

**THE MEXICAN, OR, LOVE
AND LAND: FOUNDED ON
THE INVASION OF
MAXIMILIAN**

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The Mexican, or, Love and land: founded on the invasion of Maximilian by John M. Dagnall

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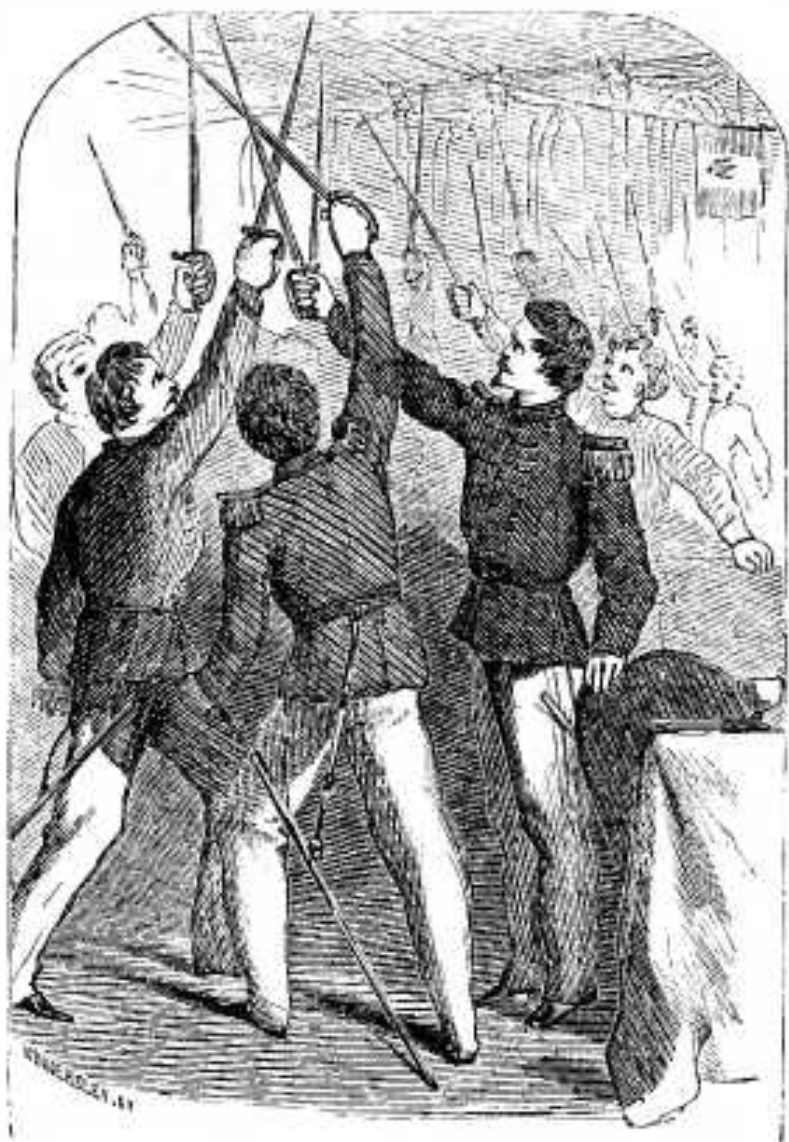
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JOHN M. DAGNALL

**THE MEXICAN, OR, LOVE
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THE INVASION OF
MAXIMILIAN**



"We swear to wage,
Thro' smoke and fire, victorious war until
We're from our shameful bondage loosed, and peace
And freedom are, throughout the land, declared
Once more."—PAGE 83.

THE
MEXICAN;
OR,
LOVE AND LAND.

FOUNDED ON THE INVASION OF MAXIMILIAN.

BY JOHN M. ^{alone} DAGNALL, [1818-19]
AUTHOR OF "DAISY SWAIN."

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.—SHAKESPEARE.

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CHAPTER I.

ONE day, amid the fervid gleam of noon,
In coolness basking on a breezy shore,
A Mexican, in pensive mood, was seen.

Idly loitering where the sea-foam fring'd
A sandy girdle of Sonora's strand.

There, at times responsive to the ocean dirge,
His bosom heaved a sigh, and wildly strange
His numbers with the waves alone he held
In soft communion sweet. "How gleeful, wild,
How solemn, yet how glad, they murmur out,
Upon these glitt'ring sands they love so well,
A welcome fond to me, as if I were
To be thro' life endear'd to them!

"Ah, here,"

He sigh'd, "upon this sea-beat shore, amid
The orient hues of morn, and, late at eve,
Beneath the starry gleam of moonless skies,
I often, when a beardless boy, have whiled
My youthful hours away, enraptured with
Thy surge, wild wave, as thou upon these sands
From out the swelling tide wouldst fretful rush
My careless feet to lave. But ne'er have I

So much in all my sea-side rambles felt
Thy fond complaint, dear wave, my bosom move
With a desire to brave the stormy main
That gave thee birth."

Then out he look'd with eye
Of rapture, far across the sounding sea,
Verging on the sky,—heaven's source divine,
The blissful zone of those from sin redcm'd,—
Where he a prospect saw there for *his* soul,
If on this grand and mighty globe he'd seek
The righteous means for its salvation:
Religion, purest treasure of the soul:
Benevolence, prompt of means and love unto
The needful of his kind mid squalid scenes
Of suffering, want, and woe.

Oh, wherefore, then,
Ye sordid sons, to earthly forms attend,
Neglectful of the end and aims of Him
Who died upon the holy Mount, the souls
Of fallen man to save?

Our hero was
A righteous man, a man of holy views;
Sinless of conscience, sincere in creed;
And dared defiantly, before bold men
With war's dread schemes familiar, stand
And bring to view the wrongs his bleeding land
Endured; what burdens then opprest; what ills
In evil hour his race afflict; how then
Their hands and hearts in Freedom's cause were
 join'd,
Nor fearing death for her sweet sake,—for he who
Falls for Liberty fills a martyr's grave:
His soul heroic mounts to the blest goal
Of light and peace.

So there upon the beach
He stood and gazed the liquid scene around,
Feeling his country would the battle storm
Outride, as doth the well-mann'd bark upon
The plunging wave the gale that drives her on:
Hoping too, the wind would at no distant day