On the 26th, accompanied by the commander-in-chief, General Auza, I twice visited the lines of defence. The enthusiasm of our soldiers and of the people was at its highest pitch, and our hopes of victory were equally great, but in war it is difficult to predict results, and any circumstance, however insignificant it may be, defeats the best combinations. The information sent by the commander of the place known as La Bufa to the general-in-chief not having reached him in proper time, that the enemy had advanced upon that place before break of day, prevented the requisite force being sent to its support, and between six and seven a. m. of the 27th the enemy occupied that point, and shortly after entered the city. General Auza then sent me word that I should look to my safety. Accompanied by Messrs. Lerdo and Yglerias, I then set out on horseback. General Mejia, who had been sick for some days previously, I had directed should be taken from the city the night before. As I left the palace my escort was already firing upon the French, who had appeared at the entrances of the streets. My intention was to go to Fresnillo, but the enemy's advance and fire commanded the road to that place, and therefore I proceeded to Jerez, otherwise known as Garcia City, distant fourteen leagues from Zacatecas. Our troops took the same direction. Miramon, with the main body of his forces, pursued them for nearly three leagues, and though he attempted to destroy it several times, he was as often repulsed, until he was compelled to abandon the undertaking and to fall back upon Zacatecas. I arrived at Jerez on the same day, and on the following day our forces, to the number of one thousand five hundred men, reached the same place.

On the 30th I ordered this force to unite with that of Escobedo, who was on his way to the relief of Zacatecas, and I started for Fresnillo, which I reached on the 31st. On the same day General Auza notified me that Miramon had evacuated Zacatecas at midday, and was retiring towards Aguas Calientes. General Auza advanced to occupy Zacatecas and to harass the enemy's rear, as he had been ordered by Genaral Escobedo. I returned to the capital on the 1st of February, and early this morning received the report of Escobedo, announcing the complete rout of Miramon.

I have herein given you a brief summary of all that has occurred during the past eight days. Personally, I have met with no accident. About the time I left the palace, on the 27th, my attendant took my baggage to a house near the palace, which was subsequently searched by Joaquim Miramon and other myrmidons. My trunk and the cane which had just been presented to me were the only objects saved. The traitors pillaged and destroyed all the public offices. In the palace all was sacked and destroyed, and I have been obliged to occupy a private house.

With the defeat of Miramon our success is rendered the more speedy; for the enemy has now no other troops, and these badly organized, than those of Castillo and Mendez, which will shortly be destroyed.

It is very probable that I shall proceed either to Guanajuato or San Luis within eight or ten days.

BENITO JUAREZ.

ORIZABA, *March* 3, 1867.

The Cordova colony is a thing of the past; the last two families bowed themselves out of the village of Carlotta a week since. Others went last month, six months ago, and during the interim. There were no sorrowing, nor sighs, nor tears; but rejoicing and gladness as each one shook the Mexican dust from his shoes, and turned his face gulfward. The streets and plaza look a litlte deserted, and the broad mangoes wave their branches in the winds, and sing, in company with the sad night breeze, a sort of mournful requiem.

Sterling Price, now in the land of civilization, sat under the shadow of these noble trees, and slept there, too, with ex-Governor Harris, without shelter from storm and tempest. It was there he composed those romantic missives that, published in the United States, sent out hundreds of fortune hunters and exiles and adventurers, to gather the silver bars and harvests of sugar, and coffee and cotton, and sleep in the lap of this Aztec paradise. You ought to have seen the new-comers, brimful of joy, dash on horseback into the village last summer, lauding the empire; the chivalry of the Mexican race, looking in wonder from the mangoes towards the plaza, that the weeds and shrubs had hid, asking for the spring of cool water that was not there, and the ice cream saloons, and ice lemonades, made of Orizaba ice bars and snow, and bending their cheeks to the cool winds from the mountain peak, which for the first time they learned was forty miles distant. Colonist faces were a study at that time, going in and out of the village. Going in, with prospective music from the crystal fountain, the sight of snowslides from the peak, and orange trees, yellow with golden fruit; bananas hanging in huge bunches; figs and peaches mingling their rich colors; distant coffee groves in bloom; cotton fields white for the harvest, and sugar mills with the busy hum of operatives; the click of mill hammers from the Rio Seco—all romance and humbug and swindle. But people came and swarmed over the valley, and hoed and built and planted, and praised the soil, the climate, and government; talked lightly of, and swore roundly about, the "red, white, and blue." These brave men—generals, colonels, captains, governors, judges and preachers—swearing eternal fealty to Mexico, and eternal hatred to the United States, promised never to set foot on soil where the stars and stripes wave. There was prospect, indeed, of an early and formidable rival on the western shores of the Gulf; and as the multitude came the valleys filled, and settlements extended outward and southward thirty miles. The roads and donkey paths everywhere the thoroughfares of families and men and pack mules; all hunting new lands, no matter where or whose, to grow rich and great, and wise and happy under the genial skies of Mexico.

All the while the village grew, and people came; lots were high, and speculation was rife. Increase brought selfishness; the supply was already heavy; that produced dissensions; strangers were not welcomed as before, and land could not be had at any price around this charmed spot. Some with wire edge worn off in one week turned back, and left all the way and at home an unvarnished and damaging record of the place and country. But then letters had found their way into print; old generals and disappointed judges and governors indited fair stories and Munchausen tales, that did the work. Golden apples were thick on trees, and silver nuggets were lying around loose everywhere; the very clouds showered down beefsteaks, and empty palaces, and blossoming coffee haciendas, acres of maguey, and cotton fields ready for the laborer, waiting, all waiting for the coming colonist. They never dreamed of disappointment and ruin, nor the cold faces of native, Spaniard, and Frenchman set against them; of the freezing sentences dropped from the lips of the land agent here, or the calm indifference of the founders at the colony; no, only of dollars and downy beds, perennial showers and sugar mills. These were the deluded ones; honest, many of them, but most meanly and villanously taken in. The men who founded the colony had acres of land, but gave none; would sell none to the anxious colonist. The adventurer came too, the dishonest man, the speculator and swindler, and harbored here; robbing his countrymen, the natives, every one he could; then went home again to practice morals in his fatherland. The wave went to Cordova; overran that town, so that people woke from their sleep, put up their rents, their goods, their lands, and waited. We had American hotels, livery stables, American hacks and manufactories, all in a week. Then these political and pious brethren bid against each other run up prices

bought and sold and speculated, borrowed money of each other, opened large houses for hotels that never paid, monopolized business, broke, and then fled the country, leaving their friends and the natives unpaid and bankrupt. A large portion of them came to grow rich, came without money; persuaded others into wild speculations that they knew were swindles, rejoiced in fine outfits, flourishing and flashing signs that meant nothing; spent and played at faro and monte, and then went at night and in disguise, any way to evade the law and their victims, to the States They accepted land of the government—it cost them nothing—sold it to the unsophisticated and believing, drank, out-Heroded the veriest Greaser, and cursing the country and people, went home as they came—robbers, drones, and rascals. When the rush was at its height discontent grew apace and murmurs waxed loud; the fathers of the concern were roundly and deservedly denounced. Old Sterling Price, the good, kind old man, with the fire of battle gone, exiled, now traduced in his age and helplessness; Harris, ex-governor of Tennessee, strong and unchanged by reverses, with a voice clear as when he rode triumphant on the field of Shiloh, him they spared not in their wrath; Judge Perkins, of Louisiana, now in Paris, the head of the land bureau here, chary of his words when colonists came, proud and polite and uncommunicative, without shadow of sympathy for his countrymen or for any one, him they tracked down and traduced, had him suspended; had the whole disgraceful colonizing scheme, Maury and all, abolished; left him in his glory and solitude, and homeward they journeyed, moneyless and disappointed, in supreme disgust with country, officials, and themselves. Then came trouble with the natives. Indiscreet men squatted on private lands; bullied and blustered; appropriated by right of possession; played the *role* of overgrown fools; made trouble; disgraced themselves and the American name, and ended at last in their capture—in the destruction of their little property, a four weeks' imprisonment on starvation tortilla rations, and a peremptory order to quit the country. Then also succeeded other raids on the Carlotta district, into the village itself, and a general scatterment of citizens followed, loss of property, and a tremor in the founders themselves. From that time the colony grew weak, and people lost faith in it. The French were unfriendly, the natives hostile, the Americans demoralized. The Imperial Railway Company went begging, stopped work, and sent employés and contractors hither and thither, without pay or even the promise of it. The tide swept backward then. Panic stricken, they sold out; sacrificed their sections of land, crops of corn, cotton, and tobacco, their cabins and horses and hoes, and downward toward Vera Cruz, on foot, horseback or wagon, they journeyed. When too late land owners grew generous and made voluntary offers of tracts and lots of land in and around the village gratis. Then it was that the selfish and speculative spirit took fright; then business flagged and crimination followed, and men swindled each other, litigated in the courts, sued for trivial sums, and, through spite, quarrelled and loafed, and drank and grew turbulent; ridiculed the Mexican religion, and depreciated the country and people. Prices went down in a week; rents and credits went the self same way; and men who came without a dollar, and speculated upon their fellows, with hotel bills unpaid, stole, like thieves as they were, out of the country, and landed on the other side of the Gulf with tales of robbery and misfortune and native treachery in their mouths. Scores who had sworn, in their zeal for the empire, never to set foot again on American soil, were seized with leave-taking—calls of business from the States; started on a visit, disposing quietly of their plantations and traps for a song, and waited not till on board a steamer, and in raptures swinging their hats for the stars and stripes, and thanking Providence and the fates that Mexico was out of sight forever. The United States, with free schools, and free negroes tacked on, was not so finished a humbug after all; although caucuses and bar-room gangs, fired by past wrongs and brandy smashes, did expend bits of incorrigible logic to crush the little American re-

public. What a breaking up followed in a few months—a swallowing of bitter terms and savage invective—in vulgar phraseology "dirt eating," humiliating excuses trumped up for going home again, a pulling down of flaring hotel signs, dropping of newspaper notices and defiant letter writing, a shirking of fair contracts and a general swindling of honest men. Native professionals were put to the blush, and felt more than ever like honest men. And then commenced a system of detraction in nowise creditable to the American character. You could see blustering men "button-holing" each other on the streets, denouncing colonization, toning mildly the wrongs from which they fled, paving the way for a respectable retreat out of the country, truculently seeking pardons, sacrificing principle, as blustering bravado ever does. The loudest talkers fell early, fell first; even the genial, generous ex-judge, ex-senator from Louisiana, struck his colors in September, pushed off from Vera Cruz, leaving the friends he was instrumental in bringing hither to rough the trials and revolution alone; General Price, for whom there is some slight palliation, broken down and bent with age, misfortune, and grief, left without even notifying the families and men he had drawn here by promises of wealth and health and peace. The first to set a stake in Mexico, almost the first to leave it; now in St. Louis, while his colonists here ask charity of strangers to take them home. It was a palpable desertion of friends; let him excuse it if he can. Harris, perhaps more consistent than his compeers, waited till the last footfall of retreating colonists at Carlotta was heard dying away, then took ship for Havana. Shelby, faithful to his trust and promise, waited to see the last one of his friends on the homeward way. He has been engaged in a new colonial enterprise in Mexico, which at present is no nearer completion than it was four months ago. The present stormy times will discourage the bravest spirit.

Let me recite here a little scrap of unwritten history, told me by a colonel of Texas cavalry. This General Shelby, it will be remembered, was the most dashing cavalry officer west of the Mississippi. When the fall of the confederacy was a fixed fact, he, with many other officers of the trans-Mississippi department, were encamped at Marshall, Louisiana. Shelby, with others, conceived the plan of deposing Kirby Smith, who was incompetent and unpopular, and placing the supreme command in the hands of some other officer, cross to the Brazos, rally there all confederate troops, make a stand at the river, and hold Texas; but in case of failure cross the Rio Grande, enter Mexico, and decide the destiny of that country by arms. Preston, Generals Price, Buckner, Shelby, and many other officers were present. Smith must resign, or be at once deposed by force. A delegation called upon him; I will refrain from particulars. He acceded, and the command was given to Buckner. Thus far things had proceeded smoothly. Officers of divisions were hourly expecting orders to move, but none came. Two days afterwards, Buckner and Price, to the amazement of all, made a surrender of all their troops. I may be mistaken as to Price's participation in the conference. The undaunted Shelby, baffled in his plans, refusing to surrender, led his command through Texas, and across the Rio Grande into Mexico. Selling arms, as the public knows, to the liberals, his men scattered, some enlisting under the liberal flag, some under the imperial. Others became colonists, and subsequently went home. Brave and generous to a fault, had he in the beginning joined his fortunes to the stars and stripes, instead of the ill-starred confederacy, Sheridan would have had in him a most formidable rival.

Hindman, with the will to do, had too much fear of the "wolf at his door," and most gracefully lowered his colors, applied for pardon, and is now on his way to New Orleans. Poverty was, in most cases, more potent than patriotism; and, indeed, many an honest man, who came upon principle, was at last whipped by prospective starvation to take the backward step. Robbers put an end to agriculture; the railway work was suspended indefinitely. What else was there

in Mexico to put bread into the mouths of dependent ones? It was an open, quiet tug between principle and starvation, and the latter won—always won. You have heard, perhaps, of moneyless men footing it all the way along the coast to Texas, and of hollow-eyed want on the streets of Cordova and Carlotta. The first was not true; the latter was. Prodigality and pride, American characteristics, travelled all the way to Mexico, and were deeply humiliated. Money was thrown away in amusement and lost at monte that ought to have been husbanded for a rainy day. Land and hotel, all kinds of speculations, swallowed up the few hundreds, and when circumstances compelled a retreat to the States nothing was left to pay the passage. Repentance came when there was no remission; hundreds to be helped and none to help them. Not to mention the desperate means used to aid them in fighting back to the fatherland, it will be doing but justice to state that Marshal Bazaine and his chief of staff furnished transportation to Vera Cruz and passage free to New Orleans and Havana to many destitute Americans. Beverley Tucker and son, (who, by the way, had been robbed seven times and suffered sundry injuries in addition, all in the space of eight months,) with half a dozen others from the Carlotta colony, accepted gratefully the kindness of the French marshal.

Every class and profession was represented in the colony. But lawyers were briefless, and doctors barely managed to live. Preachers came, too, brimful of the divine afflatus, strong in the faith of universal conversion to Protestantism. One read sermons awhile under the mangoes of Carlotta, then left his little flock to gather funds in the States for a temple in the forests of Mexico. So he braved the yellow fever at Vera Cruz, suffered perils by land and sea, and, it is understood, made the necessary appeals for aid in the way of church collections, but never returned. A brave missionary came, promising, as his eyes fell upon the broad, green Cordova valley, to cover every hill with a chapel, and turn the deluded Aztecs by thousands into the narrow way. Arrived at Cordova, he wasted his eloquence upon audiences of from five to ten for two successive Sabbaths, at least, and then went to teaming for a living. The missionary effort was spasmodic—mule driving was no better; and in three months he took passage for the land of psalm-singing, Sunday schools, and civilization. Convert a Mexican Catholic to Protestantism! The idea itself is quite humorous—Americans left their piety on the other side of the Gulf; they tabooed sermon-makers and homilies.

When their dead were lowered into the grave it was in silence, in haste, and without religious service. The amenities of life were scarcely recognized. The sick in many cases were neglected by countrymen and natives, and when the season of fever came on, and strong men dropped into the death sleep in a day, the saddest sights were to be seen; scores there were of idle men in the streets, but none at the death-bed; crowds in the bar-rooms and at billiards, none at the burial. I speak of the mass; there were noble exceptions. Employment was to be had nowhere; so men wrangled instead, fought over their battles, fought each other—when opportunity offered, sued each other, shirked the payment of debts, borrowed and decamped, repudiated contracts and sales, reeled on the streets, insulted strangers, insulted citizens, bullied and boasted to the end. There are a few cases on record where these immaculate fellows swindled their honest countrymen and made beggars of them, most shamefully robbed and fleeced the unsuspecting natives, then ran away at night time, crossed the Gulf, entered a newspaper office, and denounced, heartily and roundly, with pious, pretentious horror, the whole Mexican race, calling them robbers, murderers, treacherous—everything denunciatory. What a marvel it is that ten Figueras instead of one did not pounce upon them, good, bad, and indifferent, and escort them, not to Oajaco, but to the Rio Grande, with the injunction never to return. But to-day not a footfall is to be heard in Carlotta; ten months ago busy with bustling life and swarming with fortune hunters; tenantless houses, weedy gardens, fields of unharvested corn; ploughs, axes, and hoes lying where they fell; the mahogany bucket hanging in the plaza well, and tall sprouts running riot with streets and prospective lawns; one is painfully reminded of a deserted town and a woodland wilderness. The landed gentry, the speculative exiles who held their acres at fabulous prices some ten months since, where are they? The robber band of Figuera swooped down upon them when arrogance and selfishness were high in feather; when affluence and Mexican dollars in prospective haunted their sleep and sparkled in their eyes, and when a poor, footsore brother confederate could not get an inch of the precious land for love nor money. It must be with a sort of savage pleasure that the deluded ones who were so heartlessly swindled read how the iron features of that most finished official of the Cordova circumlocution office settled down into a gray paleness when he learned that his land section was a bubble, and his invested doubloons sunk into the bottomless deep of an imperial humbug. I have heard it said that the colony deserved to fall; that it was a speculative enterprise, the founders looking upon it only in the light of a money-making machine; and, indeed, the conduct of many of these exiles warranted just such a finale as has occurred. Insult a people of whom you ask a home; curse the man whose property you have basely appropriated; be he black-skinned Mexican, straight-haired Aztec image worshipper, no matter whom, you deserve no particle of sympathy when your thatched roof tumbles in, your cattle are driven off, corn trampled down, and yourself tramped off into captivity. It was unfortunate for the good men who came; the few honest, noble men who quitted home to avoid insult and humiliation, for all shared a like fate—went down in the general melee and returned home, penniless and disappointed. It is to be presumed that men who pretend to exile themselves in a foreign land would be desirous of clinging to each other, strengthening each other, and aiding each other. But petty jealousies sprang into life at the beginning; clans grew, like mushrooms, in a night; lines (birds of a feather) were drawn; then detraction commenced and scandal travelled, and men who served in the army combined, in drunken brawls, to oppress, to bully, and put down the weak, to perpetuate wrong, defame honest colonists, and defy justice, decency, and Mexican law. A Yankee was spotted and shunned, noticed only when a loan or favor was asked, or a treat in prospective. The Mexican never had much faith in Americans. He looked upon them as a grasping, ambitious, energetic, covetous, wise as serpents, sort of a people. In Cordova, after one year's experience, American character is associated with whiskey, braggadocia, rudeness, dishonesty, and indolence. If any one doubts that let him apply, and he can have the best references and testimony that the town can afford, merchants, ex-governors, judges, alcaldes, ladies, and scores of them. Native antipathy to our race may be offered in extenuation; let it be, I deal in facts only. In one month from this date, a colonist of Cordova tells me, not one American will be left in the place. There are but half a dozen there now, and all setting their houses in order for an early exit from the country. Not one will remain behind the retreating French army. No tears from the natives for their going, only rejoicing and gladness. Such is the brief history of the Cordova colonization scheme.

The Sombra of Zaragoza, the official journal of President Juarez, in the State of San Luis Potosi, published on March 16, a translation of the protest made by French, Austrian, and Belgian officers against the execution of French prisoners captured at San Jacinto. The protest appeared originally in the Courier du Mexique, of the capital, 24th of February, and is signed by officers from the rank of captain downward. The following are the main features of the protest:

Escobedo holds that we are bandits because the flag of the intervention has quitted the country, while we remain to fulfil loyally the engagement which binds us to the service of Mexico. He holds us to be bandits because we are foreigners, and belong to no flag whatever. He holds us to be nothing but offscourings of all nations; that we are like the *condottierri*, and have hired our-