



MAXIMILIAN GOLD COIN. OWNED BY MR. CHARLES C. BURNS.

## AN IMPERIAL DREAM.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

PART I.

PRELUDE.

**I**N offering these pages to the public, my aim is not to write a historical sketch of the reign of Maximilian of Austria, nor is it to give a description of the political crisis through which Mexico passed during that period. My only desire is to furnish the reader with a point of view the value of which lies in the fact that it is that of an eye-witness who was somewhat more than an ordinary spectator of a series of occurrences which developed into one of the most dramatic episodes of modern times.

Historians too often present their personages to the public and to posterity as actors upon a stage,—I was about to say as puppets in a show,—whose acts are quite outside of themselves, and whose voices express emotions not their own. They appear before the footlights of a fulfilled destiny; and their doubts, their weaknesses, are concealed, along with their temptations, beneath the paint and stage drapery lent them by the historian who, knowing beforehand the dénouement toward which their efforts tended, unconsciously assumes a like knowledge on their part. They are thus often credited with deep-laid motives and plans which it may perhaps have been impossible for them to entertain at the time.

To those who lived with them when they were *making* history, these actors are all aglow with life. They are animated by its passions, its impulses. They are urged onward by personal ambition, or held back by selfish considerations. They are not characters in a drama; they are men of the world whose official acts, like those of the men about us to-day, are influenced by their affections, their family complications, their prejudices, their rivalries, their avarice, their vanity. The circumstances of their private life temporarily excite or depress their energies, and often give them a new and unlooked-for direction; and the success or failure of their undertakings may be recognized as having been the result of their individual limitations, of their personal ignorance of the special conditions with which they were called upon to cope, or of their short-sightedness.

In this lies the importance of private recollections. The gossip of one epoch forms part of the history of the next. It is therefore to be deplored that those whose more or less obscure lives run their course in the shadow of some public career are seldom sufficiently aware of the fact at the time to note accurately their observations and impressions.



These thoughts occurred to me when, at the request of the Editor of THE CENTURY, I one night took up my pen, and gathering about me old letters, photographs, and small tokens faded and yellow with age, plunged deep into the recollections of my youthful days, and evoked the ghosts of brilliant friends, many of whom have since passed away, leaving but names written in lines of blood upon a page of history. As they appeared across a chasm of thirty years, the well-remembered faces familiarly smiled, each flinging a memory. They formed a motley company: generals now dead, whose names are revered or execrated by their countrymen; lieutenants and captains who have since made their way in the world, or have died, broken-hearted heroes, before Metz or Sedan; women who seemed obscure, but whose names, in the general convulsion of nations, have risen to newspaper notoriety or to lasting fame; soldiers who have become personages; guerrilleros now pompously called generals; adventurers who have grown into personages; personages who have sunk into adventurers; sovereigns who have become martyrs.

They had all been laid away in my mind, buried in the ashes of the past along with the old life. The drama in which each had played his part had for many years seemed as far off and dim as though read in a book a long time ago; and yet now, how alive it all suddenly became—alive with a life that no pen can picture!

There were their photographs and their invitations, their old notes and bits of doggerel sent to accompany small courtesies—flowers, music, a Havana dog, or the loan of a horse. It was all vivid and real enough now. Those men were not to me mere historical figures of whom «one reads.» They fought historic battles, they founded a historic though ephemeral empire; their defeats, their triumphs, their «deals,» their blunders, were now matters of history: but for all that, they were of common flesh and blood, and the strange incidents of a strangely picturesque episode in the existence of this continent seemed natural enough if one only knew the men.

Singly or in groups, the procession slowly passed, each one pausing for a brief space in the flood of light cast by an awakening memory. Many wore uniforms—French, Austrian, Belgian, Mexican; some were dancing gaily, laughing and flirting as they went by. Others looked care-worn and absorbed by the preoccupations of a distracted state, and by the growing consciousness of the thankless responsibility which the incapacity of their rulers at home, and the unprincipled deceit of a few official impostors, had placed upon them. But all, whether thoughtful or careless, whether clairvoyant or blind, whether calmly yielding to fate or attempting to breast the storm, were driven along by the irresistible current of events, each drifting toward the darkness of an inevitable doom which, we now know, was inexorably awaiting him as he passed from the ray of light into the gloom in his «dance to death.»



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADRY DISDERI.

NAPOLEON III.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

EUGÉNIE.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT &amp; CO.

DUC DE MORNY.





DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

AGUSTIN DE ITURBIDE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Mexican revolutionist, born in 1783; emperor in 1822. He was forced to resign in 1823, and allowed to retire to Europe with a large pension, on condition that he should not return. In 1824, in attempting to enter Mexico, he was arrested and shot.

#### EL DORADO.

DURING the winter of 1861-62, my last winter in France, one of the principal subjects of conversation in Parisian official circles was our civil war, and its possible bearing upon the commercial and colonial interests of Europe, or rather the possible advantage that Europe, and especially France, might hope to derive from it.

A glance at M. de Lamartine's famous article written in January, 1864, and reprinted a year or two later in his «Entretiens

Littéraires,» will help us to understand how far Frenchmen were from appreciating not only our point of view, but the true place assigned by fate to the United States in contemporary history. Nothing could so plainly reveal the failure of the French to understand the natural drift of events on this side of the Atlantic, and account for the extraordinary, though short-lived, success of Napoleon's wild Mexican scheme. In this article, written with a servile pen, the poet-statesman attacked the character of the people of the United States, and



brought out Napoleon's motives in his attempt to obtain, not for France alone, but for Europe at large, a foothold upon the American continent. With a vividness likely to impress his readers with the greatness of the conception as a theory, he showed how the establishment of a European monarchy in Mexico must insure to European nations a share in the commerce of the New World. The new continent, America, is the property of Europe, he urged. The Old World should not recognize the right of the United States to control its wealth and power.

An article by Michel Chevalier, published with the same purpose in view, threatened Mexico with annexation by the United States unless the government of the country underwent reorganization.

Both authors were frequent visitors at my guardian's house in Paris, which accounts for the impression made upon my youthful mind by their written utterances at that time. M. Chevalier was a distinguished political economist. He had visited Mexico, and knew the value of its mining and agricultural wealth without sufficiently recognizing the actual conditions to be dealt with, and he fully indorsed the imperial conception. «The success of the expedition is infallible,» he said. He explained the resistance of the Mexicans by their hatred of the Spaniards, and demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the burden of the venture must fall upon France, who should reap the glory of its success.

Modern civilization, he urged, includes a distinct branch—the Latin—in which Catholicism shines. Of this France is the soul as well as the arm. «Without her, without her energy and her initiative, the group of the Latin races must be reduced to a subordinate rank in the world, and would have been eclipsed long ago.» In comparing upon a map of the world the space occupied by the Catholic nations two centuries ago with the present area under their control, «one is dismayed at all that they lost and are losing» every day. «The Catholic nations seem threatened to be swallowed up by an ever-rising flood.» («Revue des Deux Mondes,» April, 1862, page 916.)<sup>1</sup>

#### DREAMER AND SCHEMER.

WHEN the Mexican empire was planned our civil war had been raging for nearly two

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to find him quoting Humboldt's prophecy that «the time will come, be it a century sooner or later, when the production of silver will have no other limit than that imposed upon it by its ever-increasing depreciation as a value.» (April, 1862, page 894.)

years. From the standpoint of the French rulers, the moment seemed auspicious for France to interfere in American affairs. The establishment of a great Latin empire, founded under French protection and developed in the interest of France, which must necessarily derive the principal benefit of the stupendous wealth which Mexico held ready to pour into the lap of French capitalists,—of an empire which in the West might put a limit to the supremacy of the United States, as well as counterbalance the British supremacy in the East, thus opposing a formidable check to the encroachments of the Anglo-Saxon race in the interest of the Latin nations,—such was Napoleon's plan, and I have been told by one who was close to the imperial family at that time that the Emperor himself fondly regarded it as «the conception of his reign.»

Napoleon III labored under the disadvantage of reigning beneath the shadow of a great personality which, consciously or unconsciously, he ever strove to emulate. But however clever he may be, the man who, anxious to appear or even to be great, forces fate and creates impossible situations that he may act a leading part before the world, is only a schemer. This is the key to the character of Napoleon III and to his failures. He looked far away and dreamed of universal achievements, when at home, at his very door, were the threatening issues he should have mastered. The story is told of him that one evening, at the Tuileries, when the imperial party were playing games, chance brought to the Emperor the question, «What is your favorite occupation?» to which he answered, «To seek the solution of unsolvable problems.» It is also related that in his younger days a favorite axiom of his was: «Follow the ideas of your time, they carry you along; struggle against them, they overcome you; precede them, they support you.» True enough; but only upon condition that you will not mistake the shrill chorus of a few interested courtiers and speculators for the voice of your time, nor imagine that you precede your generation because you stand alone. He dreamed of far-away glory, and his flatterers told him his dreams were prophetic.

#### «A BED OF ROSES IN A GOLD-MINE.»

NAPOLEON III saw across the seas the mirage of a great Latin empire in the West, and beheld the Muse of history inscribing his name beside that of his great kinsman as the restorer of the political and commercial equilibrium of the world, as well as the benefactor who





DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

MIGUEL MIRAMON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Mexican general, born in 1832. He fought against Juarez, and after defeat, in 1860, fled from Mexico. Maximilian made him grand marshal, and minister to Berlin. He returned to Mexico in 1866, and was shot with Maximilian in 1867.

had thrown El Dorado open to civilization. With the faith of ignorance, he proposed to share with an Austrian archduke these imaginary possessions, and to lay for him, as was popularly said in 1862-63, «a bed of roses in a gold-mine.» Unmindful of warnings, he pushed onward for two years, apparently incapable of grasping the fact that the mirage was receding before him; and finally found his fool's errand saved from ridicule only by the holocaust of many lives, and raised to dignity only by the tragedy of Querétaro.

#### AN INCIDENT AT THE ODÉON.

ALL this we now know, but in 1861-62 the Napoleonic star shone brilliantly with the

full luster cast upon it by the Crimean war and the result of the Italian campaign. It is true that occasionally some strong discordant note issuing from the popular depths would strike the ear, and for the time mar the pæans of applause which always greet successful power. For instance, at the Odéon one night, during the war with Austria, I was present when the Empress Eugénie entered. The Odéon is in the Latin Quarter, and medical and law students filled the upper tiers of the house. As the sovereign took her seat in a box a mighty chorus suddenly arose, and hundreds of voices sang, «Corbleu, madame, que faites vous ici?» quoting the then popular song, «Le Sire de Franboisy.»



The incident, so insulting to the poor woman, gave rise to some disturbance; and although the boys were quieted, the Empress soon left the theater, choking with mortification. M. Rochefort, who refers to this incident in his memoirs, adds that as the imperial party came out, another insult of a still more shocking character was thrown at the Empress. This, of course, I did not witness.

Such occurrences were usually treated by the press and the government sympathizers as emanating from youthful hot-brains, or from the lower ranks of the people, and therefore as unworthy of attention. But those hot-brains represented the coming thinkers of France, and the «common» people represented its strength. On the whole, however, in 1862 the more powerful element had rallied to and upheld the government. The court and the army were so loud in their admiration of the profound policy of the Emperor that those who heeded the croakings of the few clear-sighted men composing the opposition were in the background.

It so happened that my lines had been cast among these, and it is interesting now, in looking back upon the expressions of opinion of those who most strenuously opposed French interference in American affairs, to see how little even these men, wise as they were in their generation, appreciated the true conditions prevailing in Mexico. None seriously doubted the possibility of occupying the country and of maintaining a French protectorate. The only point discussed was, Was it worth while? And to this question Jules Favre, Thiers, Picard, Berryer, Glais-Bizoin, Pelletan, and a few others emphatically said, «No!»

#### THE NEW «NAPOLEONIC IDEA» BASED ON AN OLD MEXICAN IDEA.

THE «Napoleonic idea,» however, had not burst forth fully equipped in all its details from the Cæsarean brain in 1862. It would be unfair not to allow it worthy antecedents and a place in the historic sequence. As far back as 1821, when the principle of constitutional monarchy was accepted by the Mexicans under the influence of General Iturbide, a convention known as the «plan of Iguala» had been drawn, in which it was agreed that the crown of Mexico should be offered first to the Infante of Spain, brother of Ferdinand VII, and, in case of refusal, to the Archduke Charles of Austria. In 1854 General Santa Anna, then dictator or president for life, had given full powers to Gutierrez de Estrada

to treat with the courts of Paris, London, Vienna, and Madrid for the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico under the scepter of a European prince; and Gutierrez de Estrada, with the consent of the French government, had offered the throne of his country to the Duc de Montpensier, who wisely declined.

In 1859 General Miramon confirmed the powers given by General Santa Anna to the Mexican representative; and then it was that, for the first time, the Emperor commended to his attention the Archduke Maximilian.

It were also unfair not to admit that the varying success of the conflict between the two factions struggling for supremacy in Mexico was likely to deceive the European powers, and made it easy for men whose personal interests were at stake to misrepresent the respective strength of the contending parties and the condition of the country. But no leader of men has, in the eyes of history, a right to be deceived either by men or by appearances; and granting that Napoleon might at first have been misled, he had timely warning, and the opportunity to withdraw, as did the Spaniards and the English, without shame, if without glory.

#### MEXICAN ANARCHY.

AFTER Mexico, led by the patriots Hidalgo and Morelos, had thrown off the Spanish yoke, it became for forty years the scene of a series of struggles between contending factions which reduced the country to a state of anarchy. Once rid of their Spanish viceroys, the Mexicans found themselves little better off than they had been under their rule. For centuries the Mexican church had played upon the piety of the devout for the furtherance of its own temporal interests, until one third of the whole wealth of the nation had found its way into its hands. It was against the clergy, and against the retrogressive spirit represented by it, that in 1856 a widespread revolutionary movement was successfully organized, as a result of which, in 1857, a liberal constitution was drawn up and accepted by the people.

The clerical or reactionary party, although it counted among its adherents many of the best old Spanish families composing Mexico's aristocracy, would probably soon have ceased to be a serious practical obstacle in the way of reform had it not been for the wealth of a corrupt clergy, by means of which its armies were kept in the field. Be this as it may, the reign of constitutional order represented by President Comonfort in 1856 was





DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

GENERAL BENITO PABLO JUAREZ.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Mexican liberal politician, of pure Indian blood, born in 1806. He was president several times. He captured and executed Maximilian, and died in office in 1872.

short-lived. General Comonfort abdicated in 1858. Benito Juárez, by virtue of his rank of president of the Supreme Court, then became constitutional president *ad interim*.

#### LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN OBSERVER.

By a pronunciamiento General Zuloaga, with the help of the army, took possession of the government and of the capital, while Juárez maintained his rights at Querétaro. War raged between the two parties, with rapidly varying success. A letter dated November 19, 1860, written by my brother, a young American engineer who had gone to Mexico to take part in the construction of the first piece of railroad built between Vera Cruz and

Mexico, gives a concise and picturesque account of the situation:

Things look dark—so dark in fact that for the present I do not think it advisable to risk any more money here. There is a fair prospect of the decree of Juárez being annulled. If so, our bonds go overboard. There is a prospect of Juárez signing a treaty. If so, our bonds go up 15 or 20. It is *rouge et noir*—a throw of the dice. The liberals have been beaten at Querétaro, where Miramon took from them twenty-one pieces of artillery and many prisoners, among them an American officer of artillery, whom he shot the next day, *as usual*. Oajaca has fallen into the hands of the clergy. The liberals under Carbajal attacked Tulancingo, and were disgracefully beaten by a lot of ragged Indians. They are losing ground everywhere; and if the United States does not





FROM THE PAINTING BY REGNAULT.

GENERAL PRIM.

BY PERMISSION OF LECADRE & CO.

Spanish soldier and statesman, born in 1814. He commanded the Spanish expeditionary army in Mexico. After his return to Spain he was assassinated in 1870.

take hold of this unhappy country it will certainly go to the dogs. There is a possibility of compromise between Juarez and Miramon, the effect of which is this: the constitution of '57 to be revised; the sale of clergy property to their profit; the revocation of Juarez' decree of July about the confiscation of clergy property to the profit of the state; religious liberty, civil marriage, etc.

A gloomy picture, and true enough, save in one respect. The liberals might be beaten everywhere, but they were not losing ground; on the contrary, their cause rested upon too

solid a foundation of right and progress, and the last brilliant exploits of General Miramon were insufficient to galvanize the reactionary party into a living force.

On December 22, 1860, Miramon was finally defeated by General Gonzales Ortega, and shortly after left the country. On December 28 the reforms prepared in Vera Cruz by Juarez, proclaiming the principles of religious toleration, and decreeing the confiscation of clergy property, the abolition of all religious orders, and the institution of civil



marriage, etc., were promulgated in the capital by General Ortega; and on January 11, 1861, Juarez<sup>1</sup> himself took possession of the city of Mexico. The liberals were triumphant, and the civil war was virtually at an end.

The defeated army, as was invariably the case in Mexico, dissolved and disappeared, leaving only a residuum of small bands of guerrillas. These preyed impartially upon the people and upon travelers of both parties. Leonardo Marquez almost alone remained in the field and seriously continued the conflict. The principal leaders fled abroad, especially to Paris, where they made friends, and planned a revenge upon the victorious oppressors of the church, whose outrages upon God and man were vividly colored by religious and party hatred. Among these were men of refinement and good address, scions of old Spanish families, who, like M. Gutierrez de Estrada, found ready sympathy among the Emperor's entourage. As a rule, none but «hopelessly defeated parties seek the help of foreign invasion of their own land»; but the Empress Eugénie, who, a Spaniard herself, was a devout churchwoman, lent a willing ear to the stories of the refugees, impressively told in her own native tongue. To reinstate the church, and to oppose the strong Catholicism of a Latin monarchy to the Protestant influence of the Northern republic, seemed to her the most attractive aspect of the projected scheme.

The struggle that had been carried on for so many years in Mexico with varying vicissitudes was not purely one of partizan interest based upon a different view of political government: it was the struggle of the spirit of the nineteenth century against the survival of Spanish medievalism.

#### NAPOLEON'S PARADOX.

THE French intervention as planned by Napoleon III was, therefore, a glaring paradox, and betrays his absolute ignorance of the conditions with which he was undertaking to cope. As a matter of fact, the party upon whose support he relied for the purpose of developing the natural resources of Mexico, and of bringing that country into line with European intellectual and industrial progress, was pledged by all its traditions to moral and political retrogression.

<sup>1</sup> Benito Pablo Juarez was of Indian birth, and as a boy began life as a *mozo*, or servant, in a wealthy family. His ability was such as to draw upon him the attention of his employer, who had him educated. He soon rose to greatness as a lawyer, and then as a member of the national congress, governor of Oajaca, secretary to the executive, and president of the republic.

It was not long before the pretensions of the church and party complications caused a breach between the *corps expéditionnaire* and its original supporters, which placed the French in the unlooked-for, and by them much deprecated, attitude of invaders and conquerors of the land, equally hated by ally and foe. And yet at the outset one aspect of the situation was favorable to the success of the French undertaking.

#### THE REFORMS OF JUAREZ.

THE sweeping reforms carried out by Juarez during his brief undisturbed occupation of the country had greatly smoothed the way for the French in their self-imposed task of Mexican regeneration. The new laws had already been enforced regulating the relations of church and state. The confiscation of clergy property, the breaking up of the powerful religious orders, and religious tolerance, all had been proclaimed, as well as the freedom of the press.

Spanish influence, which in these struggles had been exercised strongly against reform, had been abruptly brought to an end by the summary dismissal of Señor Pacheco, the Spanish minister, and the Archbishop of Mexico had been exiled.

#### JECKER LOOMS UP.

ONE of the first problems, and quite the most important, to be faced by President Juarez, upon his establishment in the capital, had been the raising of funds with which to carry on the expense of the liberal government, and the throwing upon the market of the nationalized church property recommended itself. There was, however, but little confidence, and still less ready money, in the country after many years of civil strife. So much real estate suddenly thrown upon the market depreciated property. The easy terms of sale—a third cash, the balance to be paid in *pagares*—tempted speculators, and gave rise to many fraudulent transactions, and the measure brought little relief to the government.

Although in March, 1861, President Juarez had signed a convention adjusting anew the pecuniary claims of the French residents, on July 17 Congress found itself compelled to suspend payment on all agreements hitherto entered into with foreign powers. The very next day the representatives of France and Great Britain entered a formal protest on behalf of their governments. On July 25, having obtained no satisfaction, they sus-



pended all diplomatic relations with the Mexican government.

Feeling ran high between Mexicans and foreigners. The speculators in Mexican bonds, as well as more innocent sufferers, were loud in their denunciations. The Swiss banker Jecker,<sup>1</sup> who had cleverly managed to enlist the interest of powerful supporters at the court of Napoleon III, and who had become naturalized in order to add weight to his claim to French support, spared no pains in exciting the resentment of the French with regard to this violation of its pledges by the Mexican government.

M. de Gabriac had been replaced by M. de Saligny, a creature of the Duc de Morny, whose personal interest in the Jecker bonds was well known. The new minister arrived in June, 1861. His orders were to enforce recognition of the validity of the Jecker bonds. He avowedly did his utmost to aggravate the situation. Later, during the brief period of 1863-64, when the intervention seemed to hold out false promises of success, he boasted to a friend of mine that his great merit « was to have understood the wishes of the Emperor, and to have precipitated events so as to make the intervention a necessity.»

#### FRANCE INSULTED.

THIS he accomplished, thanks to an incident insignificant in itself, but which he duly magnified into an unbearable insult to the French nation. On the night of August 14, 1861, a torch-light procession to celebrate the news of a victory of the government troops under General Ortega over Marquez halted before the French legation, and some voices shouted, «Down with the French! Down with the French minister!» M. de Saligny added that a shot had been fired at him from one of the neighboring *azoteas*, and he

<sup>1</sup> Jecker's interests suffered most by the decree of President Juarez of July 17, 1861. Under Miramon he had negotiated, on behalf of the clerical party, the issue of new six-per-cent. bonds of 75,000,000 francs, destined to take up the old discredited government bonds, twenty-five per cent. being paid in silver by the holders, and the interest of which was guaranteed partly by the state, partly by the house of Jecker. The latter was to receive a commission of five per cent. upon the transaction—3,750,000 francs. The profit to the government should have been 15,000,000, had not a clause been inserted enabling Jecker to deduct his commission in advance, as well as half of the interest for five years,—11,250,000 francs,—which, as we have seen, was guaranteed by the state; so that, as a matter of fact, the government received only 3,570,000 francs. When, in May, 1860, and without the slightest warning, the house of Jecker failed, the interests of a large number of Frenchmen whose funds were intrusted to it were jeopardized; and as their only hope rested upon the profit to

produced a flattened bullet in evidence. Although an investigation was immediately instituted, the result of which was to show the lack of substance of the minister's charges, the French government, then anxiously hoping for such an opportunity, supported its agent. The incident was magnified by the French papers into an «*attaque à main armée contre Saligny*,» and at the instigation of France a triple alliance was concluded with England and Spain. On October 31, 1861, a convention was signed in London, whereby the contracting parties pledged themselves to enforce the execution of former treaties with Mexico, and to protect the interests of their citizens. To this, as a pure matter of form, the United States were invited to subscribe. Our government, of course, declined the invitation to take advantage of the disturbed condition of the Mexican republic to enforce its claim. Mr. Seward was not then in a position to show more fully his disapproval of the action of the allied powers.<sup>2</sup>

#### JOHN BULL'S COMMON SENSE.

THE sound common sense of John Bull, his clearer appreciation of foreign possibilities, or perhaps the superior intelligence and honesty of his agent in Mexico, shine out brilliantly in a letter of Sir John Russell, written to the representative of England at the court of Vienna, previous to the armed demonstration made by the triple alliance. The letter was in truth prophetic, and showed a statesmanlike grasp of the situation. He pointed out that the project of placing the Archduke Maximilian upon the throne of Mexico had been evolved by Mexican refugees in Paris; that such people were notorious for overrating the strength of their partisans in their native land, and for the extravagance of their

be derived from the issue of the bonds referred to, the decree of January 1, 1861, annulling the contract under which they had been issued, not only ruined the house of Jecker beyond recovery, but deprived its creditors of all remaining hope. Jecker then went to France. There he skilfully managed to win over to his cause some personages influential at the court of France. The Duc de Morny, whose speculative spirit was easily seduced by the golden visions of large financial enterprises in a land the wealth of which was alluringly held up to his cupidity, took him under his powerful protection. There is little doubt that this was an important factor in the Mexican imbroglio. It is interesting to know that a just Nemesis overtook Jecker, whose unworthy intrigues had brought about such incalculable mischief. He was shot by order of the Commune in 1871.

<sup>2</sup> The French claims against the Mexican government amounted to 50,000,000 francs.



hopes of success; that her Majesty's government would grant no support to such a project; that a long time would be necessary to consolidate a throne in Mexico, as well as to make the sovereign independent of foreign support; and that, should this foreign support be withdrawn, the sovereign might well be driven out by the Mexican republicans. The Spanish general Prim, when later, upon the spot, he was able to appreciate the difficulties of the situation and had decided to withdraw, wrote to the Emperor a strong letter in which his views to the same effect were powerfully expressed.

Such warnings, however, were lost amid the glittering possibilities of so glorious an achievement. Napoleon, following his own thought, had already approached the Austrian archduke and his imperial brother with regard to the former's candidacy, and had trusted to chance as to the complications that might arise with his allies. It was not long before these became clearly defined.

Omitting all details as to the final rupture of the allies, and the march of the French upon the capital,—when instead of the promised enthusiastic welcome, a sullen acquiescence in the inevitable everywhere greeted the foreign invaders,—I proceed with the personal narrative.

#### THE AUTHOR LEAVES PARIS FOR MEXICO.

ON March 4, 1862, one of my brothers, then on his way to the United States, and incidentally the bearer of despatches from Mr. Corwin, our minister to Mexico, was attacked and, after a sharp fight, murdered by a small band of highwaymen near Perote. I was then in Paris, where I had been left to finish my education under the care of old and dear friends. In consequence of this tragedy it was deemed advisable that I should join my family.

M. Jubinal, my temporary guardian, was a distinguished antiquary and scholar, the founder of a museum in his native town, and the author of works upon ancient arms and tapestries, which are still authorities. He was an *homme de lettres* connected with a leading paper, and a deputy in the Corps Législatif for the department of the Hautes-Pyrénées. He was a self-made man, and thoroughly well made was he—witty, kind, just, and learned in certain lines; and his warm Southern blood colored his personality with a shade of materialism which his refined tastes never allowed to sink to the level of coarseness.

He was to me the kindest of guardians and dearest of «chums,» and made my Sundays

and vacations real holidays. He often took me bric-à-brac-hunting to old shops unknown to all save the Parisian curiosity-seeker, and happy hours were spent on the quays among the old book-stands in that fascinating occupation for which the French bookworm has coined the word *bouquinier*. And then the charming evenings spent at the theaters and ended at Tortoni's with this truest of «boulevardiers,» who knew every one and everything, and whose inexhaustible fund of anecdote was enlivened by a spontaneous, easy wit and verve that made his companionship a delight.

His wife was the daughter of Comte Rousselin de St. Albin, a man of considerable influence during the reign of King Louis-Philippe, whose close personal friend he was.

M. de St. Albin's house in the Rue Vieille du Temple, where his family lived when we first knew them, had originally formed part of the famous Temple, which in medieval times was the abode of the Templars. It was an interesting place, full of historic memories. Within these legendary walls he had accumulated countless relics of those among his early associates who were then so fast becoming heroes in the French annals. Being an intimate friend and a connection of the Comte de Barras (see «Mémoires,» page 20), the chief executive under the Directory, it was to him that the latter, by will dated February 2, 1827, intrusted not only his secret memoirs,<sup>1</sup> but all his private and official papers. At the death of M. de St. Albin (1847) this important collection passed into the possession of his children.

I well remember, as a little girl, being shown some of the choicest pieces in the series, among which were interesting original portraits. One paper especially made an indelible impression upon my childish mind, and I can now recall the feeling of awe with which I gazed upon the appeal to arms in the name of the Commune, drawn up by Robespierre and his colleagues on the night of the 8th Thermidor, a document which has since been published by M. Duruy in the «Mémoires de Barras.» Robespierre had just written the first syllable of his name below those of his colleagues when the Convention was attacked, and the blood-stains which bespattered the sheet, and told of the final tragedy of the leader's life, appealed to my childish imagination, and are still vivid in my memory.

Notwithstanding her father's relation to the Orleanists, Hortense de St. Albin and her

<sup>1</sup> These memoirs have only recently been published by M. Duruy, who married M. Jubinal's daughter, the granddaughter of Comte Rousselin de St. Albin.



brother were closely connected with the new order of things. She had entertained personal relations with the Empress before her elevation to the imperial throne, and her brother, Comte Louis-Philippe de St. Albin, was librarian to her Majesty. These close affiliations with the court did not prevent M. Jubinal, in his political capacity, from gradually sliding into the ranks of the opposition. Later he was one of the few who often voted against the measures of the government in the legislative struggles brought about by the intervention of France in Mexican affairs. Whether this attitude was wholly due to his superior common sense, or whether behind his political convictions there lingered a tinge of chagrin at a disappointed hope of senatorial honors once held out to his ambition by the French emperor, it is difficult to tell. It is probable that the latter motive formed, unknown to him, a foundation upon which his wisdom and political principles rested, and which lent them added solidity.

Before I left France I was, at his house, the interested though silent listener to many a violent discussion upon the stirring theme. The critics of the Napoleonic policy loudly denounced the fraudulent transactions connected with the issue of the Jecker bonds. They more than intimated that the great of the land were mixed up in the disgraceful agiotage that had led to these serious difficulties, and that all this brilliant dust of a civilizing expedition to a distant El Dorado was raised about the Emperor by his entourage to conceal from him what was going on nearer home.

One of their strongest arguments was that the invasion of Mexico by the French army must necessarily give umbrage to the United States, with which traditions of friendship had long existed; and they urged that, whatever the crippled condition of the Union, such a course could not fail eventually to lead to dangerous complications.

#### AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

ONE day in March, 1862, before the news of the rupture between the French and their allies had reached Paris, M. Jubinal invited me to accompany him to the Hôtel des Ventes, Rue Drouot, where an important collection of tapestries and other objects of art was on view to be sold. There were comparatively few amateurs in the rooms when we entered. My companion was pointing out to me the beauties of a piece which he particularly coveted when some one came behind us and called him by name. We both turned around

and faced a middle-aged man whose dress, manner, and general bearing showed him to be a personage of some importance. M. Jubinal, who evidently knew him well, addressed him as «M. le Duc,» and his strong likeness to the Emperor, as well as a few stray words, soon led me to guess, even before my guardian had gone through the form of an introduction, that he was no less a personage than the Duc de Morny.

The Duc de Morny's position during the period that elapsed between the revolution of 1848 and 1865 was one unique in France; and yet it is doubtful whether his fame would have been as world-wide as it has become had it not been for the part he played in the Mexican imbroglio.

Brought up as a child by a charming woman of graceful intellect and literary pretensions, he had met early in life the Duc d'Orléans, who had led him into the gay Parisian world of which he was the leader. After a brief military career in Africa, he resigned from the army, and divided his interest between politics and speculation. He employed his leisure moments in writing very indifferent plays, which, although published under a *nom de guerre* (St. Remy), he depended upon the servility of the Parisian press to carry through. He was not a deep thinker, nor was his intellectual horizon a broad one; but his views were liberal, his shallow mind was brilliant and versatile, and to the graceful frivolity of a man of the world he united a taste for the serious financial and political problems of his time. He belonged to that set of bright young politicians who, toward the end of the reign of Louis-Philippe, passed, as was cleverly said, «from a jockey club to the Chamber of Deputies,» declaring that France was a victim of old-fogyism, and flattering themselves with the thought that they would infuse the vigor of youth into politics. These would-be founders of a new era called themselves «progressive conservatives» (*conservateurs progressistes*).

At the time when I met him he was president of the Corps Législatif, where, without the slightest pretension to oratorical talent, he wielded an immense influence. He was what we call here a «leader» in every sense of the word—at court, on the Bourse, and in the political as well as in the social world.

On that morning he was with the Duchess, bent upon the same errand as ourselves, and seeing us, he had come to ask M. Jubinal to give them his opinion upon the value of a possible purchase. After discussing the subject, which was all-engrossing for the mo-



ment, the Duchess turned to me and politely drew me into conversation. Her kindly manner set me at ease, and she soon extracted from me the information that I was about to sail for Mexico. At this she became much excited, and exclaiming, « Oh, I must tell M. de Morny!» she immediately moved to where he and M. Jubinal had wandered, saying, « Just think! this young girl is going to Mexico on the *Louisiane* alone, under the care of strangers.» A gleam of interest brightened the great man's dull eye as for a moment it rested upon me. He asked me a few questions; but as the Duchess rather commanded my attention, he soon turned to M. Jubinal, and I overheard my guardian telling him of the tragic events which had caused my rather sudden departure, at the same time expressing some anxiety with regard to my own safety. « Oh,» said the Duke, « by the time she arrives there we will have changed all that. Lorencez is there now; our army will then be in the city of Mexico; the roads will be quite safe. Have no fear.»

A mild, half-playful argument followed, in the course of which my guardian, I thought, was not quite as uncompromising in his criticism as he was when surrounded by those who shared his own opinions. But the Duke was very affable, and the Duchess was very charming, with her Northern beauty, her delicate, high-bred features, and her wealth of blonde hair. No wonder if he could not be stern.

It was the first time that I had met the man whose influence then ruled over the destinies of France and Mexico, and the incident naturally impressed itself upon my memory. Upon my arrival in Mexico, where I found men puzzling over the extraordinary lack of concert between the allied invaders, which baffled their understanding, I remembered those words of the Duc de Morny, uttered even before a suitable pretext had been furnished General de Lorencez for breaking through the preliminary treaty which bound France to England and Spain, and, of course, before the news of the final rupture could possibly have reached Europe. M. de Lorencez, it is now known, had gone to Mexico with orders to march without delay upon the capital.

#### STARTING ON A LONG JOURNEY.

THE Gare d'Orléans presented a scene of more than usual animation when, on the morning of the 13th day of April, 1862, our fiacre landed us at its entrance, en route for St. Nazaire. The Compagnie Transatlantique, formed by the house of Péreire, was giving a grand inaugural banquet to celebrate the opening of the

new line of steamers that was to carry passengers direct from France to Mexico. The *Louisiane* was to sail on her first trip on the following day. A special train was on the track awaiting the distinguished guests of the company, and it is safe to say that two thirds of the celebrities of the day in the world of finance, of politics, and of journalism were gathering upon the platform.

M. Jubinal, himself an invited guest, had decided to take me with him, as he was anxious to see me safely on board. The presence of a young girl among them naturally excited some curiosity among the small clusters of men who here and there stood by the carriage doors chatting with one another, ready to take their places; and as we passed by, my companion was the object of inquiring looks from those with whom he was on familiar terms. But this curiosity invariably gave way to evidences of more earnest interest when they were told that I was to sail for Vera Cruz on the following day.

Our companions in the railway-carriage were journalists whom M. Jubinal knew, and a deputy whose name now escapes my memory. Each one had much advice to bestow and many wise opinions to express, the remembrance of which afforded me endless amusement after I had reached my destination, so far were they from meeting the requirements of the case. And all, whatever their personal views with regard to the intervention, confidently expressed the conviction that upon reaching the capital I should find the French flag flying over the citadel.

During the ride down to St. Nazaire the conversation ran wholly upon the subject of Mexico, and of the magnificent opportunities to French commerce and speculation opened up by the expedition. Of these our present errand was an earnest. In listening to them, one might have thought that Napoleon had found Aladdin's lamp, and had deposited it for permanent use at the Paris Bourse. Mining companies, colonization companies, railroad companies, telegraph companies, etc.,—all the activities that go to constitute the nineteenth-century civilization,—were in a few short years to develop the mining and agricultural resources of the country. A new outlet would open to French industry, and the glory of French arms would check the greed of the Anglo-Saxon, that arrogant merchant race who would monopolize the trade of the world. The thought was brilliant, grand, generous, noble, worthy of a Napoleonic mind. There were millions in it!

Later, upon reaching Vera Cruz, I remem-



bered that nothing had been said of the yellow fever and the rainy season, or of the magnitude of the sparsely populated country which it was necessary to clear of predatory bands who then virtually held it, or of the expense in men and millions which must be incurred to maintain order while all these great schemes were being carried out. My eloquent fellow-travelers unhesitatingly asserted that Mexico yearned for all this prosperity; it was extending its arms to France; the French army would receive one long ovation in its triumphant march to the capital amid vivas and showers of roses. All who *knew* said so. How lucky was mademoiselle to be going there at this auspicious moment, to witness such great and stirring events!

M. Jubinal looked somewhat incredulous, but the atmosphere created just then by the occasion was certainly against him. Here was a large company of French capitalists, backed by one of the most substantial houses in France, opening direct communication between that country and Mexico, when hitherto most of the traffic had been conducted through an English medium. To my youthful mind it *did* seem then as though M. Jubinal had the worst of the argument.

Upon leaving my brilliant companions to find my way to the steamer, however, the scene changed as suddenly as though a wizard's wand had wrought its magic. The weather seemed threatening; a dull gray sky hung low over the bay, and the chopping, white-capped waves reflected the leaden color of the clouds.

There were only forty passengers on board, and, comparatively speaking, little of the animation that usually precedes the outgoing of an ocean steamer. I found without difficulty the French banker and his Mexican wife who had kindly consented to chaperon me during my lonely journey; and I soon discovered that she and I were the only women passengers on board.

Our fellow-travelers were uninteresting—mostly commercial agents or small tradesmen representing the old-established petty commerce with Mexico. The new order of things was suggested, somewhat ominously, only by the presence of two young surgeons on their way to increase the effective force of the military hospital in Vera Cruz.

Evidently the predicted exodus to El Dorado had not yet begun. Where was the ad-

vance-guard of the great army of emigrant capitalists now about to start, and of which I had just heard so much?

#### DISILLUSION.

THIS was the first serious disillusion of my life, and it left a deep and permanent impression upon my mind. What was the relation between the great banquet of Péreire & Company and this train full of statesmen, literati, and other distinguished men,—this blast of the press heralding a great and joyful event in the commercial life of the French nation,—and this old patched-up ship, with its scant load of commonplace and evidently old Franco-Mexican tradesmen, lying in lonely dullness against the gray sky on that gloomy evening?

Those men were rejoicing over us while we lay here at anchor. They were drinking to phantoms evoked by their own imagination, and their glowing speeches would to-morrow stir the fancy of thousands of readers who, seeing through their eyes, would view the dark hulk of our old ship framed in a glittering golden cloud. Where I now stood, almost alone in the gloom, the vivid imagination of those men yonder in the banquet-hall at that very hour perceived the mirage of the speculative fever crowding the decks of the Péreire steamers with imaginary colonists eager to convert their savings into mining stocks and Mexican railroad bonds, and rushing to the land of Montezuma to sow and reap a rich harvest for France.

How many wretches were induced to risk their money upon such representations?<sup>1</sup> Oh, the dreariness, the loneliness, of that first night at anchor in the Bay of Biscay! The misgivings that filled my heart! Who was right? What should I find over there? Surely these statesmen, capitalists, journalists, legislators, should know what they were doing.

And yet, beyond the line of the western horizon, which only a few hours before they had peopled with glittering visions, there slowly rose in the darkness the phantom of an arrested coach, of panic-stricken travelers, of fierce murderers assaulting a young man, of a dead body on the roadside, and this empty ship, seemed more real at that moment than all that I had yet heard or read.

<sup>1</sup> «L'Opinion Nationale,» August 30, 1866, stated that 300,000 bondholders invested in Mexican securities which in 1866 were waste paper.



## MAXIMILIAN'S EMPIRE.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

### THE «CINCO DE MAYO.»

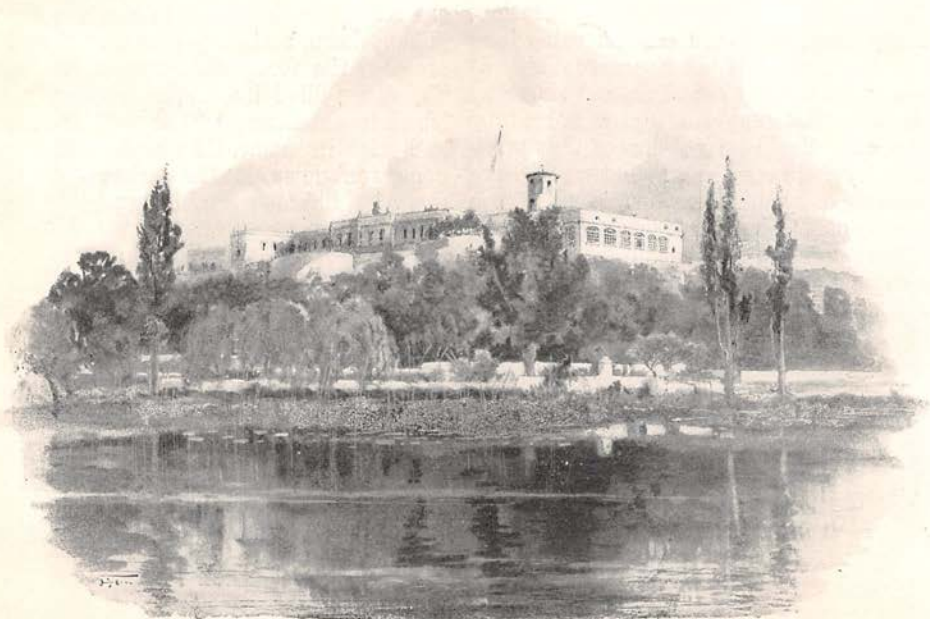
THE health officers who boarded the steamer at Vera Cruz gave us unexpected and startling news. The little French army had been repulsed with serious loss before Puebla. The direct route, by which the trip from Vera Cruz to Mexico via Orizaba—one hundred and ten leagues—could be made in four days,<sup>1</sup> was blocked by the contending armies. If we wished to proceed on our journey, we must do so via Jalapa, a much longer route. The usual discomforts of this road were complicated by the fact that it was now infested by a large number of guerrillas,—one might as well say highwaymen,—who made it difficult for travelers to get through unmolested, unless through some special arrangement. This my companions were confident could

<sup>1</sup> It can now be made by rail in ten hours.

easily be settled; but some days might be spent in negotiations, and the health officers said that the yellow fever was raging as it had not raged for years. The presence of so many foreigners had added to its violence, and the French garrison could be maintained only by constant reinforcements.

Upon landing, our little party went directly to the house of Mr. Lelong, the hospitable French banker who in Vera Cruz represented the house of Labadie & Co. Here we remained five days, enjoying every comfort, while the necessary preparations were being made for our somewhat perilous journey to the capital. I then heard for the first time the details of the disaster brought upon the French by General de Lorencez's wilful blindness.

Confident in the élan of his picked troops, and, as one of his officers afterward told me, complacently holding up to himself the ex-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

CHAPULTEPEC, MAXIMILIAN'S PALACE.





EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

ample of Cortez, who had conquered the land with as many hundreds as he had thousands, the French general, unable with so small a force to undertake a siege, determined to attempt the assault of the Cerro de Guadalupe. This fort dominated the place, and its posses-

sion must, in his opinion, insure the fall of the city.

The ill-advised attack was made on May 5, 1862, with twenty-five hundred men. The place was topographically strong. It was defended by General Zaragoza with the



very pick of the Mexican army, and was, moreover, supported by the well-manned battery of the Fort de Loretto. To attempt the assault of such a position without the support of artillery seemed madness; and when the general ordered his troops forward it was found that his field-battery—owing to the lay of the land—could not even be brought to bear upon the fort at sufficiently close range to reach it. One fifth of the corps of attack was thus uselessly sacrificed.

Some months after these events (September, 1862) I witnessed in the city of Mexico the public obsequies of General Zaragoza, whom this exploit had naturally placed high in the esteem of his countrymen. Upon the elevated catafalque, drawn by a long line of horses draped in black trappings, lay the stately coffin. Tossed at its feet was the French flag; banners, hung everywhere, inscribed with devices recalling his signal service to his country, proclaimed him «the conqueror of conquerors» (*el conquistador de los conquistadores*). The French, it was asserted, had measured themselves with and conquered all the nations of the world, and Zaragoza had conquered the French!

This day is proudly recorded in the Mexican annals as the *Cinco de Mayo*. The historic importance of a battle is not always to be measured by the numbers of the contending forces, and although its far-reaching significance was at the time scarcely understood, this check must ever be remembered by future historians as the first serious blow struck by fortune at Napoleon III and his fated empire. To-day the fire from the fort of Guadalupe casts a flash of lurid light upon the beginning of *la débâcle*, and upon the last chapters written at Sedan. During the whole of that fatal day the doomed men marched, as they were ordered to march, upon the Mexican battery. They hopelessly fought, and died heroically; and when night came they beat an orderly retreat, carrying away with them most of their wounded.

The French army, which fell back upon Orizaba, was in a critical position. Its communications with the coast had been interrupted by the Liberal guerrillas, and it was completely cut off from the seaport and from France. The bridges were destroyed; the convoys of provisions were attacked and burned; anxiety was felt by the commissariat with regard to supplies. The garrisons left by the French on the way had been driven back and hemmed in in the unhealthy region, where the French regiments were fairly melting away,

and no courier was permitted to bring news from the seat of war to the French fleet and to the garrison of Vera Cruz.

The rainy season was near at hand when communication was restored by the arrival at Vera Cruz of General Félix Douai, who landed with reinforcements on May 16.

#### LIFE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO IN 1862.

THE five days that we spent in Vera Cruz were anxious days for those who had assumed the responsibility of our little party. Never was there a worse time to travel over a road which at best was unsafe, and yet we could not remain where we were without danger.

At last arrangements were completed, terms were made with a small guerrilla band whose chief undertook to see us safely through to Mexico, and on May 27 we began our journey.

The men of our escort, whom we met just out of the city, were a ruffianly-looking set. The chief had received an ugly saber-cut across his face, which added to the forbidding expression of a naturally repulsive physiognomy. They were well mounted, however, and seemed inclined to be civil. We were allowed only an *arroba* (twenty-five pounds) of luggage, and were supposed to have no money with us; but on the night before we left we sewed a few ounces of gold (sixteen-dollar pieces) in unlikely places of our underwear. Thus we left Vera Cruz.

Well it was that we had made terms with this little guerrilla company. All along the road we met armed bands, varying in strength. Our escort fraternized with all, and they let us pass unmolested.

The capital was quiet and peaceful. It seemed utterly shut out from all the excitement created by the invasion, as though, really trusting in its remoteness, its barriers of mountains, its lakes and natural defenses, it defied the foreigner. Was it that Mexico was then so accustomed to transfer its allegiance from one military ruler to the other that even foreign invasion left it indifferent? Or was it the childlike faith in the unknown, the national *Quien sabe?* spirit, virtually carried out at this supreme crisis? However this may have been, very little of the outside conflict seemed as yet to have penetrated the minds of the people. The diplomatic corps entertained our little coterie, which was composed of those Mexicans who were willing to mix with the foreign element.

Society danced and flirted, rode in the Paseo, and walked in the Alameda, just as though the «Cinco de Mayo» had been a de-



cisive battle and General de Lorencez's army had been driven back to its ships.

The bull-fights once in a while gathered in the vast *enceinte* of the Plaza de Toros the society of the capital. During the winter

usual bull-fight, where the poor, miserable hacks, too jaded to obey the rein, are generally gored, and soon turn the arena into a slaughter-house, the sight of which it is impossible for an Anglo-Saxon to endure.



EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

of 1863 the young men of fashion of Mexico took the Plaza de Toros, and invited Mexican society to a performance. All who took part were amateurs, and it was a brilliant affair. Besides the ordinary bull-fight, there were many exercises of horsemanship and with the lasso that did credit to the skill of the young gentlemen. Moreover, as these men, who were all wealthy, rode their own spirited horses, the performance presented none of the most revolting features of the

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA—GENERAL FOREY.

THE news of the check sustained by the French at Puebla—a check to which the precarious condition of the army lent all the proportions of a serious defeat—was made public in France by means of a despatch sent from New York on June 14. The army was at once raised to twenty-five thousand men. The command-in-chief of this increased force was given to General Forey.





MARÉCHAL BAZAINE AND MME. LA MARÉCHALE.

He entered upon his official duties on October 25, 1862.

The new commander-in-chief was, like those whom he was superseding, under precise orders from the home government to be guided by M. de Saligny. Notwithstanding the disastrous consequences of his misrep-

resentations, the French minister, strangely enough, still retained his hold upon the Emperor and his advisers.

General Forey's instructions, given in a note from Napoleon dated July 3, 1862, were to bring about, through General Almonte, the convocation of an assembly of notables to de-



cide upon the «form of government and the destinies of Mexico.» Should the Mexicans prefer a monarchy, «it was in the interest of France to support them, and to indicate the Archduke Maximilian as the candidate of France» (Louët, «Rêve d'Empire,» page 91).

On February 18, 1863, after wasting four precious months, at an enormous cost of money and prestige, General Forey appeared before Puebla. The procrastination of the French commander had given the Mexican government time to elaborate the defense. General Zaragoza had died, in the full blaze of his glory, in the month of September. His successor, General Jesus Gonzalez Ortega, had now under his command a fairly organized army of twenty-two thousand men. The main trouble was the scarcity of arms. The guns were mostly old rejected muskets, and I was told that during the siege unarmed bodies of men waited to use the arms of the slain or wounded. But the place had been strongly fortified; and this time it was to be war in earnest.

The episodes of the contest recall those of the siege of Saragossa, when the Spaniards so fiercely resisted the French forces; only at Puebla the cruel struggle lasted two whole months.<sup>1</sup> To quote a French officer, it was «a noble defense, admirably organized.»

The pulse of the capital now quickened under the influence of Puebla's sacrifice to the national honor. Every now and then a thrill of vindictive patriotism ran through the city and clamored for revenge. Already, before the celebration of the anniversary of the national independence (September 16, 1862), wild rumors of a contemplated wholesale slaughter of all foreigners had run through the town, arousing among us fears of an impending catastrophe. The news had one day been brought us that the 16th was the date fixed for these new Sicilian Vespers, and all were warned to be watchful. The day, however, passed without any further demonstration of ill will than a few shots, and cries of «Kill the French!»

Much of this excitement had, of course, been fostered by the stirring proclamations of the government, issued with a proper desire to arouse into something like patriotic enthusiasm the apathy of a people accustomed to submit to the inevitable. There was no telling, however, to what extremes might resort a populace composed of Indians and half-breeds should it once become fully

alive to the situation. To such a people geographical discrimination seemed a nicety; the issue was between them and the foreigners, and the words «French» and «foreigner» were at that time generally used as synonymous.

It was a Mexican custom on Good Friday to burn Judas in effigy on the Plaza Mayor. Judas was a manikin made in the shape of the person who happened to be most unpopular at the time. It was quite admissible to burn Judas under different shapes, and sometimes these summary *autos-da-fé* were multiplied to suit the occasion and the temper of the people. At the same time, rattles were sold on the streets, and universally bought alike by children and adults, by rich and poor, to grind the bones of Judas; and the objectionable noise—second in hideousness only to that of our own sending off of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July—was religiously kept up all day. In the year of our Lord 1863 Judas was burned in Mexico on the Plaza Mayor under the shapes of General Forey, Napoleon III, and last, but not least, M. Dubois de Saligny, who especially was roasted with a will amid the wild execrations of the populace.

President Juarez had bent his whole energy upon the raising of an army of relief. He succeeded in getting together some ten thousand men, the command of whom he gave to General Comonfort. This had been no easy task. A general *leva* had been ordered, and all were mustered into the army who could be provided with arms. Of uniforms there was, of course, no mention. It was a supreme and desperate effort.

A convoy of supplies for the relief of General Ortega was also prepared, which it was hoped General Comonfort might succeed in throwing into the besieged city. He utterly failed, however; and his raw recruits having been routed at San Lorenzo by General Bazaine (May 8), further resistance became hopeless. Puebla was lost. General Ortega faced the situation with a dignity worthy of his courageous defense of the town. He spiked his guns, blew up his magazines, disbanded the garrison, and, with his officers, surrendered on May 19.

#### JUAREZ LEAVES THE CAPITAL.

THE news fell like a knell upon the capital. As far as we were concerned, there seemed to be just then only a choice of evils. Either the government would await in Mexico the impending issue, and we must be exposed to all the unspeakable horrors of which Puebla

<sup>1</sup> From March 18 to May 10, 1863. (See Loizillon, «Lettres sur l'Expédition du Mexique.»)



had just been the scene, or the President and his administration would abandon the city, and an interval must follow during which we must be left exposed to mob law, or, should Marquez first take possession of the city, perhaps to pillage and bloodshed.

Meanwhile Congress had indefinitely adjourned, after conferring full and extraordinary powers upon Juarez. The President issued a proclamation announcing his firm resolve to continue the war. After this he prepared to leave the city and to retire to San Luis.

That night, while sitting in our drawing-room, we heard the dull, steady tramp of men marching, otherwise noiselessly, down the Calle de San Francisco toward the plaza; and looking out of the window, we saw the debris of the defeated Liberal army making its way through the city. A strange, weird sight they presented in the moonlight—these men whose sole equipment consisted of a musket and a cartridge-box slung over their white shirts. Most of them wore only loose *caloneras*, and many, according to the Mexican custom, were accompanied by their women. Apparently undrilled, or, at least, tramping on with scarcely an attempt at order, and seen in the half-shadow cast by the houses upon the moonlit street, their loose ranks reminded one more of the immigration of some ancient barbaric horde than of the march of a modern army.

#### A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

I SHALL never forget the impressions of that night. The picturesqueness of the scene was not lessened by the element of personal interest that attached to it. What did this portend—this ragged remnant of a defeated army hurrying through the capital in the dead of night? Were the French approaching, driving it before them? Was it intended to garrison the city, and here to make the last stand in defense of the republic and of Mexican liberty? Or, on the contrary, was it beating a retreat into the interior of the country, making way for the advent of the foreigner and monarchy and priest rule?

The next day (May 31, 1863) an unusual stir was noticeable in the city. The air was all aglow with human excitement. Horsemen were galloping in the streets leading pack-mules, and the sleepy town seemed full of bustle and animation. As we stood at our balcony, we saw many acquaintances, apparently equipped for a journey, speeding past, with a wave of the hand as a last farewell;

and soon the attaché of the American legation dropped in with a message from Mr. Corwin to the effect that Juarez and his government were leaving the city.

The exodus of the previous night was thus explained. The remnants of Comonfort's and Ortega's armies had fallen back to serve as an escort for the government in its flight. The city was now without an administration, without a police, without an army. It was left unprotected, at the mercy of the mob or of the invader, and the serious question before us was how best to protect ourselves pending the arrival of the French forces.

The foreign representatives, fearing that the vanguard might be formed of the Mexican contingent under Marquez, and knowing the pitiless ferocity of the "Leopard," as the chieftain was called,<sup>1</sup> petitioned General Forey to send one of his divisions to take immediate possession of the capital. Meanwhile the foreign residents organized and formed themselves into mounted patrols, and although only seven hundred strong, they managed to maintain fair order.

Here and there ominous incidents occurred to show the necessity of such vigilance. A Frenchman was lassoed, and dragged through the streets by a small mob; another was shot in the head in front of our house, and, bleeding, took refuge in our patio. Upon inquiry, I was told that he had cried, "*Vive la France!*"

No one thought of retiring on that memorable night. From time to time a stray shot, a few shouting drunkards, or some other unwonted noise in the street, would excite our apprehension; then again, occasionally, some friend, passing with a patrol before our door, would step in and report that so far all was quiet.

Late that night, when at the window, listening in the stillness reigning over the city, a distant but strangely familiar sound fell faintly upon my ear—very faintly; but never did the finest harmony born of Wagner's genius so fill a human soul with ecstasy. There was no mistaking it: it was a French bugle. The French were entering Mexico. We were safe, and now might go to bed.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.

THE next morning the town was swarming with red trousers, the wearers whereof were seeking quarters. From our balcony we saw, standing at the corner of the Calle de la

<sup>1</sup> His name was Leonardo, from which came the sobriquet Leopard.



Profesa and Espirito Santo, a little group of officers talking together in that half-earnest, half-distract manner so characteristic of men newly landed in a town, whose interest in every trifle gets the better of the topic under immediate consideration.

By their uniforms and demeanor we could judge that one was a general and the other were officers of various rank. As we appeared at the balcony there was a perceptible flutter among them, and some of them began to ogle us as only Frenchmen could whose eyes had not rested upon a white woman for several months. This incident, trifling as it seems, was to become the key-note of our future Mexican existence. The group of officers in quest of suitable quarters turned out to be General Bazaine and his staff, some of whom afterward became our warm friends.

We now found another source of apprehension. The apartment we had rented, at the corner of the Calle de San Francisco, opposite the Iglesia de la Profesa, was larger than necessary for our small family, and a very spacious room looking upon Mexico's fashionable thoroughfare had been left unfurnished and unoccupied by us. It was obvious that we should be required to give it over for the use of some officer of the invading army, and the matter was naturally not without interest.

Early in the morning of June 5, a carriage drove up and some middle-aged officers of the administration, in green-and-silver uniforms, applied. One of them was the paymaster-in-chief of the army, M. Ernest Louët. He was a worthy man, who afterward became a frequent visitor, although his general appearance and peculiar, peak-shaped skull, undisguised by any hirsute covering, were not likely favorably to impress frivolous feminine minds.<sup>1</sup>

We drew a forlorn picture of the rooms, which, as a fact, were utterly unsuited to his purpose. He left without even looking at them, and we had a reprieve.

The unfinished condition of the apartments, as well as an abundant expenditure of tact and diplomacy on our part, saved us from other applicants, and we were beginning to flatter ourselves that we should es-

cape this much-dreaded imposition when, late in the afternoon, two young naval officers called, accompanied by orderlies and pack-mules. They presented *billets de logement*, requesting to be given possession. We tried to discourage them, assuring them that the rooms contained no conveniences of any kind, not even furniture: but the young men were evidently easily satisfied; they politely but firmly insisted—their only wish, they said, being to camp under cover.

This annoyed us, and we showed them scant courtesy, not even attempting to disguise the fact that they were most unwelcome. Fate was, however, kind to us when it sent us these men. They turned out to be perfect gentlemen, and completely won us over by their unvarying good breeding under shabby treatment. Before long we were, and remained, the best of friends. As for their orderlies, they soon made love to our Indian maidens, and there is every reason to believe that the interlopers obtained all necessary comforts, after all. So all went well enough in the two ménages.

Indeed, an *entente cordiale* between the population of Mexico and the French army was rapidly established. In a few days the place assumed an unwonted aspect of cheerfulness and festivity. The French officers, who for over a year past had led a life of hardship, were now bent upon pleasure. They fell gracefully into the Mexican mode of life, and took kindly to the *havanera*, the bull-fights, the Paseo, and the style of flirtation preferred by the Mexican women. For this they soon coined a French word, *noviutage*,<sup>2</sup> and thus expressed the semi-Platonic love-making of indefinite duration and undefined limits which with the natives usually culminates in marriage, after a prolonged term of years, but which with foreigners seldom culminated at all, for lack of time. They «played the bear,»<sup>3</sup> and ogled their chosen one from the street or at the Alameda, or followed her carriage on horseback at the Paseo, according to the most approved Mexican methods; and in exchange for small favors received, they cast a glow of sparkling cheerfulness upon the city of Montezuma.

<sup>1</sup> M. Louët, after the Franco-Prussian war, visited Marshal Bazaine in his Spanish retreat, and obtained from him all the documents relating to the intervention and the empire of Maximilian then in his possession. It was his intention to use them as the basis for an authentic history, which he did not live to publish. The task was subsequently completed in three volumes by M. Paul Gault, in 1889, under the titles, «Un

Rève d'Empire,» «L'Empire de Maximilien,» and «Fin d'Empire.»

<sup>2</sup> Derived from *novio*, betrothed lover.

<sup>3</sup> The Mexicans call «hacer l'oso» the mode of courtship by which the lover, on horseback, passes under his chosen one's window, up and down, casting longing glances at her—the worse the weather the more ardent the love.



## THE REGENCY.

GENERAL FOREY made his triumphant entry on June 10. It was a magnificent sight, and one not easily forgotten. As the victorious veteran troops,—many of whom had seen the Crimea, Syria, and Italy,—in their battered though scrupulously neat uniforms, marched through the Calle de San Francisco, laden with their cumbersome campaign outfit, the whole population turned out to see them, and the balconies and windows on the line of march were lined with eager and interested faces.

This was no ordinary pageant. It was serious work, and full of the deepest meaning. These survivors of an army of thirty thousand men had arduously fought their way to this triumph for sixteen months. No one will probably ever know how many of their comrades had dropped on the roadside; and the weather-beaten faces, bronzed by long exposure to the tropical sun, the patched clothes, the long line of ambulances following in the rear, told a story in which little room was left for the imagination. The sight kindled genuine interest and aroused the sympathy of the crowd, and something very like spontaneous enthusiasm thrilled through the air on their passage.

The keys of the city had been solemnly offered to General Forey by General Salas, amid the acclamations of the people. The next day M. de Saligny presented a list of thirty-five citizens destined to form a junta. These were to select three men to act as regents pending the final decision of the people with regard to a permanent form of government. The junta was empowered to add to its numbers two hundred and fifteen citizens, supposed to be taken from all classes, who, with the thirty-five appointed by the French, would compose the assembly of notables upon whom must devolve the carrying out of the farce which it was intended must take the place of a popular expression of the will of the country.

Don Theodosio Lares was elected its president. This junta, in a secret meeting at which two hundred and thirty-one members were present, deliberated upon the form of government to be chosen for the Mexican nation, and on July 10, at a public meeting, presented a report in which the republican system was denounced as the cause of the greatest evils which had of late years been the scourge of the country, and monarchy was advocated as the only remedy.

A regency, composed of General Almonte,

General Salas, and Archbishop la Bastida, was forthwith established, under the protection of the French.

It was obvious to all that the performance was enacted for the «benefit of the gallery.» Gossip even told how the French had paid for the very clothes worn by some of the so-called «notables» upon that occasion. Nevertheless, the monarchy, by the will of the people, was voted in, and a commission was appointed, consisting of the most distinguished among the reactionary leaders, to wait upon Maximilian of Austria, and to offer him the throne on behalf of the Mexican nation.

But although the part played by the French in this comedy was thinly disguised, every one in the capital was now in a good humor. After the severe strain of the past year, the onerous burdens which had been imposed upon the people by the Liberal government in order to carry on the war,—the forced loans raised from the wealthy, the *leva* by means of which the poor were seized upon and pressed into the army,—a sudden reprieve had come. All responsibility now seemed lifted off the Mexican people and assumed by the French; and the revival of trade under the impulse given by the influx of pleasure-loving foreigners, who freely spent their money, was regarded as an earnest of the prosperity to come. No one seemed disposed to be over-critical as to methods, if only peace and plenty could be assured.

## HESITATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

MEANWHILE Maximilian's faith had been shaken by the refusal of England to guarantee the empire. He now showed himself unwilling to regard the invitation of the junta assembled in the capital as sufficient to constitute a claim to the imperial crown. He insisted upon a similar expression of feeling from the other large centers of population in the country, and stated his readiness to accept the trust «when the vast territory should have been pacified.» This meant the conquest of the country, neither more nor less.

Napoleon apparently did not hesitate. Trusting in the love of warlike achievement so strong in the French people, he pushed ahead along his dangerous path.

## NAPOLEON RECALLS HIS DISCREDITED AGENTS.

ON July 16, 1863, the Emperor had promoted General Forey to the rank of marshal, and



had thus softened the recall of his incompetent though faithful servant.

General Forey's elevation had mainly been due to the fact that he was one of the men who had served Napoleon in 1851 in the *coup d'état*. Indeed, many of the Emperor's most glaring failures were due to the same cause,—*i. e.*, loyalty to individuals,—which led him to place in responsible positions men of small merit and of less principle who had stood by Cæsar and his fortunes.

In France the effect of the general's incapacity had been serious. The delay that had occurred in bringing about a result announced as easy of accomplishment had furnished sharp weapons to the opposition. It had forced the government to ask the Chamber of Deputies for large appropriations to conduct the war upon a serious scale. It was no longer a military parade from Vera Cruz to Mexico to present the French flag to the enthusiastic gratitude of the Mexicans: it was a fighting army of thirty-five thousand men to be maintained across the seas at the expense of France.

The French leaders may be said to have displayed, in their Mexican venture, the same lack of administrative efficiency and of military organization, the same insufficient knowledge of, and preparation for, the task to be performed, as so conspicuously appeared at the very outset of the Franco-Prussian war. It is impossible to read the accounts of the various campaigns since published without recognizing the presence—in victory over an unorganized enemy—of the elements of the later failure when the same men were arrayed against the strongly organized German forces.

With characteristic patriotism, the Chamber voted the appropriations necessary to vindicate the honor of the French flag; but the government was condemned to hear many unpleasant truths.

As for M. de Saligny, he had turned the French legation into a business office, in which the guaranty of France was traded upon to cover the most doubtful transactions. Napoleon had at last recognized his true character, and now—too late alas!—recalled him from his post.

#### MARSHAL BAZAINE'S EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

IN October, 1863, the reins of power, so loosely held by General Forey, at last passed into firmer hands. General Bazaine took command of affairs. It was high time. The

Juarists, profiting by the long respite afforded them, were reorganizing in the interior, and were threatening. The daily stage was attacked on its way to the coast as often as not. Highwaymen tore up the rails of the Paso del Macho Railroad, attacked the train, and killed passengers. Detachments of banditti, called by courtesy guerrillas, everywhere infested the roads, even at the very gates of the capital. A picnic was given to us at this time, by some officers of General Bazaine's staff, at a wild, beautiful spot, where the ruins of a graceful aqueduct, built by the Spaniards, formed the principal attraction. It was less than a twenty-mile ride, yet it was deemed unsafe to go without a strong escort, although we and the officers who gave the affair formed, with their orderlies, a large cavalcade.

General Forey's policy in letting the regency have its way, and in countenancing reactionary legislation of an aggressive character, had discouraged the honest partizans of order.

Bazaine handled all these complications with firmness and skill. He compelled the regency to repeal the decrees most objectionable to the thinking portion of the community. He enforced the maintaining of all bona-fide transactions in clergy property, but advocated the revision of such contracts as might be proved fraudulent, and urged a concordat proposing that the state provide for the support of the clergy. His orders were to rally around him the Liberal chiefs, and he strove by a wise, tactful policy to conciliate men of all shades of opinion. His vigorous military action soon established order in the territory surrounding Mexico. With the concurrence of General Almonte, who earnestly wished the welfare of his country, he reduced Archbishop la Bastida to terms, if not to silence.

Having done this, he took the field, concentrated his army from the various distant points where the different corps had been ordered in view of the campaign which he was preparing, and within six weeks defeated, by rapid and well-concerted blows, Generals Doblado, Negrete, Comonfort, and Uruga, who at that time, thanks to General Forey's procrastination, were holding the country with the rallied forces of the Liberal party.

From Morelia to San Luis, from Mexico to Guadalajara, the French flag waved over every stronghold. The conquered cities received the conquerors coldly, but acknowledged the Archduke (of whom, we were told



by the officers, many did not even know the name) just as resignedly as for over forty years of civil war they had been wont to acknowledge the victor's chosen presidential candidate.

This campaign was little more than a race, and it was said that the French conquered the country with their legs far more than with their bayonets.

In February, 1864, the general, uneasy at the turn which political affairs were taking in the capital, returned with an escort as suddenly as he had departed. It was high time. In his absence, Mgr. la Bastida, not giving due consideration to the change of leadership that had taken place at the French headquarters, had so far forgotten himself as to fulminate, in the name of the church, against the French. But upon the return of the commander-in-chief he reconsidered his action, and publicly "gave them his blessing."<sup>1</sup>

General Bazaine was at this time the most popular man in the army. Hitherto eminently successful in all his military undertakings, he had risen from the ranks, having won his honors step by step upon the battle-field, at first by his courage, later by his remarkable military ability.

He was a plain-looking man, short and thick-set, whose plebeian features one might search in vain for a spark of genius or a ray of imagination; and yet under the commonplace exterior dwelt a kindly spirit, an intelligence of no mean order, and, despite a certain coarseness of thought and expression too common among Frenchmen, a soul upon which the romance of life had impressed its mark in lines of fire.

The story went that, when a colonel, he had in Spain come across a little girl of great beauty and personal attractions, who seemed to him out of place amid her surroundings. He picked up the little wild rose as it grew on the roadside, and conceived the notion of transplanting it into good, rich soil, and of giving it its share of sunshine. He took the child to Paris, where he left her in a convent to be educated.

The soldier continued his brilliant career in the Crimea, Italy, Syria, and Africa; and

when, after some years, he returned to Paris, he found the little girl grown into a beautiful and attractive woman, whose heart was full of warm gratitude for her benefactor. He fell in love with her, and, breaking through all rules of French matrimonial usage, married her.

Her charm won for her many friends in the circle which his position entitled her to enter, and her death, which occurred under peculiarly distressing circumstances soon after his promotion to the command of the army in Mexico, was a cruel blow.

The news of her death reached the general while away from the capital on the brilliant campaign which added the greater part of the country to the projected empire (November, 1863). After a funeral mass, which he heard with his officers, he retired to his tent, and, alone, fought that hardest of all battles, and conquered his own heart. In a few days he returned to his duty, and no one ever knew what had passed in his innermost soul.

Two years later a ball was given at the quartier-général. Bazaine, who had lately been promoted to the rank of marshal (1864), had stopped for a moment to say a few words, when one of his guests, a young Mexican girl who was waltzing by, suddenly stopped near us, having torn her dress. Pins were produced, the damaged ruffle was repaired, and the girl passed on. "Who is it?" asked the marshal, evidently much struck with her appearance. "It is extraordinary," he muttered, "how much she reminds me of my wife." He looked distraught, and shortly after excused himself, and wandered off in the direction Mlle. de la Peña had taken.

The courtship was a short one. Maximilian, in order to facilitate a union which he deemed to be in the interest of his government, gave the young girl as a dowry the palace of San Cosme, valued at one hundred thousand dollars; and thus was May united to December. Two children were born to the marshal, one of them in Mexico,<sup>2</sup> and never was father prouder of his young wife and of her offspring than was the marshal.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> M. de Kératry.

<sup>2</sup> Maximilian was his godfather.

<sup>3</sup> When, after the Franco-Prussian war, the marshal, having been made a sacrifice to France's wounded pride, was court-martialed, and, amid the imprecations of his countrymen, was imprisoned in the Fort de Ste. Marguerite, his young wife and her nephew contrived the perilous escape of the old man. By means of a rope

procured for him by them he lowered himself from the walls of the fortress. Mme. Bazaine was awaiting him in a small boat, the oars of which were held by her nephew. A ship was near by, ready to sail, on board of which they sought refuge in Spain. And so it was that a fallen marshal of France passed from a state prison into exile, where he ended a life in which fame and romance had an equal share.



ARRIVAL OF ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN AND  
ARCHDUCHESS CHARLOTTE.

THE difficult task intrusted to General Bazaine had been triumphantly performed.

The adhesion of the main part of Mexico to the empire was secured. Oajaca and Guerrero in the south still held out, under General Porfirio Diaz; and in the north Chihuahua and Durango had not submitted; but enough of the Mexican territory was pacified to answer immediate purposes. European criticism and the scruples of Maximilian must be satisfied by this appearance of a popular election and a quasi-universal suffrage. For forty years Mexico had not been so quiet. The defeated and demoralized Liberal forces were scattered, and the Juarez government, retreating toward the extreme northern frontier at Monterey, seemed to have nothing left save its eternal rights.

On May 28, 1864, Maximilian of Austria and the Archduchess Charlotte landed at Vera Cruz. By some unfortunate contretemps, the deputation that had left the capital with much pomp and flutter in order to greet them upon their arrival was not there. They landed alone, as ordinary passengers, the people evincing little curiosity and less cordiality. Vera Cruz is in itself not calculated to cheer the newcomer, and their first impression of their venture was a painful one.

In due time, however, things righted themselves. General Almonte and his suite appeared upon the scene, and all the necessary pageant was brought into play to soothe the wounded feelings of the new sovereigns.

The rest of the journey was a well-prepared ovation. The priests, now anxious to come to the fore, had ordered out the Indian population. The action of Maximilian in going to Rome, and in piously securing the papal blessing before sailing to take possession of his new dominions, had been received by the ultra-clerical party as a hopeful symptom of returning papal ascendancy under the coming reign.

The new sovereigns might well imagine that they were the elect of the people when, followed by a multitude of Indians, they entered the capital.

It was under the scorching rays of a hot June sun that they made their formal entry into the city of Montezuma. Never had such a sight been seen since the days of the Aztecs. The lavish ingenuity of the French—anxious, for obvious reasons, to make the occasion a telling one—vied with the interested patriotism of the clerical party to ex-

cite the enthusiasm of the people, and to produce an impression upon the Austrian travelers. Triumphal arches of verdure, draped with flags and patriotic devices, were raised along the principal avenues leading to the Plaza Mayor and to the palace. As far as the eye could reach, the festively decked windows, the streets, and the flat roofs of the houses were crowded with people eager to catch a glimpse of the new sovereigns. As they slowly approached in the official landau, the crowd was so dense as to be with difficulty held back.

It was a singular spectacle. They seemed very tall and fair, these two young people of another race, as they smilingly advanced through the swarthy multitude of their small, ragged subjects, bowing in acknowledgment of their acclamations. Involuntarily one thought of visiting angels, or, better still, of the fair god Quetzalcohuatl, whom the Mexican legend of olden times brought from the East to rule over and to civilize the natives of this land by bringing them plenty. The analogy spontaneously occurred to every thoughtful onlooker, and spread like lightning throughout the city.

## MIRAGE.

FOR a brief space we all felt as though a new era was indeed about to dawn upon this Western land. There is no doubt that at this time the empire seemed a fact, and that, with the exception of a certain number of outlying districts, the country was fast rallying around its banner. It represented order and stability, while the Liberals occupied the position of anarchists.<sup>1</sup>

General Bazaine did all in his power to inaugurate brilliantly the advent of the empire. A splendid ball was given to the young sovereigns at the quartier général—such a ball as is seldom seen outside the great European capitals. The general's aides-de-camp had been put in charge, and all that unlimited funds and a large experience of such matters could accomplish was done to make the occasion the memorable feature of a memorable historic event.

The great patio of the palace of San Cosme was floored and roofed over to serve as a ball-room. At the back of the great arcade surrounding it, the arches and pillars of which were draped with French and Mexican flags, was banked a profusion of plants and flow-

<sup>1</sup> See Masseras, «Un Essai d'Empire au Mexique,» p. 9, where he quotes a letter of Señor Zamacona to President Juarez, of June 16, 1864.



ers, upon which was cast the light of myriads of candles and colored lanterns. In the middle of the huge improvised ball-room the great fountain played, and its sparkling waters were seen through masses of tropical vegetation. Here and there enormous warlike trophies reminded the spectator that he was the guest of a great army. The artillery had supplied groups of heavy cannon, stacked on end, and huge piles of cannon-balls, while at intervals trophies of flags and drums, of guns and bayonets, tastefully grouped about the French and the Mexican coats of arms, broke with striking effect the expanse of wall above the arcades.

When the imperial cortège entered the crowded ball-room, the *quadrille d'honneur* was danced by their majesties, the general-in-chief, and the more distinguished members of their respective suites, after which they were respectfully escorted by the general to their throne, set under a crimson velvet canopy literally as well as allegorically resting upon French cannon.

They were so young and so handsome in their imperial pomp! By them stood Princess Zichy, tall and distinguished, in a simple white tulle gown and natural flowers, with a wealth of such diamonds as are seldom seen on one woman—a homely woman, but interesting to us as the daughter of the Metternichs. Her husband, Prince Zichy, was the most striking figure in the imperial party. He wore the full state costume of a Hungarian Magyar; and his many orders, hanging around his neck and upon his breast, as well as the marvelous hilt, belt, and jeweled sheath of his ancestral sword, stood out finely upon his black-velvet costume, and made him a conspicuous figure even in an assemblage where the ordinary evening dress was almost unseen.

The glitter of all this court life, the revival of trade, the abundance of money so freely

brought and spent in the country, dazzled the people, and a golden dust was thrown into the eyes of all, which for a brief period prevented them from seeing the true drift of political events. Indeed, the brilliancy of the scene was not entirely due to flash-light. The revenues derived from the customs of Vera Cruz and Tampico were at this time materially increasing. An official report, read to the French Chamber in 1865, showed that the revenues from those ports, which for three months in 1864 had been \$96,000 and \$900,000 respectively, had for the same period in 1865 risen respectively to \$431,000 and \$1,645,000.

Large concessions for railroads had been asked for and granted under solid guaranties—the line from Vera Cruz to Mexico to an Anglo-French company, pledged to complete it in five years, and another concession for three lines, for the carrying out of which \$4,500,000 had been subscribed. Telegraph-lines were being established; coal, petroleum, and gold and silver mines were being exploited, or were in a fair way to be; and it seemed as though France might possibly get out of her rash venture with honor and profit.

The mirage that had lured Napoleon to these perilous shores now appeared materially nearer, and its outlines seemed more vivid and attractive than ever before.

BUT if it was an easy matter to create an empire as the result of an armed invasion of an unwilling land, it was quite another thing to organize it upon a permanent basis. As Prince Napoleon—familiarily known as Plon Plon—very wittily remarked later, « One can do anything with bayonets, except sit upon them. » (« On peut tout faire avec des baïonnettes, excepté s'asseoir dessus. ») For over two years Napoleon III endeavored to make Maximilian perform the latter feat—with what result we all know only too well.

(To be continued.)







PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERILLE.  
 COMTE DE THUN DE HOHENSTEIN,  
 Commander of the Austro-Belgian forces.

## HOW AN AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKE RULED AN AMERICAN EMPIRE.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

### EXPERIMENTS.

THE details of Maximilian's court once settled, the new sovereign started forth upon a tour of the provinces, to present himself to the loyalty of his subjects. The Empress remained as regent, to govern under the guidance of the commander-in-chief. Ovations had everywhere been prepared, and a semblance of popularity, so dear to Maximilian's heart, was the result. But im-

mense sums were expended, and more precious time was wasted.

Upon his return, he began a number of administrative experiments. The French, after a long series of preliminary blunders, were just beginning to understand the country when the Emperor arrived and attempted independently to acquire the same lesson, at the expense of the nation, of his party, and of his allies.

It soon became obvious that the young



monarch was not equal to the task which he had undertaken, and a feeling of disappointment prevailed. Unendowed with the force and clearness of mind necessary in an organizer, he insisted upon all administrative work passing through his own imperial bureau. At the head of this bureau he placed an obscure personal favorite, a Belgian named Eloin, who had risen to favor through his social accomplishments. This man did not speak one word of Spanish, hated the French, despised the Mexicans, and was more ignorant than his master himself of American questions in general, and of Mexican affairs in particular.

While in office he used his power to repress much of the impulse given to enterprise by the French. His narrow views were responsible for a jealous policy which excluded all that he could not personally appreciate and manage. He and the Emperor undertook to decide questions upon which they were then hardly competent to give an intelligent opinion. The Mexican leaders were made to feel that they had no influence, the French that they had no rights. After doing much mischief, M. Eloin was sent abroad upon a mysterious mission. It was rumored that he had gone to watch over his master's personal interests abroad.

#### DISSENSIONS.

INDEED, the presence of the personal friends and countrymen of the sovereigns who had accompanied them in their voluntary exile caused a note of discord in the general harmony of the first days of the empire, indicative of the cacophony which was soon to follow.

It was natural that, so far away from their native land, these would-be Mexican rulers, stranded among a people with whose customs and mode of thought they had no sympathy, and of whose traditions they knew nothing, should cling to the little circle of trusted friends who had followed them in their adventure. It was natural also that the Mexicans, seduced by the vision of a monarchy in which *they* hoped to be the ruling force by virtue of their share in its inception and its establishment, should feel a keen disappointment upon finding foreigners, whom they themselves had been instrumental in placing at the head of affairs, not only overshadowing them, but usurping what they deemed their legitimate influence. It was likewise natural that the French, who had put up all the stakes for the game, and who had sacrificed lives, millions, and prestige in

the venture, should look to a preponderant weight in the councils of an empire which was entirely of their creating. All this was the inevitable consequence of such a combination as that attempted in Mexico; but apparently it was one which had entered into no one's calculations, and for which no provision had been made. The imperial dream of Napoleon III had been too shadowy to include such humanities.

The original «king-makers» soon became a troublesome element in Maximilian's administration. His policy naturally led him to seek supporters among the progressive Mexicans, and to devise the honorable retirement of his early allies from the active management of affairs.

#### GENERAL DE THUN.

In October, 1864, Comte de Thun de Hohenstein had been sent to Paris to negotiate for



COLONEL VAN DER SMISSEN.  
Commander of the Belgian contingent.

the transportation of some four thousand Austrians for the army of Maximilian in Mexico. Belgians were also rapidly enlisting





PORFIRIO DIAZ.

A Mexican general and statesman, born in 1830. He served in the war against the United States in 1847, against Santa Anna in 1854. During the French invasion he was one of the leaders of the defense. He became President in 1877, and except from 1880 to 1884 he has been President ever since, the constitution having been amended so that he could succeed himself.

under Colonel Van der Smissen; and shortly afterward Austro-Belgian auxiliary troops, numbering, from first to last, some eight thousand men, were transferred to Mexico. These soon developed into an additional source of difficulty.

The officers of the Austrian contingent had not forgotten the yet recent encounters with the French army at Solferino and Magenta, and, no doubt at first unconsciously, an unconciliatory spirit was manifested in every difference which arose between the French and their present allies.

Comte de Thun, the commander of the

Austrian corps, felt more than restless under Marshal Bazaine's authority. Eventually, in 1865, Maximilian, whose confidence he enjoyed, further complicated the situation by establishing alongside of the War Department a military cabinet, through which the Austro-Belgian contingents were independently administered. This broke up all chance of uniform action in military matters. It placed the auxiliary troops beyond the jurisdiction of the French commander, who, under the terms of the treaty of Miramar, was to be regarded as the commander-in-chief.





FROM "MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES," BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

MATIAS ROMERO.

A Mexican diplomat and statesman, born in 1837. Now Minister to the United States.

The same lack of unity as existed between the imperial army and the French was also found to exist between the foreign mercenaries and the Mexican troops.

To the natives these foreigners, although countrymen of their sovereigns, were interlopers and rivals. Their very presence defeated the object of their Emperor's futile attempt at a show of Mexican patriotism. The position of the French was a well-defined one. They were there for a purpose, spent their money freely, fought their battles victoriously, and would some day go back to France. But the Mexicans hated these foreigners, and the confidential offices held by impecunious Belgians and Austrians in

the government and about the person of the executive added to the instinctive suspicion with which their permanent residence in the country was regarded.

Under the then existing conditions, where so many irreconcilable interests were in presence, it is not to be wondered at if little harmony prevailed amid the various conflicting elements gathered together by fate for the enactment of this fantastic scene.

#### EFFORTS TO CONCILIATE THE UNITED STATES.

ON April 4, 1864, the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington had passed a unanimous resolution in opposition to the



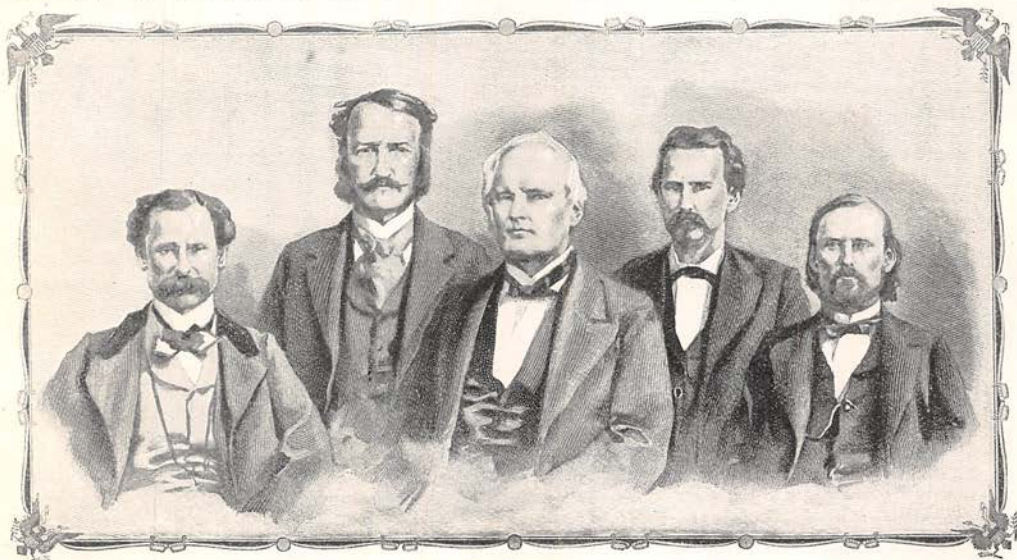
recognition of a monarchy in Mexico, as an expression of the sentiment of the people of the United States. Although Mr. Seward, in forwarding a copy of the resolution to Mr. Dayton, had stated that the President did not «at present» contemplate any change in the policy hitherto followed, the attitude of the United States toward the Emperor had been unmistakably emphasized, on May 3, 1864, by the departure of our minister, the Hon. Thomas Corwin, who left, ostensibly on leave of absence, as soon as the approach of the new sovereign was heralded. Notwithstanding the small encouragement which

the mission proved a failure, and only added one more to the many abortive attempts made during those four years to «solve the unsolvable problem.»<sup>1</sup>

#### GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.

On January 1, 1865, President Juarez issued from Chihuahua a proclamation in which he confessed defeat, but in dignified tones asserted the righteousness of the national cause, in which he put his trust, and appealed to the nobler ideals of his countrymen.

At that moment, to the superficial ob-



EX-CONFEDERATE GENERALS IN MEXICO.

Generals C. Wilcox, J. B. Magruder, S. Price, A. W. Terrell, T. C. Hindman.

such an attitude gave him, one of the earliest acts of Maximilian was to send Señor Arroyo to seek an interview with the head of the United States government, with a view to the recognition of the empire. Señor Arroyo was not even granted an audience. In July, 1865, another attempt was made by Maximilian to obtain the recognition of the United States government.

Among the chamberlains of the Emperor at that time was a son of General Degollado. He had lived in Washington, and had there married an American woman. The couple were put forward as likely to bring the undertaking to a favorable conclusion. But

<sup>1</sup> According to Prince Salm-Salm, yet another attempt was planned in the fall of 1866, in which he and his wife were intended to be the principal actors, and were to be sent to Washington armed with a fund of \$2,000,000 in gold. He states that the news of the Empress's illness, and the consequent failure of her mission abroad, prevented the carrying out of the scheme.

<sup>2</sup> He, however, boldly managed his escape a few

server, and in the capital, the empire seemed an accomplished fact.

The country at large, although by no means pacified, was nominally under imperial rule. Almost alone, in the south, General Porfirio Diaz held his own at Oajaca, and remained unsubdued.

General Courtois d'Hurbal, who had been sent against him, had so far been unable to deal with him. The commander-in-chief resolved once more to take the field in person. As a result, Oajaca shortly afterward was taken, and General Diaz, at last forced to surrender, was made prisoner, and transferred to Puebla for safe keeping.<sup>2</sup>

months later, and again took the field at the head of a band of fourteen men. These increased in number, snowball fashion, as other guerrillas gradually rallied around the distinguished chief; and, at the head of an army, he in time reappeared in Oajaca. After defeating the Austrians, in whose keeping the state had been left, he reentered the city in October, 1866.

In the course of these and other vicissitudes General



## THE «BLACK DECREE.»

FROM Mexico to the coast the country was quiet, and things were apparently beginning to thrive. But if to the residents of the capital the national government was a mere theoretical entity, in the interior of the country, and especially in the north, the small numbers of the French scattered over so vast an expanse of territory were obviously insufficient to hold it permanently. In order to please Maximilian, they traveled from place to place, receiving the allegiance of the various centers of population; their battalions multiplied their efforts, and did the work of regiments. But the predatory bands now fighting under the republican flag were, like birds of prey, ever hovering near, concealed in the Sierra, ready to pounce upon the hamlet or the town which the French must perforce leave unprotected, and wreaking terrible vengeance upon the inhabitants.

No wonder that the intervention grew in unpopularity. In certain parts of the country, as in Mazatlan, the French had to resort to force to constitute an imperial administration. It was made a penal offense to decline an office, and the reluctant Mexicans were compelled to serve against their will.

At the beginning of the year 1865 martial law was proclaimed. By this measure the marshal sought to check not only brigandage, but the military disorganization which the then prevailing state of things must inevitably create. In this effort he found but little support on the part of the imperial government. Indeed, Maximilian insisted upon all actions of the courts martial being submitted to him before being carried out. Much acrimony arose on both sides in consequence of this interference.

I remember once hearing the marshal refer to a controversy that was then going on between himself and the Emperor with regard to prisoners taken by him at Oajaca, and whom he felt should be exiled. Maxi-

Diaz conducted himself not only as a patriot, but as a soldier. It was generally to him that the French turned when called upon by circumstances to trust to a leader's word or to his humanity. Yet General Forey, in the Senate, March 18, 1866, declared him a brigand whose summary execution would be warranted, as indeed that of all the Mexican generals.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. H. ANDERSON. GEORGE S. COOK, SUCCESSOR.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

An American hydrographer and naval officer, born in 1806. At the beginning of the Civil War he entered the Confederate navy. At its close he went to Mexico and served under Maximilian. He was the first to give a complete description of the Gulf Stream, and to mark specific routes to be followed in crossing the Atlantic.

milian, unmindful of the prolonged effort which it had cost to subdue these men, insisted upon releasing them, and eventually did so. The marshal bitterly complained of his weakness, gave other instances of his untimely interference with the course of justice as administered by the military courts, and excitedly declared that he was tired of sacrificing French lives for the sole apparent use of giving an Austrian archduke the opportunity «to play at clemency» (*de faire de la clémence*). Such difficulties steadily widened the breach between the court and the French military headquarters.

In the autumn of 1865, the news having reached him that President Juarez had passed the border and left the country, Maximilian, elated by the event, and exaggerating its bearing upon the political and military situation, issued the famous decree of October 3, now known in Mexican history as the *bando negro* («black decree»). In this fatal enactment he assumed that the war was at an end, and, while doing homage to President Juarez himself, attempted to brand all armed republicans as outlaws who, if taken in arms, must henceforth be summarily dealt with by the courts martial, or—when made prisoners



in battle—by the military leader, and shot within twenty-four hours.

This extraordinary decree was greeted with dismay in the United States. It outraged the Mexicans, and excited the vindictiveness of the Liberal party. At the time such men as General Riva-Palacio and Gen-

doubt that it embodied the policy of repression urged by the marshal, and that, if he cannot be held responsible for its form, in substance it was approved by him.<sup>2</sup> Whatever may have been its origin, when, shortly afterward (October 13, 1865), Generals Artega and Salazar, with others who, at the



FROM A STEEL-ENGRAVING BY A. S. WALTER FOR THE "DEMOCRATIC REVIEW."  
DR. WILLIAM M. GWIN.

eral Diaz were still in the field, and some of Mexico's most illustrious patriots were thus placed under a ban by the foreign monarch.

It has been claimed that Marshal Bazaine entered an earnest protest against the measure, the harshness of which he regarded as impolitic; that he urged its inexpediency, and personally objected to it as likely to weaken the authority of the military courts; that he, moreover, observed that it opened an avenue to private revenge, and delivered up the prisoners of one faction into the hands of another, a course which could not fail to add renewed bitterness to the civil war now so nearly at an end.<sup>1</sup> But although the famous decree certainly was the spontaneous act of the Emperor, and of his ministers who signed it, there can be no

head of small detachments, were holding the country in the north against General Mendez, were taken by the latter, and shot under the decree of October 3, such a clamor of indignation was raised at home and abroad as must have demonstrated his mistake to the young Emperor. This mistake he was soon to expiate with his own blood.

#### SIGNS OF COMING TROUBLE.

ON March 10, 1865, the Duc de Morny died. He had been the moving spirit in the Mexican imbroglio, and it would be difficult to believe that the withdrawal of the prompter did not have a weakening effect upon the performance. His death, by removing one of the strongest influences in favor of the inter-

<sup>1</sup> See M. de Kératry, p. 84, etc. See also debate in the Chamber of Deputies, «*Moniteur Universel*,» Paris, January 28, 1866.

<sup>2</sup> See «*L'Empire de Maximilien*,» by P. Gaulot; also

Prince Salm-Salm's «*My Diary in Mexico*,» etc., in which the author states that he was told by Maximilian that it was drafted and amended by Marshal Bazaine, who urged its enactment.



vention, not only in the Corps Législatif and at court, but in the financial world, was certainly one of the many untoward circumstances which helped to hasten the end.

The millions raised through the Mexican loans had been carelessly administered and lavishly spent. What with the expenses of the court, extensive alterations in the imperial residences, especially in Chapultepec, and the outlay incidental to the pageants and ovations of the Emperor's journeys in the provinces, the relief brought by the loans had been brief.

Confidence was waning. The incapacity of Maximilian was becoming generally recognized, and the difficulties inherent in the situation were everywhere becoming clear.

The fact was that the party through which the French and Maximilian had been called to Mexico was the unpopular retroactive party; that, in order to exist, Maximilian had been obliged to recognize the measures enacted against his own partisans by the national party; that in so doing he had alienated Rome, whose censure he had drawn upon himself, and had aroused the political resentment of the priests; that in setting aside the leaders of the party to whom he owed his crown he had estranged his strongest adherents; and all this without winning over any important adhesions from the Liberals, or making any serious headway with his antagonists, who would have no emperor, no monarchy, no foreigner.

The success of the intervention was now clearly seen to depend upon a war systematically conducted against an enemy who represented a national sentiment.

#### THE UNITED STATES IN MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

AND now a serious danger was threatening the empire in the North. On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to the Federal army. The Civil War in the United States was at an end, and the French were beginning to understand that the Northern republic, whose unbroken unity stood strengthened, could no longer remain a passive spectator of the struggle taking place at its frontier.

The scene of military interest suddenly shifted to the Rio Grande, and the incidents happening on the border deserved more attention than Maximilian seemed at first inclined to bestow.

The interests of the national party were represented in Washington by Señor Romero, who, with consummate tact and ability, made the most of every opportunity. The service

rendered by him to the cause of republicanism and of Mexican independence was second to none in importance. No detail seemed too trifling to be turned to account in his effort to strengthen the Mexican cause with our government.

A rumor reached us that President Juárez had succeeded in raising a loan in the United States. The ranks of the Liberal army were receiving important reinforcements from the officers and men of General Banks's command, who passed the border in large numbers to take part in the attack of General Cortinas at Matamoros. Already, in January, 1865, the impulse given to the republican party in the North vibrated throughout the land. Soon resistance everywhere appeared in arms once more. Both General Mejia and Admiral Cloué, then in command of the French Gulf Squadron, complained that the United States army afforded protection to the Juarists.

Recruiting-offices had been opened in New York, which, although not countenanced by the government, must furnish valuable auxiliaries to the Liberals. Alarming rumors reached France and Mexico with regard to the extent of the movement.

On the other hand, the negotiations then being carried on between Napoleon and Maximilian, with a view to securing the Mexican debt to France by a lien upon the mines of Sonora, was giving umbrage to the United States, and gave rise to considerable diplomatic correspondence.

It required no wizard to foretell the issue. After the surrender of General Lee, the Confederate army corps, twenty-five thousand strong, under the command of General Slaughter had opened negotiations with Marshal Bazaine, with a view to passing the border and settling in northern Mexico, provided suitable terms were granted by the Mexican government to the new colonists. It was then becoming clear to many that the half-way policy hitherto followed had led to nothing, and must result in a useless sacrifice of life and millions unless a larger force were maintained by the French in Mexico, or some barrier set up against the naturally dominant position taken by the United States with regard to Mexican affairs.

#### CONFEDERATE OFFICERS IN MEXICO.

IN June, 1865, Generals Kirby Smith, Magruder, Shelby, Slaughter, Walker, A. W. Terrell of Texas, Governor Price of Missouri, Wilcox of Tennessee, Commodore Maury of



Virginia, General Hindman of Arkansas, Governor Reynolds of Georgia, Judge Perkins, Colonel Denis, and Mr. Pierre Soule of Louisiana, Major Mordecai of North Carolina, and others, had come to Mexico. With them had passed over the frontier horses, artillery, everything that could be transported, including large and small bands of Confederate soldiers, and some two thousand citizens who left the United States with the intention of colonizing Sonora.

Confederate officers now flocked to Mexico with a view to making new homes for themselves. Many of them were interested in special schemes by which the agricultural wealth of the land might be made to yield its treasure to the ruined but experienced Southern planters.

My mother being a Southern woman, and knowing some of their leaders, our house soon became a center where they gathered in the evening and freely discussed their hopes. Thus was added a new element to the already motley assemblage which collected about us at that time. Truly a most heterogeneous set! Confederate officers, members of the diplomatic corps, newly fledged chamberlains and officials of the palace, the marshal's officers,—Frenchmen, Austrians, Belgians, and a few Mexicans,—would drop in, each group bringing its own interests, and, alas! its animosities.

Laws against foreigners having been passed, no property could henceforth be held by them unless they became naturalized. Some of the Confederate refugees therefore became Mexican citizens, and took service under the Mexican government. Governor Price, for instance, received authorization to recruit the imperial army in the Confederacy. He and Governor Harris of Tennessee and Judge Perkins of Louisiana were appointed agents of colonization, and immediately set to work upon the survey of the region lying between Mexico and Vera Cruz, with a view to furthering this purpose. General Magruder, the ex-commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces in Texas, having also become naturalized, was placed in charge of the survey of the lands set aside for colonization as chief of the Colonization Land Office. The government sold such land to colonists for the nominal consideration of one dollar an acre, and allowed every head of a family to purchase six hundred and forty acres upon a credit of five years. A single man was allowed three hundred and twenty acres.

Not only the government, but large land-

owners, proposed such free grants, and offered every inducement to settlers, if they would come and develop the agricultural resources of the country. The first Confederate settlement was established near Cordova in the autumn of 1865.

Commodore Maury, now a naturalized Mexican citizen, had in September been appointed imperial commissioner of immigration and counselor of state. He opened an office in the Calle San Juan de Latran, and was authorized to establish agencies in the Southern States.<sup>1</sup>

General Charles P. Stone had come to Mexico with a colonization scheme of his own. He had, in 1859, made a survey of Sonora under the Jecker contract. He now was on his way to look after some of the Jecker claims when accident threw him on board of the steamer with Dr. William M. Gwin, ex-senator for California. The two men at once came to an understanding and joined forces.

In 1856 (December 19), two years after the filibustering expedition of Count Raousset de Boulbon, the house of Jecker had obtained from the Mexican government the right to survey the territories of Sonora and southern California. The conditions were that one third of the unclaimed land should become the property of the house of Jecker.

In 1859 the Liberal government had rescinded the grant, and this had added one more grievance to those which the Swiss banker had brought up against the administration of Juarez. No sooner had Sonora sent in its adhesion to the empire than Jecker proposed to the French government to make over to it his rights against a payment of two million dollars.

The plan was then to colonize Sonora and Lower California, establishing, on behalf of France, a right to exploit the mines. The climate was healthy, the land rich, the adventure tempting; but it had the great drawback of running foul of the most acute Mexican susceptibilities. Not only did such pretensions at that time excite the suspicions of the Mexicans with regard to the disinterestedness of the French alliance, but they were calculated to give umbrage to the United States government.

As early as 1863, Napoleon III had discussed the possibility of establishing in Sonora<sup>2</sup> a colony which should develop the

<sup>1</sup> See decrees signed by Maximilian and the minister of the interior, Luis Robles Pezuela, on September 24 and 27.

<sup>2</sup> Chihuahua, Durango y Sinaloa eventually were also included in the scheme.



mining and agricultural wealth of the state. In exchange for a grant of unclaimed national lands, these colonists were to pay a percentage of their proceeds to France, as well as a tax to the Mexican government.

A colony of armed Confederates, inimical to the Federal government of the United States, established between its dominions and the heart of the Mexican empire, and backed by France, Austria, and Belgium, must form a formidable bulwark in case of trouble between Mexico and its Northern neighbor. There is small doubt that some such plan had formed a part of the original «deal» proposed by Jecker to the French leaders.

In the spring of 1864 unauthorized attempts had been made by Californian immigrants to land at Guaymas and settle upon certain lands granted them by President Juarez. The marshal had sent French troops to protect the province from such inroads, treating these intruders as squatters. This had furnished a reason for the military occupation of Sonora; thus was the first step taken in the realization of the project.

Such was, in rough outline, the position of the Sonora colonization question when Dr. Gwin entered upon the scene. Upon his arrival in Mexico, he applied at headquarters for an audience. The marshal, although in full sympathy with the project, realized the danger of its open discussion at that time. Maximilian and his advisers were opposed to it. Much tact and secrecy seemed, therefore, necessary in the conduct of negotiations having for their object the furtherance of so unpopular a scheme. Dr. Gwin was too conspicuous a figure to pass unnoticed the portals of the French headquarters. An informal interview was therefore arranged.

#### AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

WE then lived at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico reached by the Paseo, where the marshal rode every day for exercise. Our house was built at the foot of a long hill, at the top of which stood a large old mansion, the yellow coloring of which had won for it the name of the Casa Amarilla. It had been rented by Colonel Talcott of Virginia, who lived there with his family. Dr. Gwin was their guest; and it was arranged that the marshal, when taking his usual afternoon ride with his aide-de-camp, should call upon us one day, and leaving the horses in our patio with his orderlies, should join us in a walk up the hill, casually dropping in *en passant* at the Casa Amarilla.

The plan had the double advantage of being a simple one and of providing the marshal, who did not speak English, with suitable interpreters. The interview was a long one. The marshal listened to what the American had to say. Indeed, there was little to be said on his own side, as the Mexican ministry was absolutely opposed to the project, and any change of policy must depend upon a change in the imperial cabinet.

His Excellency, however, seemed in high good humor. As we came out, he merrily challenged us to run down hill, much to the astonishment of the few *leperos* whom we happened to meet. The Mexican Indian is a sober, rather somber creature, not given to levity; his amusements are of a dignified, almost sad nature. He may be sentimental, bigoted, vicious, cruel, but he is never vulgar, and is seldom foolish. Indeed, well might they stare at us then, for it was no common sight in the lanes of Tacubaya to see a commander-in-chief tearing down hill, amid peals of laughter, with a party of young people, in utter disregard of age, corpulence, and cumbersome military accoutrements!

The personality of Dr. Gwin was a strong one. A tall, broad, squarely built man, with rough features which seemed hewn out of a block with an ax, ruddy skin, and a wealth of white hair brushed back from his brow—all combined to make him by far the most striking figure among the group of Southern leaders then assembled in Mexico.

His own faith in the almightiness of his will influenced others, and in this case brought him very near to success. He talked willingly and fluently of his plans. Notwithstanding the decided opposition met with on the part of the Mexican government, he then confidently expected to be installed in the new colony by the opening of the year, and invited his friends to eat their Christmas dinner with him there. He was generous in sharing his prospects with them. We all were to be taken in and made wealthy: every dollar invested was to return thousands; every thousand, millions!

It was entertaining to hear him narrate his interviews at the Tuileries with Napoleon III and the other great men of the day. His tone was that of a potentate treating with his peers. He spoke of «my policy,» «my colony,» «my army,» etc.

In 1865 Dr. Gwin again went to France to confer with its ruler. Upon his return to Mexico, he was regarded as the unofficial agent of the French government. The Emperor had promised him every facility and



assistance. All that was now needed to make his dreams a brilliant reality was the signature of Maximilian. He was full of glowing anticipations. But Maximilian was then none too friendly to his allies, and he stood firm. However much the French might urge it, the national feeling was already strongly arrayed against any plan involving the possible alienation of any part of the Mexican territory. Moreover, it was becoming obvious, from the various complications occurring upon the Rio Grande, that the befriending of the Confederate refugees must henceforth seriously add to the difficulty of obtaining the recognition of the Mexican empire by the United States—an end which Maximilian had greatly at heart, and one which, strangely enough, he never lost the hope of accomplishing, so little did he, even after two years' residence in Mexico, understand American conditions.

#### A NEW AGREEMENT WITH FRANCE.

GENERAL ALMONTE had been sent to France on a mission, the object of which was to influence Napoleon to continue his support. The only result of his errand was a communication addressed to Maximilian, dated May 31, 1866. In this Napoleon stated the situation with a frankness the brutality of which aroused the indignation of the court of Mexico. An onerous agreement was nevertheless arrived at, to which necessity compelled Maximilian to subscribe (July 30). By this agreement, half of the revenue derived from the customs of Tampico and Vera Cruz was to be assigned to the French in payment of the debt until the entire outlay made on behalf of the Mexican empire had been repaid. The French, in return, promised to continue their support until November 1, 1867, and to withdraw their army in three detachments, the last of which would embark on that date. The imperial government was thereby deprived of half of its reliable revenue at a time when, in order to maintain its existence under the present stress, large additional resources should have been at its command.

In 1866 Napoleon had formally instructed the marshal to advance no more funds, and to pay only the auxiliary troops. The Mexican army might dissolve. The French, on withdrawing, would leave the Austro-Belgian corps and the foreign legion,—*i. e.*, some fifteen thousand men,—upon which the empire must depend. Under the new arrangement the Austro-Belgian soldiers were to receive

the same pay as the French—that is, about one half the amount formerly paid them, and were once more placed under French control.<sup>1</sup>

Dissatisfaction prevailed, and the very worst spirit was manifested on all sides. After continued ill feeling, in August, 1866, Comte de Thun sent in his resignation, and returned to Europe, leaving Colonel Kodolitch in command.

The Belgian corps mutinied, and the ring-leaders having been discharged, the disbanded men were incorporated into new mixed regiments.<sup>2</sup>

Meantime the Liberals were everywhere assuming an aggressive attitude. Guadalajara had fallen into the hands of General Uruga. In July, 1866, Matamoros, Tampico, and Monterey were also lost to the Imperialists. The revenue from the duties from the port of Tampico thereby ceased altogether, and went to strengthen the national party. This event caused a painful shock.

#### THE KNELL OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

To us in Mexico there was no concealing the fact that the knell of the Mexican empire had struck. Maximilian must fall. How? was the only question.

When, in the course of the winter, the treasury being empty, he had appealed to the French for relief, he had threatened to resign the throne unless they would advance to his administration the funds necessary for its support. The marshal had then, against the formal orders of his own government, supplied the necessary millions to tide over successive crises as they presented themselves; for it was clear that unless funds were immediately forthcoming the empire must collapse.

The French government, however, had censured the marshal's conduct. His situation was fast becoming an impossible one, and in order to obtain security he ordered the seizure of the custom-house of Vera Cruz. Maximilian was furious, and a rumor spread that he was seriously considering his abdication. The Empress, who strongly opposed this, suggested going abroad herself to see what could be done to save the crown. All confidence was at an end between the young monarchs and the marshal whom they held

<sup>1</sup> Maximilian's proclamation announcing to the auxiliary troops that they should henceforth form one and the same division "with their companions in arms" was dated May 19, 1866.

<sup>2</sup> Order given through General Neigre, July 8, 1866.



responsible for Napoleon's altered attitude. It seemed idle to trust to written appeals the force of which must be counteracted by his representations. A personal interview might, however, accomplish much. The situation was reaching an acute crisis. Much bitter recrimination had followed upon the disasters to the imperial forces in the North. Nothing could be worse than the animus on both sides. Altogether, imperial Mexico had become a seething caldron, in which the scum stood a fair chance of rising to the top.

Each side accused the other of duplicity with regard to the United States. The Imperialists openly charged the French with delivering up the empire to the republicans, while the French suspected the existence of snares and intrigues set afoot for the purpose of bringing about such complications as might force France to retain an interest in Mexican affairs.

Had Maximilian's grasp of the situation been stronger, he must have seen that by firmly taking his stand upon his original agreement with France, by refusing to consider the onerous terms substituted for those of the treaty of Miramar by Napoleon in his communication of May 31, 1866, and by making then and there a public renunciation of his throne, based upon the non-fulfilment of the terms of the convention, he must throw the full responsibility of the dénouement upon the Emperor of the French.

He had then his one chance to retire with dignity and honor from the lamentable situation into which his youthful ambition and inexperience had led him, at the same time revenging himself upon his disloyal ally by exposing to the full light of day, and before the whole world, the wretched conditions under which the empire had been erected.

By compromising and signing away half the revenues of his ports,<sup>1</sup> by retaining the scepter upon terms that made the empire impossible, that forced him down to the level of a mere leader of faction, and placed him in contradiction to his own declared principles, he descended from his imperial state, and forfeited, if not his crown, at least his right to it, if judged by his own standard. He, moreover, lost his one chance of seriously embarrassing his allies. At that time the army was scattered in small detachments over the Mexican territory; terms had not yet been made with the Liberal leaders; the sudden collapse of the empire must have created dangers to the French, the exist-

ence of which would give him a certain hold over them.

But he was a weak man; the Empress clung to her crown; the great state officials were interested in retaining their offices; he was surrounded by evil or interested councilors; and instead of standing up firmly in his false ally's path, he allowed him to brush past and to disregard him.

In ancient Mexico, when, fortune having deserted a warrior, he fell into the hands of his enemies, a victim doomed to sacrifice, a chance was, under certain conditions, given him for his life. He was tied by one foot, naked, to the gladiatorial stone, armed with a wooden sword, and six warriors were, one after another, entered against him. If extraordinarily skilful, strong, and brave, he might hold his own and save his life; at least he might destroy some of his foes, and, falling like a warrior, avoid being laid alive upon the sacrificial stone, where his heart, torn out of his breast, must be held up, a bleeding sacrifice to the fierce god of battles.

Maximilian was not strong enough for the unequal struggle at this supreme moment, and he was laid upon the sacrificial stone.

#### SECRETARY SEWARD.

MEANWHILE the cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," which wise men had from the first anxiously watched as it loomed upon the northern horizon, had grown with alarming rapidity, and was now spreading black and threatening over the whole sky.

Secretary Seward was prepared to enter upon the scene. Nothing could be finer than the conduct of the American statesman throughout these difficult transactions. Alone among the foreign leaders who had a share in them, he followed a consistent policy from beginning to end, and his diplomatic notes form a logical sequence. Quietly, steadily, he played his part, to the greater credit and higher dignity of the nation whose interests and honor were in his keeping.

The burden of the Civil War had for several years weighed him down; but despite every effort of European diplomacy, the ship of state, steered by a firm hand, was kept upon its course, avoiding every shoal, while saving its strength for home defense. He never yielded a serious point, never wavered in his adherence to the traditional American policy; and stood by the legal republican government of Mexico even when, reduced

<sup>1</sup> Convention of Mexico, signed July 30, 1866, by M. Dano and Don Luis de Arroyo.



to the persons of the President and his minister, Lerdo de Tejada, it was compelled to seek refuge at Paso del Norte. But when the surrender of Lee's army left the Federal government free to act, sixty thousand men were massed upon the frontier, and the American statesman at once grew threatening.<sup>1</sup>

In vain did Napoleon III plead for delay; in vain did he assure Mr. Bigelow that a date had been fixed for the final recall of the army. From Washington came the uncompromising words: No delay can be tolerated; the intervention and the empire must come to an end *at once*.<sup>2</sup>

#### RATS LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP.

SINCE accepting Napoleon's ultimatum, by the terms of which all French assistance was to be withdrawn by November 1, 1867, Maximilian had made no attempt to disguise his hostility to his allies.

The French government having formally declined to do more than pay the auxiliary troops and the foreign legion, the distress was great, and the Imperialists, on the verge of starvation, were frequently supplied in the field by the French commissariat. Demoralization set in throughout the imperial army. Whole garrisons, receiving no pay, left their posts, and turned highwaymen, even in the neighborhood of the capital.

Indeed, the desertions were now so frequent that the Liberals were able to form a «foreign legion» with the deserters of various nationalities who sought service under their flag.<sup>3</sup> Rats were leaving the sinking ship.

In January, 1866, the imperial army, including the Austro-Belgian legion, numbered 43,500 men. In October of the same year only 28,000 remained under arms. Many, of course, had fallen in the field, but desertion was principally accountable for this shriveling of the Mexican forces.

Permission had originally been granted French officers to take service under the imperial flag. Various army corps had been formed, which were officered by Frenchmen as well as by Austrians and Belgians.

<sup>1</sup> See peremptory note of Secretary Seward to Mr. Bigelow, November 23, 1866 («Diplomatic Correspondence,» 1866, Vol. I, p. 366). See also letter to the Marquis de Montholon, April 25, 1866.

<sup>2</sup> On December 16, 1866, Mr. Seward officially expressed his opinion that the traditional friendship with France would be brought into «imminent jeopardy, unless France could deem it consistent with her interest and honor to desist from the prosecution of armed

Theoretically, a year and a half was time enough to organize the new foreign legion then well under way; but recruiting for the Mexican army was now found to be, like all other experiments successively brought to bear upon the problem, virtually impossible. Under the circumstances it seemed folly for foreign officers to enlist in the newly organized imperial regiments.

The marshal took it upon himself to withdraw the permission given some time before to French officers to pass into the Mexican service. He has been blamed for this, and accused of having deliberately hindered the organizing of Mexican forces, thus hastening the ruin of the empire. But no one not on the spot toward the close of the year 1866 can well realize the atmosphere of general *sauve qui peut* that prevailed in Mexico and affected all classes of society. To all who had anything to lose, the only course that seemed perfectly clear was to get out of the country, leaving behind as little of their belongings as possible. Indeed, M. de Hoorickx, who remained as *chargé d'affaires* after the departure of the Belgian minister, M. de Blondel, told me that he also was doing all in his power to prevent his countrymen from embarking upon such stormy seas.

Sober-minded Austrians, on their side, used their influence over their more adventurous comrades to prevent their remaining under the altered conditions.

And now the only hope of the empire rested upon the power of Empress Charlotte to induce the courts of Austria, Belgium, Rome, and especially the court of France, to grant a reprieve to the tottering empire by lending it further support.

To defray the expenses of her journey, thirty thousand dollars were taken from an emergency fund held as sacred for the repairs of the dikes which defend Mexico against the ever-threatening floods from the lakes, the level of which is higher than that of the city.

It soon was whispered among us that upon her arrival in Paris the Empress had not spared the marshal, and that in her interview with Napoleon III she not only had denounced him, but had asked his recall.

intervention in Mexico» (letter of Seward to Bigelow, «Diplomatic Correspondence,» 1866, Vol. III, p. 429); and he declined the condition made by the Emperor that the United States recognize the empire of Mexico as a *de facto* power. See proclamation of President Johnson, August 18, 1866, declaring the blockade of Matamoros issued by Maximilian null and void («Diplomatic Correspondence,» August 17, 1866, Part I, p. 339).

<sup>3</sup> See «L'Ère Nouvelle,» September 25, 1866.



## A LAST RESORT.

ON September 16, 1866, the anniversary of the national independence was celebrated with unusual state by the Emperor. The *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, and a formal reception was held at the palace, where, for the last time, a large crowd assembled. After this a meeting of the council of state was held to discuss the situation.

The Liberals and Moderates had failed to strengthen the empire. As a last resort, the Emperor turned once more to the reactionary party for help. The Liberal ministers withdrew, and a new cabinet, composed of the ultra-clerical party, was formed.

Thus, at the last hour, when, without funds and abandoned by his allies, all was crumbling about him, Maximilian cast his lot with the men-whom, when rich in money, armies, and allies, and the future promised success, he had discarded as impossible to carry. In accepting their help he was pledging himself to factional warfare, and was virtually going back upon every declared principle which had formed the basis of his acceptance of the crown.

But in fairness it may be said that the unfortunate prince was at this time hardly responsible for his actions. The situation was desperate. He had neither the strength nor the coolness of judgment to face the issue. His vacillating nature had been still further weakened by intermittent fever, as well as by the events of this year, so fatal to his house. The climate of Mexico did not suit him. What with malarial fever and dysentery, as well as with distracting responsibilities and cares, he was a physical wreck. Not only had he month after month felt his hopes grow faint and his throne crumble under him; not only had he every cause to lose faith in his star as well as in his own judgment: but the cannon of Lissa must have vibrated with painful distinctness through the innermost fibers of the Austrian admiral's heart, and his personal interest in Austrian affairs must have caused him to dwell with poignant regret upon his renunciation of his birthright, and his absence from the larger stage upon which, but for his wild errand, he might then have been playing a leading rôle.<sup>1</sup>

The new clerical cabinet, as usual, promised to pacify the country, and to find the funds

indispensable for the purpose. This was the last card of the reactionary party. Of all those involved in the issue, the clerical leaders alone had everything to lose by the downfall of the empire. Their personal interest in its prolongation was clear. With them it was a matter, if not of life and death, at least of comparative dignity and prosperity at home, or of exile and beggary abroad.

To place his fate in such hands was the last mistake of the Emperor. Such interested advisers must endeavor to cut off his retreat, when to remain must cost him his life.

The mission of the Empress abroad had, if anything, aggravated the situation. It is said that, no doubt under the influence of the cerebral disturbance that soon afterward manifested itself, her recriminations were so violent as to arouse a feeling of personal resentment which destroyed all sympathy in Napoleon's heart. Already weary of an undertaking which from beginning to end must reflect upon his statesmanship, and which was fast becoming a reproach to the French nation, he was even then negotiating with the United States for the removal of his troops, and for the restoration of the republic.

Regardless of the onerous agreement which Maximilian only four months before had been compelled to sign, the new minister of foreign affairs, the Marquis de Moustier, on the occasion of his first reception to the Diplomatic Corps, on October 11, told Mr. Bigelow that the Emperor would recall the army shortly.<sup>2</sup> The minister of war had already signed a contract with Péreire, the head of the *Compagnie Transatlantique*, for the home passage of the last instalment of the army during the month of March.

Of these fateful negotiations we in Mexico were then ignorant. We were under the impression that strict compliance with the terms of the recent agreement was the worst that could befall the empire. That these terms would be strictly adhered to even seemed incredible to many. There were optimists among us who thought that Napoleon's action was intended to call forth docility on the part of Maximilian and of his Mexican cabinet, and to bring them to terms. Thus it was that, although the *débâcle* was in reality hard upon us, it yet seemed sufficiently far off not materially to affect our daily life. We therefore lightly skipped over the thin ice of our present security, astonishingly unmindful of what the immediate future had in store for us.

<sup>1</sup> See M. de Kératry, «L'Empereur Maximilien,» p. 220.

<sup>2</sup> See letter of Mr. Bigelow to Mr. Seward, October 12 («Diplomatic Correspondence,» 1866, Part I, p. 360).



## MEXICAN SOCIETY IN MAXIMILIAN'S TIME, 1866.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

IN the spring of 1866 our small circle was pleasantly enlarged by the arrival of the Marquis de Massa. He was the younger son of the celebrated Régnier, Duc de Massa, the able lawyer whose work upon the Code Napoléon had led him to a dukedom under Napoleon the Great.

M. de Massa was endowed with more brilliancy than perseverance. He had not passed through St. Cyr to enter the army, and had devoted much of his youth to the systematic enjoyment of life. After some of his illusions and most of his money had gone, he did as many Frenchmen of good family had done before him—he enlisted in a crack cavalry regiment of the Imperial Guard, where, after a while, thanks to mighty protectors, he exchanged his worsted stripes for gold braid and the single epaulet. He had come to Mexico in search of an excuse for rapid promotion.

Similar cases were by no means infrequent then. Michel Ney, Duc d'Elchingen, the grandson of the great marshal, when I met him in Mexico, was sergeant or corporal in a regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, recognizable from his fellow-troopers only by his spotless linen. Shortly after this he was promoted to a sublieutenancy. His promotion was then rapid, and he did good service in the North; for although he was no reader of books and was somewhat heavy of understanding, he was as brave as his famous ancestor.<sup>1</sup>

Count Clary, a cousin of Napoleon III, when I met him, had only recently emerged from his worsted chrysalis; and Albert Bazaine, the marshal's own nephew, was impatiently waiting to be raised from the depressing position of a *piou-piou*, when he might enjoy the full social benefits of his relationship to the commander-in-chief.

The position of these gentlemen in a capital where the army was, so to speak, under

arms, and where no civilian's dress was therefore allowed to a soldier, was ambiguous, and gave rise to amusing anomalies. For instance, they, of course, could not be admitted to official balls or entertainments where uniforms were *de rigueur*, as only officers were invited. They, however, paid calls, and thus mixed on neutral ground with their officers; and so these nondescript military larvæ managed to enjoy life until the day came when they might become official butterflies.

As for the Marquis de Massa, the day had long gone by when, driving in his own trap to the gate of the Paris barracks after a night spent out on leave through the leniency of General Fleury, he set to work to curry his own horse. His keen wit and happy repartee, his good-humored sarcasm, and, above all, the magnetism of a personality that scorned deceit and gave itself for no better or worse than it was, combined to make him a favorite among the devotees of pleasure whom Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie had gathered about them; and notwithstanding his empty pockets, his roofless château in Auvergne, and his sparsely braided sleeve, he was a habitué of the Austrian embassy and of the best salons in Paris, and made for himself a conspicuous place in the innermost circle of the court of Compiègne and the Tuileries. He had written a number of light plays for the amateur stage of Parisian society, and his dramatic efforts had been interpreted by players whose high-sounding names might be found on pages of history.

His first attempt was the «Cascades de Mouchy,» on December 9, 1863. The representation was given at the Château de Mouchy, to which «all Paris» traveled for the purpose. In the words of the «Figaro»: «It was a complete mobilization of Parisian society.» The Duc de Mouchy, a man of the old nobility, had recently married Princess Anna Murat;

<sup>1</sup> A brother officer wrote me during the Franco-Prussian war that at Rezonville in 1870, when brilliantly charging at the head of his men, Michel Ney, then a

colonel of dragoons, received three sabre-cuts over his head and face, and after killing five Prussians rolled under his wounded horse. He fortunately recovered.



and the actors as well as the audience represented the wit, talent, wealth, and power of the Second Empire.

In collaboration with Prince de Metternich, then Austrian ambassador at the court of the Tuileries, and an amateur musician of no mean order, he had written the libretto of a ballet, called «Le Roi d'Yvetot.» This was given on the professional stage, but met with little success, if exception is made of the «first night,» when again «all Paris» turned out to see the prince lead the orchestra, and to applaud the brilliant young author after the curtain fell.

In 1865 he wrote a *revue*, which was performed with great éclat before the court at Compiègne. In this really clever piece the principal occurrences of the year were touched upon and reviewed. The literary event of 1865 in France had been the publication of Napoleon's work «Les Commentaires de César,» and this the young courtier took as a title for his play. Once again all the wit and beauty of the

court of Eugénie united to make the occasion a brilliant tribute to the imperial historian. The Comte and Comtesse de Pourtalès, the Marquis and Marquise de Gallifet, the

<sup>1</sup> For instance, one stanza sung by M. de St. Maurice:

Tout les terrains, les canaux, les carrières,  
Depuis le fer jusqu'au moindre métal,  
Les champs, les eaux, les forêts, les bruyères —

Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, the Princesse de Sagan, the Marquis de Caux (who afterward married Adelina Patti), the Princesse de Metternich,—indeed, the élite of cosmopolis,—appeared upon the stage, and in clever verse and epigrammatic song amusingly dealt with the gossip of the day.

M. de Massa's success was mainly due to the good-natured independence of his work. He told the truth to his audience, even though it might be composed of the great of the land. He chaffed the women upon their manners, and sometimes their morals, and the men upon their idleness and their evil ways. He showed up the speculative fever which, like an epidemic, had swept over the higher ranks of Parisian society under the Second Empire.<sup>1</sup> No weakness could be sure of escaping his satire. But in dealing with all this the scalpel of the cynic was concealed under the graceful touch of the man of the world. He did not assume the tone of a moralist or of a misanthrope.

He was not even an observing spectator, but a good-natured *enfant du siècle*, a sinner among sinners, for whom life was one long comedy.

After the return of the Corps Expédi-

Tout représente un certain capital.  
Vous le voyez la fièvre est générale;  
Tout est matière à spéculations . . .  
Tout, en effet, excepté la morale  
Qu'on n'a pas mise en actions.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTES DE OCA.

COUNT VON FÜNFKIRCHEN,  
CAPTAIN AUSTRIAN CAVALRY, IMPERIAL GUARD.



tionnaire in 1867, when the great International Exposition was attracting to Paris the princes and celebrities of the world, «Les Commentaires de César» was, at the Emperor's request, repeated at the Tuileries before the crowned heads there assembled as his guests.

Notwithstanding the seething forces underlying the brilliant surface and threaten-

such as fate never bestowed upon Beaumarchais, Marivaux, or even Molière!

All aglow with the excitement of his social achievements, he came to Mexico in 1866 and immediately took his place in the military household of the commander-in-chief.

As soon as he felt sufficiently posted as to the local conditions of Mexico, he went to work, and the result was a vaudeville en-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.

MARQUIS DE GALLIFET.

ing the empire's very existence, the summer of 1867, as superficially seen in Paris, must be regarded as the very apex of Napoleon's career.

The exposition was the last and most gorgeous set piece of the many Napoleonic fireworks, the splendor of which flashed through history, and ended in the dark smoke of Sedan.

The performance at the Tuileries was one of the most select entertainments arranged at this time. The troop of aristocratic comedians was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and the popular author received an ovation from his audience of monarchs and princes

titled, «Messieurs les Voyageurs pour Mexico, en Voiture!»

The marshal's household supplied the principal stars of the improvised dramatic company, the leader of the orchestra, a young Belgian officer, and the prima donna, an «American girl from Paris,» as the Mexican papers had it, being brought in only as necessary adjuncts. Another important female part was taken by Albert Bazaine, who was turned into a superb soubrette.

The play was little more than a «skit,» and the plot—if the thin, sketchy incident that stood in its place may be called one—served only as an excuse for a continuous fu-





DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

GENERAL CASTELNAU.

sillade of local hits, often of a personal character. These not only kept the audience in a fever of merriment, but long afterward furnished Mexican official and social circles with topics for more or less friendly discussion. Some ill-feeling and not a few unpleasant comments were, of course, the result of the little venture; and most of those concerned paid for their fun in some way or other.

The performance took place at San Cosme, at the house of the Vicomtesse de Nouë. Maximilian, whose curiosity had been aroused, expressed a desire to have it repeated at the imperial palace; but having heard of certain unmerciful sallies made upon his financial decrees and other measures of his government, he did not attempt to disguise his displeasure. Of course the performance was not repeated.

Yet no harm was intended: but, calmly looking back upon the incident, one can see that the hits, if innocently meant, coming as they did from the marshal's household, were certainly lacking in discretion. Indeed, when one

consider the serious dissension then existing between the quartier-général and the palace, it becomes clear that such jests must have had upon the court the effect of the banderillas which, in a bull-fight, by a refinement of cruelty, are stuck in the quivering flesh of the baited bull, doomed from the start, and teased to the bitter end.

Among the verses of an interminable topical song, one contained a reference to the newly organized regiment, the «Cazadores de Mejico,» the recruiting of which was then taxing to the utmost Maximilian's energies:

Parmi les corps que l'on vient d'établir  
 Les Cazadors sont de tous les plus braves;  
 Mais, c'est égal, au moment de choisir  
 J'aimerais mieux m'engager dans les Zouaves!

These lines afterward assumed a strangely prophetic importance. Six months later, during the siege of Querétaro, this same regiment of Cazadores, composed of Frenchmen, Germans, and Hungarians, with about one fourth of native Mexican soldiers, was



placed, with four twelve-pounders, under the command of Prince Salm-Salm. They were, according to their colonel, a wild, brawling set, constantly fighting among themselves, but ready enough to do their duty under fire.

It would seem that after a sortie during

the bit of satire upon these brave fellows, most of whom were now lying cold and stiff under the sky of Querétaro:

« Mais, c' est égal, au moment de choisir  
J'aimerais mieux m'engager dans les Zouaves! »



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTES DE OCA.

BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

COLONEL TOURRE, THIRD ZOUAVES.

which they had specially distinguished themselves, the Emperor visited the lines, and paused to praise their bravery. Whether or not the sting contained in M. de Massa's words had impressed them upon his mind, it is, of course, impossible to tell; but in a stirring proclamation Maximilian called them the «Zouaves of Mexico,» a compliment which was received by the men with deafening shouts of enthusiasm. This account, as I read it after the final tragedy, awoke a memory; and I found myself unconsciously humming

Ah me, how closely the ridiculous here approached the sublime! How rapidly tragedy had followed upon comedy!

The first colonel of the Cazadores, Paolino Lamadrid, was in the audience that evening. He was kindly, obliging, and one of the few Mexican officers who were honestly friendly to the French. He entered into the spirit of the thing, understood the joke, and took no offense. He had lent for the occasion his Mexican dress, *sombrero*, *chapareras*, etc., for the character of a Mexicanized French colo-



nist who, after a series of Mexican adventures, had returned to France and to his family laden with Mexican millions.

Colonel Paolino Lamadrid did not live to stand by his sovereign in the last heroic hour of the empire. He was killed obscurely early in January, in an engagement at Cuernavaca. It is said that one of the early hallucinations of the unfortunate Empress, on her way to Rome, was that she saw Colonel Lamadrid lurking about, disguised as an organ-grinder.

But to return to this now historic entertainment. The general situation was summed up finally in a serio-comic manner in a song which, if it then brought down the house, afterward drew much severe criticism upon the thoughtless heads of author and performers:

Oui, cette terre  
Hospitalière  
Un jour sera, c'est  
moi qui vous  
le dis,  
Pour tout le monde  
L'arche féconde  
Des gens de cœur  
et des colons  
hardis.  
Que faut-il donc  
pour cessernos  
alarmes?  
De bonssoldatsetde  
bons généraux,  
De bons préfets  
et surtout des  
gendarmes,

Des financiers et des gardes ruraux.

*Refrain :*

Allons courage,  
Vite à l'ouvrage;  
La France est là pour nous prêter secours.  
Vieux incrédules,  
Sots ridicules,  
De nos travaux n'entravez pas le cours.

This song, in which France pledged itself to back Mexican enterprise in every venture,

may serve to show how ignorant all were at this time of the sudden determination taken by the Tuileries to set aside the agreement of July 30, 1866, and to put an immediate end to the intervention.

It was written by a member of the marshal's military household, and the refrain was

sung by a chorus of the marshal's officers, in the presence of the marshal himself, and of a large audience composed of French, Austrian, and Belgian officers, as well as of members of the imperial government, on September 26, 1866—*i. e.*, just at the time when General Castelnau, who landed at Vera Cruz on October 10, was starting on his mission, the object of which was to *force* the abdication of Maximilian, and to bring about the winding up of the empire and the *immediate* return of the army.

At this very time, it will be remembered, a contract was being entered upon by the French government with the house of Péreire, which was to furnish immediate home transportation for the French army.<sup>1</sup>

The song was not meant to be the cruel jest which it

must have seemed to those about the Mexican Emperor who were better informed with regard to Napoleon's negotiations with the government of the United States. By those whose all was at stake it must have been taken for a wanton insult.

Indeed, society in Mexico was not just then in the right frame of mind to appreciate M. de Massa's witticisms. Even among his

<sup>1</sup> Bigelow, letter to Seward, October 12, 1866.



DRAWN BY I. R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUBERT & CO. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.  
COMTE DE BOMBELLES.



own friends they proved singularly infelicitous.

Before the performance gossip had been busy with it, and its source had partly been traced to Colonel Petit, a good enough friend, but who at the time happened to be chafing under the sting of a practical joke recently played upon him by some of his comrades, and in which M. de Massa had had a share.

During the recent campaign made by the marshal in the interior, with a view to the concentration of the army preparatory to its retreat, Colonel Petit, with his regiment, arrived at a small town, the authorities of which prepared to receive the French with due honor. Eager for fun, his comrades confidentially disclosed to the alcalde the fact that Colonel Petit was a great personage—indeed, no less than the son of the celebrated General Petit whom Napoleon, about to depart for Elba, and taking leave of his veterans, had singled out and embraced as the representative of the Grande Armée.

I do not remember whether the mischievous wags suggested to the alcalde, a pure Indian wearing sombrero, shirt, and white *calzoneras*, a repetition of the solemn scene of Fontainebleau, or whether the worthy Indian evolved the notion unaided: but the result was that poor Colonel Petit, much against his will, found himself forced into playing a parody of his father's part to the alcalde's Napoleon. In the presence of his men, amid the jeers and cheers of his amused comrades, he had to submit to the speech and public accolade of the worthy magistrate.

The perpetrators of this pleasantry did not soon allow him to forget it. It long remained a sore thing with him; and as he allowed his resentment to appear, an extra verse was on the day of the performance added, for his benefit, to the principal topical song:

À Mexico les cancons vont leur train,  
On vous condamne avant de vous entendre,  
C'est bien «petit» d'éreinter son prochain,  
Bon entendeur saura bien nous comprendre.

As this was sung the audience laughingly turned toward him—a fact which did not tend to make him more amiably disposed, although he bowed gracefully enough, and pretended to enjoy the fun.

Altogether, the play, if more than a success as a performance, added nothing to the popularity of the quartier-général. It, however, created far more comment than its literary merit warranted—this, be it said,

without seeking to detract from the author's credit, as he himself, looking back upon it later in his career, said that it read as though it had been «written on a drum.»

Sadowa had been fought and lost. It would have been difficult, however, to make out from their attitude whether or not the sympathies of the officers of the Corps Expéditionnaire were honestly with their Austrian allies. Strangely enough, the news had been received by them as though it involved no serious warning to France. The full significance of the new mode of warfare, of the needle-gun and other new implements of war, was obscured in their eyes by their naïve «jingoism.» The French officers in those days underrated all other nations; and even the superior armament and discipline of the Germans, as exhibited in that short campaign, failed to impress them as it should.

They sang:

L'Aiguille est un outil  
Dont je ne suis en peine  
Tant que j'aurai la mienne [the bayonet]  
Au bout de mon fusil.  
Vous qui chantez victoire,  
Héros de Sadowa,  
Rappelez-vous l'histoire  
D'Auerstadt et d'Iéna, etc.

Alas! the time was drawing near when the cannon of Reichshofen was to change the merry tune of the French *chanson* into a dirge for many of those brave, light-hearted fellows, then so unmindful of the storm slowly gathering in the east.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

THE pomp and dignity of the court had vanished, and social life in the capital no longer centered about the imperial palace.

Even previous to the departure of the Empress, the Monday receptions had been discontinued, without their loss being seriously felt. At best they had never been other than dull, formal affairs. The ball-room was a large hall, always insufficiently lighted, and narrowed in the middle by the platform where stood the imperial throne under a canopy of velvet. Here, after their new guests had been officially presented in an adjoining hall, the Emperor and Empress seated themselves. Before supper they made a solemn tour of the ball-room. The dancing then ceased, and the crowd stood in chilled expectancy, and made way for them, each in turn receiving, as they passed, a smile, a nod, or some commonplace word of greeting.



Maximilian was happy in his remarks on such occasions. Naturally affable and kindly, like most princes trained to this sort of thing, his memory for names and faces was remarkable. We were presented at court on the first of the imperial fortnightly Mondays, and with us, of course, the larger number of the guests present; and yet, some weeks later, when making his tour of the ball-room, the Emperor stopped before us, and inquired about an absent member of the family, apparently placing us exactly. Many other instances of his memory and power of observation in such small matters were related by others.

He was tall, slight, and handsome, although the whole expression of his face revealed weakness and indecision. He looked, and was, a gentleman. His dignity was without hauteur. His manner was attractive; he had the faculty of making you feel at ease; and he possessed far more personal magnetism than did the Empress.

Hers was a strong, intelligent face, the lines of which were somewhat hard at times; and her determined expression impressed one with the feeling that she was the better equipped of the two intelligently to cope with the difficulties of practical life. It is probable that, had she been alone, she might have made a better attempt at solving the problems than did Maximilian; at least such was Marshal Bazaine's opinion, as expressed before me on one occasion, during her brief regency, when she had shown special firmness and clear judgment in dealing with certain complicated state affairs.

She, however, was reserved, somewhat lacking in tact and adaptability; and a certain haughtiness of manner, a dignity too conscious of itself, at first repelled many who were disposed to feel kindly toward her. It is more than likely that under this proud mien she concealed a suffering spirit, or, at least, the consciousness of a superiority that must efface itself. Who will ever know the travail of her proud heart and the prolonged strain under which her mind finally succumbed? For notwithstanding the prudence and decided ability with which she had conducted the difficult affairs of the realm during the Emperor's absence in 1864, it was hinted that on his return she was allowed little say in public affairs, and that her advice when given was seldom followed. After her departure even the semblance of a court disappeared.

On the other hand, the quartier-général had lost much of its animation since the

marshal's second marriage. His first union had been childless, and his delight in the joys and cares of a tardy paternity absorbed all the leisure left him by the military and other responsibilities of his position.

Indeed the growing ill-feeling existing in political circles was spreading rapidly, gradually destroying good-fellowship. A tragic incident resulting in the death of a brave French officer, Colonel Tourre (May, 1865), stirred French circles to their very depths.

One night a house was on fire. A lieutenant and some zouaves of the Third Regiment went in to save property. As the flames grew in intensity the colonel arrived on the scene, and realizing the danger of his men, rushed in to help and direct them. Shortly after he entered, the floor on which he stood gave way, and the unfortunate man was plunged into a fiery grave. The men managed to escape from the building, but the lieutenant and one zouave were horribly burned, and died in a few hours. The impression made upon society was profound. Every one turned out for the funeral. The marshal and his staff, on foot and bareheaded under the tropical sun, followed the remains, and did them as much honor as though the dead had been of the highest rank. It so happened, however, that the cortège, upon its passage, was insulted by some ruffians in the crowd, and the incident aroused more indignation and national feeling on both sides than the strictly limited nature of the incident warranted. One of the offenders, a student, was apprehended, and the clemency of Maximilian, who forthwith pardoned him, was regarded as a wanton and deliberate insult at French headquarters.

Society now scarcely deserved the name, and the sociability of the capital was confined to small groups of people who privately met for enjoyment in the most informal manner.

A number of officers had invited their wives to join them in Mexico, and among them were some charming and clever women, such as the Comtesse de Courcy, Vicomtesse de Nouë, and Mme. Magnan, who by throwing open their salons greatly contributed to the general enjoyment.

#### THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS SALM-SALM.

OTHER women of various nationalities formed a background to these, and added to the local interest. One of them afterward played a conspicuous part in the closing scene of the empire. Prince Salm-Salm and his hand-



some American wife came to Mexico in 1866. They found serious difficulty in gaining admittance into either the social or the political circles of the capital. The relations of Prussia with Austria were anything but cordial at the time; and soon after their arrival the war broke out which culminated at Sadowa. A Prussian subject, the prince was naturally looked upon with distrust by the Austrians, who showed him scant respect. He had brought letters from Baron Gerold, the Prussian minister at Washington; from Baron de Wydenbruck, the Austrian minister; and from the Marquis de Montholon: but these seemed unable to win for him even a hearing from the Emperor.

The French, on the other hand, had little sympathy for a German prince who, having hired his sword to the republic of the United States, had now come in search of a new allegiance, to offer his services to imperial Mexico's Austrian ruler.

When, six months after his arrival in Mexico, the most unremitting efforts on his part at last obtained for him a commission, and he was given (July, 1866) the rank of colonel in the auxiliary corps under General Neigre, he was treated with no special cordiality. He then applied to the minister of war for permission to pass into the Belgian corps. From this time he and his attractive wife obscurely followed the fortunes of Colonel Van der Smissen, whose personal regard they had won, until the withdrawal of the French and the Austro-Belgian armies, by clearing the stage for the last scene, brought them in full relief, under the search-light of history, by the side of the imperial victim.

At the time of which I now speak, the princess, as well as her husband, had donned the silver and gray of the Belgian regiment, and cheerfully shared the fatigues and dangers of camp life in war time—like a *soldadera*, contemptuously said her proud sisters in society; for this mode of existence naturally drew upon her the criticism of the more conventional of her sex in the Mexican colony. But for all that, she and her husband bravely stood by the Emperor to the bitter end, when older and more valued, though less courageous, friends had dropped away, and had left him, stripped of the imperial

purple, to struggle for existence, an adventurer among adventurers.

#### NEW COMPLICATIONS.

THE dénouement was drawing near. On October 10 General Castelnau landed in Vera Cruz, on a special mission from Napoleon III. He was accompanied by the Comte de St. Sauveur, his *officier d'ordonnance*, and by the Marquis de Gallifet.

His arrival created considerable excitement and some anxiety, not only at the palace, where Maximilian was expecting news from France much as a man awaits his sentence, but also at the quartier-général.

Information had come that the course taken by the marshal had not proved satisfactory to Napoleon. It was whispered that he had not shown sufficient zeal in the task required of him under the new policy; that his sovereign was seriously annoyed at what he conceived to be wilful procrastination in the withdrawal of the army; and that he was now sending his own aide-de-camp to cut the Gordian knot in the tangled skein of Mexican politics.<sup>1</sup>

The marshal's popularity in his command was no longer what it had been. The intrigues carried on both in France and in Mexico, with the purpose of setting up General Douai in his place, had resulted in ill feeling that had been turned to account by the Mexican imperialists.

There were those in the army who did not fear to impute unworthy motives to the commander-in-chief's actions. His Mexican marriage had not added to his popularity among the French. It was hinted that his lenient dealings with the empire and with Maximilian were due to the fact that the handsome property at San Cosme must be left behind in the event of his return to France; and even worse calumnies, too ill founded to mention, were circulated with regard to the selfishness of his policy.

The fact that General Castelnau, who found himself intrusted with superior powers, extending, if necessary, even to the actual superseding of the commander-in-chief, was, from the military standpoint, the marshal's subordinate seemed likely to add considerably to the chance of new difficulties.

<sup>1</sup> During the winter of 1866, Napoleon had sent Baron Saillard upon a special mission to prepare Maximilian for the gradual withdrawal of the army, and to intimate to him that he must not depend upon a continuance of French support. The envoy, however, had failed to make upon the prince the impression it had been in-

tended he should make. Maximilian received him twice, resented his warnings, and his mission only added to the coldness then rapidly growing between the court and the marshal, to whose representations the young monarch attributed Napoleon's action.



Meanwhile the general seemed in no hurry to enter upon his thankless mission. Unmindful of the natural suspense of those who were awaiting him, he and his little party traveled leisurely. A martyr to the gout, he lingered on his way, no doubt making good use of his time as he went for the study of the situation which he was called upon to clear up. A fortnight thus elapsed before he approached the capital.

Serious events had taken place during his journey from the coast, which at first seemed somewhat to simplify the difficulties of his mission; and upon his arrival in the capital affairs had reached an acute crisis which cleverer men than himself and his colleagues, working in harmony, might perhaps have turned to favorable account for France.

On October 18, three days before General Castelnau reached the capital, a telegram, sent from Miramar via New York by the Comte de Bombelles, brought to Chapultepec the news of the illness of Empress Carlotta. This last blow fell with crushing weight upon the suffering Emperor. This was about the time when the return of the Empress was expected, and he had made his plans to travel toward the coast to meet her on her homeward journey. Some days earlier Colonel Kodolitch and his Austrian hussars had been summoned to the capital to form his body-guard. Maximilian now at once resolved to leave Chapultepec, and to retire to Orizaba.

#### PANIC.

As soon as this was known, an uneasy feeling spread over Mexico that the empire was at an end, and that Maximilian was leaving the city, never to return. The result was a panic. The new cabinet and other clerical leaders flocked to the castle to get some assurance as to the Emperor's intentions; but he was ill, and denied himself to all visitors, even to the Princess Iturbide, who, it is said,<sup>1</sup> resented the slight in violent language.<sup>2</sup>

The ministers, terror-stricken at the thought of being left alone to face a revolution, tendered their resignation in a body; and Señor Lares declared that if the Emperor

left the city there would no longer be a government.

Looking back upon the event, it would now seem that by threatening the ministers with summary measures if they did not reconsider their decision, Marshal Bazaine had lost his one opportunity to clear the tables for a new «deal,» and thus become master of the situation. But it is only fair to state that the conditions were bewildering. The concentration of the army had not been perfected, and scattered detachments were still at considerable distances. Rumors of Sicilian Vespers once more floated in the air. The exasperation of the clerical party against the French was now far more violent than that of the Liberals. Indeed, it seemed difficult to calculate the extent of the conflagration which a single spark might kindle. Moreover, no one then doubted Maximilian's resolve to abdicate. To-day, however, it would seem that by stemming the torrent at this time Marshal Bazaine defeated his own end. This may fairly be inferred from the part played by the priest Fischer in the transaction.

Father Fischer was an obscure adventurer of low degree, and of more than shady reputation, whose shrewdness and talent for intrigue had impressed themselves upon the weakened mind of the Emperor in the latter days of his reign. Utterly unscrupulous, with everything to gain for himself and his party, and with absolutely nothing to lose but a life which he took good care to save by avoiding danger, he insinuated himself into the confidence of Maximilian, and became the *Mephistopheles* of the last act in the Mexican drama. Having but recently risen to the confidential position he now occupied near the person of the Emperor, the latter's abdication was obviously against his interests. When the ministers threatened to resign, he is stated to have represented to them that their action was likely to precipitate the catastrophe which they sought to avoid; that by such a demonstration of their own helplessness they must only confirm the Emperor's resolve; and he persuaded them that if the Emperor were not allowed temporarily to retire to Orizaba he might without further delay return to Europe.

<sup>1</sup> See Basch, «Maximilien au Mexique,» p. 56.

<sup>2</sup> In 1866, the imperial couple being childless, Maximilian bethought himself of establishing a dynasty. One of the Emperor's sons, Angel Iturbide, was married to an American woman, and his child, a mere infant, became the basis of a remarkable agreement which excited much comment at the time.

By the terms of this contract, and for certain impor-

tant pecuniary considerations, the uncles, aunt, and father of the boy agreed that the Iturbide family, including the parents, should leave the country, and that Maximilian should become the guardian of the child, the aunt, Doña Josefa Iturbide, the masterful mind of the family, remaining as his governess. The consent of the mother was wrenched from her, and the contract was duly signed and executed.



It is claimed by Dr. Basch<sup>1</sup> that the priest's arguments had as much to do with bringing the ministers to resume their portfolios as the marshal's firmness. However this may be, the crisis was avoided. On October 2, Maximilian, Señor Arroyo, Father Fischer, Dr. Basch, and Councilor Hertzelt, under the escort of Colonel Kodolitch and his Austro-Hungarian regiment, started from Chapultepec at three o'clock in the morning. There was no doubt in any one's mind that his departure for Orizaba was the first relay in the Emperor's journey to the coast.

There is something profoundly pathetic in this chapter of his life. It forms a fitting introduction to the tragedy the threatening outline of which even then faintly appeared upon the horizon as a dreadful possibility.

The friends whose society had enlivened the earlier days of his reign in his adopted land were now scattered like straws at the first approach of the cyclone. The Empress had gone upon her hopeless mission, never to return; and the faithful Comte de Bombelles was with her to advise and protect. Court and political intrigues had loosened the bond that had united the Emperor to the great clerical leaders who had made the empire.

Whatever his dreams may have been, the reality was pitiful. The gilding thinly spread over the Mexican crown had worn off; the glitter had disappeared. The treasury was empty, courtiers were now few, and the successor of the Montezumas, the descendant of the Hapsburgs, the popular archduke, the Austrian admiral, was now reduced to the intimacy of a corrupt adventurer in priestly garb, who had stolen into his confidence upon the shortest acquaintance, and of his German physician, Dr. Basch, whom he had known only one month. These two, with his still faithful followers the Councilor Hertzelt and the naturalist Bilimek, were his only confidential advisers during the terrible crisis upon the issue of which depended life and fame.

#### A VISIT TO CHAPULTEPEC.

It so happened that, a day or two after the Emperor's departure, while passing Chapultepec on horseback, a friend invited us to enter the palace to look at the costly improvements made in the last two years by the Emperor. While there we were shown the private apartments. No one had as yet straightened out the place. A certain disorder still reigned, as though the imperial

<sup>1</sup> See Basch, *loc. cit.*, p. 64.

inmate had just left. His clothes hung in open closets, and the condition of the rooms betokened a hasty departure, and formed a dramatic *mise en scène* for the opening of the last act of his life.

A coincidence brought General Castelnau and his party to Ayotla, on their way to the capital, as the Emperor and his escort stopped there for breakfast. Maximilian, however, refused to see the envoy. It is said that he even declined to see Captain Pierron, his own secretary, then traveling with the general.

At this time the unfortunate prince seemed utterly crushed under the repeated blows dealt him by fate. According to his physician, then his daily companion, his imagination showed him his own conduct as a noble effort to regenerate the country by the establishment of an empire resting upon the will of the nation. This effort had been frustrated «by the resistance of the Mexicans [!] and the vexations of the French.»

The journey was a dreary one. The Emperor most of the time remained silent. On the way he generally accepted the hospitality of priests.

A certain apprehension was felt as to his safety, and the road was well guarded, as it was feared that he might be kidnapped. That such fears were not wholly unfounded was proved by an incident which took place at Aculzingo. After a short halt, when the imperial party was about to proceed on its journey it was discovered with dismay that the eight white mules forming the Emperor's team had been stolen.

At Orizaba he received his last ovation; but these public demonstrations had lost their charm. He withdrew to the house of Señor Bringas, a violent reactionary, most inimical to the French. There he denied himself to every one. Of his military household he retained only two Mexican officers—Colonel Ormachea and Colonel Lamadrid. Later he retired to the hacienda of Jalapilla. While here even letters were not sure to reach him. His correspondence passed through interested hands, and was sifted under prying eyes, before being placed before him. No one was allowed to see him without the knowledge of the priest, who was rapidly obtaining over him an influence that was to lead him to his death. Those who approached him at this time reported him as completely under the influence, almost in the custody, of Father Fischer.

So complete was his mental collapse that it was said, and by some believed, that during their residence at Cuernavaca, prior to



the departure of the Empress, a subtle poison known to the Indians of that region, and the action of which was through the brain, had been administered to the imperial couple.

The condition of the Empress, the prolonged fits of depression to which Maximilian was subject when he resolved to remove his residence to Orizaba, away from the presence of his hated allies, his extreme listlessness, which betrayed itself in the carelessness of his attire and in his lapses of etiquette and of memory, gave color to the report. But there was quite enough in the unfortunate prince's situation to account for the abnormal condition of his mind without having recourse to romantic fancies.

All this time the Austrian frigate *Elizabeth* was at anchor off Vera Cruz awaiting his pleasure, ready to take him back to Trieste, and part of his baggage was already on board.

His own countrymen looked upon the game as lost. The empire, which for some time had been caving in at the center, was now everywhere crumbling at the edges. Only the most unblushing personal interest could advise, and the most inconsistent folly consider, the retaining of a crown which, under circumstances even less inauspicious, he had only a short time before wisely resolved to surrender.

Unsuccessful in his attempt to govern with French financial and military support, how could he contemplate reigning alone, without allies, money, or credit? The mere thought seemed madness. After insisting upon a plebiscite to sanction his reign, how could he honorably remain now that the country in arms was everywhere falling away from his standard?

On November 6 the rumor of his abdication was circulated in New York; and the London «Post» and «Star» published it as a fact. But intrigue and folly prevailed.

It has been claimed that a communication from his former secretary, the Belgian Eloin,

now his agent abroad, had a decisive effect upon his final resolution. In this letter, since published by M. de Kératry, M. Eloin warned Maximilian against affording the French an easy way out of their difficulties by yielding to General Castelnau's wiles. He urged upon the Emperor the maintaining of the empire after the departure of the foreigners, a free appeal to the Mexican nation for the material means of sustaining himself, and, in case of failure, the return of the crown to the people who gave it. Thus, and thus alone, in the opinion of the secretary, could the Emperor return with credit to Europe, with an untarnished fame, and «play the part which belonged to him in every respect in the important events that could not fail to occur» in Austria.

The hints at the general dissatisfaction with the present order of things at home, at the discouragement of Emperor Francis Joseph, at the popularity of Maximilian both in his native country and in Venetia, show that, in the mind of his secretary at least, the possibilities of Maximilian's political career were by no means confined to the sovereignty of Mexico. In reading this remarkable letter, one's mind involuntarily turns to the family scene enacted at Miramar, when Maximilian, compelled by his brother to renounce his rights to the Austrian throne, clung to them with a tenacity that seriously loosened the close bond that hitherto had united the two men.

This letter also explains the insistence of Francis Joseph, through his ambassador Baron de Lago, when the possibility of his brother's return was discussed, that Maximilian, once upon Austrian soil, should drop the imperial title.<sup>1</sup> However this may be, from this time Maximilian's mind seemed made up. He determined to risk his all upon the promises of the clerical leaders.

<sup>1</sup> Compare «L'Empire de Maximilien,» M. de Kératry, p. 220.

(To be concluded in the next number.)





## THE FALL OF MAXIMILIAN.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

### GENERAL CASTELNAU.



GENERAL CASTELNAU and his party arrived in the capital on October 21, 1866. A few days after their arrival, Mme. Magnan invited a number of us to take supper at her house, after the opera, to meet the newcomers.

The general was a tall, middle-aged man of prepossessing mien and soldierly bearing. A charming talker, his manners were those of one accustomed to the best society. He readily fell into our easy life.

He constantly invited us to his box at the opera, and at first arranged pleasant parties; but later, when the gravity of the situation weighed upon him, and his health suffered under it, while he often placed the box at our disposal, he came to it only when equal to the exertion.

Notwithstanding many admirable qualities, the general was scarcely strong enough for the part which he was called upon to play. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how any representative of the Emperor of the French, at this stage, could have assumed control of events. Looking back upon it now, it would seem as though, under existing conditions, arbitration alone could have stemmed the current of human passion then hurrying all involved toward the final catastrophe.

The knowledge that Napoleon III, who had set up his throne, was now in accord with the United States government and with the Liberal leaders to tear it from under him, stung Maximilian to the quick. He not unnaturally felt a strong desire to remain a stumbling-block in the way of negotiations which to him seemed treacherous and infamous. When General Castelnau arrived he was hesitating. The presence of Napoleon's aide-de-camp was not calculated to soothe his feelings. The return of General Miramon and General Marquez at this crisis again turned the tide of events.

These men, formerly set aside through French influence, felt a resentment which added strength to their party feeling. The

confidence of the Emperor in their ability once more to rally the people about his banner, through the influence of the clergy, triumphed over his indecision. Señor Lares had promised him the immediate control of four million dollars and of an army ready to take the field. Now here were old, experienced leaders to take command.

He hesitated no longer. Breaking with all declared principles of policy, he threw himself into the arms of the clerical party, and pledging himself to reinstate the clergy and to return to the church its confiscated property, prepared to play his last hand without the French.

The marshal was anxiously awaiting the promised documents which were to announce the final terms of abdication. Instead of these, Colonel Kodolitch was sent by the Emperor to arrange the preliminary details for the return of the Austro-Belgian troops. The letter announcing his arrival (October 31) was, moreover, sufficiently ambiguous in its wording to leave Maximilian a loophole by which to escape from his former declared intention. The negotiations were now opened anew. A meeting of the council of state was called at Jalapilla, to which the marshal was summoned, «to consider the establishment of a stable government to protect the interests that might be compromised,» etc. The French government had, however, already come to an understanding with the United States, and the French agents in Mexico deemed it best that the marshal should not be present.

After a three days' session, the meeting at Orizaba resulted in a plan of action calculated to bring about a complete rupture between Maximilian and his former allies.

On December 1 Maximilian issued his official manifesto, in which he announced his intention to call together a national congress, and his determination, upon the representations of his council and his ministers, to remain at the head of affairs.

When Cortez, after landing upon the coast of Mexico, decided to burn his ships, he did not more thoroughly cut off his retreat than



did Maximilian when, throwing himself into the hands of the reactionaries, he wrote his final letter to Marshal Bazaine, and published his manifesto. All personal relations now virtually ceased between the Emperor and the marshal. Official communications were carried on through the president of the council of state.

On the very day when the imperial proclamation was issued, General Sherman and Messrs. Lewis, Plumb, and Campbell arrived in the port of Vera Cruz, on board of the *Susquehanna*. The event caused genuine surprise.

A few days before their arrival, the marshal had received from the Marquis de Montholon a notice of their departure on a mission having for its object the reinstatement of the government of Juarez without conflict with the French, the abdication of Maximilian being then regarded as a fact.

General Magruder, who met the American envoys in Havana, reported to them that at the date of his departure from Mexico, on November 1, Maximilian was on the eve of retiring; that he had been detained at Orizaba only by the arrival of Generals Miramon and Marquez; and that the common understanding was that the government had been handed over to Marshal Bazaine.

The American consul called upon the commander-in-chief, and told him that his government was acting in concert with the Tuileries to restore the republic, and that General Porfirio Diaz was the leader into whose hands the care of the capital should be transferred in order to avoid possible bloodshed. He therefore urged upon the marshal the expediency of inviting him to advance near to the city. According to M. de Kératry, Mr. Otterburg even informed him that arrangements had been made with the bankers of the capital to assure one month's pay to the troops of the Liberal leader. This episode plainly illustrates the lack of concert and of mutual understanding so characteristic of every attempt made at this time by the French leaders at home and abroad to steer out of the cruel position in which the national honor had been placed.

#### LAST EFFORTS.

THE unlooked-for result of his negotiations was a severe blow to General Castelnau. He had not once been summoned to the Emperor's presence, and the principal object of his mission had utterly failed. The gravity of the

situation, as well as its annoyances, weighed upon him, and he was ill and depressed.

A last attempt was made by the French representatives, on December 8, to demonstrate to Maximilian, in a joint note, the impossibility of sustaining himself without the French army. General Castelnau announced to him that the return of the troops would take place during the first months of 1867. A few days later (December 13) the effect of this communication was heightened by a despatch from Napoleon III, then at Compiègne, peremptorily ordering the return of the foreign legion.

By the treaty of Miramar, the services of the legion were insured to Maximilian for six years; but what did Napoleon then care for treaties!

General Castelnau made one more personal effort to save the situation. Accompanied by Mr. Dano and the Comte de St. Sauveur, he started on December 20 for Puebla, where Maximilian was the guest of the archbishop of the diocese.

According to a note received from one of the travelers, they were at first sanguine of success, so impossible did it seem that the Emperor would seriously persevere in his resolve. But although they remained several days, and did their utmost to win over the Emperor's Mexican advisers, nothing came of this supreme attempt. They were reluctantly admitted to an audience by Maximilian. In the course of this interview he recognized the fact that he probably *must* leave Mexico; but declared himself the best judge of the proper time for him to lay down his crown, and claimed the right to turn over the reins of government to the administration that must succeed the empire.

Little show of good feeling existed now between Napoleon's special envoy and the quartier-général. Indeed, the lack of harmony was spreading to officers of lesser rank. Severe criticism was indulged in on both sides. Never was the cynical old French saying so fully borne out by fact: «Quand il n'y a pas de foin au râtelier, les chevaux se battent.» There was no success or even honorable failure possible; and the racked brains of the leaders found relief in unjust blame of one another, and in mutual accusations, which served only to lower the plane to which the great impending disaster must fall in the eyes of posterity.

The alluring mirage of a Latin empire had completely vanished from the Western horizon. Where it had stood, the dissatisfied French army, under inharmonious leaders,



now saw only a heavy bank of clouds and every sign of the approaching storm.

#### DÉBÂCLE.

URGED by General Castelnau, the marshal was steadily concentrating his troops. The foreign representatives were fast leaving the country. Unmistakable symptoms of an approaching *débâcle* were everywhere visible, and all who had been in any way conspicuous in their sympathy with the intervention or the empire were anxiously preparing for the catastrophe.

The cheerfulness of the imperial capital had faded away in the suspense and anxiety of the moment. All wore grave, anxious faces. Those who were going first were busy and bustling. The Mexicans that one met in the street looked sullen and often hateful. It did not seem safe freely to express one's opinions; but thoughtful people felt that the close of the intervention, if it did not carry with it that of the empire, opened up possibilities that one shuddered to contemplate. Young and old, Mexicans and foreigners, realized that they were playing a part in the opening scene of the last act of a tragedy the dénouement of which no one dared to guess.

A serious personal problem was now before us. What were we to do? Closely connected as we had been with the invaders, we could expect little favor. Nor could we even depend upon the protection of the United States flag, as the Imperialists would for some time at least remain in possession of the capital. Yet to leave Mexico was a serious step for us to take; it meant abandoning considerable property, and at such a time this meant its loss.

The matter was decided for us at military headquarters. Our friends were clear that the future was too uncertain for any one to remain who had in any great degree been connected with the intervention. All earnestly urged us to go; and the remembrance of our early experience in Mexico made us dread renewed exposure to increased anxieties.

Every one was preparing for the exodus. *Remates*, escorts, and other details of travel, were the common topics of conversation. One heard of little else than of the safest and most comfortable way of getting down to the coast. Bands of Liberals were said to be everywhere closing in upon the neighborhood; and although, of course, «diplomacy» had made the retreat of the French secure, some forethought must be exercised by

travelers in order to insure safety on the journey.

January 2 was fixed upon as the most auspicious day for our departure. At this date the first detachment of the army was to be directed toward the coast, and we were to follow in its wake. Moreover, all along the road word had been sent to the military authorities to look after our safety in their respective jurisdictions, and everything was done to smooth our way.

For some evenings before our departure there was a round of simple festivities in the little colony. We were to leave first, but all must scatter soon. To me these entertainments seemed as lugubrious as a prolonged «wake.» It was as though we were launching out in the night, and, like children in the dark, we sang aloud to keep up our courage.

For several days our patio rang with the clanging of swords, as our numerous military friends—I was about to say «comrades»—came to bid us God-speed and to offer their services.

On our last night in Mexico a friend gave us a midnight supper, from which we were to step out at three o'clock in the morning to meet the stage which was ordered to stop and pick us up at the corner of the Paseo. This was intended to be a jolly send-off; only our nearest friends were asked. But what a mockery of mirth!

For three mortal hours we strove to affect what Henri Murger so wittily describes as the «*gaieté de croque-mort qui s'enterre lui-même*»; and it was a relief when the moment came to make our last preparations.

The small party escorted us to the place where we were to board the coach. Oh, the gloom of that early start in the darkness of the morning! The dreariness of every one's attempt at cheerfulness! And then the approaching noise of the mules, and the rumbling of the wheels, as the somber mass neared the spot where we stood in weary expectancy. Exclamations of good will, kind wishes, a pressure of the hand, a last kiss, a farewell, a lump in the throat, a scurry, and a plunge into the dark hole open to receive us. At last the start, and, looking back, some whitish specks waving in the distance against the dark, receding group of friends left behind; and five years of my life, all the youth I ever knew, were turned down and closed forever! What was before me now?

We breakfasted at Rio Frio. Later in the day, at Buena Vista, between Puebla and the capital, we came upon a military encamp-



ment. It turned out to be the last remnant of the Belgian corps, then awaiting orders to proceed to the coast. As our stage halted, we had a few words with Colonel van der Smissen and other officers. There was in our party a Belgian captain who was on his way home. While chatting together, we saw at some distance, against a background formed by the Belgian camp, Princess Salm-Salm, in her gray-and-silver uniform, sitting her horse like a female centaur—truly a picturesque figure, with her white *couvre-nuque* glistening under the tropical sun.

The colonel had just received the intelligence that Maximilian, with his escort, would pass Buena Vista on the morrow, making his way to the capital.

Before we left Puebla, where General Douay was in command, we were told that the Emperor had started upon his journey to Mexico. He was escorted by a squadron of Austrian cavalry. A body of French Zouaves, who were to be relieved of duty upon his reaching the capital, were protecting the road. Besides the officers of his household, his physician, and his confessor, Father Fischer, Maximilian had with him General Marquez and his staff.

The prince was returning to the capital to prepare for the final struggle. He was determined to take his chances. These had been presented to him in as hopeful a light as the imagination of his interested councilors could place them. Now the time had come when he must arouse himself to action.

At Orizaba we learned that the Liberals were closing in at every point upon the ever-narrowing empire. The French having seized upon the Vera Cruz custom-house in payment of the war indemnity, the only source of supply was cut off, and the stress for money was terrible. The hopes of financial relief mysteriously held out by the new cabinet had turned out to be delusive, and, it was soon found, were based upon the hope of a lottery! When the time for action came, the promised millions melted away, and all that the unfortunate monarch could scrape together, on the eve of entering upon a campaign on which hung his life, was a paltry fifty thousand dollars!

The troops were moving down. A large number of transports were waiting, and a fleet under Admiral la Roncière le Noury was in readiness to escort the marshal and the army on the homeward journey.

Upon our arrival at Vera Cruz, we stopped at the Hotel de Diligencias to await the de-

parture of the next outgoing vessel to New Orleans.

Here we were immediately called upon by Colonel Dupin, the commander of the region, who invited us to a breakfast to be given in our honor. He strongly impressed upon us the necessity of keeping indoors and avoiding exposure to the sun. Having been requested from headquarters to look after us, he regarded us as under his care, and evidently felt the burden of the responsibility.

Colonel Dupin was a picturesque figure. He was already an old man when I met him, and was regarded in the army as a brilliant officer of undaunted courage, but of questionable methods and of almost savage harshness.

He had taken part in the Chinese war, was present when the French and British allies entered Peking, and had a share in the sacking of the Summer Palace. He returned to France laden with a rich booty, including precious objects of artistic value, which he boldly exhibited for sale in Paris. This was against all military traditions, and in consequence Colonel Dupin's connection with the army was severed. Time had elapsed since this episode, however, and against Maximilian's expressed wishes he had been sent to Mexico by Napoleon himself to take command of the *contre-guérilla* formed for the defense of the coast region against the depredations of the Mexican bands. It was a relentless warfare, in which the vindictiveness of the Mexicans met with cruel reprisals. The most exaggerated stories were told of the brutality of the French commander, who, in order to intimidate the inhabitants, always in league with the guerrillas then infesting the region, treated them as accomplices whenever outbreaks occurred causing loss of life and property. This treatment, if it insured the submission of the people, was not likely to engender loyalty. Moreover, it earned for Colonel Dupin the title of «Tigre,» of which, strange as it may appear, he seemed, I thought, rather proud.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE «INTERVENTION.»

THE French army, with the marshal, made its final exit in state from the capital on February 5. At the last, and in order to insure their own safety, the French had surrendered the points held by them directly to the Liberal leaders.

Thanks to this prudent but unchivalrous policy, the retreat of the army was as uneventful as had been the movement of con-





DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COLONEL DUPIN, COMMANDER OF THE "CONTRE-GUÉRILLA," DISTRICT OF VERA CRUZ.

centration. The Liberal forces offered no opposition, and their guerrillas did not even harass the rear-guard of the retreating French. Several thousand men, mainly from the foreign legion, however, deserted. It is said that the marshal claimed them, but General Marquez replied that if he wanted them he might come and fetch them.

On March 3 the marshal arrived in Vera Cruz with his last detachment, having lingered on the way, in the hope that the misguided Emperor might reconsider his decision and still be induced to join him. Orizaba and Cordova were already in the hands of the Liberals, and all communication with the capital had virtually been cut off. He had not even heard of what had taken place since his departure.

Letters from members of the marshal's staff, received after we sailed from Vera Cruz, convey a graphic impression of the last days of the intervention.

From one under date of February 28, 1867, I quote the following passage:

VOL. LV.—108.

Vera Cruz is overcrowded; many of the troops are on board their transports. The marshal is expected to-morrow. The Liberal army is already in Tacubaya, and bands are at Tacuba and all around the valley of Mexico ready to enter the capital. Every one thinks that the Emperor must leave very soon. Our orders are to hurry off our last detachments; perhaps we dread lest a cry for help should come from Mexico. Terrible confusion prevails here. Lodgings have given out, and officers sleep anywhere in the streets. Last night Vicomte de Nouë slept on the staircase, having secured for his wife a room in which four beds were made for her, her three children, her two maids, her two dogs, and her three parrots! The price for such miserable accommodations is so exorbitant that everybody prefers going immediately on board. . . .

Another letter, dated March 4, says:

The marshal is as unpopular as ever with the army. His methods are censured by every one. The transports are here. With a better system our men might be shipped as soon as they arrive in this God-forsaken hole. Instead of this, however, unnecessary delay results in sickness among the

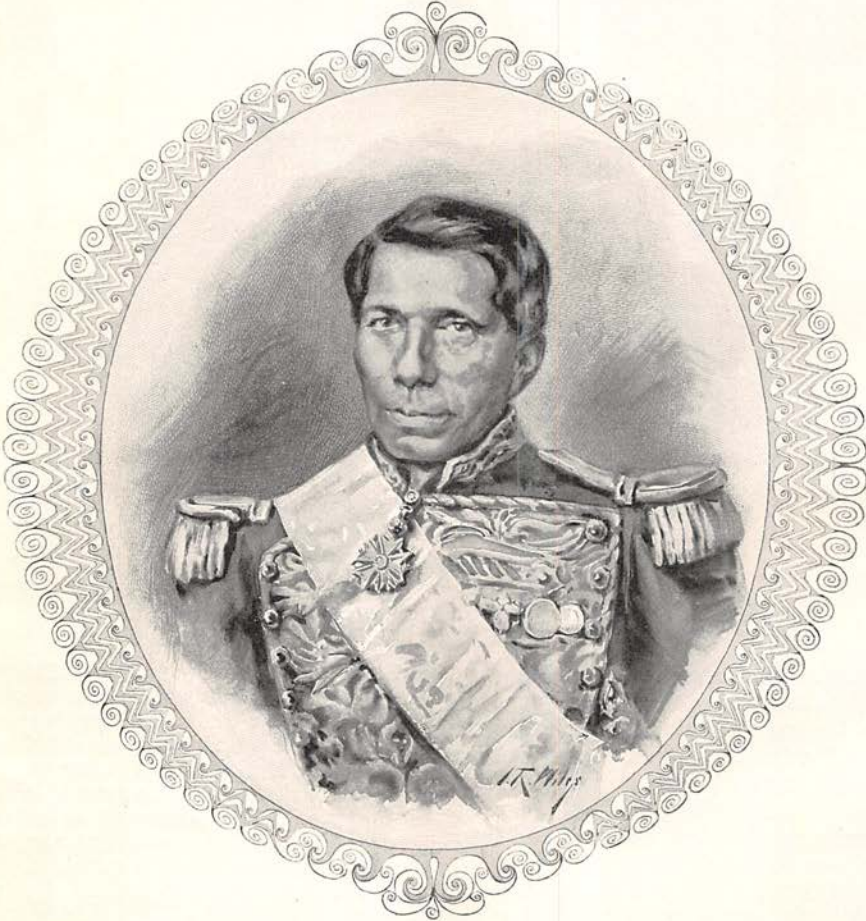


rank and file. According to my orderly, who saw them, fifteen men were picked up this morning whom the surgeons had declined to embark. . . .

And the last, from another friend, under date of March 12, on board the *Castiglione*, says:

We sail to-day at eleven o'clock. For twenty-four hours out of Vera Cruz we are to form an escort to the *Souverain*, on board of which are the mar-

establish his base of operations at Querétaro. This plan, evolved by Señor Lares and the clerical leaders, had for its ostensible object to spare the capital the horrors of a siege. But it was more than suspected that a certain distrust had arisen between the Emperor and his Mexican supporters. They feared lest he also might make terms with the national party; and they wished, by in-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GENERAL MEJÍA.

shal and his wife, in order that their Excellencies may sail out of port in state. After this we will make straight for Toulon. All our men are at this moment on board their transports. The Mexican colors are flying over the citadel. The French intervention has come to a close, and is now a thing of the past. . . .

#### EPILOGUE.

THE end is known. On February 13 the Emperor, with Generals Marquez and Vidaurri, at the head of a column of some two thousand men, sallied forth from Mexico to

ducing him to leave the capital, to put it out of his power to sacrifice them or their cause.

However this may be, it is at Querétaro that the last scene of the tragedy was enacted.

During the cruel weeks of mingled hope and despair that had elapsed since he had left Chapultepec, Maximilian had conquered self. And now the ambitious Austrian prince, the weak tool of intriguing politicians, the upholder of religious and political retrogression, disappears; and where he had stood



posterity will henceforth see only the noble son of the Hapsburgs, the well-bred gentleman who, aware of his failure, was ready to stand by it and to pay the extreme penalty of his errors.

Before the figure of Maximilian of Austria, from the time when he took command of his little army, and resolved to stand for better or worse by those who had remained faithful to his fallen fortunes, all true-hearted men must bow with respect. From this time forth his words and acts were noble; and in his attitude at this supreme moment, his incapacity as a chief executive, his moral and intellectual limitations as a man, are overlooked. We forget that he was no leader when we see how well he could die.

It is noteworthy that, with the exception of General Miramon, those who had most urged upon him the last sacrifice were not with him to share it. Father Fischer disappeared from the stage of history almost as abruptly as he had entered it. Señor Lares and the cabinet who were responsible for the last plan of action carried out by the Emperor had remained in Mexico at the head of affairs. General Marquez, when the republican forces closed in upon the doomed empire, was sent from Querétaro with General Vidaurri to raise supplies and reinforcements. He was vested with supreme authority as lieutenant of the empire, and had pledged himself to return with relief within twenty days. The Emperor wearily counted the hours as time went by; but, like the crow sent out from Noah's ark, General Marquez found enough to occupy him in the satisfaction of his own greed, and was never again heard from by him who sent him.

Overruling General Vidaurri, he deserted his imperial master in his extremity. He used the extraordinary powers given him to establish himself in the capital, where, for his own ends, he subjected the wretched inhabitants to the most cruel extortions. Routed before Puebla by General Diaz, who at once proceeded to besiege Mexico, he unduly prolonged the resistance of the city after the final downfall of the empire, exposing it to the unnecessary hardships of a four months' siege, the horrors of which were mitigated only by the generosity and forbearance of the Liberal commander.

When at last the starving people rose in indignation, and would stand him no longer, he suddenly vanished. It is said that he managed his escape by concealing himself in a freshly dug grave. Twenty-seven years elapsed before the Mexican «leopard» dared show his face once more in his native land, now transformed by the triumph of the men and of the institu-

tions against which he had so desperately fought.

After a siege of over two months (from March 4 to May 15), having abandoned all hope of relief from without, starvation staring him in the face, and ammunition beginning to fail, Maximilian and his still faithful generals resolved to cut their way through the enemy's lines with the little army, then numbering about nine thousand men and thirty-nine guns.

This course had been urged for some time, but General Miramon, ever sanguine of ultimate success, had opposed the idea. The night of May 14 was agreed upon for the sortie. All was in readiness. The gold and silver in the imperial treasury were divided



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CRUCES Y CAMPA.  
DON PEDRO RINCON GALLARDO, LIBERAL ARMY.





DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SURRENDER OF MAXIMILIAN, MAY 15, 1867.

for safe-keeping among four or five trusted men, one of whom was Colonel Lopez, who had just received from Maximilian a decoration for valor. When, however, the council of war, called together to decide upon the final details, assembled, General Mejía stated that his preparations for the removal of his artillery were not quite perfected, and it was decided to postpone the venture until the following night.

At dawn on May 15, the Emperor, betrayed by Colonel Lopez, was surprised and surrounded by the enemy in the convent of La Cruz, where he had established his headquarters. When Prince Salm-Salm, awakened and warned at five o'clock in the morning by Colonel Lopez himself, ran out of his room to the Emperor's apartments, no imperial troops were near. It was evident that the garrison of the place had been removed.

As Maximilian, his minister, General Castillo, and his secretary came forth to inquire into what had happened, they found themselves face to face with the Liberal colonel José Rincon Gallardo, who, with his command, was already in possession of the place. With him was Colonel Lopez. The Liberal colonel recognized the fallen Emperor; but, perhaps foreseeing the terrible complications involved in his capture, he feigned ignorance of his identity, and said to his men, «Let them pass, they are civilians» («*Que passen,*

*son paisanos*»), thus giving him a chance for his life.

Shortly afterward, having reached the street, Maximilian was endeavoring, by issuing orders to his scattered officers, to collect together his remaining forces on the Cerro de las Campanas, where he hoped to make a last stand, when he was joined by Colonel Lopez, whom, according to Prince Salm-Salm, no one as yet suspected of being the author of the infamy. The colonel had come to persuade the prince to conceal himself; and as they talked, his horse was unexpectedly brought to him, ready for flight. It would therefore seem that in betraying his master's cause the wretched man had not planned his personal destruction.

As the betrayed men continued their progress through the streets, on their way to the cerro, they saw coming toward them a battalion of the enemy; and among the officers riding at their head again was Colonel Lopez. Upon seeing the Emperor, they slackened their pace, and once more he was allowed to pursue his way.

Had he cared to avail himself of the opportunities afforded him then, it is just possible that, like Generals Arellano, Gutierrez, and others, he might have succeeded in escaping from Querétaro. But *noblesse oblige*: an admiral does not desert his ship or its crew. Maximilian remained at his post.



At last the cerro was reached, and here the last disappointment awaited him. Instead of his army, only a battalion occupied the place, and, singly or in groups, the deserted leaders assembled, unable to rally their men.

General Miramon, the man of action, always hopeful to the very last, was still attempting to muster what troops he might for a last effort, when at the corner of a street he unexpectedly was faced by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry. The commanding officer drew a revolver and shot him, the bullet entering the right cheek and coming out near his ear. The wounded chief then sought refuge in the house of a friend—who delivered him to his enemies that afternoon!

In the bright sunlight of the May morning there suddenly burst forth upon the air, already vibrating with the noise of the unequal conflict, a peal of bells from the convent of La Cruz. This was the signal of the success of the conspiracy, agreed upon with the besiegers; and from the lines of the Liberal army the clarions rang in wild, exultant strains. Then the dense masses of the enemy's regiments marched forth; and as they approached, the doomed leaders saw their own followers go over and join them.

Hemmed in upon the cerro with a few faithful followers, every hope passed away. No help came. It was now impossible, with so feeble a force, to cut their way through the lines of the Liberals, and from every side the enemy poured fire upon the devoted band.

A flag of truce was sent, and Colonel Echegaray, on behalf of the Juarists, came to receive the Emperor as prisoner. At the latter's request, he was taken forthwith to General Escobedo's presence. To him he surrendered his sword.

He was then turned over to General Riva-Palacio, who showed him every courtesy, and had him incarcerated in his old quarters at the convent of La Cruz. Here he was visited by some Liberal officers, among others by Colonel José Rincon Gallardo and his brother Don Pedro, the former of whom spoke to him in contemptuous terms of the treason of Colonel Lopez. «Such men are used, and then kicked,» he said.

By ten o'clock all was over. The Mexican empire, inaugurated with so much pomp and glitter exactly three years before, had wearily reached a miserable ending. The curtain then falling upon its closing scene was a death-pall; and of the young sovereigns who only a short time before had regarded themselves



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LAST DAY OF MAXIMILIAN.



as the anointed of Heaven, sent by a higher power to strengthen the church and to uphold the principles of monarchy, one had gone mad, and the other now stood an expiatory victim about to be offered up to republican resentment.

It would seem that Maximilian had at first no thought that his life was in peril. This is shown by his attempts to make terms with General Escobedo on behalf of his foreign followers, requesting that they and himself should be safely conducted to the coast and embarked; in exchange for which he pledged himself never more to interfere in Mexican affairs, and to issue orders for the disarmament and immediate surrender of all strongholds now in the power of his followers.

Soon, however, he was removed to the convent of the Capuchins, where he could be more securely guarded; and the feeling began to grow that he must pay with his life for his brief enjoyment of the Mexican crown.

Brought up for trial on June 13 before a military tribunal, which held its court on the stage of a public theater, he was ably defended by Mexico's foremost lawyers, Messrs. Mariano Riva-Palacio, Martinez de la Torre, Eulalio Ortega, and Jesus-Maria Vazquez; but his doom was already sealed. On June 14, at eleven o'clock at night, he was sentenced to death.

Every effort was made by his lawyers and

cleverly used every means in a woman's power to accomplish the same end. In vain.

President Juarez could well afford to be magnanimous; but under the existing social conditions in Mexico, who, knowing all the facts, could blame if stern justice was allowed to take its course?

When Maximilian remained to carry on the civil war on factional lines, after the French, recognizing their mistake, had retired from the country, he placed himself, if taken, within the reach of the law. The people were then rising in arms, ready to drive out the empire. By his own act he deprived himself of the only excuse which he could logically offer for his presence in the country, namely, that in good faith he had accepted a crown offered him by what might be regarded as the suffrage of the nation, under conditions with the creating of which he had nothing to do. He was now only the factional leader of a turbulent and defeated minority.

Moreover, only a few months before, when General Miramon's brilliant *coup de main* at Zacatecas had come near to delivering into his hands the president of the republican government, his instructions to his lieutenant, in anticipation of such a contingency, were to bring the republican leaders to trial, if caught, according to his too famous decree, but to refer the execution of the sentence to his imperial sanction. His official letter to this effect had fallen into the hands



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY C. C. BURNS.

THE HACK IN WHICH MAXIMILIAN WAS TAKEN TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

by the foreign representatives whom he had summoned to his side to obtain from the republican government a mitigation of the sentence. The Queen of England, the government of the United States, begged for mercy. Baron Magnus, Baron Lago, and M. de Hoorickx, in the names of the European monarchs allied to the prince by ties of relationship, moved heaven and earth to influence the president. Princess Salm-Salm

of President Juarez. It is open to doubt whether, in such an event, General Marquez, then all-powerful, would have allowed the Emperor to display mercy.

All hope of obtaining a commutation of the sentence now at an end, the energies of his friends were turned toward effecting his escape. Three officers were bribed by Prince Salm-Salm, and steps were taken to provide the necessary disguise and conveyance for





DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY C. C. BURNS.

GUARD AND SERGEANT WHO SHOT MAXIMILIAN.

the party. The plan was to make for the Sierra Gorda, whence Tuzpan could be reached. From this point the party could proceed to Vera Cruz, then still holding out against the Juarists. The Austrian frigate *Elizabeth*, under Captain von Groeller, was at anchor in the port, awaiting the prince's pleasure.

The project had been seriously complicated by the positive refusal on the part of Maximilian to fly without Generals Miramon and Mejía. All details, however, were at last satisfactorily settled, and the night of June 2 was fixed for the attempt. On this night the officers whose good-will had been secured were to be on guard, and the plot seemed easy of execution. But once more the innate indecision of Maximilian's character interfered. For some trivial cause he postponed the venture, and thus lost his last opportunity. Too many were in the secret for it to remain one. Some one made disclosures, which reached the ears of the authorities, and led to the complete isolation of the prince from his followers; and although

<sup>1</sup> One of these letters, written to Señor Don Carlos Rubio, reads as follows:

Full of confidence, I come to you, being completely without money, to obtain the sum necessary for the carrying out of my last wishes. It will be returned to you by my European relatives, whom I have constituted my heirs.

I wish my body taken back to Europe near that of the Empress; I intrust the details to my physician, Dr. Basch; you will supply him with funds for the embalm-

another effort was afterward made, the surveillance was now so close, and the conditions had grown so difficult, that it also came to naught.

On June 15 tidings of the Empress Charlotte's death reached Querétaro. General Mejía, who was the first to hear it, broke it to Maximilian. While it stirred the very depths of his nature, this false information proved a help to him in his last moments. The bitterness of leaving his unfortunate wife in her helpless condition was thus spared him.

«One tie less to bind me to the world,» he said.

The execution had been fixed for June 16. At eleven o'clock on that day sentence was read to the condemned, who were told that it would be carried into effect at three o'clock on the same afternoon.

Maximilian received the intelligence calmly, and devoted the following hours, which he deemed his last, to dictating letters to Dr. Basch and to his Mexican secretary, Señor Blasio.<sup>1</sup> He then confessed to Padre Soria

ing and transportation, and for the return of my servants to Europe. The settlement of the loan will be made by my relatives either through any European house that you may name or by drafts sent to Mexico. The physician above alluded to will make all necessary arrangements.

Thanking you in advance for this favor, I send you farewell greetings, and wishing you happiness,

I am yours,

MAXIMILIAN.

QUERÉTARO, 16 JUNE, 1867.

Compare S. Basch, «Maximilien au Mexique,» p. 296.





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY BRAUN & CO., OF A PAINTING BY J. P. LAURENS.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MAXIMILIAN.



and heard mass in General Miramon's chamber, where the condemned men received the last sacraments, after which he signed his letters and took leave of those about him. In removing his wedding-ring and handing it to Dr. Basch, he said: «You will tell my mother that I did my duty as a soldier and died like a Christian.» After this he quietly awaited death.

The appointed hour passed, however, without his being summoned to execution. After prolonged suspense, at four o'clock in the afternoon news arrived that a reprieve of three days had been granted by the president, in order that the condemned might have time to make their last dispositions.

This unexpected delay naturally aroused hopes among the friends of the doomed men. These hopes, it is said by those closest to him at that time, were not shared by Maximilian. He continued his preparations with the same calm dignity that had not once forsaken him; but he sent a telegram to the national government, asking that the lives of Generals Miramon and Mejía, «who had already undergone all the anguish of death, be spared,» and that he might be the only victim. The request was denied.<sup>1</sup>

After making this supreme effort on behalf of his generals, he employed his remaining hours in dictating letters, and when night came he slept soundly.

On the morning of his execution (June 19) he arose at three o'clock, and dressed carefully. At four o'clock Padre Soria came, and once more gave him the last sacrament; an altar had been erected for this purpose in a niche formed by a passageway to his cell. This religious duty having been performed, he gave instructions to Dr. Basch, sending greetings and last tokens to friends. At a quarter before six he breakfasted; and when, on the stroke of six, the officer appeared who was to lead him to execution, he was ready, and himself called his companions in death. Three hacks had been provided for the condemned. The prince entered the first with the priest, and, escorted by the soldiery, the

mournful procession moved through a dense crowd to the place of execution.

On arriving at the Cerro de las Campanas, where a month before he had made his last stand, the fallen Emperor looked about him for a friendly face, and finding only his servant, the Hungarian Tudos, he asked, «Is no one else here?» It is said, however, that Baron Magnus, the Prussian minister, and the Consul Bahnsen were present, although out of sight.

The good priest weakened under the ordeal; he felt faint, and the prince held his own smelling-bottle to his nose.

Followed by Generals Miramon and Mejía, Maximilian walked toward the open square, where an adobe wall had been erected, against which they were expected to stand. About to take his position in the middle, Maximilian stopped, and turning to General Miramon, said: «A brave soldier should be honored even in his last hour; permit me to give you the place of honor»; and he made way for him. An officer and seven men had been detailed to do the deadly work. The prince gave each of the soldiers a piece of gold, asking them to aim carefully at his heart; and taking off his hat, he said: «Mexicans, may my blood be the last to be spilled for the welfare of the country; and if it should be necessary that its sons should still shed theirs, may it flow for its good, but never by treason. Long live independence! Long live Mexico!»

He then laid his hands on his breast, and looked straight before him. Five shots fired at short range pierced his body; each of them was mortal. He fell, and as he still moved, the officer in charge pointed to his heart with his sword, and a soldier stepped forward and fired a last shot.

The physician who afterward examined the remains, preparatory to embalmment, could not find a single bullet; all had gone through the body, and it was his opinion that death must have been almost instantaneous, and that the movements observed were convulsive.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He also wrote a letter to President Juarez, under date of June 19, as follows:

MR. BENITO JUAREZ: About to die for having tried whether new institutions could put an end to the bloody war which has for so many years disturbed this unhappy land, I should gladly give my life if the sacrifice could contribute to the peace and prosperity of my adopted country. Profoundly convinced that nothing durable can be produced from a soil drenched with blood and shaken by violence, I pray you solemnly — with that sincerity peculiar to the hour at which I have arrived — I beg of you, let my blood be the last spilt, and pursue the noble cause which you have chosen with the perseverance (I recognized it even when in prosperity) with which you defended the cause that now at last triumphs

through your efforts. Reconcile factions, establish a durable peace based upon solid principles.

See Dr. Basch, «Maximilien au Mexique,» p. 303.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Basch says: «The head was free from wounds. Of the six shots received in the body, three had struck the abdomen, and three the breast almost in a straight line. The shots were fired at shortest range, and the six bullets so perforated the body that not a single one was found.

«The three wounds in the chest were mortal; one had reached the heart, the two ventricles; the second had





DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LENT BY C. C. BURNS.

THE CALVARY OF QUERÉTARO, SHOWING WHERE MAXIMILIAN, MEJÍA, AND MIRAMON WERE SHOT.

The bodies of the two generals were given to their families. That of Maximilian, inclosed in a common coffin, was placed in the chapel of the convent of the Capuchins, and delivered up to the doctor.

As President Juárez insisted upon an official request, made in due form by the Austrian government, before delivering the remains, much delay occurred in the carrying out of the unfortunate prince's wishes with regard to them.

cut the great arteries; the third had gone through the right lung.

«From the nature of the wounds the death struggle must have been very brief, and the poetic words attributed to the Emperor, giving anew the word of command to (fire,) could not have been pronounced. The motions of his hands must have been the convulsive motions which, according to physiological laws, accompany death caused by sudden hemorrhage.»

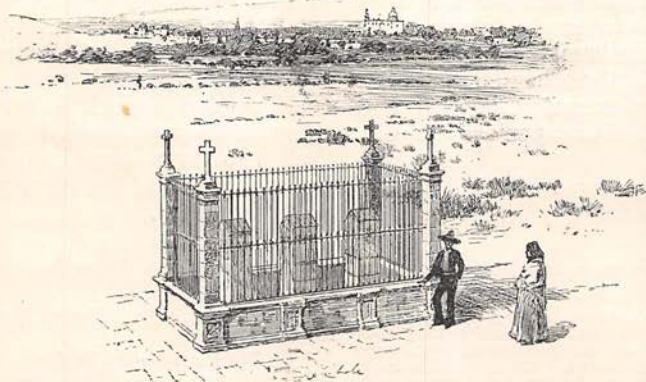
At last, on November 1, the coffin containing the body of Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, Prince of Hungary and Bohemia, Count of Hapsburg, Prince of Lorraine, Emperor of Mexico, was handed over to Admiral Tegetthoff, who had been sent on a special mission to receive it, and left the capital with a cortège composed of his staff and an escort of one hundred cavalry.

On November 26 the *Novara*, with all that remained of the Emperor, left the Mexican shore, where only three years before he had landed in all the pride of power and hopefulness of ambitious youth.

The news of his execution sent a painful thrill through the civilized world. By one of those cruel ironies which fate seems to affect, it reached France on the day of the formal distribution of prizes at the International Exposition. Paris, in its splendor, was throwing open its gates to all the nations of the earth; the crowned heads and leaders of Europe had accepted the hospitality of Napoleon III; and all outward appearances combined to make this the most brilliant occasion of his reign.

But the flash-light and noise of French fireworks were unable to drown in men's hearts the dull echo of those distant shots fired on the Cerro de las Campanas. Nemesis was near, and only a short time after Querétaro, Sedan, Metz, and Chiselhurst were inscribed in gloomy sequence upon the pages of history.

THE END.



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

MONUMENTS MARKING THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.