the following day marched for Goliad (or La Bahia), where we arrived the 23d. On the road we passed a file of corpses, the remains of Capt. King's command, whom the Mexicans had assassinated a day or so previous. At Goliad we found Fannin's command all prisoners of war, and that afternoon Ward's Batallion of Georgians were also brought in. On the Sunday following, ~~early~~ (the 27th) early in the morning, these men, to the number of near 400, were divided ~~into~~ into three parties, marched out of the fort in as many different directions and shot to death. Their murderers then heaped wood over their bodies and burned them. An order arrived a few days after to shoot the rest of us, but for some reason it was counter-manded that night. The fact is, we were saved through the kind interposition of a charming young Mexican lady, Donna Pachita Alavesque, of Durango, the wife of a colonel, to whom ~~also~~ also Mrs. Shackelford, Barnard, Field, and their four ~~four~~ attendants, were wholly indebted for their lives. Urrea's march from San Patricio to Guadalupe Victoria was marked by many horrors, shocking to humanity. Mirabeau B. Lamar once in a public speech very ignorantly styled him "the noble Urrea, shedding tears over the murdered Fannin." But I say ~~that~~ he was a damned scoundrel who proved treacherously false to Fannin; and I, perhaps the sole surviving witness of the awful tragedy of Goliad, could tell the world the story of this bloody episode in Texan history, only that