

The victorious Spaniard had now reached the goal he had so long aimed at. But his position was far from agreeable, or promising. With a small force, he was completely shut up in the heart of an immense and powerful empire, teeming with millions of warriors, who were deemed terrible and invincible by those whom he had found so formidable, and who might, at a word or a look from their sovereign, either rush in and overwhelm him at once, or withhold all supplies, and leave them to perish of famine in their quarters.

Cortez realized the critical position into which he was drawn, and resolved immediately on one of his bold measures, to turn it to his own advantage. Soliciting an interview with Montezuma, in which he was accompanied by some of his bravest cavaliers, he informed the monarch, that it was not an idle curiosity that had drawn him to encounter the perils, and undergo the toils, of the adventure that had brought him to the capital. He came, as the accredited ambassador of the mighty monarch of Castile, to whom many kings and many broad lands were tributary, and who was the rightful lord of all the territories on which his armies had set their foot. And the object of the present interview was, to demand of the king an acknowledgment of his allegiance to his royal master, and his consent to pay an annual tribute for his crown.

The mind of the superstitious Montezuma had long been preparing for this acknowledgement.—With little apparent constraint, therefore, he responded to this haughty demand—that the oracles of his religion had long ago instructed him, that the territories over which he reigned belonged to a race of white men, who had removed to other lands beyond the rising sun, but would return, in process of time, invested with more than mortal power, to claim their original inheritance. For his part, he was fully convinced that that time had now arrived—that the Spaniards were the men of destiny foretold by a long line of presages and traditions, and that he was fully prepared to acknowledge the king of Castile as his lord, and pay allegiance to him as such.

"And recognize me," interposed the wily Castilian, "as his accredited ambassador, and representative?"

The monarch assented.

The Aztec nobles, who surrounded the throne, were thunderstruck at the humble tone, and humiliating attitude assumed by their once proud and imperious lord. But they were accustomed to unquestioned and unquestioning submission to the word of the king. They accordingly, at his command, gave a full assent to all that he had said, and agreed to recognize Cortez as the representative of their new sovereign. Guatimozin left the hall in disgust, and hastened to Iztapalapan, to report the progress of their humiliation to Cuicahuac.

Even with this arrangement, which had been accomplished so much more easily than he had expected, Cortez was by no means satisfied. He was still in the power of the Mexican, and could never feel safe in the position he held, without some substantial pledge, that the peace of the city would be preserved, and the ground he had already secured he left to him in undisturbed possession. To secure this, he conceived and executed a bolder and more audacious measure than that which we have just related. Soliciting another and a private interview with the Emperor, and directing his best and bravest cavaliers, with some of their chosen men, to keep near and about the palace, and be in readiness to sustain and defend him, if any resistance or outbreak should follow his daring attempt, he entered the royal presence. As the Spaniards always carried their arms, it excited no suspicion, to see them on this occasion fully equipped.

This disposition of his men and officers being effected, the bold cavalier addressed himself, in a stern voice, to the Emperor, charging him with secretly designing the destruction of his guests, and alleging, in support of the charge, some of the incidents already related, and others of more recent occurrence, in which some of the vassals of Montezuma had surprised and slain a party of Spaniards, who relied upon their hospitality. These were artfully woven into a tale of imaginary wrongs, for which he boldly pretended to claim instant redress, or rather security against their repetition.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Experiment.  
**THE SECRET SOCIETY.**

BY GANANOQUE.

During the past summer I had occasion to spend a week in the City of K——n, when one day passing along one of the principal streets, I met a large procession, headed by a fine band of music. The splendid flags and banners, the beautiful dresses and aprons, wrought with various devices and colours, quite unlike anything I had ever seen before, all presented a very imposing appearance; and the orderly conduct, gentlemanly bearing, and cheerful countenance of all who appeared to be taking a part on the occasion, struck me very forcibly. I inquired of a friend whom I met just then, who and what they were, and what was the occasion of the meeting.

"Oh!" said he, rather sharply, "they are one of those detestable Secret Societies with which the Province is overrun, and I wish to God our Parliament or the Government would put them down, one and all; but I am afraid that they never will. They have now become so numerous that they do not care to meddle with them, or dare not."

"Why," I replied, "you speak as if there was something dangerous and immoral in such societies; but certainly the one before us does not bear that appearance, and as I see some of the first and leading men of the city in this procession, I should feel inclined to judge very favorably of a society that could boast of having such men in its ranks."

"Hypocrites—all outside show"—was his reply, "and so is their pretended morality and charities; of the latter I never saw a case yet where they had done any good, though they pretend to minister to the wants of their brethren, and their widows and orphans; but it is all humbug; and I say again, I wish they could be put down, and their society scattered to the four winds."

"And I say, may God bless them, one and all, and forever prosper them for their kindness to me and my poor husband, and my little Mary, who, I trust, are now in Heaven"—said some one behind us.

I turned to see who it was that had so fervently uttered these words, and close behind me I saw a fine intelligent looking female, dressed in deep, though rather plain, and humble mourning. Tears were in her eyes, and a sad and mournful expression in her countenance, that told a tale of suffering and woe, which at once interested me, and made me feel a strong inclination to know her history.

"You speak feelingly, Madam," I said; "and I think I should rather appeal to you for some account of this Society, than to my friend here, who appears to have no love for them."

"I do, sir, speak feelingly, and I have good cause to do so; it grieves me to hear them spoken of in so harsh a manner. Oh! had it not been for these good men—whom your friend calls hypocrites and imposters—where would I have been now. But I beg your pardon, sir; I did not intend to interrupt your conversation;" and she moved on, but had not proceeded far before she stopped, and leaned, as if for support, against the house in front of which she stood. I watched her for a moment, and observed that she appeared as if very much agitated and unable to proceed. Prompted by the interest she had excited in me, and a desire to assist her in her present distress, I walked towards her, and respectfully tendered her my assistance, with a request that she would allow me to attend her home, which she thankfully accepted,—saying that she did indeed feel very weak and distressed, and that it was very kind in me to offer to assist her; but she added, perhaps you also are one of them, and this is but another of the many kindnesses I have received at their hands. God bless them, I say again. I can never repay them for all they have done for me; but if the prayers of a lonely and desolate widow can avail, then they shall have their reward.

Perceiving her to be much agitated, I forbore to question her further, and we walked on in silence until she stopped before the gate of a comfortable and neat looking house. "This, sir, is my home, and as you have been so kind to a lone woman, if you will walk in and rest yourself, I will, if you wish, tell you why I appeared so much moved by your friend's remarks, about this Society, whose anniversary they are celebrating, and why I have

such good reason to be thankful to them." I at once accepted her offer, and entered the house with her. After handing me a seat, she retired to another room, where, for some time, I could hear the low and stifled sob of grief, with occasional ejaculations of Oh! my God; my dear Henry, and my little Mary—am I never to see you again; and then I heard her in earnest and fervent prayer addressing the throne of Grace, praying Heaven to give her strength to bear up under the manifold afflictions which had been laid upon her; and she besought Heaven to shower its blessings upon the kind friends who had been to her and her departed husband, as brethren. Then she prayed for father, mother, brothers and sisters, far away in happy England. After an interval of half an hour she again entered the room where I was sitting, with deep grief and bitter anguish depicted in her countenance, but apparently somewhat calmer, and better able to tell me her short but sad and touching history.

"I am a native of England," she said, "and both myself and my late husband were born in the Parish of B——, in Northumberland. We had known each other from infancy; and a strong attachment existing between us, we were united in marriage in 1831. The year after our marriage, my husband's father decided to emigrate to Canada, with the hope of better providing in the new world for the wants of a numerous family. My husband, also, after much entreaty, on the part of his father and family, consented to accompany them. In 1832, that dreadful year of the cholera, we sailed from Liverpool for Quebec. On the passage out the cholera made its appearance on board the ship, and three of my father-in-law's family were amongst its first victims;—a son and two daughters were consigned to a watery grave in the broad Atlantic. On arriving at Grosse Isle, our ship was ordered into quarantine, and we were landed on the island and the sick sent to the hospital, when in a few days my husband's father, mother, two brothers and a sister, all that remained of the family, save my husband, died with the cholera. This severe visitation of Providence was a great blow to us, and when we reflected upon the high hopes and happy auspices with which we left our native land, we could not but look forward with somewhat gloomy apprehension to the future, not knowing but our turn would come next. We were, however, mercifully preserved, and at last were sent on with other healthy emigrants to Quebec. We came on to Kingston, but before arriving there, had the misfortune to lose part of our baggage, amongst which was a trunk containing all my husband's money, and that which had belonged to his father, amounting to nearly £200. We made use of every means to trace it, but could never find it. This was another severe blow to us, as it left us penniless in a strange land. We arrived at K——n, but had scarcely done so, before my husband was attacked with a fever, and was immediately sent to the cholera hospital, against my most urgent entreaty, as I knew he had only a fever, and dreaded to have him taken where he would be so much exposed to the cholera. A kind hearted physician who attended him in the hospital, in some way found out that my husband was a member of the same society to which himself belonged, and from that day to this, has he been a kind Samaritan to me and mine. Before night of the same day some ten or twelve gentlemen called to see my husband; and in the evening some men came with a litter and removed him from the hospital to a clean and comfortable lodging, when, in the course of the evening, the kind physician called with two other persons, who brought wine and some nourishing food for my husband and myself; and they remained to watch by the bedside of my sick husband; nor would they permit me to sit up and watch with them, but insisted upon my retiring to rest. I told them we were poor and total strangers in the country, and could not possibly pay them for their trouble; that we had lost all our money on our passage up, and did not know what we should do. I perceived they smiled, as one of them said, 'My good woman you can rest easy on that account; your husband will be taken care of; he is our brother; and as for pay, we could take nothing from you had you a fortune at your disposal; it is our duty as well as pleasure to minister to your own and your husband's wants.' I retired to another room, but before going to rest, I fell on my knees and earnestly prayed God to restore my poor husband to health, and to make me duly thankful

that in our darkest hour of need, such kind friends and such timely assistance had been sent to us. In the morning when I awoke and went to my husband's bed-side, I found the two persons whom I left with him the evening before were gone, and two others had taken their place. Tears of joy and gratitude filled my eyes when I saw that Henry was much better, and that his fever had left him. I said, surely my dear husband God has heard and answered my humble prayers for you: let us cheer up our hearts, and, notwithstanding our heavy losses, we may yet repair our fortunes, and be happy in this beautiful land. He said he was thankful and happy, for he had met with brethren when he did not expect to find them. I did not then know the full meaning of his words, as I had quite forgotten that in England he had joined one of these Secret Societies, your friend spoke so unkindly of to-day. For several nights until Henry was able to leave his bed, did some of these kind men watch by his bed-side, and during the day they often called to see him. Nor did they come empty handed, but they brought many necessaries of which we stood in need, and which we could not otherwise have procured. At the end of the first week, two gentlemen whom I had not seen before, visited us, and one of them placed in my hands a sum of money, which I at first refused to take, saying that I could not accept it, as we had no means of repaying it; and that I hoped my husband would soon be able to work, when we could support ourselves, and be no longer a tax upon the charity of those who had already befriended us so much, and so efficiently. One of the gentlemen said, 'My good woman, you need not accept this money as a charity; it is your husband's by right; and he will receive this sum every week until he is able to support himself.' Then I learned that there was one of the Secret Societies here, that Henry had joined in England. Not to weary you, sir, with a detail of all their good deeds to us, I will only say that as soon as Henry was able to work, they procured him a good situation, which he held for several years. All things prospered with us, until at length we were enabled to buy a town lot, and build this house with the money saved from my husband's salary. We had lived here happily until the last summer, a year ago, when my husband was attacked with an affection of the lungs, which confined him to the house; and now again was these kind-hearted and generous men found at the bed-side of my husband, when his illness had become so severe that he was confined to the bed. The physician said he must have the greatest care and attention or he could not recover. I once more began to fear that the troubles and adversities which came upon us when we first landed here, were about to be revisited upon us, and I daily prayed to God to give me strength and patience to bear with cheerful resignation all that might befall me. To add to my afflictions at this time, my little daughter Mary, who was now 5 years old; was taken ill, and died after a short illness. This sad event so wrought upon my husband's mind, and made such a change in him, that his physician warned me to be prepared for the worst; and his prediction was speedily fulfilled, for in a few days he breathed his last. I knew not what happened for some days; but they told me that kind friends had taken all the charge of his funeral, and that all his funeral expences were paid. All this, sir, was done by the men I heard your friend reviling to-day; and they have not yet ceased their kindness to me, but they have enabled me to make a good sale of this little property, so that I shall be able to go home to England; but, alas! I go alone. Yet I shall carry with me to my grave the remembrance of the thousand kind acts and charities I have received at the hands of those who were indeed my husband's brethren. May God bless and prosper them, and daily shall the prayer of a now lone and desolate widow ascend to Heaven for their welfare."

Reader, this is no idle tale of fiction, but in save the names of the parties, it is an "O'er True Tale." And he, the young Englishman, who died so far away from his native land, but whose dying pillow was smoothed by a brother's hand, he was an Oddfellow, and they who ministered to his wants when living, and wept over his grave when dead—they too were Oddfellows.

One of the most vicious methods of lying is said to be lying abed late in the morning.