

that the appearance of an arbalist or arquebus drew a hundred arrows to the spot. Taught by his example, the warriors found that under the walls there was a place of safety; then he set them to climbing; for that purpose some stuck their javelins in the cracks of the masonry; some formed groups over which others raised themselves; altogether the crest of the wall was threatened in a thousand places, insomuch that the Tlascalans occupied themselves exclusively in its defence; and as often as one raised to strike a climber down, he made himself a target for the quick bowmen on the opposite houses.

And so, wherever the 'tzin went he inspired his countrymen; the wounded, and the many dead and dying, and the blood maddened instead of daunting them. They rained missiles into the enclosure; upon the wall they fought hand to hand with the defenders; in their inconsiderate fury, many leaped down inside, and perished instantly, — but all in vain.

Then the 'tzin had great timbers brought up, thinking to batter in the parapet. Again and again they were hurled against the face of the masonry, but without effect.

Yet another resort. He had balls of cotton steeped in oil shot blazing into the palace-yard. Against the building, and on its tiled roof, they fell harmless. It happened, however, that the sheds in which the Tlascalans quartered consisted almost entirely of reeds, with roofs of rushes and palm-leaves; they burst into flames. Water could not be spared by the garrison, for the drought was great; in the extremity, the Tlascalans and many Christians were drawn from the defences, and set to casting earth upon the new enemy. Hundreds of the former were killed or disabled. The flames spread to the wooden outworks of the wall. The smoke almost blotted out the day. After a while a part of the wall fell down, and the infidels rushed in; a steady fire of arque-

buses swept them away, and choked the chasm with the slain; still others braved the peril; company after company dashed into the fatal snare uselessly, as waves roll forward and spend themselves in the gorge of a sea-wall.

The conflict lasted without abatement through long hours. The sun went down. In the twilight the great host withdrew, — all that could. The smoke from the conflagration and guns melted into the shades of night; and the stars, mild-eyed as ever, came out one by one to see the wrecks heaped and ghastly lying in the bloody street and palace-yard.

All night the defenders lay upon their arms, or, told off in working parties, labored to restore the breach.

All night the infidels collected their dead and wounded, thousands in number. They did not offer to attack, — custom forbade that; yet over the walls they sent their vengeful warnings.

All night the listening sentinels on the parapet noted the darkness filled with sounds of preparation from every quarter of the city. And they crossed themselves, and muttered the names of saints and good angels, and thought shudderingly of the morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE LEAGUER YET.

GUATAMOZIN took little rest that night. The very uncertainty of the combat multiplied his cares. It was not to be supposed that his enemy would keep to the palace, content day after day with receiving assaults; that was neither his character nor his policy. To-morrow he would certainly open the gates, and try conclusions in the streets

The first duty, therefore, was to provide for such a contingency. So the 'tzin went along all the streets leading to the old palace, followed by strong working-parties; and where the highest houses fronted each other, he stopped, and thereat the details fell to making barricades, and carrying stones and logs to the roofs. As a final measure of importance, he cut passages through the walls of the houses and gardens, that companies might be passed quickly and secretly from one thoroughfare to another.

Everywhere he found great cause for mourning; but the stories of the day were necessarily lost in the demands of the morrow.

He visited his caciques, and waited on the lord Cuitlahua to take his orders; then he passed to the temples, whence, as he well knew, the multitudes in great part derived their inspiration. The duties of the soldier, politician, and devotee discharged, he betook himself to the *chinampa*, and to Tula told the heroisms of the combat, and his plans and hopes; there he renewed his own inspirations.

Toward morning he returned to the great temple. Hualpa and Io', having followed him throughout his round, spread their mantles on the roof, and slept: he could not; between the work of yesterday and that to come, his mind played pendulously, and with such forceful activity as forbade slumber. From the quarters of the strangers, moreover, he heard constantly the ringing of hammers, the neighing and trampling of steeds, and voices of direction. It was a long night to him; but at last over the crown of the White Woman the dawn flung its first light into the valley; and then he saw the palace, its walls manned, the gunners by their pieces, and in the great court lines of footmen, and at the main gate horsemen standing by their bridles.

"Thanks, O gods!" he cried. "Walls will not separate my people from their enemies to-day!"

With the sunrise the assault began, — a repetition of that of the day before.

Then the guns opened; and while the infidels reeled under the fire, out of the gates rode Cortes and his chivalry, a hundred men-at-arms. Into the mass they dashed. Space sufficient having been won, they wheeled southward down the beautiful street, followed by detachments of bowmen and arquebusiers and Tlascalans. With them also went Mesa and his guns.

When fairly in the street, environed with walls, the 'tzin's tactics and preparation appeared. Upon the approach of the cavalry, the companies took to the houses; only those fell who stopped to fight or had not time to make the exit. All the time, however, the horsemen were exposed to the missiles tossed upon them from the roofs. Soon as they passed, out rushed the infidels in hordes, to fall upon the flanks and rear of the supporting detachments. Never was Mesa so hard pressed; never were helm and corselet so nearly useless; never gave up the ghost so many of the veteran Tlascalans.

At length the easy way of the cavalry was brought to a stop; before them was the first barricade, — a work of earth and stones too high to be leaped, and defended by Chinantlan spears, of all native weapons the most dreaded. Nevertheless, Cortes drew rein only at its foot. On the instant his shield and mail warded off a score of bronzed points, whirled his axe, crash went the spears, — that was all.

Meantime, the eager horsemen in the rear, not knowing of the obstacle in front, pressed on; the narrow space became packed; then from the roofs on the right hand and the left descended a tempest of stones and lances, blent with beams of wood, against which no guard was strong enough. Six men and horses fell there. A cry of dismay arose from the pack, and much calling was there on patron

saints, much writhing and swaying of men and plunging of steeds, and vain looking upward through bars of steel. Cortes quitted smashing spears over the barricade.

"Out! out! Back, in Christ's name!" he cried.

The jam was finally relieved.

Again his voice, —

"To Mesa, some of ye; bring the guns! Speed!"

Then he, too, rode slowly back; and sharper than the shame of the retreat, sharper than the arrows or the taunts of the foe, sharper than all of them together, was the sight of the six riders in their armor left to quick despoilment, — they and their good steeds.

It was not easy for Mesa to come; but he did, opening within a hundred feet of the barricade. Again and again he fired; the smoke wreathed blinding white about him.

"What sayest thou now?" asked Cortes, impatiently.

"That thou mayest go, and thou wilt. The saints go with thee!"

The barricade was a ruin.

At the first bridge again there was a fierce struggle; when taken, the floor was heaped with dead and wounded infidels.

And so for hours. Only at the last gate, that opening on the causeway to Iztapalapan, did Cortes stay the sally. There, riding to the rear, now become the front, he started in return. Needless to tell how well the Christians fought, or how devotedly the pagans resisted and perished. Enough that the going back was more difficult than the coming. Four more of the Spaniards perished on the way.

At a late hour that night Sandoval entered Cortes' room, and gave him a parchment. The chief went to the lamp and read; then, snatching his sword from the table, he walked to and fro, as was his wont when much disturbed; only his strides were longer, and the gride of the weapon on the tiled floor more relentless than common.

He stopped abruptly.

"Dead, ten of them! And their horses, captain?"

"Three were saved," replied Sandoval.

"By my conscience, I like it not! and thou?"

"I like it less," said the captain, naïvely.

"What say the men?"

"They demand to be led from the city while yet they have strength to go."

Cortes frowned and continued his walk. When next he stopped, he said, in the tone of a man whose mind was made up, —

"Good night, captain. See that the sentinels sleep not; and, captain, as thou goest, send hither Martin Lopez, and mind him to bring one or two of his master carpenters. Good night."

The mind of the leader, never so quick as in time of trouble, had in the few minutes reviewed the sortie. True, he had broken through the barricades, taken bridge after bridge, and driven the enemy often as they opposed him; he had gone triumphantly to the very gates of the city, and returned, and joined Olmedo in unctuous celebration of the achievement; yet the good was not as clear and immediate as at first appeared.

He recalled the tactics of his enemy: how, on his approach, they had vanished from the street and assailed him from the roofs; how, when he had passed, they poured into the street again, and flung themselves hand to hand upon the infantry and artillery. And the result, — ten riders and seven horses were dead; of the Tlascalans in the column nearly all had perished; every Christian foot-soldier had one or more wounds. At Cempoalla he himself had been hurt in the left hand; now he was sore with contusions. He set his teeth hard at thought of the moral effect of the day's work; how it would raise the spirit of the infidels, and de-

press that of his own people. Already the latter were clamoring to be led from the city, — so the blunt Captain Sandoval had said.

The enemy's advantage was in the possession of the houses. The roofs dominated the streets. Were there no means by which he could dominate the roofs? He bent his whole soul to the problem. Somewhere he had read or heard of the device known in ancient warfare as *mantelets*, — literally, a kind of portable roof, under which besiegers approached and sapped or battered a wall. The recollection was welcome; the occasion called for an extraordinary resort. He laid the sword gently upon the table, gently as he would a sleeping child, and sent for Lopez.

That worthy came, and with him two carpenters, each as rough as himself. And it was a picture, if not a comedy, to watch the four bending over the table to follow Cortes, while, with his dagger-point, he drew lines illustrative of the strange machine. They separated with a perfect understanding. The chief slept soundly, his confidence stronger than ever.

Another day, — the third. From morn till noon and night, the clamor of assault and the exertion of defence, the roar of guns from within, the rain of missiles from without, — Death everywhere.

All the day Cortes held to the palace. On the other side, the 'tzin kept close watch from the *teocallis*. That morning early he had seen workmen bring from the palace some stout timbers, and in the great court-yard proceed to frame them. He plied the party with stones and arrows; again and again, best of all the good bowmen of the valley, he himself sent his shafts at the man who seemed the director of the work; as often did they splinter upon his helm or corselet, or drop harmless from the close links of tempered steel defending his limbs. The work went steadily on, and by noon

had taken the form of towers, two in number, and high as ordinary houses. By sunset both were under roof.

When the night came, the garrison were not rested; and as to the infidels, the lake received some hundreds more of them, which was only room made for other hundreds as brave and devoted.

Over the palace walls the besiegers sent words ominous and disquieting, and not to be confounded with the half-sung formulas of the watchers keeping time on the temples by the movement of the stars.

"Malinche, Malinche, we are a thousand to your one. Our gods hunger for vengeance. You cannot escape them."

So the Spaniards heard in their intervals of unrest.

"O false sons of Anahuac, the festival is making ready; your hearts are Huitzil's; the cages are open to receive you."

The Tlascalans heard, and trembled.

The fourth day. Still Cortes kept within the palace, and still the assault; nor with all the slaughter could there be perceived any decrease either in the number of the infidels or the spirit of their attack.

Meantime the workmen in the court-yard clung to the construction of the towers. Lopez was skilful, Cortes impatient. At last they were finished.

That night the 'tzin visited Tula. At parting, she followed him to the landing. Yeteve went with her. "The blessing of the gods be upon you!" she said; and the benediction, so trustful and sweetly spoken, was itself a blessing. Even the slaves, under their poised oars, looked at her and forgot themselves, as well they might. The light of the great torch, kindled by the keeper of the *chinampa*, revealed her perfectly. The head slightly bent, and the hands crossed over the breast, helped the prayerful speech. Her eyes were not upon the slaves, yet their effect was; and they were

such eyes as give to night the beauty of stars, while taking nothing from it, neither depth nor darkness.

The canoe put off.

"Farewell," said Io'. His warrior-life was yet in its youth.

"Farewell," said Hualpa. And she heard him, and knew him thinking of his lost love.

In the 'tzin's absence the garrison of the temple had been heavily reinforced. The *azoteas*, when he returned, was covered with warriors, asleep on their mantles, and pillowed on their shields. He bade his companions catch what slumber they could, and went into the grimy but full-lighted presence-chamber, and seated himself on the step of the altar. In a little while Hualpa came in, and stopped before him as if for speech.

"You have somewhat to say," said the 'tzin, kindly. "Speak."

"A word, good 'tzin, a single word. Io' lies upon his mantle; he is weary, and sleeps well. I am weary, but cannot sleep. I suffer —"

"What?" asked the 'tzin.

"Discontent."

"Discontent!"

"O 'tzin, to follow you and win your praise has been my greatest happiness; but as yet I have done nothing by myself. I pray you, give me liberty to go where I please, if only for a day."

"Where would you go?"

"Where so many have tried and failed, — over the wall, into the palace."

There was a long silence, during which the suppliant looked on the floor, and the master at him.

"I think I understand you," the latter at length said. "To-morrow I will give you answer. Go now."

Hualpa touched the floor with his palm, and left the chamber. The 'tzin remained thoughtful, motionless. An hour passed.

"Over the wall, into the palace!" he said, musingly. "Not for country, not for glory, — for Nenetzin. Alas, poor lad! From his life she has taken the life. Over the wall into the — Sun. To-morrow comes swiftly; good or ill, the gifts it brings are from the gods. Patience!"

And upon the step he spread his mantle, and slept, muttering, "Over the wall, into the palace, and she has not called him! Poor lad!"

—o—o—o—

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE MANTAS.

THE report of a gun awoke the 'tzin in the morning. The great uproar of the assault, now become familiar to him, filled the chamber. He knelt on the step and prayed, for there was a cloud upon his spirit, and over the idol's stony face there seemed to be a cloud. He put on his helm and mantle; at the door Hualpa offered him his arms.

"No," he said, "bring me those we took from the stranger."

Hualpa marked the gravity of his manner, and with a rising heart and a smile, the first seen on his lips for many a day, he brought a Spanish shield and battle-axe, and gave them to him.

Then the din below, bursting out in greater volume, drew the 'tzin to the verge of the temple. The warriors made way for him reverently. He looked down into the square, and through a veil of smoke semilucid saw Cortes and his

cavaliers charge the ranks massed in front of the palace gate. The gate stood open, and a crowd of the Tlascalans were pouring out of the portal, hauling one of the towers whose construction had been the mystery of the days last passed; they bent low to the work, and cheered each other with their war-cries; yet the *manta* — so called by Cortes — moved slowly, as if loath to leave. In the same manner the other tower was drawn out of the court; then, side by side, both were started down the street, which they filled so nearly that room was hardly left for the detachments that guarded the Tlascalans on the flanks.

The fighting ceased, and silently the enemies stared at the spectacle, — such power is there in curiosity.

At sight of the structures, rolling, rocking, rumbling, and creaking dismally in every wheel, Cortes' eyes sparkled fire-like through his visor. The 'tzin, on the other hand, was disturbed and anxious, although outwardly calm; for the objects of the common wonder were enclosed on every side, and he knew as little what they contained as of their use and operation.

Slowly they rolled on, until past the intersection of the streets; there they stopped. Right and left of them were beautiful houses covered with warriors for the moment converted into spectators. A hush of expectancy everywhere prevailed. The 'tzin shaded his eyes with his hand, and leant eagerly forward. Suddenly, from the sides of the machine next the walls, masked doors dropped out, and guns, charged to the muzzle, glared over the house-tops, then swept them with fire.

A horrible scream flew along the street and up to the *azoteas* of the temple; at the same time, by ladders extended to the coping of the walls, the Christians leaped on the roofs, like boarders on a ship's deck, and mastered them at once; whereupon they returned, and were about taking in the lad-

ders, when Cortes galloped back, and, riding from one to the other, shouted,—

“Ordas! Avila! *Mirad!* Where are the torches I gave ye? Out again! Leave not a stone to shelter the dogs! Leave nothing but ashes! *Pronto, pronto!*”

The captains answered promptly. With *flambeaux* of resinous pine and cotton, they fired all the wood-work of the interior of the buildings. Smoke burst from the doors and windows; then the detachments retreated, and were rolled on without the loss of a man.

Behind the *mantas* there was a strong rear-guard of infantry and artillery; with which, and the guards on the flanks, and the cavaliers forcing way at the front, it seemed impossible to avert, or even interrupt, an attack at once so novel and successful.

The smoke from the burning houses, momentarily thickening and widening, was seen afar, and by the heathen hailed with cries of alarm: not so Cortes; riding everywhere, in the van, to the rear, often stopping by the *mantas*, which he regarded with natural affection, as an artist does his last work, he tasted the joy of successful genius. The smoke rising, as it were, to Heaven, carried up his vows not to stop until the city, with all its idolatries, was a heap of ashes and lime, — a holocaust to the Mother such as had never been seen. The cheeriness of his constant cry, “*Christo, Christo y Santiago!*” communicated to his people, and they marched laughing and fighting.

Opposition had now almost ceased; at the approach of the *mantas*, the house-tops were given up without resistance. A general panic appeared to have seized the pagans; they even vacated the street, so that the cavaliers had little else to do than ride leisurely, turning now and then to see the fires behind them, and the tall machines come lumbering on.

As remarked, when the *mantas* stopped at the intersection

of the streets, the 'tzin watched them eagerly, for he knew the time had come to make their use manifest; he saw a door drop, and the jet of flame and smoke leap from a gun; he heard the cry of agony from the house-tops, and the deeper cry from all the people; to the chiefs around him he said, with steady voice, and as became a leader, —

“Courage, friends! We have them now. Malinche is mad to put his people in such traps. Lord Hualpa, go round the place of combat and see that the first bridge is impassable; for there, unless the towers have wings, and can fly, they must stop. And to you, Io’,” he spoke to the lad tenderly, “I give a command and sacred trust. Stay here, and take care of the gods.”

Io’ kissed his hand, and said, fervently, “May the gods care for me as I will for them!”

To other chiefs, calling them by name, he gave directions for the renewal of the assault on the palace, now weakened by the sortie, and for the concentration of fresh companies in the rear of the enemy, to contest their return.

“And now, my good lord,” he said to a cacique, gray-headed, but of magnificent frame, “you have a company of Tezcucans, formerly the guards of king Cacama’s palace. Bring them, and follow me. Come.”

A number of houses covering quite half a square were by this time on fire. Those of wood burned furiously; the morning, however, was almost breathless, so that the cinders did little harm. On the left side of the street stood a building of red stone, its front profusely carved, and further ornamented with a marble portico, — a palace, in fact, massively built, and somewhat higher than the *mantas*. Its entrances were barricaded, and on the roof, where an enemy might be looked for, there was not a spear, helm, or sign of life, except some fan-palms and long banana-branches. Before the stately front the *mantas* were at length

hauled. Immediately the door on that side was dropped, and the ladder fixed, and Avila, who had the command, started with his followers to take possession and apply the torch. Suddenly, the coping of the palace-front flamed with feathered helms and points of bronze.

Avila was probably as skilful and intrepid as any of Cortes’ captains; but now he was surprised: directly before him stood Guatamozin, whom every Spaniard had come to know and respect as the most redoubted of all the warriors of Anahuac; and he shone on the captain a truly martial figure, confronting him with Spanish arms, a shield with a face of iron and a battle-axe of steel. Avila hesitated; and as he did so, the end of the ladder was lifted from the wall, poised a moment in the air, then flung off.

The 'tzin had not time to observe the effect of the fall, for a score of men came quickly up, bringing a beam of wood as long and large as the spar of a brigantine; a trailing rope at its further end strengthened the likeness. Resting the beam on the coping of the wall, at a word, they plunged it forward against the *manta*, which rocked under the blow. A yell of fear issued from within. The Tlascalans strove to haul the machine away, but the Tezcucans from their height tossed logs and stones upon them, crushing many to death, and putting the rest in such fear that their efforts were vain. Meantime, the beam was again shot forward over the coping, and with such effect that the roof of the *manta* sprang from its fastenings, and nearly toppled off.

The handiwork so rudely treated was not as stout as the ships Martin Lopez sailed on the lake. It was simply a square tower, two stories high, erected on wheels. The frame was enclosed with slabs, pinned on vertically, and pierced with loopholes. On the sides there were apertures defended by doors. The roof, sloping hip-fashion, had an outer covering of undressed skins as protection against fire.

The lower floor was for the Tlascalans, should they be driven from the drag-ropes; in the second story there was a gun, some arquebusiers, and a body of pikemen to storm the house-tops; so that altogether the contrivance could hardly stand hauling over the street, much less a battery like that it was then receiving. At the third blow it became an untenable wreck.

"Avila!" cried Cortes. "Where art thou?"

The good captain, with four of his bravest men, lay insensible, if not dead, under the ladder.

"Mercy, O Mother of God, mercy!" groaned Cortes; next moment he was himself again.

"What do ye here, men? Out and away before these timbers tumble and crush ye!"

One man stayed.

"The gun, Señor, the gun!" he protested.

Spurring close to the door, Cortes said, "As thou art a Christian, get thee down, comrade, and quickly. I can better spare the gun than so good a gunner."

Then the beam came again, and, with a great crash, tore away the side of the *manta*. The gun rolled backward, and burst through the opposite wall of the room. The veteran disappeared.

By this time all eyes were turned to the scene. The bowmen and arquebusiers in the column exerted themselves to cover their unfortunate comrades. Upon the neighboring houses a few infidels, on the watch, yelled joyously, — "The 'tzin! the 'tzin!" From them the shout, spread through the cowering army, became, indeed, a battle-cry significant of success.

To me, good reader, the miracles of the world, if any there be, are not the things men do in masses, but the sublimer things done by one man over the many; they testify most loudly of God, since without him they could not

have been. I am too good a Christian to say this of a heathen; nevertheless, without the 'tzin his country had perished that morning. Back to the roofs came the defenders, into the street poured the companies again; no leisure now for the cavaliers. With the other *manta* Ordas moved on gallantly, but the work was hard; at some houses he failed, others he dared not attack. From front to rear the contest became a battle. In the low places of the street and pavement the blood flowed warm, then cooled in blackening pools. The smoke of the consuming houses, distinguishable from that of the temples, collected into a cloud, and hung wide-spread over the combat. The yells of Christians and infidels, fusing into a vast monotone, roared like the sea. Twice Mesa went to the front, — the cavaliers had need of him, — twice he returned to the rear.

The wrath of the Aztecs seemed especially directed against the Tlascalans tugging at the ropes of the *manta*; as a consequence, their quilted armor was torn to rags, and so many of them were wounded, so many killed, that at every stoppage the wheels were more difficult to start; and to make the movement still more slow and uncertain, the carcasses of the dead had to be rolled or carried out of the way; and the dead, sooth to say, were not always Aztecs.

Luis Marin halted to breathe.

"Ola, *compañero!* What dost thou there?"

"By all the saints!" answered Alvarado, on foot, tightening his saddle-girth. "Was ever the like! It hath been strike, strike, — kill, kill, — for an hour. I am dead in the right arm from finger to shoulder. And now here is a buckle that refuseth its work. *Caramba!* My glove is slippery with blood!"

And so step by step, — each one bought with a life, — the Christians won their way to the first bridge: the floor was gone! Cortes reined his horse, bloody from hoof to frontlet,

by the edge of the chasm. Since daybreak fighting, and but a square gained! The water, never so placid, was the utmost limit of his going. He looked at the *manta*, now, like that of Avila, a mocking failure. He looked again, and a blasphemy beyond the absolution of Olmedo, I fear, broke the clenching of his jaws, — not for the machines, or the hopes they had raised, but the days their construction lost him. As he looked, through a rift in the cloud still rising along the battle's track, he saw the great temple; gay banners and gorgeous regalia, all the splendor of barbaric war, filled that view, and inspired him. To the cavaliers, close around and in waiting, he turned. The arrows smote his mail and theirs, yet he raised his visor: the face was calm, even smiling, for the will is a quality apart from mind and passion.

"We will go back, gentlemen," he said. "The city is on fire, — enough for one day. And hark ye, gentlemen. We have had enough of common blood. Let us go now and see of what the heathen gods are made."

His hearers were in the mood; they raised their shields and shouted, —

"To the temple! To the temple! For the love of Christ, to the temple!"

The cry sped down the column; and as the men caught its meaning they faced about of their own will. Wounds, weariness, and disappointments were forgotten; the rudest soldier became a zealot on the instant. *Al templo! Adelante, adelante!* rose like a new chorus, piercing the battle's monotone.

Cortes stood in his stirrups, and lo! the enemy, ranked close, like corn in the full ear, yet outreaching his vision, — plumed, bannered, brilliant, and terrible.

"Close and steady, swords of the Church! What ye see is but grass for the cutting. Yonder is the temple we seek. Follow me. *Adelante! Christo y Santiago!*"

So saying, he spurred in deep amongst the infidels.

CHAPTER IX.

OVER THE WALL, — INTO THE PALACE.

THE duty Hualpa had been charged with by the 'tzin was not difficult of performance; for the bridges of the capital, even those along the beautiful street, were much simpler structures than they appeared. When he had seen the balustrades and flooring and the great timbers that spanned the canal — the first one south of the old palace — torn from their places, and hauled off by the canoemen whom he had collected for the purpose, he returned to the temple to rejoin his master.

The assault upon the palace, when he reached that point, was more furious than at any previous time. The companies in the street were fighting with marvellous courage, while the missiles from the *azoteas* and westward terraces of the temple, and all the houses around, literally darkened the air. Amidst the clamor Hualpa caught at intervals the cry, — "The 'tzin, the 'tzin!" He listened, and all the loyal thousands seemed shouting, "The 'tzin, the 'tzin! *Alalala!*"

"Has anything befallen the 'tzin?" he asked of an acquaintance.

"Yes, thanks to Huitzil! He has broken one of Malinche's towers to pieces, and killed everybody in it."

Hualpa's love quickened suddenly. "Blessed be all the gods!" he cried, and, passing on, ascended to the *azoteas*. It may have been the battle, full of invocations, as battles always are; or it may have been that Io', in full enjoyment of his command, and so earnest in its performance, stimulated his ambition; or it may have been the influence of his pecu-