

recruits of Narvaez, who, weighted down by their treasure and overcome by fear, ran blindly along, and fell almost without resistance.

One great effort Cortez made at the canal to restore order before the mob could come up.

"God help us!" he cried at last to the gentlemen with him. "Here are bowmen and gunners without arms, and horsemen without room to charge. Nothing now but to save ourselves! And that we may not do, if we wait. Let us follow Sandoval. Harken to the howling! How fast they come! And by my conscience, with them they bring the lake alive with fiends! Olmedo, thou with me! Come, Morla, Avila, Olid! Come, all who care for life!"

And through the *mêlée* they pushed, through the murderous lancers, down the bank,—Cortez first, and good knights on the right and left of the father. There was plunging and floundering of horses, and yells of infidels, and the sound of deadly blows, and from the swimmers shrieks for help, now to comrades, now to saints, now to Christ.

"Ho, Sandoval, right glad am I to find thee!" said Cortez, on the further side of the canal. "Why waitest thou?"

"For the coming of the bridge, Senor."

"*Bastante!* Take what thou hast, and gallop to the next canal. I will do thy part here."

And dripping from the plunge in the lake, chilled by the calamity more than by the chill wind, and careless of the stones and arrows that hurtled about him, he faced the fight, and waited, saying simply,—*"O good Mother, hasten Magarino!"*

Never prayer more hearty, never prayer more needed! For the central division had passed, and Alvarado had come and gone, and down the causeway to the city no voice of Christian was to be heard; at hand, only the infidels with their melancholy cry, of unknown import, *"O, O huilones! O, O huilones!"* Then Magarino summoned his Tlascalans and Christians to raise the bridge. How many of them had died the death of the faithful, how many had basely fled, he knew not; the darkness covered the glory as well as the shame. To work he went. And what sickness of the spirit, what agony ineffable seized him! The platform was too fast fixed in the rocks to be moved! Awhile he fought, awhile toiled, awhile prayed; all without avail. In his ears lingered the parting words of Cortez, and he stayed though his hope was gone. Every moment added to the dead and wounded around him, yet he stayed. He was the dependence of the army: how could he leave the bridge? His men deserted him; at last he was almost alone; before him was a warrior whose shield when struck gave back the ring of iron, and whose blows came with the weight of iron; while around closer and closer circled the white uniforms of the infidels; then he cried,—