

CHAPTER II.

Maximilian—His birth—Family—Imperial robe—Personal description—Education—Travels—Marriage—Letter from Estrada to Maximilian, 1861—His reply—Farewell of Trieste to Maximilian—His answer.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

SHAKESPEARE—J. CÆSAR

FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN, late Emperor of Mexico, who could trace a blood connection for nearly six centuries with the ruling monarchs of Austria, and who at an early period of life made the last move on the great chessboard of nations, has been the subject of much thought and the topic of much conversation. Alas! to many, the subject of sad thoughts, in mournful silence.

It may be said that leaving the ancient grounds of Imperialism, to found a new dynasty in the New World, while the tide of Republicanism was rolling up to the confines of the American Continent, was a great error into which he fell; but if so, it was an error of the head and not of the heart.

Whatever may be the odium which some of the inhabitants within his new territorial sphere may have heaped upon him, it cannot dim the lustre in which his name will appear, not only to thousands of Mexicans, but to the candid people of every other nation. His character, like that of every other man of position, will doubtless be traced in opposite colors; for who has not some enemies? And who is perfect?

"No human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it."

It was not his sin, but his misfortune that he was caught in the eddy of betrayal, in which, by a breeze from the atmosphere of vengeance, he was carried down. From those who knew him well, he will receive a righteous judgment. Let the now living read the evidence, before their sentence shall be recorded.

"According to his virtues, let us use him."

Whatever posterity may say, we can only surmise. Let us hope that the present age will furnish them only with the proper materials.

"The form of thought
Goes with the age—the thought is for all time."

Maximilian was born in the palace of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1832. He was the second son of Francis Charles, Archduke of Austria, and of the Archduchess Frederica Sophia. His father was born on the 7th day of December, 1802: his mother, on the 27th day of January, 1805. They were married November 4th, 1824. They are now living, to mourn the loss of their renowned and affectionate son.

The eldest brother of Maximilian is Francis Joseph I., present Emperor of the Austrian Empire, who was born August 18th, 1830. The younger brothers are Charles Louis, Archduke of Austria, born July 30th, 1833; and Louis Victor, Archduke of Austria, born May 15th, 1842.

In the first engraving we see Maximilian mantled in his imperial robe of purple, united with the white ermine. He has on a coat of dark blue, bearing the uniform of a Mexican general with decorations; a scarf with the Mexican eagle; a sabre; high military boots; his sceptre in his right hand, and crown resting on the table behind it. That robe was never worn except for the purpose of having his portrait taken in it; which

portrait was painted in Mexico, and from which photographs were made; and the engraving herein was copied from one of those photographs. No State occasion ever occurred on which it became necessary for Maximilian to present himself in that imperial splendor of purple and white, with crown and sceptre. Had any event required that regal pomp, he would have graced in stately style the robe, with all the dignity of Charles V., united to far more gentleness of manner. But in truth he had no anxious desire to dress in gorgeous pomp. He dressed plainly, and the insignia of rank were only exhibited when time and place, by the rules of etiquette, demanded it.

Maximilian was about six feet and two inches in height, well-proportioned, light complexion, large blue and penetrating eyes, high and broad forehead, and rather large mouth; his hair was light flaxen-color, and rather thin in quantity, which he parted in the centre of his forehead, and also in the middle of the back part of his head, brushing the same forward. His whiskers, moustache, and goatee, were lighter colored than his hair, and very long; particularly the goatee, which he parted in the centre of his chin and twisted each half to its respective side, turning the same under, thereby making its length not clearly observable. He possessed a fine, intelligent, and commanding look; stood straight, and withal had a pleasantness of expression. He was favored with a natural kindness of temper—an urbanity, elegance, and refinement of deportment, which, it may be said, would be expected from one who had received the advantages of a familiar intercourse with the highly polished personages of the European Courts. Yet it may well be remarked, that Nature gave him a greater share of mildness of temperament than is allotted to the majority of mankind. That quality was apparent on all occasions, and it made him troops of friends.

He spoke German, English, Hungarian, Slavonic, French, Italian, and Spanish. Prince Esteraze was his teacher in the Hungarian language; Count de Schnyder, in mathematics; Baron de Binther, in diplomacy; Rev. Mr. Myre, in religious instructions; and for some time by Vice-Admiral Thomas Zerman, in naval tactics and the Italian language. All of said teachers, except the latter, are now living.

If it be true, as generally remarked, that the influence of the mother shapes the mind of the child, more than that of the father, Maximilian had a very superior instructor in every point of view. His mother possesses a mind of rare endowment; great natural qualities combined with extraordinary and varied attainments, acquired by attentive observation, and a severe training of her mental faculties. Her great ambition, and the pride that would naturally spring from her position, could not have failed to stimulate her to extend an ever watchful care over the physical and mental being of her son.

Maximilian, although surrounded by royalty and wealth, was not the associate of idleness. His youthful mind was exceedingly active; and no less so were his bodily movements. He was accustomed to perform those athletic feats that strengthen the muscles, and which are requisite for great mental vigor. His mother had not forgotten that nature provides that in the earlier growth, the frame-work must be well constructed, in order to support the later growth in harmony and health.

It was observed in him at an early age, that he possessed a strong relish for books. The rapidity with which he garnered up knowledge into the storehouse of his mind, gave conclusive evidence of talent, of clearness of thought, and of great ambition. And as he became of that age when he was able to discern his own position, he began to fix his attention upon a future

fraught with the elements of success, and to mark out a road that might lead safely to it. Although he could only conjecture as to his future destiny, he cherished exalted views, and resolved to so adorn his mind that it would be able to reflect lustre in any position that might perchance fall to his lot. He looked back along the line of his ancient family, and saw the bright intellectual lights at their respective stations: then ambition flamed his own mind as he wheeled about and fancied he saw posterity gazing at him, in the regular order of that same line.

He was most laborious with his books; his knowledge was varied; he delved into the abstruse sciences, familiarized himself with ancient and modern history, and, as has been stated, his attainments in linguistics were of a high order, having been well instructed in the dead as well as the living languages. As he had determined to prepare himself for the navy, he made the science and art of navigation special studies. He entered the Austrian navy at an early age, and received a most severe training in the tactics and practice pertaining thereto. His proficiency soon became remarkable; and he was made a lieutenant at the age of eighteen. Although thoroughly drilled in solid studies, he was possessed of the love of æsthetics; he admired the beauties of art, and for them, he cultivated, with an increasing appetite, his taste.

At an early age he acquired a desire to travel—to compare what fancy had drawn, with the originals in other lands. It was a pleasant relish to feed his mind upon the beauties of statuary, architecture, poetry, and painting. His mind was such a storehouse of ancient and modern learning, that he was prepared to drink in the exquisite beauties of art. He thought of Greece and Rome as great galleries of fine arts. At the age of sixteen he visited Greece. And there he could spend hours

gazing on those ancient statues modelled to deify the human form, and trace their well-defined outlines, their beauties; and then pause for a moment and contemplate the character of the race, which so long ago so exquisitely used the chisel.

Leaving Greece, he visited Italy, Spain, Portugal; thence he travelled to the island of Madeira, crossed the African provinces, studied the character of the country, the people, their colonization system, and their forms of government. He had a keen perception, a polished mind, such as is ready to take correct impressions of what he saw. He had sufficient knowledge to travel with: so that he was able to bring back more. The richly colored tales that had been woven about fair Italy, her arts, her entombed artists—the land of the Cæsars—had fascinated and charmed his youthful mind; and it was with eagerness, with enthusiasm, that he held the ideal picture beside the real. He well knew that while curiosity was excited, his knowledge was increased. If he had been in error concerning the realities, he now dropped the errors as he detected them.

After his return home, he applied himself more to the study of marine duties. In 1854, he sailed as commander in the corvette *Minerva*, on an exploring expedition along the coast of Albania and Dalmatia.

While riding out one day at Trieste, his horse fell down with him, bruising him considerably, causing the blood to flow rather profusely, and rendering him for a time senseless. After recovering his proper state of mind, and feeling about a little, and finding that he was in the house of a ship-caulker, where he was kindly treated, he wished to pay the occupiers of the house some compliment; and in perfect keeping with his good nature, he observed to them that he would like to remain there until he became well, adding that in no other place would he be so well cared for.

Afterward, while on the *Minerva*, he received a commission as Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the Austrian navy, which caused him to return immediately to Vienna.

The summer of 1855 found Maximilian ready for another pleasure-tour. He boarded the Admiral-ship, *Swartzenberg*, and accompanied by a fleet of seventeen sail, steamed for Candia, the Archipelago, and coasted along Syria; traversed Lebanon, the Holy Land, to Jerusalem. Thence he sailed for Alexandria, in Egypt. After a short visit there, he proceeded to Cairo and the Pyramids; thence to Memphis and the Red Sea,—not failing to closely observe the preparatory works of the then contemplated canal across the Isthmus of Suez. And as he stood gazing upon the apex of the mighty Cheops, viewing on the one hand the vast desert, and on the other the luxuriant vesture of the Valley of the Nile, the view might have suggested to his mind, that it was emblematical of royalty and poverty side by side.

After bidding farewell to the sandy desert, he returned home.

In 1856, he visited the Emperor of France, spending over two weeks, at the palace of St. Cloud. The time there was doubtless passed most agreeably; and their mutual friendship increased with the visit. Whether ten years' time produced the snapping asunder of the chain of friendship that bound them, is not for me to say, as I wish to do no injustice to Napoleon, nor the memory of the departed, nor his friends. Some are of opinion that while Napoleon sat comfortably and securely in Paris, and Maximilian on the weak throne of Mexico, the cord of friendship would have been greatly strengthened by threads of silver—an article so much needed and expected by the latter.

After that visit with Napoleon had been finished,

Maximilian proceeded through Belgium and Holland to Northern Germany; also to Southern Germany and the banks of the Rhine, admiring with intense interest the beauties presented to the view in those densely populated regions, where art and nature had combined in forming the useful and the beautiful.

That Maximilian was excessively fond of travelling, we have already had ample proof: that he profited by it, is equally clear. While the scenes of Belgium and the Rhine were still freshly pictured in his memory, he returned again to glance at the originals. In 1857, he glided upon the beautiful waters of the Rhine, where the works of the ancients and moderns stand out in bold contrast. His eyes caught this and that ancient castle; and while thus closely viewing the footprints of Time, he turned his thoughts inwardly and looked upon a page of memory, and read the date, the history of the walls and grounds of many a contest that lay before him—the lords and knights all steeled in armor, who mingled there in the affray. And may he not have said: “What one of Hapsburg was there?”

He passed thence into Lombardy and Central Italy, and then to Merry Old England, where he passed an exceedingly pleasant time, judging from the manner in which he spoke of Queen Victoria. He never mentioned her name but in the greatest kindness in my presence. When there, he felt that he was among true friends. Taking his departure therefrom for the second time, he found himself in Belgium. That busy land soon came to be the centre of his attractions. He had before observed there the works of art with much interest: that densely thronged country, where nearly every foot of land is cultivated, had agriculturally drawn his attention. But now there was something of more importance than all those. The object was not the skill of art—No! art could not adorn it. It illuminated his whole

being. He felt the heart-strings pull. They led him always to the house of royalty. It might be said that his rank and position would lead him there; that is true, but his stays were longer. If he left, his heart prompted him to return forthwith. The great charmer was there. To him, all that was lovely, divinely beautiful, were embodied in the Princess Maria Charlotte Amalia. On the 2d of July, 1857, Count Arquinto, imperial ambassador, in solemn audience, in behalf of Maximilian, asked King Leopold I. for the hand of his daughter, Princess Charlotte. The request was granted, and during that same month they were married. That ceremony was not merely an imperial tie—it was a linking together of two happy, loving hearts. The waters of two meeting streams do not more harmoniously mingle into one, than did those two hearts.

The brightest jewel in his crown was her love. It threw its dazzling rays all over and around him. Its brilliancy never lessened. If darkness was apparently about to cast a shade over his path, the lustre of that jewel dispelled it. In the summer of 1857 he was made Governor-General of Lombard-Venice, in which position he remained until July, 1859; still holding that of Superior Commander of the Austrian navy. No man ever reigned over that country more beloved by its people than Maximilian. He suggested many reforms in the administration of affairs in that kingdom. He was remarkably liberal in his views, and he exhibited there high qualities as a statesman. His keen foresight, his plans, his real desire to benefit the people, and their attachment for him, were not unobserved by Count de Cavour, who once remarked that "Archduke Maximilian is the only adversary I fear, because he represents the only principle that can forever enchain our Italian cause."

Whenever any great affliction fell upon the people, or

any part of them, he was the first to render succor. At the great fire in Chigrenlo, he cheered up the men, lest they should sink back in despair at the progress of the frightful elements. And when the Po, the Ambro, the Ticino, came surging over their banks, spreading devastation around, he darted off in a frail bark to give aid to the unfortunate who had neither food nor shelter. Nor did the cold snows and icicles of the Alps deter him from ascending thereon to visit Valtelina, as hunger was gnawing away at human hearts. When disease carried death to the silkworms, with such fury that the silk-looms of Lecio stopped their motion, and left willing workers idle and in want, Maximilian did not forget to perform works of charity, which, to him, were always a pleasure.

On the sixteenth day of September, 1857, he and the Archduchess Carlotta made their grand entrance into the city of Milan. The populace were wild with excitement; shout after shout, mingled with music, were deafening to the ear. Scarcely ever did that city give such a universal shout of welcome to mortal man. His residence there did not lessen their affection for him, but only increased it.

The Italians watched him with pleasure, mingled with surprise; for no Austrian, in their judgment, had ever extended so generously the hand of charity, or viewed them with so much good-will. His own generous heart was his bodyguard. He needed no other, even in times of political excitement, although he had some enemies from his position. He was always shielded with the armor of generosity. About the time of the contemplated assassination by Orsini, he was told that some parties would seek an opportunity to throw a bombshell under his carriage; and many of his friends begged him not to attend the theatre. Although thankful for the interest those friends had taken in his welfare, their entreaties

he considered of the same importance as the threats of the public agitators. As he entered his carriage with Count de Stromboli, having no escort to guard them, he remarked, "If we jump, it will be in good company."

He showed the populace what confidence he had in their friendship. It was not misplaced. They felt a pride in sustaining it. Among the aristocracy some hostile feelings were fomenting against him. An organization had been made to vent their spleen upon him in the Piazzetta. He made up his mind to stem the current, that he might learn its force. He, with the Archduchess Carlotta, walked among the group of malecontents, with a firm step; the crowd parted like the Red Sea when the Israelites passed through. After about an hour's promenade they returned to their palace of San Marcos, followed by an immense crowd, that cheered them with great enthusiasm. No living man, not an Italian, could have governed there without having enemies; and, probably, no foreigner could have reigned with as few enemies as he.

The desire of the Italians and Maximilian to preserve the works of the fine arts was mutual. The works of those great masters, their ancestors, were the artistic and historic monuments of the Lombards and Venetians. And he whose pride and pleasure mingled with their own in that work of preservation, was their friend, and they his.

The cities of Venice, Milan, Como, and other places, bear test of his beneficial improvements in their streets, canals, public gardens, and their cleanliness.

The city of Pola is greatly indebted to Maximilian for its resuscitation. He caused several edifices to be constructed there, planted gardens, built a large dike, an aqueduct, an arsenal, and three docks. After the expiration of the term of his governorship in Italy, he

paid much attention to the improvement of the navy, and made the fleet of Austria, in proportion to its size, not inferior to any in Europe.

After the war in Italy, and about the middle of November, 1859, he made a voyage to Brazil, and returned home in the forepart of the month of April following.

It is apparent from my foregoing observations, that Maximilian's range of study and reading was extensive. And while he thus drew from so many well-springs of knowledge, he considered that he himself might impart to others from his well-moulded thoughts, ideas of interest and of value. His linguistic attainments showed an aptness for the learning of languages; and this fact itself, is some evidence that the expression of his thoughts in writing would be in no inelegant form. He has presented the proof of my assertion, in the various works which he wrote in the German language; although not written for the purpose of public distribution and sale, but for his own use and gratification, and the pleasure of his particular friends. A few copies were printed by the government of Austria, at Vienna; some of which were circulated among his friends and acquaintance. Since the death of Maximilian, it has been decided to extend their publication, for the purpose of sale to the public. Those works are the following: Sketches of travels, known as "Italy," "Sicily," "Lisbon and Madeira," "Spain," "Albania and Algiers," "Voyage to Brazil," "Aphorisms," "Objects of a Navy," "The Austrian Navy:" also two volumes of poetry, which I believe have never been published. German scholars, who have had an opportunity to peruse some of the foregoing books, have pronounced them works highly creditable to the author, not only as to the principles advanced, the deep thought and argumentative style in some of them, but also for the elegance of diction in which they are clothed.

It appears that some of the Mexican people had, at an early date, and long before their deputation first presented themselves at Miramar, addressed His Imperial Highness Maximilian upon the subject of his occupancy of a throne in Mexico. The following letter was the first correspondence upon that subject, and was written by Señor Gutierrez de Estrada, on behalf of himself and many other Mexicans:

“PARIS, October 30th, 1861.

“PRINCE:

“With profound respect, the undersigned have the honor to address Your Imperial and Royal Highness, in testimony of the deep feeling and sincere gratitude which they have felt, on learning that Your Imperial and Royal Highness was animated with the most generous sentiments toward our unfortunate country.

“Mexico, the spoil of intestine convulsions, renewed without cessation, and of disastrous civil wars, in consequence of the rigid adoption of a political system diametrically opposed to the customs, traditions, and dispositions of her people, has never enjoyed, so to speak, a moment's repose since the day in which, forty years ago, she occupied her place among independent nations. So then, her people will bless, from the bottom of their hearts, whoever shall have contributed to extricate the country out of the horrible state of anarchy into which it fell many years ago, and shall give it again life and happiness.

“What would, then, be their joy if they should behold in such a glorious undertaking the co-operation of a Prince a descendant of one of the most noble, illustrious, and ancient dynasties of Europe, and who, with the prestige of such an elevated origin, of so eminent a position, and of such personal qualities universally acknowledged, should so powerfully support the great work of the regeneration of Mexico!

“The undersigned have expressed their wishes, because they believe that work might be realized soon, under the auspices of Your Imperial and Royal Highness, and because such may be the will of the Almighty.

“The undersigned have the honor to subscribe themselves, with the most profound respect,

“Your Imperial and Royal Highness'

“Obedient servants, etc.”

The foregoing letter was answered by the Archduke, with the response which here follows, directed to Señor Estrada:

“SIR:

“I received the letter signed by you, for yourself and various others of your countrymen, and which you sent me, bearing date the 30th of October last. I hasten to express to you, and beg you to transmit to those gentlemen, my gratitude for the sentiments of respect to me, which that letter attests.

“The welfare of your beautiful country has always interested me, certainly; and if, in effect, as you appear to suppose, its inhabitants, aspiring to see founded among them an order of things which, through its stable character, could restore internal peace to them, and guarantee their political independence; and should they believe me able to contribute in securing these advantages, I should be disposed to take into consideration the wishes they might present me, with that view. But for me to think of assuming an undertaking surrounded by so many difficulties, it would be necessary, before all, that I should be very certain of the will and co-operation of the country. My co-operation in favor of the work of governmental transformation, on which depends, according to your convictions, the salvation of Mexico, could not be determined, unless that a national manifes-

tation should prove to me, in an undoubted manner, the desire of the nation to see me occupy the throne.

"Then, only, would my conscience permit me to unite my destinies with those of your country, because then only could be established, from its beginning, my power, in that mutual confidence between the government and the governed, which is in my eyes the most solid basis of empires, next to the blessing of Heaven.

"Lastly, whether or not I may be called to exercise the supreme authority over your noble country, I shall not cease to treasure a very agreeable recollection of the step which you and the other signers of the letter to which I refer have taken towards me.

"Receive, Sir, the proof of the
"sentiments of estimation, etc.

"CASTLE OF MIRAMAR, December 8th, 1861."

The mind of the reader will doubtless continually have in view two questions, pertaining to the acts of Maximilian concerning Mexico. First, whether, in his heart, he desired to act in harmony with the will of a majority of the Mexican people; and second, did he *believe* that such a majority were in favor of his occupying the throne of Mexico?

Every declaration which he made upon the subject of accepting the crown, clearly and unmistakably stated that no such consent could come from his lips, unless there was satisfactory evidence produced, showing emphatically that a majority of the Mexicans desired him as their ruler. And in further support of that position on his part, I will here call the attention of the reader to a fact, unknown to but a few persons.

In March, 1864, Maximilian, while at Brussels, procured a gentleman to proceed to Mexico, and to communicate certain facts to Mr. Juarez. In order that there should be something more certain than oral de-

clarations appertaining thereto, Baron de Pont, counsellor of Maximilian, at the request of His Imperial Highness, wrote a letter addressed to the above-mentioned gentleman, bearing date March 16th, 1864, Bellevue Hotel, Brussels, wherein was set forth the following facts: That Maximilian did not wish to force himself upon the Mexican people by foreign troops, against the will of the people; that he did not wish to change or make for them any political system of government contrary to the express wish of a majority of the Mexicans; that he wished the bearer of the letter to say to Mr. Juarez, that he, Maximilian, was willing to meet Mr. Juarez in any convenient place, on Mexican soil, which Mr. Juarez might designate, for the purpose of discussing the affairs of Mexico, in an amicable manner; and that doubtless an understanding and conclusion might be reached wholly in unison with the will of the people.

The said gentleman went to Mexico, saw Mr. Juarez, stated his mission, and gave a copy of said letter to him. Mr. Juarez replied that he could not consent to any meeting with Maximilian.

The letter to which I refer was written in French, and I read it; and unless it is a forgery, which I do not believe, it is strong evidence in favor of Maximilian's good faith. I have been unable to ascertain any facts which in the slightest degree disprove an honesty of intention upon his part.

In April, 1864, after the word "farewell" had been exchanged between the two august princes and their families, and particular friends, the people came in large numbers to the palace of Miramar, on and after the 10th of the month, to say a parting "good-bye." Commissioners from the neighboring provinces also came to tender an affectionate adieu to their majesties. The true feelings of the inhabitants of Trieste, on that important departure, was happily expressed in one of the journals

of that city, of the date of the 10th of April, wherein the Emperor was tenderly and sympathetically addressed as follows:

“SIRE:

“The word ‘*adieu*,’ which was said, resounds in every heart, and is on the lips of all the good citizens of this city. If adieu—adieu to the best of princes. Citizen of Trieste! by your noble and magnanimous will, these shores, this port, and these delicious villas have been the objects of your predilection.

“You have given all your heart to this people, who love you as a father loves his son, with all the power of his soul. This people is the one who gives the most painful adieu—this people, whose love will follow you on the waves of the ocean on which you are going to place yourself, will accompany you with all its feelings of gratitude to the other side of the sea; this people, who is saying *adieu*, feel a pain in losing you, after having had the pleasure of your company so many years.

“When you are far from here, Sire, when the imperial crown circles your brow, which was given you by a nation full of enthusiasm and hope; when, after the cares of the throne, and the perturbation of politics, shall be seen to flourish, in their order, peace, work, and prosperity, the fruits of your efforts and your wisdom, may it please Heaven, Sire, that there shall resound forever in your ears this *adieu* which accompanies Your Majesty to the other side of the seas—this adieu, which is that of a people who have loved you; an adieu from the country that weeps your absence—an affectionate adieu of a noble city where you leave such sweet and pious recollections.

“Here, you leave brothers in arms, intrepid mariners, soldiers, who have learned from you how to serve and love their country. On the other side of those moun-

tains which separate us from the empire, beyond those seas, everywhere, you will leave tender and noble recollections. All the Austrians say with us this adieu to the excellent prince, to the loved brother of our beloved emperor. Here is remembered your charity, there your greatness, and everywhere your magnanimity.

“There is no heart that does not treasure your qualities, and those of your august companion, who is called to participate with you in the love and the blessings of a whole people; to second you resolutely in the work of your regeneration; to cultivate your happiness, and to conquer your affections.

“The inhabitants of Trieste will continue their peregrinations around Miramar; and at the sight of its groves, of its splendid habitations, of its magnificent terraces, which command this sea so often furrowed by your ships, they will remember your receptions, so full of grace and affability; and they will bring to memory the thousand times that they have been your honored guests.

“Miramar, your cherished retreat, is reflected in the waters that bathe Trieste. Between Miramar and this city exist bonds of affection that can never be broken: this affection runs in the blood of the people, and will be transmitted to our sons.

“He who has been an excellent prince, will be an excellent sovereign. Mexico has just extricated herself from sad discords; that people feel sensitive still, perhaps, on account of the asperity of their origin; being haughty and affected, even from ancient national pride, they have something of the virgin nature of their vast territory. The task undertaken by Ferdinand Maximilian is difficult, arduous, great; he will know how to accomplish it.

“This victory, O generous Prince, will be the most glorious, and the most enviable, and its value to you

will be the gratitude of a whole regenerated people. You will place quietude on the passions; your virtues and your heart will secure your triumph.

"Adieu, then, in the name of all the people of Trieste. May the heavens be propitious for you, and may they promote the accomplishment of your ardent desires, making the country prosper that has selected you to preside over its destinies. You carry with you the benedictions of a people that will never forget you in their hearts; who will associate themselves with your glorious enterprise, and will ask God to assist you with His inspirations. We never could have desired to give you this adieu; we should always have preferred to keep you, tranquil and happy, in our midst. But since Your Majesty is called to pacify a people, to regenerate a vast country, to help it to fulfil its high destinies, may the hand of God guide you; may the work of Your Majesty be holy and blessed.

"Adieu! May the heavens protect you and your august companion! May they concede to you, and to the people that await you, all the fortune that you have known how to give to those who, for the last time, say to you from the bottom of their hearts, Adieu!"

As we read such a *farewell* to His Majesty, from the people of a great city that have known him long and well, what must be our conclusions as to the character of the man?

Not only did they know him as a man, but as a prince, as a governor. A man placed in his position, with his power, over that same people, must have acted wisely, humanely, and justly, as is evidenced by their united voice. Had he acted otherwise, no such burst of affection could spring forth from their hearts. The words themselves make it self-evident that they came not from the surface, but from the very depths of the Austrian heart.

Those words of love and affection escaped not the mind of Maximilian; they touched the cords of sympathy, and they vibrated. And as they moved in harmony with his gentle thoughts, he wrote to Dr. Charles Porenta, the Podesta (or mayor) of Trieste, as follows:

"MY DEAR PODESTA:

"In the moments of parting, full of confidence in the assistance of Heaven, to place me at the head of a distant empire, I cannot do less than send a sad and last adieu to the dear and beautiful city of Trieste. I have always professed profound affection for that city, which in a certain manner has become my country; and on abandoning Europe, I know how dear are the recollections of gratitude which link me to that city. Never shall I forget the cordial amiability of its inhabitants, nor the proof of adhesion which has been given to my house and to my person. This recollection will follow me to the foreign land as a strong consolation, and as a happy augury of the future. It will always be grateful to me to know that my garden of Miramar is visited by the inhabitants of Trieste; and I wish that it may be open for that purpose, whenever circumstances may permit it. I desire that the poor may preserve a memorial of my affections; and I have placed the sum of twenty thousand florins, so that the interest thereon may be distributed every year, on Christmas Eve, among the poor families of the city; which distribution will be made by the City Council. As to you, Sir, Dr. Charles Porenta, I decorate you with the cross of Commentator of the Order of my Empire.

"MAXIMILIAN."

Thus cursorily have I chronicled the European life of Maximilian. As we trace it through, we are not uncon-

scious of the fact, that the construction of his mind well fitted him to please. And though moving beneath the robes of royalty, he so pursued his course of life, that the light of friendship threw its cheering rays all around him.

We will soon follow him across the trackless ocean.

CHAPTER III.

Carlota—Her birth—Genealogy of family—Education—Personal description—Marriage—Life in Italy—In Mexico—Her derangement—Cause of it—Late residence in Belgium—Palace of Tervueren.

THE frame that includes the biographical portrait of His Majesty Maximilian, would present a blank space if the characteristic features of his august spouse, the lovely, the beautiful, the accomplished, and much-beloved Carlota, were not portrayed by his side, in their true colors. We cannot think of His Majesty without having the vision of the Empress rise up before the mind's eye, as though she were a part of the same being. Scarcely one of her sex has attracted equal attention in the present age. The dazzling splendor of her virtues has caused unbounded praises to be lavished upon her, while her misfortunes have grieved the hearts of millions.

She is a descendant of Henry IV. of France, who perhaps was one of the best rulers France ever had, since Louis IX. He fell by the hand of the assassin, the fanatical Ravaillac, May 14th, 1610. Her father was Leopold I., of Belgium, who was born December 16th, 1790, and was the son of the Duke Francis of Saxe Cobourg Saalfelde. He was naturalized in England, March 27th, 1816, and married May 2d of the same year to Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George IV., of England. He received at that time a pension of fifty thousand pounds sterling, the title of Duke of Kendal, and the rank of a prince of the blood.

It was not long thereafter before he was deprived of that lovely companion. She died in childbirth, Nov. 5th, 1817,—the child non-surviving.