

The President raised me up, and repeated to me that the life of my husband should be spared ; that was all he could do. I thanked him and left.

In the ante-room were more than two hundred ladies of San Luis assembled, who came also to pray for the lives of the three condemned—Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia. They were received, but had no more success than myself. Later Madame Miramon came, leading in her hands her two little children. The President could not refuse to receive her. Mr. Iglesia afterwards told me that it was a most heartrending scene to hear the poor wife and the innocent little ones praying for the life of their husband and father. The President, he said, suffered equally at that moment from being under the cruel necessity of taking the life of a noble man like Maximilian, but he could not do otherwise. Madame Miramon fainted and was carried out of the room.

The trying scenes through which the President had gone that day were too much for him. He retired for three days to his room and would not see anyone. I could not close my eyes that night, and went with many other ladies of our party to church to pray for the condemned.

In the course of the morning the telegraph conveyed the sad news that the execution had taken place, and that all was over.

In the evening I went to see Madame Miramon. She was so much changed that I scarcely recognised