

a pensive attitude. It is not known for certain whether he was praying or weeping. Miramon was pale and downcast. Mejia seemed to be quite at ease. We must bear in mind, however, that he was an Indian, and that he deemed it a glory to die with his sovereign.

LEAVING THE PRISON

When seven o'clock had struck the music of the solemn procession was heard approaching, the Captain Gonzales entered the chapel with the bandages in his hand to cover the prisoners' eyes. Miramon quietly allowed him to cover his eyes, but Mejia refused, and as the Captain was about to take measures to overcome his resistance the bishop uttered something to the Indian chief, who at once became submissive. But the Emperor, advancing, declared that he would not allow his eyes to be bandaged. After a few moments of hesitation Gonzales saluted Maximilian with a kind look and placed himself at the head of the escort.

The procession at once fell into line. A squadron of lancers led the way, followed by a band, which played the dead march. A battalion of infantry formed two lines, each four men deep, between which lines were the prisoners. When the procession reached the main door of the convent Mejia cried out, "Sire, for the last time show us again the ample of your noble courage; we follow in the footsteps of your Majesty." Just at this moment the Franciscans were passing. The first two bore the cross and the holy water, the remainder bore lighted tapers. Each of the three coffins was borne by four Indians, and the three black crosses, with the prisoners' seats, were borne along at the rear. Captain Gonzales at this point made a sign to Maximilian to step out into the street. He obeyed, advancing very courageously as he said in his broken Spanish, *amos nos a libertad*. Let us advance to our freedom.

THE EXECUTION.

The procession then wended its way along the Calle del Cementerio behind the church and along the route by the aqueduct. In a short while it had the whole plain in full view, and the view from below was imposing indeed. The Emperor marched first, with the Abbe Fischer on his right, and the bishop on his left. Behind him came Miramon, resting on the arms of two Franciscans, and Mejia supported by two priests belonging to the parish of the Santa Cruz. When they had reached the top of the height de la Campand, Maximilian looked fixedly towards the rising sun; then drawing from his pocket his watch, touched its spring and produced a miniature likeness of the Empress Carlotta. He brought the image to his lips, kissed it, and then handing it by the chain to Father Fischer, said,—"Carry this souvenir to Europe for my dear wife; and should she ever be able to understand you, tell her that my eyes were closed with her likeness, which I will bear with me to heaven!" The point which the cortege had reached is near the big wall of the cemetery. The bells of the churches were tolling, and the immediate witnesses of the scene were but few, as the crowd had been kept back by the soldiery.

The three black crosses and the prisoner's benches were fixed against the wall, and the three firing platoons—each platoon in reserve three paces of the condemned. The Emperor, when he heard the clicking of the firelocks, thought they were about to fire, and approaching his two companions embraced them with touching earnestness. Miramon was so affected that he almost fell

over on his seat, but the Franciscans trotched his arms out in the attitude of a cross. Mejia returned the Emperor's embrace with great affection and uttered some broken words that no one could distinguish, and crossing his arms on his breast stood up nobly. The bishop, advancing to Maximilian, said:—"Sire, in my person, bestow upon all Mexico the kiss and reconciliation. Let your Majesty forgive all at this supreme moment." The Emperor, agitated to the utmost, allowed the good bishop to embrace him amid the most profound silence. All of a sudden raising his voice, he cried out, "Tell Lopez that I forgive his treason. Tell all Mexico that I forgive her crime." He then shook hands with the Abbe Fischer, who could not utter a word from emotion, and who then fell on his knees at the Emperor's feet and shed copious tears while he kissed Maximilian's hand. Many besides the Abbe were shedding tears also. The Emperor gently withdrew his hands, and moving forward said with a sad and apparently ironic smile to the officer in command of the firing party, *a la disposition de V.* (At your disposal, sir.)

When the officer gave the signal for 'aim,' Maximilian uttered something in German which the report of the muskets drowned to the hearers. Miramon rolled over as if struck with a bolt. Mejia, who was standing, beat the air a few times with his hands before he fell, and a shot in the ear finished his pain. The Emperor fell over on the cross, which kept him up, and from which he was picked up after having been despatched.

The interment took place in the cemetery, and the Bishop of Queretaro performed the absolution.

AFTER THE EXECUTION,

General Corona sent to the Bishop of Queretaro, and demanded the two letters which Maximilian had given him. The one for the Archduchess Sophie was left untouched, as she is the mother of the condemned Emperor, and could contain nothing dangerous. The letter to the Empress Carlotta, for grave reasons of state that are quite justifiable, was opened, and a copy was taken by General Corona's Secretary. It was written in French.

THE 78th HIGHLANDERS.

On the 21st of July 1704 the attack commenced, and terminated on the 24th by the surrender of the stronghold of Gibraltar to the English. On the 21st of July, 1867, the 78th Highlanders arrived from that fortress where they have been stationed since August 1865, under the shadow of the fortress on Cape Diamond, wrested from the French in 1759 by Wolfe, who in 1745-6 fought at the battle of Culloden, and probably, against the ancestors of the Camerons and Macdonalds and many a Highland chieftan whose names are now enrolled in the 78th.

From those days to this, Gibraltar and Quebec have never been out of English hands, and the glorious "triple cross banner" has floated from their ramparts.

A few words about Gibraltar may not be inopportune. No other rock or headland in Europe, perhaps, equals Gibraltar for commanding position and importance. Situated at the mouth of the Mediterranean, where that celebrated sea is little more than 30 miles wide, the rock has a dominating influence over the maritime traffic of those

waters. The rock is almost an island,—and its face almost as perpendicular as Cape Trinity, so well known to Saguenay tourists,—for it is connected with the mainland of Spain only by a low isthmus of sand; it is, in fact, a promontory about seven miles in circumference, and 1300 feet high. At present a lot of neutral ground on the sandy isthmus separates Spain from it, politically though not geographically; but in former times it always belonged to the Government, whatever it may have been, of the neighbouring region. The Moors crossed over from Africa, in the eighth century, dethroned the Christian King of Spain, and built a castle on the rock, the ruins of which may still be seen. The Moslems held their rule for 600 years. Gibraltar then changed hands three times during the 14th century. After 1492, the Moors never held it. The Christian king of Spain made various additions to the fortifications during the 16th and 17th centuries, but still the defences bore no comparison with those of our day. Early in the 18th century there was a political contest among the European courts, which led England to support the pretensions of an Austrian prince instead of those of a Bourbon, to the crown of Spain; and, as part of the arrangement then made, a combined force proceeded to attack Gibraltar.

The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt commanded the troops, and Sir George Rooke the fleet. It is evident either that the Spaniards did not regard the place as of sufficient importance to justify a strenuous defence, or that the defence was very ill-managed; for the attack lasted but three days. When it was left, the Spaniards were mortified and alarmed at their discomfiture; and for the next nine years they made repeated attempts to recapture it by force and stratagem. In their attempts they never succeeded.

When the peace of Utrecht was signed in 1713, Gibraltar was confirmed to the English in the most thorough and complete way, for the 10th article of that celebrated treaty says:—"The Catholic King (i. e. of Spain, doth hereby, for himself, his heirs, and successors, yield to the Crown of Great Britain the full and entire property of the town and Castle of Gibraltar, together with the port, fortifications, and forts thereunto belonging, and he gives up the said property to be held and enjoyed absolutely, with all manner of right, for ever, without any exception or impediment whatever." The "Key to the Mediterranean" was besieged unavailingly by Spain in 1727, and by Spain and France in 1179,—since which date no similar attempt has been made. The siege, which was commenced in 1779, and not terminated till 1783, was one of the grandest on record. The grand attack was on the 13th of September, 1782. On the land side were stupendous batteries, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, supported by a well appointed army of 40,000 men, under the command of the Duc de Crillon; on the sea-side were the combined fleets of France and Spain, numbering 47 sail of the line, besides numerous frigates and smaller vessels, and 10 battering ships of considerable strength. General Elliott's garrison threw 5,000 red-hot shot on that remarkable day; and the attack was utterly defeated at all points.

On the eve of the anniversary of the surrender of Gibraltar, the 24th July, the 78th Highlanders arrived in Montreal. At an early hour large crowds collected at the wharf, anxiously expecting the arrival of this famed regiment, but were doomed to disappointment, after waiting for three hours. Many were the conjectures, and