

We refreshed ourselves (so to speak) with these reminiscences, in our conversation on the road; and on arriving at the Capital, we read with much pleasure, in the public journals, a great number of well-written articles, which were free from any abusive or offensive expressions of revenge. The Liberals, on breaking the silence of four years, were circumspect; and their souls, centred in the welfare of their country, opposed all wild outbursts of indignation on account of past sufferings.

At the very time that, during the greatest and most perilous crisis through which our country has passed, all the world considered that we were consigned to perpetual barbarism, elements of consolatory hope burst forth from the abyss into which it was apparently sinking.

True patriotism was invigorated by misfortune; and most of her children were desirous to blot out the past, and open a new account, wherein should be registered, solely, actions worthy of hearts yearning to do good.

Union is already the instinctive topic of general conversation, which, ere long, will become cordial. The general acceptance of liberty cannot now be doubted. Liberty, at this moment, is the universal desire expressed by the victorious, with incessant reclamations for a return to constitutional order; and also by the vanquished, in their solicitude for the upright and practical application of constitutional principles.

From this struggle, it is clear that the greatest moral victory should arise, for a country accused of being criminal and barbarous. The victory must be that of Justice. Instead of invidious triumphs, Mexico must set the example of a league of honourable men, who, by their power, exorcise the demon of anarchy, and liberate their country from the disasters of moral depression.

The tomb of Maximilian provoked acrimonious exclamations from the exterior against Mexico. The memory of this Prince will be idolized by some and impugned by others. Abroad, it will become an historical question, in

the appreciation of which the passions—anger, prejudice, and blindness—will play their part. These must be met by facts, demonstrating that in Mexico liberty is an achievement restrained by law—that justice is the guiding-star of her rulers.

If, on the one hand, some Mexicans, who are held to be worthy the respect paid to patriotism, raise an altar to the memory of Maximilian; and if by others he be regarded as a person justly condemned, and the proper object of imprecations, we all feel, in our heart of hearts—at the tribunal of our own consciences—what our country demands for the future; and we may open a new register for the record of the deeds of our public life. May we never renew the dissensions of the past, by perpetuating in memory a continuous drama, which would not be to the honour of Mexico! Divisions amongst brothers—their rivalries and rancour—are the worst inheritance we can bequeath to our children. Let us consider *them*, and the irritable wound of civil war will begin to heal. Let us forget our passions, to give place to the just requirements of a community desirous of light, right, intelligence, and virtue. The irresistible force of events, the recognition of which alone constitutes the true means of support for legitimate aspirations, must be comprehended—the Constitutional Republic. To think of anything else is a dream—a delirium—a crime!—yes, an unpardonable crime, because we should convert this charming country into an arena of fratricidal war; and the shed blood of a brother brings upon us the curse of God and man. By our dissensions we should open the ports of our nation to foreign invaders, who might some day consider us as superfluous on that earth which God created for the well-being of mankind; and believe that we (as the world at present proclaims) conceal its fruits, store up its riches, and drown its children in the blood of its own family.

Let us demonstrate that the vitality of party-spirit, the energy of strife, the revolutionary frenzy, the valour, the heroic bravery of death on the scaffold, which Mexico has

so repeatedly displayed, will all now be merged in one idea—the welfare of the country.

Then, in the place of the devastating turmoil of anarchy, the execrable vertigo of political passions, the victorious turbulence over the tombs of brothers, the moral degeneration, the acclamation of war, the black odium of strife, the anxiety of suspense, the painful confusion of uncertainty, the profanation of sacred rights, the gloomy future of our children, the raid on property, the slaughter of man by man (horrible picture! which is the basis of accusation against Mexico)—we shall substitute that sincere and pure patriotism which unites the sons of the nation in bonds of amity, and makes practical liberty a priceless treasure—the unfailing security for the full enjoyment of the rights of man.

A few days' self-denial, the almost momentary sacrifice of a mere passion, will give to the national spirit a force superior to the miseries of that blind antagonism of civil war, which leads man to ignore the sentiments of virtue and justice and honour, in his own brother, children, parents; and so, with inexplicable injustice, to dishonour his family, his country, and his race,—a fatal error, jeopardizing that nationality and independence, of which Mexico neither is nor should be guilty. The recriminations of factions are so far from the truth, that they constitute the envenomed weapon of an involuntary suicide, who, wildly and madly attacking his adversary, himself absorbs the deadly poison to his own destruction.

This is the reason why Mexico, so worthy of the esteem of right-thinking men, has been the victim of all the calumny that could be thought of, conceived, or imagined. There is not a reproach with which our country has not been insulted, nor a stain which has not been attempted to be cast on us. But Mexico will be relieved from this opprobrium, because this defamation is the offspring of the intemperate clamour of our own dissensions.

In Mexico there exists a great regard for virtue and justice; there are men of foresight and reflection, who are

conscientious, and distinguished writers; there is pure reasoning, an artistic imagination, sound judgment, patriotic enthusiasm, proved valour, and love of liberty: but we throw over all these the dark veil of our dissensions, which alone the world sees, and consequently exaggerates our miseries, in order to expose and misrepresent us, as a people who are a dishonour to humanity. And in the cloud of anathemas which menaces our country, there is a prophetic augury, that we, ourselves, are doomed to avenge those outrages against humanity, by devouring each other. Our soil—still in a primitive state with regard to labour, and soaked with blood—will become, according to divinations, populated by another race, who will, in obedience to the ends of creation, cultivate this fruitful country, and thus establish both private and public felicity.

This extreme of anarchy, with its fearful consequences, will be the reprobation of our quarrels, according to the general expressions of the European Press.

The spirit of union, the sacrifice of evil passions, will give us, in a short time, the reality of a tranquil life, the benefit of labour, the pleasures of home, the charm of fraternal affection, a secure future for our children, a sincere and ardent enthusiasm for the country.

The worship of patriotism will then be free from any stain, alien to any remorse; and a unanimous desire to establish that new order of things, will present to the world—in vindication of the outrages received—the noble spirit, the pure conscience, and the elevated intelligence of the sons of Mexico.

That day, perhaps, is not far distant. The year 1867 may prepare for our country an abyss of evils; or, by the unanimity of her good sons, it may be the starting-point to realise the most flattering hopes. With this object, it is necessary that the victory of Liberty should be always present to all Mexicans, for whom the most solemn crisis of the Republic may have opened up and marked out the road for their truest aspirations.

Mexico, in the foreground of the picture of discord, will neither enjoy well-being nor honour. The strength of factions, in their divisions, will be a road leading away from that happy destiny to which we might aspire. Union is the foundation of all good in the nations of recent enrolment amongst free peoples.

Would to God that the storm-cloud which lowers over us may be dissipated by Mexico illuminating her horizon with the brilliancy of her good actions! Would to God that the fraternity of those who have been born in this country may be a reality, which may prepare the rich inheritance of a happy nation to our sons, and of a friendly and generous people towards foreigners! May God grant that from the abyss of evils, into which we were engulfed by discord, a light may burst forth to guide the footsteps of the Republic.!

(Signed) MARIANO RIVA PALACIO.
RAFAEL MARTINEZ DE LA TORRE.

Mexico, July 1867.

POST MORTEM.

THE life of a public character is oftentimes an unforeseen series of contradictions. A testimony to this truth is presented in the arrival of the Vice-Admiral Tegetthoff in Mexico.

The Conqueror of Lissa changes his character, and, invested with a noble position—that of a friend of the family of the Archduke of Austria—undertakes the mission of soliciting from the Mexican Government the mortal remains of Prince Maximilian.

Humanity, in the march of destiny, leaves engraven on the heart by death a mournful history, which increases its dark pages from day to day. The reminiscences of this book, as a memoir, are inexhaustible. There is no date to its beginning, and it can only end with our existence. They will ever be the companions of the heart of the mother who mourns for her son; of that of the son who has lost a mother. They will incessantly renew the lives of our fathers—the existence of our children. But this book of memory, the fountain of so much melancholy, is not enough. We want, we desire, we are eager to see the place where the body reposes, the ashes of those who form the family—who are a part of our existence, of our being.

To mourn over a tomb is a pain which relieves the heart; it is a sacrifice which resolves itself in confidential love; it is a tender conversation, in which the presence of God mingles His infinite goodness, that there may be hope where man could only meet with misery, pain—an empty void.

Yonder, where the end of life is seen—where all is dark and gloomy—where our souls might fall into despair and doubt, there bursts forth a light, not the only one, which opens the fount of our tears. They are often the benign outcome of the current between the soul and the heart,