

GEN. DIAZ DEPARTS AND WARNS MEXICO

**Declares New Government Must
 Resort to His Methods if
 Peace Is to be Re-established.**

BREAKS DOWN AT THE LAST

**Tears Roll Down His Face as He Re-
 plies to Farewell of the Soldiers
 Who Guarded Him to Vera Cruz.**

VERA CRUZ, May 31.—Ex-President Porfirio Diaz sailed from this port tonight on the steamer Ypiranga, bound for Havre. The steamer goes by way of Havana, and Gen. Diaz's ultimate destination is Spain.

The ship was only a little way out when the searchlight of the fortress guarding the port was turned on it. With glasses in hand, among a small party in the stern, Diaz was standing, somewhat apart, close to the rail. He was plainly discernable, taking his farewell look at his native land.

The last words of the ex-President spoken to those he had left on shore were, "I shall die in Mexico." This was uttered in a tone of prophesy, and with a look of inspired conviction.

Throughout his administration Vera Cruz had nothing but hisses at the mention of Diaz's name. To-day Vera Cruz gave only cheers.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when Gen. Diaz and the members of his party went aboard the Ypiranga. Contrary to popular expectation, the journey from the house where he had been quartered was made in carriages along a circuitous route through the streets of the city. Diaz was tired of the attempts to avoid the people. He declared that his departure from his native land must be public.

Without announcement the carriages started and the residents of Vera Cruz awakened into unusual activity upon perceiving the approach of the vehicles, led by that in which the ex-President rode. The drive through the city took not more than twenty minutes. The procession then turned on to the Sanitary Pier, at the head of which was moored the Ypiranga aflutter with flags, dressed by the Captain in honor of his distinguished passenger.

Along the sides of the pier soldiers were drawn up at present arms and two military bands stood in ranks. Crowds of working people and the most prominent of the city's society jammed the way, making progress difficult.

Ovation on Walk to Ship.

Gen. Diaz, accompanied by the military commander of the port, Gen. Joaquin Maas, and followed by Señora Diaz and the other members of the party and their escorts, received an ovation on the walk to the ship rarely accorded to any one in Vera Cruz and never before to Gen. Diaz here. A dozen pretty young women threw before the old warrior great bunches of roses. Some stepped forward to present them personally.

With his arms filled with blossoms, and bowing right and left, the ex-President started up the companionway. On board, the ship's band began the Mexican national hymn. Every hat was off, and Diaz halted at the head of the companionway. The guns of Fort Santiago began for the last time to fire a Presidential salute in honor of Diaz. The crowd was cheering itself hoarse, with never a cry for Madero.

Then it was that Diaz lifted his hand, signaling for silence. "Citizens of Vera Cruz," he said, "I will never forget this reception. It is the more notable for having been given at a time when all the country is against me. A greater reception than a mere citizen is entitled to is accorded to me. Not even a President can be the recipient of a greater ovation than this."

Once more cheers arose, and Diaz moved into the ship. Señora Diaz followed up the companionway.

On board the vessel were scores of friends, and passengers and visitors mingled in something like a general reception. It was a gala hour, but from the admiring throng the Captain, taking the Ypiranga rescued the old fighter, taking him to the bridge, where, with three or four friends, he gazed out across the harbor toward the painted walls of the last Mexican city he was to see, for many months at least.

On the pier the military bands alternated with the ship's band in making music. Darkness came over the harbor, lights appeared, and yet the people held their positions, waiting for the ship to sail.

Farewell Words to Mexico.

The General said his farewell to Mexico before he went on board the Ypiranga.

To his country Gen. Diaz delivered a warning. Speaking to the little group of soldiers who had served as a guard on his trip from the capital to the port, the old man who governed Mexico for more than thirty years by military strength declared that the present Government must yet resort to his methods if peace were to be re-established.

Wearing the same uniforms they had on when they served as the General's guard, the soldiers drew up in front of the home of J. B. Body, where the ex-President has been quartered since his arrival in Vera Cruz. There was one detachment of the Eleventh Infantry and a detachment of Zapadores, one of the crack regiments of the country. Both were under the command of Gen. Victoriano Huerta, an old and warm personal friend of Gen. Diaz.

It was not a display such as would be arranged for an inspection. Some of the men wore sandals, some shoes, and none would have gained praise for neatness. They were all men who had done fighting. They were the same men who had defended the life of the ex-President and his family when rebels attacked the special train coming to Vera Cruz. Four of their number were killed in that affair near the little village of Tepeyahualco.

Gen. Diaz learned this morning that his men wished to say good-bye. There was some formality, but this feature was lost sight of later in view of the intimacy of the farewell. The men stood facing the veranda of the barn-like wooden house, which is located down in the terminal yards. Back of them stood a row of freight cars. Noisy engines puffed about, and ships tied up at the wharves served as a reminder of why the ex-President was here. On the veranda a small detachment of the Presidential guards were lined up. Friends of Diaz in this city and one or two from the capital came out of the house with him. His son, Col. Porfirio Diaz, Jr., was not present; like the women members of the party, including Señora Diaz, he chooses to remain in his room. Rarely has he appeared in public of late, and never during this forenoon, when his father was saying good-bye, did he let his face be seen.

When Gen. Diaz stepped forward on the veranda there was a buzz of interest, but no applause. The moment was too solemn for an expression of that character, and even the little group of peons massed behind the soldiers repressed their feelings.

ings until the speechmaking and embracings were concluded. Even then their applause was brief.

Gen. Diaz, his face showing almost no sign of his recent illness, was dressed in an ordinary sack suit of black. He carried in his hand a panama hat. The only touch of color about his attire was a lavender four-in-hand necktie.

In the name of the army, Gen. Huerta addressed him. Standing not more than two paces in front of his old chief, the soldier told him that he could always count on the soldiers, "notwithstanding what every one said." Gen. Huerta's voice broke as he added, with perhaps more frankness than tact: "It is the only portion of the country that did not go against you."

He declared that he and his men and the army in general were sorry to see Gen. Diaz leave Mexico, but that there was also reason for gratification, inasmuch as foreigners would have an opportunity to know the man who had made his country famous.

Gen. Diaz Overcome.

Through all of Gen. Huerta's talk Diaz stood like a soldier on parade, with eyes front and never a twitch of the muscles. Bravely he began his reply, but before many minutes he was having great difficulty in mastering his emotion.

"I am grateful to the army," said the ex-President, "that I could count on it to the last moment of leaving Mexican territory. It is the only real defense the country has, and to re-establish peace in this Republic its services will have to be called upon in this crisis."

By now the tears were slowly rolling down the old man's face, and his voice was broken. But, like a father talking to his children, he continued, assuring them that he gave his word of honor that should his country at any time become involved in trouble he would be willing to return.

Pointing to the colors of Mexico, the General added:

"I would then place myself at the head of the country's loyal forces, and, under the shadow of that flag, I would know how to conquer as in times past."

Gen. Huerta, himself almost as old as the deposed President, grasped Diaz's hand, and then the two old fighters embraced. One by one the minor officers moved forward from the ranks. Each was embraced by Gen. Diaz and told good-bye. It was over. The troops had stood at attention for an hour in the broiling heat, but none appeared weary. Gen. Diaz turned to enter the house, and the officers gave the command to march. The troops went directly to the cars of a special train on which they began their journey to the capital.

For an hour following the farewell to his troops Gen. Diaz obligingly posed for photographers. Then, inside the house, the ex-President received informally Gen. Joaquin Beltran, Principal of the Chapultepec Military School. Gen. Beltran had brought with him a manifesto of the cadets, in which they protested their loyalty. In the name of the cadets he asked Gen. Diaz to sign it in order that it might be placed in the archives of the institution.

Others who had called to pay their respects began to leave and Gen. Diaz soon afterward began to drive to the pier, where the Tuluna, a Government tug, had been moored for some days past to take him to the Ypiranga. Those who went aboard the steamer with the ex-President included Señora Diaz, the wife of the General; Señora Teresa, the widowed sister of Señora Diaz, and her son José; Col. Porfirio Diaz, Jr., his wife, and their five children; Lieut. and Mrs. Lorenzo Elizaga, and their young son; Gen. Manuel Gonzales, and Col. Fernando Gonzales. Lieut. Elizaga is a brother-in-law of Gen. Diaz.

In the fleet of boats that skimmed here and there over the waters of the harbor there was one manned by an old Mexican. He was not one of those who went to the house in the terminal yards to see the aged General, but had he done so there is little doubt of the reception he would have had, for this old boatman is the man who saved the life of Diaz in the same harbor a generation ago.

Diaz was attempting to re-enter his country as a fugitive. He had been in New Orleans, doing very much what Madero did a few months ago. He was fomenting a revolution. Hunted by the soldiers of Mexico, he found it necessary to guard his movements. So, when the boat entered the harbor of Vera Cruz he slipped quietly over the side and attempted to swim ashore. Tossed by the swell, he lost his bearings and was swimming out to sea when he was discovered by a man in a rowboat. He was pulled in and rowed ashore. If his rescuer knew the identity of his passenger at that time he kept it a secret, and Diaz entered his country, fought, and won.

Later the President called the boatman to the capital and gave him a better position. He showed a most kindly disposition toward his rescuer, but the boatman longed for the harbor, and returned. Since that day he has been one of the army that lines the piers and solicits passengers for their trade.