the erring ones be at the cost of any life; because the mourning of families

"would be, for the victorious party, a dark reproach on triumphant Liberalism."

The President then said to us: "In fulfilling, Gentlemen, your duty as defenders, you have suffered greatly by the inflexibility of the Government. At this moment you cannot comprehend the necessity for it, nor the justice by which it is supported. That appreciation is reserved for Time. The law and the sentence are at this moment inexorable, because the welfare of the nation exacts it. That may further counsel the economy of blood, which will be the greatest pleasure of my life."

This concluded our mission in San Luis Potosi. The President committed the judgment and appreciation of his conduct to the future. Throughout that night we saw . . . nothing but scaffolds! . . .

On the following morning we left that city, and at the same hour (6 o'clock) in Queretaro, Maximilian marched to the Cerro de las Campanas (the Hill of the Bells), the point from which, during the siege, he issued his orders of command; but on that day it was the theatre of his tragic end.

Previous to his death, Maximilian addressed to each of his advocates a letter of gratitude, with a copy, signed by himself, of that which he wrote to the President, which we will style the last expression of his sentiments—the farewell to his adversary, whom he conjured to act for the good of his country, by reconciling the Mexicans.

True copies of these documents are as follow:—

"Queretaro, June 18, 1867.

"MY DEAR LICENTiate ORTEGA,

"The energetic and bold defence which you have made for me calls for the expression of my most sincere gratitude for so noble and generous a service, which remains deeply engraven on the heart of

"Yours affectionately,

"MAXIMILIAN."

“ Queretaro, June 18, 1867.

“ MY DEAR LICENTiate VAZQUEZ,

“ The energetic and bold defence which you have
“ made for me calls for the expression of my most sincere
“ gratitude for so noble and generous a service, which
“ remains deeply engraven on the heart of

“ Yours affectionately,

“ MAXIMILIAN.”

“ Prison in Capuchinas, Queretaro, June 18, 1867.

“ MY DEAR RIVA PALACIO,

“ The perseverance and energy with which you have
“ defended my cause in San Luis Potosi, and the trouble you
“ have taken for that purpose, notwithstanding your age
“ and delicate state of health, call for a demonstration of
“ my sincere gratitude for so generous and noble a service,
“ which remains deeply engraven on my heart.

“ I regret not to be able to make this expression verbally,
“ and in the same manner to beseech—as I do also in
“ writing—that in your prayers you will not forget

“ Yours affectionately,

“ MAXIMILIAN.”

“ Prison in Capuchinas, Queretaro, June 18, 1867.

“ MY DEAR LICENTiate MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE,

“ I have heard with great pleasure of the energetic
“ constancy with which you have defended my cause in San
“ Luis Potosi, without losing a moment in undertaking your
“ journey for that object.

“ Such noble conduct demands, on my part, that I should
“ express to you my profound acknowledgments for such
“ signal service, which has deeply affected the heart of,

“ Yours affectionately,

“ MAXIMILIAN.”

“ Queretaro, June 19, 1867.

“ SEÑOR DON BENITO JUAREZ,

“ On the point of being executed, as the consequence
“ of having been desirous to prove if new political insti-
“ tutions would have the effect of terminating the sanguinary
“ civil war which has devastated this unfortunate country
“ for many years past, I shall deliver up my life with
“ pleasure, if its sacrifice can contribute to the peace and
“ prosperity of my adopted country. Fully persuaded that
“ nothing solid can be founded in a territory drenched with
“ blood and agitated by violent commotions, I conjure
“ you, in the most solemn manner, and with the sincerity
“ becoming these moments, that my blood may be the last
“ that is shed, and that the same perseverance (which it has
“ been my pleasure to acknowledge and respect in the midst
“ of prosperity) with which you have defended the cause
“ that has just triumphed, may be consecrated to the most
“ noble task of reconciling the minds, and establishing in
“ a stable and durable manner the peace and tranquillity of
“ this unfortunate country!

“ MAXIMILIAN.”

According to the accounts given to us by witnesses who were present with him, the idea of death did not intimidate Maximilian. These letters were signed during the last moments of his imprisonment. He marched to death with the serenity of one who believes that he fulfils a fatal destiny. Some days previously, he wept for the Princess Charlotte as dead; and being afterwards indifferent to his own unhappy position, he was also insensible to impressions which otherwise would have affected him. He believed in the death of the Princess, and considered it as certain. His heart was possessed with a feeling of having lost an immense treasure, and he bedewed with grief a memory both sad and holy in all the vicissitudes of life. These were the last days of his existence, and the story of her death (circulated by no one knows whom) produced in

his spirit, wounded at the loss of a wife to whom he paid the homage of respect and love, the reaction of a certain indifference and philosophical resignation. "The hand of God," he said, "had sent him an emollient in his misfortune—that the death of the Princess Charlotte inspired him with greater fortitude in bidding adieu to the world."

Previous to his death, he presented to each of the soldiers detailed for the firing-party, a gold maximilian, a coin of the value of twenty dollars. He embraced his companions in misfortune, and said, in a sonorous voice: "*I die in a just cause—that of the Independence and Liberty of Mexico. May my blood seal up the misfortunes of my adopted country! Long live Mexico!*"

These were the last words—communicated to us by a person worthy of credit—of the unfortunate Archduke; but the following allocution has been publicly attributed to him:

"MEXICANS!—Persons of my class and origin are appointed by God, either for the happiness of nations, or to be martyrs. Called by you, I came for the good of the country: I came not in ambition, but I came animated by the best desires for the future of my adopted country—for that of the brave men to whom, before death, I express my gratitude for their sacrifices. Mexicans! may my blood be the last that is shed, and may it regenerate this unhappy country!"

The Baron de Magnus, solicitous as a good friend, scrupulous in the discharge of his duties as a diligent representative of Italy, Austria, and Belgium, and devoted to the unfortunate Archduke, had arranged with Señor Bahnsen and two friends of the latter to immediately take charge of the body; but the authorities intervened, and directed the corpse to be embalmed, and kept in charge at Queretaro until further orders.

The high designs of God are fulfilled irrespective of every other prevision. The throne of Moctezuma has had no possible succession. Two scaffolds proclaim this. The

first was raised on the 19th of July, 1824, for the great Iturbide; the second, on the 19th of June, 1867, for the Archduke of the House of Austria. Iturbide, a soldier of the Viceroy of Spain, and afterwards the renowned hero of the Independence of Mexico, wore, for a short time, a crown which he abandoned to the Republic, and departed for a foreign land. On returning to this country, he was put to death, in conformity with an inexorable law, which extinguished an existence linked with one of the greatest glories of our country, and which is celebrated annually on the 27th of September.

Maximilian—heir to an illustrious name, a relative of nearly all the Sovereigns of Europe—aspired to be, in the New World, the illustrious exponent of both the Empire and the Democracy. Descended from a hundred Kings, who have governed the opulent nations of Europe; in the impenetrably secret Book of Fate alone could it have been written that he would be the restorer of the Empire in Mexico: a perilous restoration, even though it were the offspring of a spirit which understood the progress of the century, and had to deal with a docile and good people, to whom scenes of bloodshed are repugnant: an impossible restoration, even if the dynasty of a Charles V. should unfurl the banner of Equality and Liberty!

This had been the theme of our conversations, for the past three years, and that truth ascends from the sepulchre of the Archduke. Peoples, by instinct, are the best judges of statesmanship. The masses of Europe and America were convinced of the impossibility of a Mexican Empire, and the popular expression of that opinion is now a consummated fact. Mexico has returned to a Republic. Will this be as tumultuous as in late times?—Will it be as indifferent as in the beginning? In sight of recent successes, can yet another banner be waved, to agitate a division amongst the Mexicans? Will the country again present the repugnant picture of a people divided into two classes, executioners and victims? Will the vanquished press.

the springs of civil war? Or, on the other hand, will the day arrive in which Mexicans, united, will convert this beautiful territory into a nation worthy of the respect and esteem of foreigners, and of the fraternal affection of her children? Will not the sacred fire of patriotism dispel the fanaticism of factions? Will there not follow upon the sorrowing reclusion of some, and the cheerful complacency of others, a truce in order to promote desires for the national welfare? Will not that light which guides the intelligence of political men shine on Mexico? Will not the Mexican heart open itself to those national sentiments which obliterate the memory of civil war, by cicatrizing those wounds, which, if reopened, would cause it to expire through its own suicidal acts?

The painful period of our persevering labours in San Luis was followed by a few days' travelling, in which we calmly reflected on the past, and confronted the future. Events were marching on with rapid strides, and the full advent of the Republic might be the work of a most unexpected moment.

Broken conversations on some incidents of our mission, as defenders, prepared the mind to judge better of the future than of an event which was already submitted to national appreciation. God, the fountain of truth, will be the only Judge who, in His wisdom, can justly measure the conscience of men. Humanity, always divided—because its heritage is fallibility—cannot pronounce a verdict worthy of being regarded as the expression of a universal conscience. Solely in the presence of God are our actions exhibited in their truest moral bearings.

History will not possess a uniform criterion by which to judge of the death of Maximilian.

Immediately after the tragic end of the Empire, it was natural to meditate on the impression it would make on factions: what would be their conduct?—what position would they take in the politics of the country?—what would the conquerors do?—what could be expected from the

military?—what hopes were presented by the triumphant cause?—what would be the fate of the vanquished?

The spirit which has passed through the agitated struggle between life and death—although these may not be its own—most fully appreciates the necessity of cool contemplation. On the overthrow of some of the institutions, it became necessary, amidst their ruins, to consider the elements of the nascent Republic, because the death of Maximilian was a transparent decoration of the triumph of democracy; but it was not such a change, perhaps, as to permit the concourse of all the national elements. Adversity did not yet induce the Mexicans to feel, universally, the same enthusiasm on hearing the victorious rejoicings of the Republic. Prayers for peace, which would produce constitutional triumph, burst forth from the depths of every heart; but in a certain section of society there were many who suffered the agony of fear, and whose prayers were drowned in a flood of tears.

The last armed shock of the passions had been witnessed; and, on the approach of the moment in which some of the victorious were most eager to display their power, it must be confessed that the hope of temperate conduct was not universal. The general fear was that the Constitution, which, as a standard, had triumphed, would not be a reality.

Never were more elements associated together for general good; never had there been greater danger of taking the road to evil.

In the midst of that moral affliction into which the defender falls who fails to save from the scaffold one who has confided his life to him, the attention was arrested by the picture presented by the army: we observed General Riva Palacio proclaiming, by actions which will never be obliterated from history, *that he cherished no animosity for the past, nor fear for the future*. This, as a motto, was the expression of his sentiments, the exposition of his convictions, and the mirror of his conduct, as a military chief, and as the Governor of the State of Mexico.

That motto, the proclamation of a man of independent character, was a voice heard in the midst of agony, as the promise of pardon to the misguided; it was the hope of reconciliation for the future. May God bless those sentiments, the only remedy for our unhappy country!

In the northern section of the army, General Escobedo—who commanded troops of excellent discipline, tried valour, and patient endurance rarely equalled—had told us, in accents of unalterable obedience, that, faithful to the law, he would ever be the blind instrument of the Government he might represent.

General Corona, between whom and General Riva Palacio an intimate friendship existed, also fraternized in his ideas, and the noble ambition to do good to the Republic by the triumph of the principles of liberty. To procure their acceptance by the vanquished was, according to the testimony of some of his friends, his only anxiety. As this General was so little known in the Capital of the Republic, the association of his name, in such a politic and humane idea, was heard with delight.

General Diaz displayed in his career a combination of political wisdom and military prowess. To him, talent, good-luck, or Providence furnished an important position in the beginning and at the end of the Intervention and of the Empire. He had given proofs of comprehending the importance of the rapid movements of the army—of possessing courage to take Puebla by assault, and of economising blood by means of a successful siege. As a military man he had gained well-merited laurels, which were not tarnished on his subsequent entrance into the city of Mexico.

Notwithstanding the hope entertained by a portion of the city, that the transition would be conducted without the slightest excess, the alarm at the crisis was almost general, inasmuch as unanimity of ideas was scarcely possible. Popular feeling is not always restricted to the noisy acclamations of public rejoicings, when strict law and a people's generosity are not in perfect unison.

At times a dread abyss opens, where congratulations and rejoicings on account of a national victory should alone be heard and seen.

On our return from San Juan del Rio, we learned that the tact and firmness of General Diaz had corresponded to the hopes of the sons of Mexico, who were enthusiastically possessed with a belief, that this liberal, reflecting, and humane chief would not permit a stain to fall on the national flag.

The entrance of the Liberal army into the city of Mexico,—where, in consequence of the long duration of the siege, men of extreme opinions were to be found—will always be a glorious page in the history of this country, of its army, of its chief, and of those who accompanied him. "Would to God," we said to ourselves, "that the nation may, in honour, match that of its army on its entrance into the Capital!"

Withdrawing attention from the military picture to meditate on the future fate of Mexico, we brought to mind a multitude of ideas, that, in the discussions on the mission which caused our visit to San Luis Potosi, had transpired, from the members of the Cabinet, touching the severity observed in the administration of affairs. All that we gathered from them cleared to us that horizon which, to the greater part of the country, was still clouded.

Señor Lerdo had repeatedly said to us, that the Government having received a lesson in the painful experience of the Intervention, he had studied the requirements of the Republic; and in order to meet them he should leave nothing undone; that the Government would rigorously observe justice, and would not permit the spread of evil passions; that it was resolved to make a stand in order to promote aspirations for justice, order, and true liberty.

The President, profoundly convinced of this necessity, had told us, that his efforts to give to the nation the peace it required would be as great as his desire to see the country prosperous and happy—free from all foreign domination.