

Up the dike the infidels clamored to the attack. And there was clang of swords and axes, and rearing and plunging of steeds ; then the voice of the good captain,—

"God's curse upon them ! They have our shields !"

A horse, pierced to the heart, leaped blindly down the bank, and from the water rose the rider's imploration : "Help, help, comrades ! For the love of Christ, help ! I am drowning !"

Again Sandoval,—

"*Ouidado*,—beware ! They have our swords on their lances !"

Then, observing his horsemen giving ground, "Stand fast ! Unless we hold the canal for Magarino, all is lost ! Upon them ! *Santiago, Santiago !*"

A rally and a charge ! The sword-blades did their work well ; horses wounded to death or dead, began to cumber the causeway, and the groans and prayers of their masters caught under them were horrible to hear. Once, with laughter and taunting jests, the infidels retreated down the slope ; and once, some of them, close pressed, leaped into the canal. The lake received them kindly ; with all their harness on they swam ashore. Never was Sandoval so distressed.

Meantime, the footmen began to come up ; and as they were intolerably galled by the enemy, who sometimes landed and engaged them hand to hand, they clamored for those in front to move on. "Magarino ! The bridge, the bridge ! Forward !" With such cries, they pressed upon the horsemen, and reduced the space left them for action.

At length Sandoval shouted,—

"*Ola*, all who can swim ! Follow me !"

And riding down the bank, he spurred into the water. Many were bold enough to follow ; and though some were drowned, the greater part made the passage safely. Then the cowering, shivering mass left behind without a leader, became an easy prey ; and steadily, pitilessly, silently, Hualpa and his people fought,—silently, for all the time he was listening for a woman's voice, the voice of his beloved.

And now, fast riding, Cortes came to the second canal, with some cavaliers whom he rallied on the way ; behind him, as if in pursuit, so madly did they run, followed all of the central division who succeeded in passing the bridge. The sick and wounded, the prisoners, even king Cacama and the women, abandoned by their escort, were slain and captured,—all save Marina, rescued by some Tlascalans, and a Spanish amazon, who defended herself with sword and shield.

At points along the line of flight the infidels intercepted the fugitives. Many terrible combats ensued. When the Christians kept in groups, as did most of the veterans, they generally beat off the assailants. The loss fell chiefly upon the Tlascalans, the cross-bowmen, and arquebusiers, whose arms the rain had ruined, and the

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