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MAXIMILIAN.

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"Maximilian is shot: his last words were 'My Poor Carlotta!'"—TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH.

They led him forth from the guarded ranche,
To the open of God's blue sky:
With eyes unblinded and hands unbound,
They led him forth to die;
Proudly he glanced with kingly scorn,
As the bayonets hemmed him round,
On the crowd who thirsted his blood to see
Purpleing the God-cursed ground.

O are ye men, or are ye fiends,
Ye braves in motley dress,
Whose tawdry rags are the outward type
Of your souls' foul filthiness?
Does Pity ne'er enter the tangled depths
Of your hearts so fierce and wild?
Is there no niche in your breasts of stone
For the image of Mercy mild?
Say, can you look on that fair frank face,
On that graceful princely form,
And harbor the Hell born thought to give
Their beauty to grave and worm?

Undaunted he walks, and on either side
March Mejia and Miramon,
In whose Southern veins flows a mingled tide,
"Swart Aztec," and "blue-tinged Don;"
Not all unfriendly, not all alone,
Maximilian of Hapsburg, yet,
For no gems so bright as those loyal hearts
In your Earth-lost Crown were set.

He kneels and breathes a martyr's prayer,
Then looks a last adieu!
And bright smiles on his faithful friends,
As he was wont to do;
Quickly turning to the soldiery,
Some glittering gold he threw;
"Sergeant, look to your arms!" he cried,
"And let the aim be true!"

A pause—a flash—as the levelled tubes
Poured forth their deadly shot,
Clear rang the voice of the Emperor,
"Ma pauvre chere Carlotta!"

Oh, heart of man—alike—allike—
In Peasant and in King,
Around some cherished gift of God
Thy tendrils twine and cling.

What thought he of the golden toy
He fought so hard to gain!
At Death's approach it seemed to him,
A crown of thorns and pain,
What thought he of his high estate,
What of his people then?
A Hollow Empire mocked his view,
Peopled with faithless men.

What recked he of his bitter death?
What cared he for his life?
Gladly his heart resigned them all—
All but his fair young wife—
As he pictured her in latest thought,
Bereft of Hope's bright star,
Mourning for him, her Martyred Love,
'Mid the groves of Miramar.

And thus, as from his ball-pierced breast
The blood gushed, wild and hot,
His pale lips, quivering, murmured out,
"Ma pauvre chere Carlotta!"

O Dead Maximilian! those thy words!
Will rouse the pitying world!
And Carlotta's name the battle-cry be,
When to the dust is hurled
The bloodhound victor Juarez,
With all his cut-throat horde,
More fitted for the Hangman's rope
Than for the Warrior's sword!

Screech! screech! ye Carrion Eagles!
Of Mexico and France!
Ye Vultures perched at Washington,

At the scent of blood advance!
Hold high your crests, ye kingly birds!
Nor dread the Avenger, near!
Screech out your joint dishonor
O'er the Royal Austrian's bier!
But lo! the writings on the wall!
In letters bold and clear:
"This deed shall I repay!" saith He
"Who wipes the widow's tear!"

MAXIMILIAN.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF HIS EXECUTION.

The *Esperanza*, of Queretaro, June 20, publishes the following account of the execution of Maximilian and his two generals, Don Thomas Mejia and Miguel Miramon:—

BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

The delay of thirty-four days which kept our people so long in doubt and aroused so much excitement is thus accounted for. The first courier that reached San Luis on the morning of May 19, bearing the news of the capture returned here only on the 22nd, and the Emperor was at once notified that he must appear before court martial. He protested in writing, demanding to be tried by the assembly of notables who had called him to the throne.

The trial was postponed and a message sent to the President, with the letter of protest and the documents that had been captured. Juarez's answer was received on May 30. It was a refusal of the demand, grounded on this incontestable fact, that the assembly of notables had not been convoked by the republic; but, the President animated by a praiseworthy feeling, offered his safety to the Emperor on condition of the latter taking an oath never again to tread on Mexican soil, and of his signing at the same time his own downfall. Of his own accord, Maximilian said in a loud voice that he would accept with pleasure this double condition, if the officers and soldiers captured along with him were also set free. At that time he was ignorant of what had become of del Castillo and Avellano. Even this requirement was acceded to; but it gave rise to conferences and negotiations that could not fail to be unsuccessful.

Meantime a council of war was held on the morning of July 11, presided over by General Corona, and composed of Generals Escobedo, Martinez, Ruis and Negrete, with two Colonels. The three prisoners were brought before the tribunal. Maximilian refused to have any counsel; Mejia and Miramon chose one for them both. We have not been able to get any details of that session, which lasted only about an hour. The prisoners were found guilty, and their condemnation, which was sent forward to San

Luis Potosi that very day, was not returned confirmed until the morning of July 18.

It is known that the President was all along inclined to clemency; but our Minister at Washington, Senor Romero, had carried the day and secured the order for his execution, although full stress was laid upon the fact of the small majority that had voted in favor of the prisoner's guilt.

As soon as Gen. Corona got possession of the necessary document the three prisoners were informed of their fate, but they manifested no surprise. Indeed, by this time they had learned what had befallen some of their comrades.

THE LAST NIGHT.

Maximilian requested that they might be allowed to remain together to the last. This was kindly granted. They were transferred to the old convent, which had answered as a hospital for the French troops, and the principal hall of which—on the ground floor—was spacious and comfortable. It was in this room that the hospital drug shop had been kept. The room has two windows looking out on the court-yard gardens. At one end of this room an altar was prepared. The sentinels had orders to fire on any one who should attempt to enter without a pass from Captain Gonzales. At all events, no one was permitted at first to enter but Father Fischer, secretary and confessor of Maximilian. Later, the Bishop of Queretaro offered his services, which were accepted after a short conference between the prisoners. They passed most of the night in conversation and in preparing themselves for death. Miramon suffered a great deal from his wound in the eye, which he kept constantly bathing with fresh water. Mejia slept soundly.

At one time Maximilian asked for some writing materials; these were got with some difficulty, as it was in the middle of the night. He wrote two letters, the first in German, to the Archduchess Sophia, his mother; the other to his wife. He gave both letters to the bishop, requesting him to see that they be delivered. He gave him also a lock of hair which the wife of one of his guards requested permission to cut off herself. Before giving the lock of hair he kissed it, folded it up carefully and then slipped it into the envelope already sealed for his wife.

About four o'clock Maximilian wished mass to be said, which was done by the bishop, after Mejia had been awakened. All then received communion together.

After mass the Emperor remained a long time kneeling on the hard stones—for they had no *prie dieu*—with his eyes towards the ground and his head resting on his hand in