

[From the New York Daily Times, November 16, 1865.]

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT—HE VISITS THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB—SPEECHES AND FESTIVITIES.

During yesterday General Grant's movements were varied and extensive.

As was announced in yesterday's Times, Lieutenant General Grant and wife visited the opera, accompanied by Majors General Meade, Ingalls and D'Trobriand, and Admiral Ringgold. The party occupied a conspicuous position in the auditorium, and attracted great attention. The house was filled to repletion.

After listening to the opera (Fra Diavalo,) the party of generals drove round to the Union League Club rooms, in Seventeenth street, where the members had gathered in full force to receive them.

Precisely at 10.30 p. m., the general was ushered into the main saloon, which was rapidly filled with the gentlemen of the club and their friends. As soon as order was partially restored, James W. Beekman, esq., one of the vice-presidents of the club, welcomed the lieutenant general in the following

ADDRESS :

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT : We bid you welcome here not for the first time. You have honored us, as your friends, with your presence when you came here fresh from your victories. We thank you now for the victories of peace—for the wonderful and rapid return to the workshop and the farm of your soldiers, who without tumult or insubordination have fallen into their old places at home as promptly and quietly as you taught them while soldiers to form in time of war in line of battle. They have but imitated their great captain, who knew how to refrain from seeing the capital he had conquered, and has never yet entered Richmond since its surrender. The rebellion you have crushed had for its object the establishment of an empire. It was the foe of republican institutions, though disguised in republican form. Grasping at the hopeful opening made by the temporary success of these conspirators, European ambition has striven to establish another empire over a sister republic. Maximilian, by stranger arms, has been forced upon her brave and unwilling people. Foulter wrong never outraged human annals than the present occupation of Mexico by the French. We sympathize with our sister republic in her day of adversity, and firmly believe in her coming deliverance. A Mexican Grant will yet restore his country, as you have saved your own.

The power that did create can change the scene  
Of things—make mean of great, and great of mean;  
The brightest glory can eclipse with night,  
And place the most obscure in dazzling light.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY.

The general rose amid the most tumultuous cheers. He said : I hope you will excuse me from thanking you at any great length. But there is one sentiment uttered in your address, which is mine also. It is the one touching the future of Mexico. (Cheers.) (Señor Romero, the Mexican minister, was present by invitation, while the address was delivered.)

Mr. Beekman said he felt great pleasure in introducing General Meade, a general to whom we owe the victory of Gettysburg, and but for that victory we would at this moment be engaged in civil war.

As General Meade came forward and bowed his thanks, he was received with enthusiasm.

Colonel Van Buren called for three cheers for Generals Grant and Meade, and the call was responded to with alacrity.

General D'Trobriand was also introduced, and made some few remarks,

creating considerable merriment by seating himself on the edge of the dais on which was placed General Grant's chair. Dr. Osgood was called on, and in response, said :

DR. OSGOOD'S REMARKS.

I had no expectation, Mr. Chairman, of being called upon to speak on so conspicuous an occasion as this. Yet, as representing a noble profession, and although a very humble member of that profession, I feel justified in speaking a few decided words here. The Christian church has stood by General Grant and the flag he represents. (Cheers.) We have followed him with our wishes and our prayers. We go for law and order; so does he. We are peacemakers; so is he. Thank God for this auspicious day, when our General-in-chief and his noble coadjutors here are brave defenders of the whole republic—as brave and determined defenders, now, of South Carolina, Mississippi and Alabama, as of New York, Massachusetts or Ohio. (Cheers.) God bless General Grant and our brave old flag! That good old flag is his commission, as it is ours also. (Applause.)

Hon. S. B. Ruggles, another of the vice-presidents of the club, made some remarks on the state of the country, and the attitude of foreign nations toward the United States.

VERA CRUZ, February 22, 1867.

In spite of broken promises on the part of the French, and an opinion which may be entertained by some in the United States, that the promise would be again broken, the French are, at last, in the act of the evacuation of the "so-called" empire, leaving Maximilian to work out his own destiny. Whether he will immediately abdicate and depart by the Elizabeth, his yacht, or whether (as it appears) he has again changed his intentions, and resolved to remain and die, no man in Mexico knows. It would appear that he is now completely under the guidance of Miramon, who, knowing that his own fortunes are desperate, would seem to desire the honorable association of an emperor with whom to fall. But a few days since, the opinion was general that we should see Maximilian here immediately, on his way to Miramar, but he most provokingly changes the programme oftener than the telegraph can well communicate.

THE EVACUATION.

The French and Austrian troops are entirely withdrawn from the city of Mexico and the interior, the rear guard being near Puebla. About eight thousand troops have arrived at this place (Vera Cruz) by rail, being the advance of the retiring and returning army. The following is a schedule of the number of troops which have arrived at Vera Cruz from the interior :

Date of arrival.	Trains.	Number arrived.
February 11.....	Military.....	650
February 12.....	Passenger.....	300
February 13.....	Military.....	500
February 15.....	Military.....	500
February 16.....	Two military.....	1,150
February 17.....	Two military.....	1,155
February 18.....	One military.....	564
February 19.....	Three military.....	1,500
February 20.....	One military.....	150
February 21.....	Two military.....	1,000
Total.....		<u>7,469</u>

The accompanying list of transports and iron-clads have also arrived and departed, and by reference thereto it will be observed that about eight thousand five hundred men have left these shores for France within a few days. Most of the Austrian contingency has embarked and already sailed. I presume that the loss of one of the transports, Girond, near Jamaica, is already known in the States. No lives lost.

Names of vessels.	Date of arrival.	Date of departure.	No. of troops on board.	Nationality of troops.
	1867.			
Paquebot Imperatrice Eugenie.....	Jan. 10	Jan. 13	800	French.
Transport Rhone.....	Jan. —	Jan. 19	753	Belgians.
Paquebot Noveau Monde.....	Feb. 12	Feb. 14	800	French.
Transport Yonne.....	Feb. 12	Feb. 17	653	French and Austrians.
Transport Saone.....	Feb. 13	Feb. 17	723	Austrians.
Transport Pomone.....	Feb. 14	Feb. 19	509	French and Austrians.
Transport Drome.....	Feb. 15	Feb. 19	1,135	Austrians.
Transport Nievre.....	Feb. 15	Feb. 18	1,057	Austrians.
Transport Var.....	Feb. 16	Feb. 22	1,000	Austrians.
Transport Allier.....	Feb. 19	Feb. 21	1,000	French and Austrians.
Total.....			8,430	

The transports are: Ardeche, Calvados, Tarn and Garonne; the iron-clads ram Magenta, Flandre and Magnaine; line-of-battle ship Ville de Bordeaux; brig-rigged steam war vessel Cher; line-of-battle ship Massena. Steamers Tampico and Vera Cruz are awaiting troops.

As a part and parcel of the evacuation, I should probably mention the arrival here of the following distinguished Mexican gentlemen, who, having identified themselves with the empire, find it a very proper time to visit the Paris Exposition. They left here two days since for France, via Havana and the United States: La Bistida, archbishop of Mexico; Louis Robles, minister of fomento and imperial commissary; Señor Estara, imperial commissary; Antonio Escudon, merchant.

It is truly wonderful to see the number of imperial Mexicans who have so suddenly acquired a taste for the fine arts, and who, just at this moment, feel it their duty to abandon their interests here, and hasten to France to cultivate the new development. A fear of liberal revenge seems to have wonderfully increased their bumps of sublimity and ideality.

For the past four days, large quantities of ten-inch shell have been put on board of the transports, left from the siege of Puebla; also military equipage, and some few private horses. None of the iron-clads are fully armed, and are armored only half-way to the rail. The Magenta is a very formidable vessel, and looks larger than the Dunderberg.

It appears that the iron-clads will also convey troops to France. Most of the Austrian troops have already left these shores; Maximilian's defenders must therefore be imperialized Mexicans. Of the twenty-two French government vessels which have arrived, eight have already gone with troops, leaving fourteen war vessels and transports, which will immediately receive on board the troops, which are coming down as fast as railroad accommodations under General Stevens—formerly of Robert E. Lee's staff—will permit. It can safely be declared that by the 15th of March there will scarcely be a Frenchman in Mexico. All communication, except by special couriers, with Mexico, was cut off some days since, and the immediate future looms up dark and gloomy for

Mexico. The five vessels which were driven on shore during the recent norther, cannot be got off, and are nearly total losses.

Beverley Tucker, some time since sought after in the States, is here. His pleasing, generous countenance, indicates kindly feeling; if physiognomy is true, he is guiltless.

It is rumored that Vera Cruz is threatened by five thousand five hundred men, who, collecting at Tlacotalpam and Abamdo, under Colonel Alvarez and General Benevides, and above here, at and near Jalapa.

Flags are afloat in the harbor on French, English, and American vessels, and at the various consulates, in honor of the 22d of February.

Whether it was convenient, or the protest of the United States consul had effect, the quartering of French officers on American residents has been discontinued, and those at residences of the United States residents have been removed.

The vessels with freight for the French, lately arrived, are the Key West and the Cortez.

The French government officials have not yet concluded whether they will pay freight money as agreed on board of vessels, or submit them to the custom duty. Meantime the vessels wait.

#### THE INTERIOR.

Marshal Bazaine, who is at Orizaba with Madame Bazaine, ill from the effects of the journey down from Mexico, is expected to leave Mexico, via Vera Cruz, in the war brig Cher about the 15th of March.

San Martin, a few miles west of Puebla, was occupied by the liberals a week ago, and the report is that Puebla has been occupied by the liberals.

Maximilian left Mexico city on the 13th, it is said, for Queretaro, at the head of four thousand troops. Miramon has accompanied him. Marquez, who went out with him a short distance, returned to the city, and is expected to defend it with three thousand five hundred men against a larger force under Porfirio Diaz. The determination of Maximilian is unknown. The question asked here is, will he return into Mexico city, or does he intend to make his way to the coast? God only knows what he will do, as Maximilian scarcely knows himself what he will do.

#### ZACATECAS, February 22, 1867.

I arrived in this city on the 23d of January last, where the government met with a splendid reception. It was celebrated with fireworks, balls, and the presentation to me of a valuable cane, costing two thousand dollars, among other marks of respect from its loyal citizens.

At three o'clock the same day the news of Miramon's advance upon the city, with 2,500 men and fourteen pieces of artillery, was communicated to me, and I immediately directed the necessary preparations to be made for its defence. General Aranda did not arrive until the 25th, with 1,500 infantry, 200 cavalry, and ten pieces of artillery, which he brought from Durango. On the 26th the enemy appeared and made a reconnoissance. Although many were of the opinion that the government would retire from this city, and there were many and weighty reasons of public policy for such a course, I nevertheless did not deem it proper to adopt it, and determined to share the fate of our forces. The enthusiasm with which the people had received me, and which now amounted almost to frenzy, and the terrible thought that my intended retreat from the city might be the cause of discouragement among the troops and the people, served but the more to strengthen me in my determination to remain at my post. In a word, my opinion was that, if the city were captured, this misfortune should not be the result of the withdrawal of the government, but rather the cause of it.

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 General 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 little 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