

sident, but was assured that nothing could save the Emperor. The Baron pleaded for another delay of three days, and the President consented only because Baron Magnus wished it, and because he did not desire to show extraordinary haste or unnecessary severity; but it was useless. The Prussian minister was so perfectly convinced of it that, when he left San Luis for Queretaro, he took a physician with him—to embalm the Emperor! Now, I ask, what sense was there in such behaviour? To ask for a respite of three days under such a conviction was an act not only of sickly weakness, but of cruelty; for it could not but inspire the poor Emperor with delusive hopes, which made their final failure far more difficult to bear. The only excuse I have for the step of the Baron is that at that time he was really almost unaccountable for what he did, for he was walking about like a man who had lost half a dozen of his five senses.

Had this gentleman remained in Queretaro and scrawled his name under a good bill of exchange, on which ready gold would have been provided at once, instead of opening his diplomatic windbag and squandering his pinchbeck coin of valueless words in San Luis, he would have saved the Emperor; the Prussian Court would have rejoiced in paying for such a purpose; decorations of all sizes would have been showered upon him, and he would have earned