

CHAPTER VII.

Departure of Maximilian and Carlota from Miramar for Mexico—Ceremonies
—Visit at Rome—Ceremonies there—Visits *en route*—Arrival at Vera Cruz.

The cannon's roar was heard afar,
Sweet music burst upon the air;
Good-bye, he said, to Miramar,
Farewell, brave men and women fair.

THE inhabitants of Trieste and the surrounding country will long remember the 14th day of April, A. D. 1864, as one of note in the calendar of remarkable events. In connection with it, the names of MAXIMILIAN and MIRAMAR will be most vivid. They will loom up in the heaven of their memory like the full-orbed moon, as she sweeps along amid the myriad of stars that are lost in the effulgence of her splendor.

The hum of business which Trieste usually presents was nearly silent on that day. It was a day of universal excitement, and the thoughts of money-making were buried. It was the day of the departure of His Majesty Maximilian and his august spouse for their new home, in a new empire across the far-resounding sea, to the land where lie entombed the remains of the famed Moctezuma.

The houses were emptied of their living inmates, and the out-door world was a heaving sea of humanity. The crowd was here and there; richly caparisoned steeds, with their loads of beauty and splendor, were prancing to the measure of well-timed music; rich and poor were dressed in their gala attire,—some on foot, some on horse, surging this way and that, like ocean waves,—all eager to catch the farewell glimpse of their true friend, their real benefactor, who was soon to be welcomed in a distant land, by a different race, and in a different tongue.

The morning of that eventful day was not one of calmness. The wind sharply whistled, and the roadstead of Trieste, in its angry ruffling motion, heaved upward and downward the little barks that were anchored on its bosom. But fortunately, near noon, the wind-spirit, as though suddenly bringing to its mind the importance of the occasion, quietly lulled itself away like a sleepy child, and the foamy white dissolved into the deep blue of the Adriatic. And the silent air, perforated by the genial rays of the mid-day sun, threw a radiant splendor on the glassy sea, on the grassy lawns, and the flower-decked land.

Not a cloud curtailed the heavens; and far away above the distant horizon the Alps—those earthy mounds of nature—sat high up against the sky, like monarchs wrapped in imperial robes of white, all variegated with rainbow hues by the reflected light from their ornamental jewels of dazzling diamond icicles bathing in the sunlight.

Six steamers, belonging to the well-known Lloyd Company, were ploughing the Adriatic, to and fro, from the city of Trieste to the Archducal residence, the castle of Miramar. They conveyed the municipal officers of Trieste, the members of the Chamber of Commerce, the deputations from other cities, and also other invited guests. Three trains of cars were in continual motion, belting the air with their ribbons of smoke, freighting the living into the great storehouse of merriment and grandeur—the grounds of Miramar.

The castle, its surrounding heights, the walls, the gardens, the trees, and every prominent place, were all mantled with human beings. The sea-shore was all traced in footprints. The roads leading to the sea were filled with carriages, omnibuses, mounted men, all dovetailed in with footmen. Not an elevated place in sight could be descried that had not its eager gazer. One might have

fancied that Nature's great human hive had just swarmed there.

Many of the enchanted multitude assembled there out of mere curiosity, to feast their strained eyes on the surrounding splendor and magnificence; but there was a mighty gathering of affectionate hearts, who hurried there in friendship's name, and in honor of a noble and generous prince, who had watched over their necessities with an anxious desire; who had never turned a deaf ear to begging poverty; whose friendship never turned cold; and who had built up and commanded their small but effective navy.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the Empress, the beautiful Carlota, affectionately embraced the extended arm of the Emperor Maximilian within her own, and the two—one in heart and thought—departed from the palace, the cherished spot of His Majesty, winding their way across the terrace to the extreme end, where opened the stairway; and down, down the white marble steps they went to the sea. The deafening shouts of "farewell," the roaring cannon, the bugle-notes, the drum, all blending, drowned the murmuring song of the waves. The *advent* music, written for the occasion at Paris, by request of the Mexican deputation, was well executed by the band of the Trieste garrison; which music was carried to Mexico by Commander Rodriguez in the steamer San Nazario. Just before descending the steps, Their Majesties paused a moment, and returned the friendly salutations of the great multitude. A beautiful little boat, all canopied with purple and gold, lay waiting close to the bottom step, in which the Sovereigns seated themselves—then glided along to the steamer Novara, which was anchored to the cable of the castle.

The brother of Maximilian, Louis Victor, accompanied him as far as Rome; as also did General Woll, Chief of the Military House; Señor Velazquez de Leon, Minister

of State; the ladies of honor of the Empress; the Countesses Zichy and Colonitz; Count Zichy, Grand Master; the Chamberlains, Count de Bombells and Marquis de Corio; Señor Iglesias, his Secretary; and Commander Ontiveras, Officer of Orders.

As they entered the little boat, the Novara, the *Thémis*, and the stationary Austrian frigate, all raised their flags; and the different crews broke forth in wild shouts of joy; and the surrounding little crafts raised their oars in token of adieu, while the artillery from deck and castle spoke from their deep-toned throats. Soon after His Majesty had firmly placed his foot on the Novara, the Austrian colors were removed, and the flag of Mexico raised in its stead. A short period only elapsed thereafter, when the Novara weighed anchor and steamed away on her course, escorted by the French steamer, *Thémis*, and an Austrian fleet of eleven steamers. The gallant yacht, *Fantasia*, which the Austrian government had usually placed at the disposition of the Archduke, during his residence at Miramar, led off the fleet. Then came the Novara, followed at some two cables' length by the *Thémis*, which escorted the Sovereigns to Vera Cruz, commanded by Captain Morier; and behind all went the six Lloyd steamers.

The whole squadron defiled before the city of Trieste, among the ships anchored in the roadstead, bearing their respective colors. The coast batteries muttered their thunder-notes, and as the Novara passed, the firing was so rapid that it seemed like one continued sound. The fleet passed so near the shore that the cheering multitude could be distinctly heard. The Lloyd steamers were intended to escort the Sovereigns as far as Pisano, which is about an hour's sail distant; but some injury having happened to the machinery, prevented them from so doing. At Pisano was assembled a swarm of boats, and the fishermen were eager for an opportunity to sa-

lute the Sovereigns as they glided by. The little boats were so numerous that it put one in mind of the schools of fishes that follow beneath the surface.

That day and night the coasts of Italy and Dalmatia were visible; also the arsenals of Porenzo, Forigno, and Pola.

The Emperor had once concluded to visit for a few hours the Island of Lacroma, which is opposite Ragusa, and which is his private property. It is noted as the spot where Richard the Lion-Hearted touched on his return from Palestine. There were built a church and convent, the latter having been turned into a castle by Maximilian. It is an island of some note, as one of luxuriant vegetable productions, and of adaptability to the growth of tropical plants.

Maximilian changed his intention as to stopping there; and the Novara, leaving the eastern coast of the Adriatic, neared the coast of Italy. Everything went smoothly on, the accompanying vessels keeping true to their course, without requiring any signs of guidance from the Novara. On the 16th, they doubled the Cape of Otranto, near enough to see the city of the same name, beautifully situated on the picturesque coast of Italy.

About two hours later, having turned the heel of the Italian boot, they rounded the Cape of Santa Maria de Leuca, and entered into the Gulf of Tarento. Sunday morning, the 17th, about nine o'clock, they floated into the Strait of Messina. By noon they reached the foot of Stromboli, whose lofty crater was smoking away, like some tired giant resting from his labor. The next day, noon, they ruffled the waters of the roadstead of Civita Vecchia. Their contemplated arrival had been trumpeted ahead of them. Rome sent out smiling friends, among whom were General Montebello, commander-in-chief of the French army at Rome, with his staff; Baron Bach, Austrian Ambassador; Mr. de Carolus, Belgian

Minister; Señor D. Ignacio Aguilar, Minister Plenipotentiary of Mexico near the Holy See. The railroad station was magnificently decorated, exhibiting the coat of arms of His Majesty, with the initials of both Sovereigns, "M., C." The French and Pontifical troops formed a double line, and as Their Majesties disembarked, shouts went up from an immense concourse of people who had gathered on the wharf and shores to view the Imperial guests, and salvos of artillery from forts and ships announced with their sonorous voices the glad tidings of their arrival to the gazing multitude.

At six o'clock in the evening Their Majesties and suite reached the Eternal City, amid the roar of the guns that guard the ancient Castle of San Angelo. The Sovereigns stopped at the Marescotti palace, where Señor Gutierrez Estrada resided. This palace is one of the finest in the city. Its works of art are magnificent. Its frescoes were painted by Arpino; and its furniture is of a costly style, and in elegant taste. The rooms were gayly decorated for the occasion. A throne was erected in one of the saloons, and an immense quantity of red and white were exquisitely arranged so as to represent the Mexican flag.

The King of Naples paid his respects to Their Majesties; also Cardinal Antonelli, Prime Minister of His Holiness, presented himself.

At eight o'clock in the evening a grand banquet was served, at which were seated about thirty persons. The new Sovereigns and the Mexicans at Rome composed the company. After that a reception took place, at the conclusion of which Their Majesties wandered out to the Plaza of Saint Peter's, thence to gaze at the moonbeams as they silvered o'er the ancient ruins of the Coliseum,—a sight which the Empress had never before witnessed. There is something enchanting in the scene. He who beholds it at such an hour, departs reluc-

tantly. He looks, and as he turns to leave it, he halts, and glances again and again. His mind is flooded with its ancient history; he forgets for a moment the age in which he lives.

On the morning of the 19th, the whole party visited the Holy Father at the Vatican; all were in their full uniform, ladies with elegant toilette, although in dark dresses, as is the custom in making such a visit. All along the street from the bridge of San Angelo were stationed mounted guards: in the avenues and court of the palace were placed sentinels on foot. The interior was guarded by the Swiss soldiers, with uniforms as neat as wax-work. Bishops, prelates, and officers of the house were presented to Their Majesties. Soon the Holy Father and the two new Sovereigns entered a small saloon, where they remained together and alone for over an hour. After that private audience the whole party had the opportunity of kissing the foot of His Holiness, which they did not fail to do.

His Majesty paid a short visit to His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, during which time the Empress remained in the Vatican museum, amusing herself in examining the thousands of interesting and curious ancient and modern works of art, which have been gathered from all parts of the world.

After the Emperor had finished his visit, the whole party returned, surrounded by an immense throng of people, to the palace of Marescotti, and rested until after breakfast, after which His Majesty visited the King of Naples, and other princes, to whom he was united by strong ties of friendship. Having spent a few hours with them in social conversation upon the subject of Italy and his newly-adopted home, he returned to the palace. A richly-spread table was served, having the best that the market could afford, choice viands and wines, in a saloon exquisitely decorated. That repast

having been concluded, a pleasant *soirée* followed, where the Court, the Roman nobility, and other distinguished personages, gathered in large numbers, filling the different saloons, which were most brilliantly lighted, showing to most superb advantage the rich and costly furniture, the glittering pendants, and the still brighter diamonds that adorned the beautiful and extravagantly-attired ladies. Every face wore a smile, every eye glittered like the surrounding brilliants. The scene presented a view of grandeur, of wealth, and of happiness.

On the day following, Their Majesties, accompanied by a part of the Mexican deputation, went to Mass, in a private chapel, where they received from the hands of His Holiness the communion. At the same time was delivered to them, by His Holiness, an eloquent, affectionate, and tender address, in the following words:

“Behold the Lamb of God which blots out the sins of the world. Through Him kings reign and govern; through Him kings do justice; and if He permits kings to be often afflicted, through Him, nevertheless, is exercised all power.

“I recommend to you, in His name, the happiness of the Catholic people, who have confided themselves to you. The rights of the people are great, and it is necessary to satisfy them; but greater and more sacred are the rights of the Church, the immaculate wife of Jesus Christ, who redeemed us with His blood—with this blood that is now going to redden your lips.

“Respect, then, the rights of your people and the rights of the Church; which means that you ought to procure, at the same time, the temporal and spiritual good of those people.

“And may our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom you are going to receive the communion, from the hands of his vicar, concede to you His grace in the abundance of

His mercy. *Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis vestris perducat vos ad vitam aeternam. Amen.*"

At the conclusion of this Mass, another was said, in the presence of the whole party. Then a light collation, or what is termed in Mexico a *desayuno*, was taken, in the private library of the Holy Father. His Holiness, the two Sovereigns, and Cardinal Antonelli ate at one table,—the others eating at several small tables, in the same room, and within a short distance of the distinguished personages. Everything passed off pleasantly, without any stiffness. The audience was merry—the conversation at times being general; then again confined to their respective tables.

At the conclusion of this repast, Their Majesties bid "Good-morning" to His Holiness, and returned to Marescotti Palace. The remainder of the party left the Vatican at the same time. Not long after that, Señores Aguila and Velazquez took a walk of pleasure and profit—of pleasure to themselves, and of profit to the Church. They presented themselves at the house of the Minister of State, and in the name of the Mexican Empire, extended, as an oblation to the Holy Church, the sum of eight thousand dollars. It was most cordially received, and with a becoming grace. Was there ever a Church that would refuse such an offer?

A little past noon, the same day, the 20th, the Holy Father visited Their Majesties. The streets were thronged with people, and it was with difficulty that one could elbow his way along. Troops formed on either side of the street, through which His Holiness passed. The music of the brass bands mingled with that of the merry chiming bells, and the shouts of the living mass, as the gilded carriage rolled steadily along, drawn by six richly-caparisoned black horses, and es-

corted by the Guard Noble. His Holiness was indeed encircled with great splendor. When all that grandeur arrived at the palace, Their Majesties were in readiness at the entrance, to receive the Holy Father. As he approached quite near, the two Sovereigns, on bended knees, and the surrounding multitude in like position, received the benediction from His Holiness. His Majesty then arose, and giving his hand to the Holy Father, assisted him in descending from the carriage. Their Majesties and the Holy Father had a private interview; after which was given a public audience to all the friends that desired to be presented. A short time having been spent here, the Holy Father took an affectionate leave of Their Majesties, who escorted him to his carriage in becoming style.

Soon thereafter came breakfast; which being finished, the whole party was ordered to be in readiness at four o'clock, in the afternoon, with the carriages, for the depot. At the appointed time everything was ready. They all reached the station, surrounded by the gazing crowd as before. After a shaking of hands and a farewell-bidding to friends, Their Majesties, the ladies of honor, and Señor Velazquez, entered the same car.

Near the setting of the sun the train reached Civita Vecchia, when again the booming cannon was heard, music, and shouts, as on their first landing.

Between nine and ten o'clock, the Novara and *Thémis* weighed anchor, and bore away on their course for Gibraltar. They coasted along the Islands of Baleares, and between five and six o'clock they saw the Island of Cabrera. Part of the time the wind blew pretty strongly, and the vessels plunged into the watery element, so that their guns nearly touched the water. The sky became cloudy; after which came a fog. But before reaching the Straits of Gibraltar, the weather became calm. The wind, while it blew, came astern, and sent

the vessels along at the rate of twelve knots per hour.

They entered the bay at Gibraltar about the middle of the afternoon, saluted by the batteries of the citadel, and by an English vessel anchored in the port. Away in the distance was heard peal after peal, from the little Spanish town of Algeiras, saluting Their Majesties. The guns of the *Thémis* loudly responded.

Their Majesties were visited by the Governor of Gibraltar, General Count Codrington, accompanied by his two adjutants, on board the *Novara*; who, by invitation, dined with the two Sovereigns. The consuls of Austria and Belgium, at Tangiers, crossed the water and paid the proper respects to Their Majesties.

On the 27th of April, the two steamers left Gibraltar, and steamed away for the American waters. Their passage was not unpleasant. They reached Martinique May 16th. On this island were many Mexicans, who were prisoners on account of their non-adherence to the party of the Intervention. His Majesty saw the prisoners. Being anxious to reach the land of his destination, he did not wish to remain there longer than necessary. There being a few spare births on the *Thémis*, His Majesty selected, on the night of his arrival, four Mexicans whom he liberated and sent to occupy those vacant births, that they might reach their homes. The impartiality of the Emperor was shown on this occasion. The authorities of the place had presented a list of four prisoners, whom they considered the most entitled to favor. But as His Majesty wished to have unbiassed proof as to the character of the prisoners, he decided that he would not rely alone on the judgment of the officers under whose charge they were. He therefore said that the prisoners should vote among themselves as to which four were the most worthy of consideration. They did so, and the result was, that they elected the four already

designated by the officers. These four expressed a strong desire to support the Empire. Eight more of the prisoners who had manifested a like adhesion, were furnished by the Emperor with funds to defray their expenses on the next vessel bound to Mexico. He also gave to those who were without funds the sum of two thousand francs; promising at the same time, on his arrival in Mexico, to give their claims all the consideration and attention to which they might be entitled. It would have been almost an impossibility for him to have passed them without extending to them some favor: such was the character of the man.

His acts of generosity being finished, the ships sailed on their way, arriving at Jamaica, May 21st. Remaining only one day, they steered directly for Vera Cruz, without visiting Havana, as many contemplated, and much to the regret of the Cubans.

They had not sailed far from the island of Jamaica, when the *Thémis* took the lead, pressing on steam, in order to herald the glad tidings of the near approach of the coming Sovereigns, to the people of Vera Cruz. At about six o'clock of the morning of the 28th of May, the *Thémis* dropped her anchor in the port of her destination. The news of the expected arrival of the new rulers spread with lightning speed all through the country.

While far away from the coast of Mexico, Their Majesties stood upon the quarter-deck of the *Novara*, straining their eyes to obtain a view of Orizaba peak, that mighty sentinel, that king of mountains, that pierces its hoary head high into the heavens, as though it were the supporting pier of the celestial canopy. But Nature, chary of the beauty of her architecture, threw a heavy mantle of clouds around the white drapery of snow, lest a summer's noonday sun should fringe it with rays.

A little after two o'clock in the afternoon, the *Novara* came steaming gallantly in, dropping anchor at a

short distance to the south of the Castle of Uloa. The cannons thundered on sea and land, like the artillery of heaven; loud huzzas rent the air from the living mass that swarmed the wharf, sea-shore, and house-tops; rockets hissed through the heated air; musicians were blowing themselves into notice; hats, handkerchiefs, flags, and banners were waving, high and low; the crowd, looking as though their greatest expectations had been realized, could hardly believe what their eyes beheld. Never did the arrival of living man cause in Vera Cruz such a gala-day, such a shout of universal joy. The arrival of Cortez, more than three centuries ago, might have been more surprising, but not half so welcome.

CHAPTER VIII.

Maximilian's proclamation at Vera Cruz—Ceremonies there—En route to Cordova—Orizaba—Puebla—Guadalupe—At the Capital.

IN the afternoon of the 28th of May, soon after the arrival of the steamer Novara at Vera Cruz, the following proclamation was issued by Maximilian, and circulated through that city:

“MEXICANS:

“You have desired my presence! Your noble nation, by a voluntary majority, has chosen me to watch henceforth over your destinies! I gladly respond to this call.

“Painful as it has been for me to bid farewell forever to my own, my native country, I have done so, being convinced that the Almighty has pointed out to me, through you, the noble mission of devoting all my strength and heart to a people who, tired of war and disastrous contests, sincerely wish for peace and prosperity; to a people who, having gloriously obtained their independence, desire to reap the benefit of civilization and true progress.

“The confidence which animates you and me will be crowned by a brilliant success, if we always remain united to defend valiantly the great principles which are the only true and lasting bases of modern States—the principles of inviolable and immutable justice, equality before the law, an open road to every one to every career and social position, complete personal liberty well defined, having in it the protection of the individual and property, the improvement of national