

was hunted like a wild beast by order of the viceroy, at one time a thousand soldiers being employed in the search. A report of his death gave him a respite, and he lived alone in secluded and inaccessible fastnesses, without seeing a human being for two years and a half, until news was brought to him of the revolution of 1821, when he hastened to join Iturbide. He became first president of the republic, and, although every opportunity for speculation and private gain was afforded him, remained so poor that he was buried at the public expense.

## GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

I congratulated myself upon an opportunity of visiting and becoming acquainted with the daughter of General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the Señora Guadalupe de Santa Anna de Castro. I found her an agreeable conversationalist, with pleasing manners and a happy faculty for entertaining. Her son was present, and during my travels in Mexico I have met few young men of more sprightliness and intelligence. He is about twenty-five, has a finely shaped head, blue eyes and fair complexion, resembling his mother, while his bearing is graceful and dignified. He speaks English fluently, having been secretary of the Mexican Legation at Washington. Let me whisper to my young countrywomen that Augustin de Castro is unmarried and greatly admires American young ladies. With manifest pride he showed me his gallery of American beauties.

Señora Castro, with a kindly appreciation of my curiosity, displayed some of the magnificent clothing worn by her father. The coat was gorgeous, with the national ensign embroidered with gold. A blue satin dressing-gown, with cords and tassels of gold, was decorated in the same way. Most interesting, however, was his mantle of the Order of Guadalupe which he had re-established. It was of blue satin lined with white moire-antique, and must have swept the floor for at least three yards. There was an imposing life-sized portrait of Santa Anna, on horseback, reviewing the troops on the *paseo* before Chapultepec. It was taken in one of the later terms of his presidency.

The second wife of General Santa Anna was very young when married. It is said that she had in her possession a valuable autobiography of her husband, which the family endeavored in vain to procure from her for publication. It is, presumably, a vindication of his career, and now, since the death of Madame Santa Anna, it will likely be obtained.

In her sprightly way Señora Castro related to me particulars of her family, which consists of two daughters and her son Augustin. Knowing it to be customary for married children to live in the house with parents, I innocently asked if her married daughters lived with her. Quickly she replied that "sons-in-law make poetry about their mothers-in-law when out of their houses; if in them, it was not possible to predict what their utterances might be." Their elegant home stands on the first square to the left in going from the Alameda to the Zocalo.



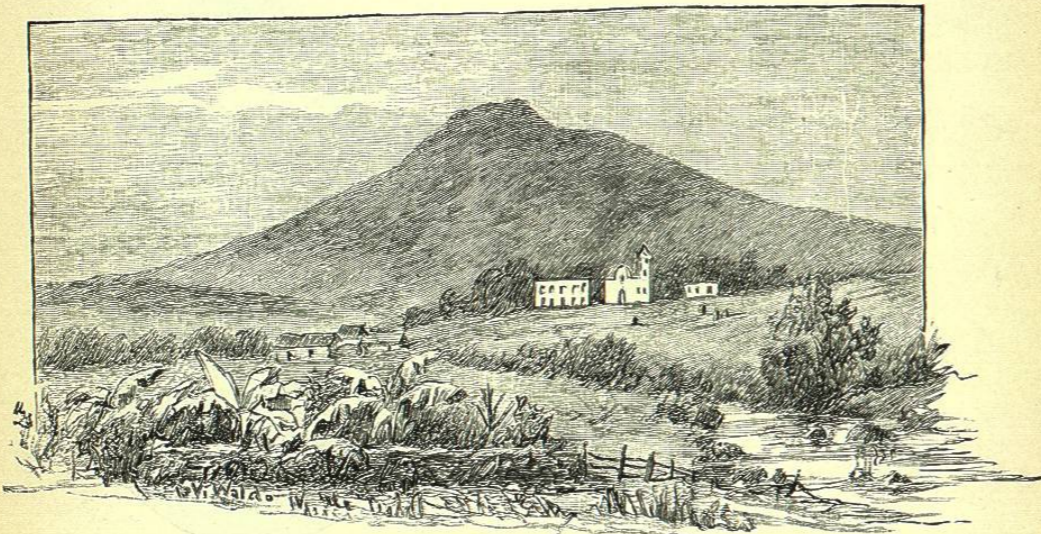
GENERAL SANTA ANNA, WHEN PRESIDENT FOR THE THIRD TIME.  
(From an Oil Portrait.)

The name of Santa Anna is more familiar to Americans, and particularly to Texans, than that of any other Mexican. With it is associated the story of the Alamo, the massacre of Goliad, and the triumph of General Sam Houston at San Jacinto.

When only twenty-three years old, Santa Anna entered the arena of politics by disrupting the empire established by Iturbide, and the career thus begun was consistently carried out. At an early age he had so mastered the arcana of scheming and revolution as to reflect credit on a veteran in the cause, demolishing and creating sovereignties, often grasping victory from defeat, and gathering strength when all seemed

lost. He was five times president, and was the means of deposing, probably, twenty rulers. As a commander of men, his resources and ability were remarkable. After the most disastrous defeat he generally managed to retire from the scene still holding the confidence of his ragged, half-starved army, increasing it materially while on the move.

From 1822 to 1855 he was the most conspicuous figure in public life. If deposed, he withdrew to his beautiful hacienda of Manga de



MANGA DE CLAVO, THE HACIENDA OF SANTA ANNA.

Clavo, near Jalapa. If exiled, he went without remonstrance, confident that his lucky star would again lead him to the front, and with fertile brain every ready to plan a revolution or arrange a *coup d'état*. But it may be truly said that in either case he was punctual to respond whenever his country demanded his services.

When the war with the United States came on, Santa Anna had shortly before returned from exile. He at once took command of an army of 20,000 men. He first met with a heavy defeat by General Taylor at Buena Vista, then at Cerro Gordo by General Scott, and when he retreated to defend the capital, defeat still followed him, and

Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and the capital surrendered to General Scott. His last move, in the vain endeavor to retrieve his fortunes, was to besiege Puebla, when he was again defeated, this time by General Lane. After the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, in 1848, Santa Anna sailed for Jamaica. During this last exile the condition of the country bordered on anarchy, and the need of a strong government was so imperative that in 1853 Santa Anna was recalled. He was enthusiastically received, and appointed president for one year, when a constituent congress should be called. But instead of the latter, he instigated a new revolution, by which he was declared president for life, with the title—well calculated to provoke a smile—of “Serene Highness.” A despotic spirit was soon manifested, and the result was the revolution of Ayutla, led by General Alvarez, one of the heroes of the wars of independence. After this memorable event, a desperate struggle of two years ensued, when Santa Anna abdicated, and left for Havana, August 16, 1855. Afterward, being a man of leisure, he visited Venezuela, where he remained two years. He then retired to the island of St. Thomas, where he lived quietly, probably meriting his title of “Serene Highness” more than at any other time in his career.

He returned in the early part of the French intervention, pledging neutrality; but having issued a manifesto calculated to cause disturbance, was ordered by Marshal Bazaine to leave the country, which he did, retiring again to St. Thomas.

After the fall of Maximilian, he returned to Vera Cruz to find himself a prisoner under sentence of death. Though this was not carried out, he was required to leave Mexico forever. From this time until the death of Juarez, in 1872, he resided in the United States. He returned once more to his native land, aged, feeble, and broken in spirit and fortune, and died in the City of Mexico on June 21, 1876, aged eighty-four years. He was buried at the church of Guadalupe, only a few prominent individuals following the funeral cortege.

Not the least singular circumstance in the stormy and checkered

life of this remarkable man is its ending. Having passed through every phase of danger, while so many of his contemporaries fell in battle, or met death on their knees, he bore a charmed life, and, surviving defeat and exile, returned to the scenes of his grandest triumphs, and breathed out his last days on his own soil surrounded by his family.

In the accompanying illustrations we see him first as president, covered with the insignia of his successes; and the later portrait presents him as he looked at the time



GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

of his death. The contrast is striking and mournful, telling of failure in a man possessing so many elements of greatness, who might have held the highest place in the hearts of his countrymen long after his physical frame had moldered into dust.

The signing of the Federal Chart in 1857 was one of the most important of all the memorable events in Mexican history. Its anniversary is wisely observed as a national holiday.

Of the large number of signers, there remain only twenty-five survivors. Several of these are octogenarians, while others fill places of trust and importance in their country's service. Foremost and best known to us are Señor Ignacio Mariscal, at present Minister for Foreign Affairs; Señor Romero Rubio, Secretary of the Interior; General Ochoa; and the veteran statesman, politician, and soldier, Guillermo Prieto—all of the capital.

We now come to consider a few of the leading spirits of the war of reform which began to be prosecuted when Santa Anna stepped aside from the political arena.

## BENITO JUAREZ.

Let us now take a pleasant stroll through the Alameda and along the great highway leading to Tacuba, until we come to the grand old church and pretty *plazuela* of San Fernando, and the Pantheon, bearing the same name. The little plaza is shaded by giant trees, fragrant with myriad flowers, carpeted with soft, green turf, and the air rendered sweet and delicious by the ripple of the sparkling fountain; a place for day-dreams, so quiet and redolent of the past. But, in pursuance of our object, we suddenly find ourselves within a broad, grated doorway, and the next moment a polite little old man, clad in domestic, comes forward, hat in hand, with a smile, and the question:

"What will you have?"

"We wish to see the monument to Juarez;" whereupon he leads the way, halting as we halt to read an inscription on this or that tomb or vault, and volubly relating the history of the occupants of this grand old burial-ground. He became so interesting at last, that I found myself desirous to know something of him, this plain, humble, polite old man. Without ceremony I asked:

"Tell me something of yourself."

"*Muy bien, señora.* You have heard of the battle of Chapultepec, between the Americans and Mexicans?"

"Yes!" I replied; "but what has that to do with you?"

He shook his head, as he recalled the scenes then enacted, and responded:

"I was the bugler on that awful day, and saw our dear old flag go down and the Americans take possession of that place, so sacred to every Mexican."

He then went on to relate the tragic and heart-rending incident of the death of the gallant forty-eight students, boys from fourteen to twenty, who had their swords wrested from their hands and died nobly in defense of their country. We listened to the old man's reminiscences as we passed the tombs of Zaragoza, Miramon, Mejia, and others; but welcomed the timely silence which fell on the party as we