SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1844

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 7.

THE CHRONICLE

is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNNY & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS:—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Oct.	R. Sun.	S. Sun.	Moon's age	H. W.	
19 Saturday,	6 35	5 25	mo rs	4 29	
20 Sunday,	6 36	5 24	0 32	6 57	
21 Monday,	6 38	5 22	1 37	8 2	
22 Tuesday,	6 39	5 21	2 44	8 53	
23 Wednesday,	6 40	5 20	3 50	9 37	
24 Thursday,	6 42	5 18	4 54	10 14	
25 Friday,	6 43	5 17	5 55	10 49	

Full Moon 26th. 0h. 26m. morning.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Elisha Tyler, Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOVIL, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, Ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

☞ **Notice.** ☜

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of E. L. JARVIS & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. JARVIS, Esq. their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS.
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of Thomas Sandall & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make payment to Thomas Sandall.

THOMAS SANDALL.
CATHARINE SANDALL.

St. John, August 3, 1844.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR CUTTING, **and curling Saoon.**

Corner of King and Germain streets, St. John, N. B.

W. F. Brooks

WOULD respectfully inform the Public, that he still continues at his old stand, Foster's corner, where he offers his professional services to them as usual, and every attention will be observed in cutting Hair in the most fashionable style.

His shop has lately been fitted up in a good style for the better accommodation of customers, and as he intends not to be surpassed by any of his profession, and a strict attention to business, he will merit the patronage of the public.

Attention paid to the cutting of Children's Hair.

WIGS made in a fashionable and superior manner.

Ladie's CURLS and FRIZETTES on hand.

N. B. Razors put in complete order.

Always on hand an assortment of PERFUMERY and Fancy Goods in his line.

June 21.

Health for All !!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND to MRS. ANN MELISH, (one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most Honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering in its use*) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, *viz.*, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; J. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s 9d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

By the "Woodstock," from Liverpool.

3rd July, 1844.

BOAT, Board, and Horse NAILS, Black Rivets, Pump TACKS, Tea Kettles, Waggon Boxes, Horse TRACES, square Shovels and Ditching SPADES.

Red Hair, Hair Shaving, Patent SKINS, Shoe Thread, London GLUE.

Hinges, Locks, Wood SCREWS, Brushes, Iron Weights—3 only, Garden sheers; Lamp Hemispheres and Chimnies.

Carriage Lace, Coffin Mounting, Shot, Guns, and Pistols, spring Steel, Cast Steel—(Sanderson's), Putty.

Refined and Common IRON, and various other Merchandise.

July 3. G. T. WILEY.

Haro's

PATENT FLOOR CLOTH.

Received by the Oromocto, and for sale—

6 BOXES containing 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 wide FLOOR CLOTHS,—Handsome Patterns.

A Pattern Book is sent out from the Manufacturers of the above beautiful and necessary article of Household Furniture for persons wishing to order to suit Halls or Floors to any size or dimension, *without seam.* Please apply to

JOHN KINNEAR.

Sands' brick building, Prince Wm street.

August 2. 8i.

Lard Oil! Lard Oil!!

Just received by the *Flora* and *Active* from Boston on Consignment:—

25 BARRELS LARD OIL, in prime order wholesale and retail at reduced prices

July 5. JOHN KINNEAR.

PIPES, PIPES,

Per "Canmore" from Glasgow,

236 GROSS best quality TOBACCO *PIPES.*

In Store,—2 casks of the best quality Scotch SNUFF, which is offered wholesale and retail at unusually low prices.

September 6. ARCHIBALD HEGAN.

Miscellany.

THE TOMB BLOSSOMS.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

A pleasant fair-sized country village—a village embosomed in trees, with old churches, one tavern, kept by a respectable widow—long, single-storied farmhouses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke black—a village with much grass and shrubbery, and no mortar, nor bricks, nor pavements, nor gas—no newness; that is the place for him who wishes life in its flavor and its bloom. Until of late, my residence has been in such a spot.

Man of cities! what is there in all your boasted pleasure—your fashions, parties, balls, and theatres, compared to the simplest of the delights we country folk enjoy! Our pure air, making the blood leap with buoyant health; our labour and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly vices that taint the town; our not being racked with notes due, or the fluctuation of prices, or the breaking of banks; our manners of sociality, expanding the heart, and reacting with a wholesome effect upon the whole body; can any thing which citizens possess balance these?

One Saturday, after paying a few days visit at New-York, I returned to my quarters at the country inn. The day was hot, and my journey a disagreeable one. Out of humor with myself and every thing around me, when I came to my travel's end, I refused to partake of the comfortable supper which my landlady had prepared for me; and rejoining to the good woman's look of wonder at such an unwonted event, and her kind enquiries about my health, with a sullen silence, I took my lamp, and went my way to my room. Tired and my head throbbing, in less than half a score of minutes after I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in the soundest slumber.

When I awoke, every vein and nerve felt fresh and free. Soreness and irritation had been swept away, as it were, with the curtains of the night, and the accustomed tone had returned again. I arose and threw open my window. Delicious! It was a calm bright Sabbath morning in May. The dew drops glittered on the grass; the fragrance of the apple blossoms which covered the trees floated up to me; and the notes of a hundred birds discoursed music to my ear. By the rays just shooting up in the eastern verge, I knew that the sun would be risen in a moment. I hastily dressed myself, performed my ablutions, and sallied forth to take a morning walk.

Sweet, yet sleepy scene! No one seemed stirring. The placid influence of the day was even now spread around, quieting every thing, and hallowing everything. I sauntered slowly onward with my hands folded behind me. I passed round the edge of a hill, on the rising elevation and top of which was the burial ground. On my left, through an opening in the trees, I could see at some distance the ripples of our beautiful bay; on my right, was the large ancient field for the dead. I stopped and leaned my back against the fence, with my face turned toward the white marble stones a few rods before me. All I saw was far from new to me, and yet I pondered upon it. The entrance to that place of tombs was a kind of arch—a rough-hewn and hardy piece of architecture, that had stood winter and summer over the gate there, for many years, O! fearful arch! if there were for thee a voice to utter what has passed beneath and near thee, if the secrets of the earthly dwelling that to thee are known could be disclosed—whose ear might listen to the appalling story and its possessor not go mad with terror?

Thus thought I; and strange enough, such imagining marred not in the least the sunny brightness which spread alike over my mind and over the landscape. Involuntarily as I mused, my look was cast to the top of the hill. I saw a figure moving. Could some one beside myself be out so early, and among the tombs? What creature odd enough in fancy to find pleasure there, and at such a time? Continuing my gaze, I saw that the figure was a woman.

She seemed to move with a slow and feeble step, passing and repassing constantly between two and the same graves, which were within half a rod of each other. She would bend down and appear to busy herself a few moments with the one; then she would rise and go to the second, and bend there and employ herself as at the first. Then to the former one, and then to the second again. Occasionally the shape would pause a moment, and stand back a little, and look steadfastly down upon the graves, as if to see whether her work were done well. Thrice I saw her walk with a tottering gait, and stand midway between the two, and look alternately at each. Then she would go to one and arrange something, and come back to the midway place, and gaze first on the right and then on the left, as before. The figure evidently had some trouble to arrange things to her mind.—Where I stood, I could hear no noise of her footfalls; nor could I see accurately enough to tell what she was doing. Had a superstitious man beheld the spectacle, he would possibly have thought that some spirit of the dead, allowed the night before to burst its cerements, and wander forth in the darkness, had been belated in returning, and was now perplexed to find its coffin-house again.

Curious to know the woman's employment, I undid the simple fastenings of the gate, and walked over the rank wet grass towards her. As I came near, I recognized her for an old, a very old inmate of the poor house, named Delarec. Stopping a moment, while I was yet several yards from her, and before she saw me, I tried to call to recollection certain particulars of her history which I had heard a great while past. She was a native of one of the West India islands, and, before I who gazed at her was born, had with her husband, come hither to settle and gain a livelihood. They were poor, most miserably poor. Country people, I have noticed, seldom like foreigners. So this man and his wife, in all probability, met much to discourage them. They kept up their spirits, however, until at last their fortunes became desperate. Famine and want laid iron fingers upon them. They had no acquaintance, and to beg they were ashamed. Both were taken ill; then the charity that had been so slack came to their abode, but came too late. Delarec died, the victim to poverty. The woman recovered, after awhile; but for many months was quite an invalid, and was sent to the alms-house, where she had ever since remained.

This was the story of the aged creature before me; aged with the weight of seventy winters. I walked up to her. By her feet stood a large rude basket, in which I beheld leaves and buds. The two graves which I had seen her passing between so often were covered with flowers—the earliest but sweetest flowers of the season. They were fresh, and wet, and very fragrant—those were soul offerings. And this then, was her employment. Flowers, frail and passing, grasped by the hand of age, and scattered upon a tomb! White hairs, and pale blossoms, and stone tablets, of Death!

"Good morning, mistress," said I quietly.

The withered female turned her eyes to mine and acknowledged my greeting in the same spirit wherewith it was given.

"May I ask whose graves they are that you remember so kindly?"

She looked up again—probably catching, from my manner, that I spoke in no spirit of rude inquisitiveness—and answered—

"My husband's."

A manifestation of a fanciful taste, tho't I, this tomb-ornamenting, which she probably brought with her from abroad. Of course, but one of the graves could be her husband's; and one, likely, was that of a child, why had died and been placed by its father.

"Whose else?" I asked.

"My husband's," replied the aged widow.

Poor creature! her faculties were becoming dim. No doubt her sorrows and her length of life had worn both mind and body nearly to the parting.

"Yes, I know," continued I, mildly; "but there are two graves. One is your husband's and the other is——"

I paused for her to fill the blank.

She looked at me for a minute, as if in wonder at my perverseness; and then answered as before.

"My husband's. None but Gilbert's.

"And is Gilbert buried in both?' said I.

She appeared as if going to answer, but stopped again, and did not. Though my curiosity was now somewhat excited, I forbore to question her further, feeling that it might be to her a painful subject, I was wrong, however. She had been rather agitated at my intrusion, and her powers flickered for a moment. They were soon steady again, and, perhaps gratified with my interest in her affairs, she gave me in a few brief sentences the solution of the mystery. When her husband's death occurred, she was herself confined to a sick bed, which she did not leave for a long while after he was buried. Still longer days passed before she had permission, or even strength, to go into the open air. When she did, her first efforts were essayed to reach Gilbert's grave What a pang sunk to her heart when she found it could not be pointed out to her! With the careless indifference which is shown to the corpses of outcasts, poor Delarec had been thrown into a hastily dug hole, without any one noting it, or remembering which it was. Subsequently, several other paupers were buried in the same spot, and the sexton could only show two graves to the disconsolate woman, and tell her that her husband's was positively one of the twain. During the latter stages of her recovery she had looked forward to the consolation of coming to his tomb as to a shrine, and wiping her tears there; and it was bitter that such could not be. The miserable widow even attempted to obtain the consent of the proper functionaries that the graves might be opened, and her anxieties put at rest!—When told that this could not be done, she determined in her soul that at least the remnant of her hopes and intentions should not be given up. Every Sunday morning, in the mild seasons, she went forth early, and gathered fresh flowers, and dressed both the graves. So she knew that the right one was cared for, even if another shared that care. And lest she should possibly bestow the most of this testimony of love on him whom she knew not, but whose spirit might be looking down invisible in the air, and smiling upon her, she was ever careful to have each tomb adorned in an exactly similar manner. In a strange land, and among a strange race, she said, it was like communion with her own people to visit that burial-ground.

"If I could only know which to bend over when my heart feels heavy," thus finished the sorrowing being as she rose to depart, "then it would be a happiness But perhaps I am blind to my dearest mercies. God in his great wisdom may have ordered that I cannot be sure which grave was his, lest grief over it should become too common a luxury for me, and melt me away."

I offered to accompany her, and support her feeble steps, but she preferred that it should not be so. With languid feet she moved on. I watched her pass through the gate and under the arch; I saw her turn, and in a little while she was hidden from my view. Then I carefully parted the flowers upon one of the graves and sat down there, and leaned my face in my open hands and thought.

What a wondrous thing is human love! Oh! thou whose mighty attribute is the incarnation of love, I bless thee that thou didst make this fair disposition in our hearts, and didst root it there so deeply that it is stronger than all else, and can never be torn out! Here is this aged wayfarer—a woman of trials and griefs—decrepid, sore, and steeped in poverty—the most forlorn of her kind, and yet, thro all the storm of misfortune, and the dark cloud of years settling upon her, the memory of her love hovers like a beautiful spirit amid the gloom, and never deserts her, but abides with her while life abides. Yes! this creature loved; this wrinkled, skinny, gray-haired crone had her heart to swell with passion, and her pulses to throb, and her eyes to sparkle. Now, nothing remains but a lovely remembrance, coming as of old, and stepping in its accustomed path, not to perform its former object, or former duty—but from long habit. Nothing but that! Ah! is not that a great deal?

And the buried man—he was happy to have passed away as he did. The woman—she was the one to be pitied. Without doubt she wished many times that she were laid beside him. And not only she, thought I, as I cast my eyes on the solemn memorials around me; but at the same time there were thousands else on earth, who panted for the long repose, as a tired child for the night. The grave—the grave—what foolish man calls it a dreadful place? It is a kind friend, whose arms shall compass us round about, and while we lay our heads upon his bosom, no care temptation, nor corroding passion shall have power to disturb us. Then the weary spirit shall no more be weary; the aching head and aching heart will be strangers to pain; and the soul that has fretted and sorrowed away its little life on earth will sorrow not any more. When the mind has been roaming abroad in the crowd, and returns sick and tired of hollow hearts, and of human deceit—let us think of the grave and death, and they will seem like soft and pleasant music.—Such thoughts then soothe and calm our pulses; they open a peaceful prospect before us.

There have of late frequently come to me times when I do not dread the grave—when I could lay down and pass my immortal part through the valley and shadow, as composedly as I quaff water after a tiresome walk. For what is there of terror in taking our rest?—What is there here below to draw us with such fondness? Life is the running of a race—a most weary race, sometimes. Shall we fear the goal, merely because it is shrouded in a cloud?

I rose, and carefully replaced the parted flowers, and bent my steps homeward.

If there be any sufficiently interested in the fate of the aged woman, that they wish to know farther about her, for those I will add that ere long her affection was transferred to a region where it might receive the reward of its constancy and purity. Her last desire—and it was complied with—was that she should be placed midway between the two graves.

MOVEMENTS OF THE WRETCHED ONE.

(From the Two Destinies.

Alas for Ellen Gray! See, where
On weary step she seeks her home—
No Saxon maid with braided hair
Along the bending woods to roam—
But a weak friendless girl, whose feet
Fall feebly on the echoing street,
As up the narrow limpless lane
She threads her way in patient pain,—
To pant for hours with fevered breath,
On her hard bed, and wish for death.
Alas for Ellen Gray! to her
Kind nature seem'd to minister;
But all, that earth a happier star
Had floated, like a glory spread
Around that young and radiant head
To the world's thrall and victim, were
Sent as a mocking and a snare—
Delusions ending in despair!
The beauty, which in Edith Vere
Was as the master key to life,
Had been to Ellen in her sphere,
A cup with luscious poison rife:
The genius which for Edith Vere
Brightened the dusky wings of time,
To Ellen in her clouded prime,
Burnt like alluring snare-fires near
Ship-swallowing surf, on coasts of fear.
The softness which on Edith Vere
Waited, a magic shield and stay,
Became, when leant upon, a spear
To pierce the heart of Ellen Gray:
Surely, when things like this befall,
Death cannot be the end of all!

Customs in Paris with regard to the Dying.—In some parts of the coast in Paris, when a person was considered near his end, his nearest relatives bore him to the woods, and laid him in a hammock suspended to the trees. They then danced round him until evening, when having left within his reach sufficient meat and drink to sustain him for four days, they repaired to their habitations. If he recovered and returned home, he was received with much ceremony and rejoicing; if he died of his malady or of famine, nothing more was thought of him.

THE COFFEE-HOUSES OF LONDON.—The London coffee-houses are a class of *sui generis*. You may *easily distinguish* them in the street; they generally boast of an enormously broad window—as big as half a dozen common windows rolled into one; upon the sill are arranged some dozen teacups, presided over at each end by a tea and coffee pot; while a plate or two of raw chops or steaks delicately intimate that something more substantial than coffee and bread and butter is to be had within. Backing the symbols of eatables and drinkables, there is usually arranged a perfect curtain of play bills—for coffee house windows and tobacconists shops are favourite places for theatrical announcements. There you have them all comedy, tragedy, opera and farce—from the bill of fare at Drury-lane to the crowded *affiche* of the suburban school, in which, besides the cast of the play, you are generally treated to a history of the plot, and a picturesque description of the scenery. Take them all in all, and you will have a very good afternoon's playbill reading; and poring over the announcements of all the theatres in London is surely almost as good as going to one.—*from the Illuminated Mag.*

THE MEXICAN NIGHT OF SORROWS.—All matters being now properly ordered, and the mode of our retreat settled we began to move forward. It was about the hour of midnight and rather dark, a thin mist hung over the town and a gentle rain was falling. The moment we began to move forward in the above mentioned order, the rear-guard being already in motion, and our moveable bridge fixed, old Sandoval, with his body of horse, and Cortes, with those under his command and many other soldiers, had passed across, the wild war music and loud yells of the Mexicans suddenly burst forth—"Up, up, Tlaxaltecs!" they cried; "out with your canoes! the Indios are running away; cut off their retreat over the bridges!" and before we had time to look about us, we were attacked by vast bodies of the enemy, and the whole lake was instantly covered with canoes, so that we were unable to move on any further, although many of our men had already passed the moveable bridge. Now the most obstinate conflict ensued for the possession of this, and as misfortunes never come singly, it happened that two of our horses should slip out on the wet planks, become unmanageable, and roll over into the lake. This caused the bridge itself to overbalance and fall down. A number of Mexicans that instant fell furiously on us, and though we exerted ourselves to the utmost, and cut down numbers of the enemy, we were unable to recover the bridge. As, however, those behind kept continually pushing on those in front, the opening in the canal was speedily filled up with dead horses and their riders who were inevitably lost if they were unable to swim. The unmerciful enemy now attacked us on all sides. A number of Tlascallans and our Indian female servants were carried off, with the baggage and cannon; numbers of our men were drowned, and no less a number, who were trying to save themselves by swimming, were taken prisoners by those in the canoes. It was heart-rending to behold this scene of misery, and to hear the moans and piteful cries for assistance. "Help! help! I am drowning," cried one here; "help me, help me, they are killing me," cried another there. Here one called upon the name of the virgin Mary for assistance; and there another upon Santiago de Compostella! Here another who had managed to get to the waters edge, implored us to lift him out; wonder again, was another clambering over the dead bodies. Many, when they had reached the highroad imagined themselves safe, but here they only met with denser crowds of the foe. * * *

Exposed on every side to the enemy's arrows and lances pelted with stones from the housetops, they had also to encounter a forest of our own swords, which the enemy had captured and fixed to their long lances, so that it was a wonder each time a horse with his rider escaped. Neither could we defend ourselves in the water, as the wet had rendered our muskets and crossbows totally useless, while the darkness of the night made every movement uncertain. All our attempts to keep together were fruitless. What did it avail us if, at times thirty or forty of us managed to make a stand, and boldly faced about? * * When Cortes came up with Alvarado and his followers, and learnt the fate of those left behind, tears flowed from his eyes; for Alvarado and Leon had had above twenty horse and more than one hundred foot with them in the rear guard. All these, with nearly the whole of the cavalry, and above one hundred and fifty other men of the old and new troops had perished with Leon. Alvarado related that after he and his men had all lost their horses, he managed to get together about eighty men, and with these he succeeded in passing over the first opening by clambering over the baggage, dead men, and horses. Although I am not sure whether he said that he passed the opening by stepping over the dead bodies, I know that at this bridge more than 200 men, with Leon at their head, were cut to pieces by the enemy notwithstanding all their courageous fighting. At the second bridge again, it was merely through God's mercy that Alvarado had saved himself, as all the canals and streets were crowded by the enemy.

POOR COPY