

them, instead of that gloomy celibacy to which thou wouldst doom their youth, and by which thou wouldst extinguish their race? May not those very soldiers, under circumstances so new and unexpected to them, become my friends, and thy enemies? Forget not, that the barbarians who invaded Greece refused to quit it, when they had once tasted its delicious fruits, and caught a glimpse of those beauties who had served as models to the chisel and to the pencil of the artists, whose works have since filled a world with admiration. But suppose that these soldiers, with whom thou threatenest me, should not prove faithless to thee; sent for my destruction, they will find their graves on my shores, and their tombs will be seen in my mountains. Dost thou for a moment believe that the sight of them will intimidate me? The days of Cortez and of Pizarro have past away for ever. My sons and thy sons descend from them. No longer do thy arms and thy horses create surprise; and if for an age thy sons were believed immortal, for an age has that illusion been dispelled. Receive from me the oft-times salutary advice of an enemy. Abjure an empire thou canst no longer control; and confess that the period has arrived, when America, by the decrees of the God of heaven, must be separated

from thy unnatural sway. Know, that the day is fast approaching, when all nations will learn that their true interests consist in cultivating amity and intercourse with each other, instead of struggling for the crown of domination. Anticipate my future prosperity, and behold in it the real source of thine own happiness and regeneration. Get rid of thy watchfulness and thy remorse. Come and settle on my soil, as brothers and as friends. Participate in those harvests which all-bountiful nature, in my favoured climes, yields to industry. Let us interchange with each other our respective productions: let us terminate the murderous struggle between our own kindred. Imbrue thy hands no longer in the blood of my sons. Let the powers of youthful America no longer remain dormant, but let her dispute the prize of improvement with Spain. Cultivate thy fields, and re-animate the languishing industry of thy people. With the riches of my mines will I pay for the produce of thy industry. But look to obtain them no more by the sword. Remember, too, that riches are the wages of industry; nor will this decree of nature be changed for thee. If my entreaties, thus founded in justice, reason, and fraternal sentiments, should fail to soften thy heart—if, deaf to the

voice of my sufferings, nothing will content thee but the return of my neck to the yoke—if thou fearest not that America may one day deny to Spain, what Spain now refuses to America—if thou wilt draw thy vengeful steel, and strive to enforce thy will at the point of the sword,—then be it so: my sons shall answer thee with their's; and thou wilt find engraved upon their blades, *My ULTIMATUM!* ”

ROUTE

TO

THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

*Examination of the different routes to the Pacific Ocean—Doubts respecting a passage to the north-west—The communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, at the province of Chocó, examined—Observations upon the routes by the Isthmus of Darien or Panamá; by the Isthmus of Costa Rica; and by that of Oaxaca—General observations on the importance of this passage to the civilized world.*

HAVING thus far occupied the attention of our readers with an account of the civil wars of Mexico, we turn with satisfaction from those tragic scenes, to an object of the highest importance to the whole civilized world, and which we deem particularly interesting to the citizens of the United States, as well as to the present and future generations of the whole continent of America.