

Montezuma, and the duty and necessity of obeying his commands, however repugnant to their own feelings.

It was not the policy of Cortez to admit this plea, an extenuation of their treachery. He preferred to cast the whole burden upon them alone, and leave the way open for an easy disclaimer on the part of the emperor, hoping thereby the more readily to gain a peaceable entry into the capital. Without waiting, therefore, for any further explanations, or instituting any inquiry into the comparative guilt of the parties, he gave the signal to his soldiers, who, with a general discharge of their artillery and fire arms, rushed upon the unprepared multitude, mowing them down like grass, and trampling them under the hoofs of their horses. A general massacre ensued. Not one of the chiefs escaped, and only so many of their panic-struck followers, as could feign themselves dead, or bury themselves, till the tempest was past, under the heaps of their slain comrades.

Thus taken by surprise, and driven, before they were ready, into an unequal conflict with enemies who had, by some miracle, as they supposed, anticipated their movements, and struck the first blow, the Cholulans rushed in from all parts of their city, hoping to retrieve, by their numbers and prowess, the disadvantage of the lost onset. Cortez had prepared for this. He had ordered his artillery to be stationed at the main entrances to the square, where they poured in a raking fire upon the assailants, rushing in from all the avenues. The surprise being so sudden, and the leaders having been shot down at the first charge, confusion and consternation prevailed among the discomfited Cholulans, who alternately fled, like affrighted sheep, from the scene of slaughter, and then rushed back, like exasperated wolves, to the work of death.

In anticipation of this conflict, the Spanish general had concerted a signal with his Tlascalcan allies, without the gates, who now came rushing in, like hungry tigers, revelling in the opportunity to inflict a terrible vengeance upon their ancient enemies. Falling upon their rear, as they crowded in from the remoter quarters of the city towards the field of carnage, they drove them in upon the weapons of the Spaniards, from which there was now no escape. Turning upon this new enemy, they fought with desperate bravery, to win a retreat. But they were cut down on this side and that, till the streets were scarcely passable for the heaps of the dead and dying that cumbered them. Those who took refuge in their houses and temples, found no safety in such retreats, for they were instantly fired by the Tlascalans, and their defenders perished miserably in the flames.

There was one scene in the midst of this desolating conflict, that was truly sublime,—one of those strange combinations of moral and physical grandeur, which sometimes occur in the dark annals of human warfare, investing with a kind of hallowed interest, which the lapse of ages serves only to soften, but never destroys, those spectacles of savage but heroic cruelty, where every death is elevated into a martyrdom, and the very ground saturated with human blood, becomes a consecrated field, clothed with laurels of never-fading green. It was the last in that bloody drama, enacted on the lofty summit of the great Teocalli, the principal temple of Cholula, and the centre of attraction to all the votaries of the Aztec religion, throughout the wide realms of Anahuac. Driven from street to street, and from quarter to quarter, and falling back, as a forlorn hope, upon the sanctuary, and the support and encouragement of the hoary men, who presided over the mysteries of their faith, they made a bold and desperate stand, in defence of all that was dear and holy in their homes and their altars. Step by step, they contested this hallowed ground, till they reached the upper terrace, where the great temple stood. This was an area of four hundred feet square, at an elevation of two hundred feet from the level of the surrounding streets. On this elevated platform, the furious combatants fought hand to hand; the priest, in his sacred garments, mingling in the savage conflict with the humblest of his followers—the steel-clad Castilian, the Tlascalcan and the Cholulan, of every rank and grade, each eager only to slay his man, grappled in the mortal conflict, till one or the other fell in the death struggle, or tumbled over the side of the mound, to be dashed in pieces below. As the

half-armed, half-naked natives melted away before the heavy and destructive weapons of the invulnerable Spaniards, they were repeatedly offered quarter, but scorned to accept it. One only submitted, when, pierced with countless wounds, he could stand no longer. All the rest, to a man, fought desperately till he fell, and many, even then, in the agonies of the last struggle, seized their antagonists by the legs, and rolled them over the parapet, to the certain death of both.

At length the conflict ceased for want of a victim, and the conquering Castilian, with a few of his Tlascalcan allies, stood alone, in undisputed possession of this lofty vantage ground. The disheartened Cholulans, without leaders, without counsellors, seeing their sacred temple in the hands of their enemies, felt that all was lost. Not another blow was struck, but every where they bowed in submission to the irresistible conqueror.

The thunder of the artillery, and the smoke of the burning buildings, rising in a heavy column to the skies, announced to the Mexican army the conflict that was raging within the city. But having orders not to engage in the fray, unless notified by the Cholulan chiefs that his assistance was necessary, the brave Cuiclahua was compelled to wait the summons. Burning to vindicate the honor of the Mexican arms, the hero chafed under this cruel restraint, like a tiger chained in full view of his prey. He little doubted that the Castilians would fall by the hands of the Cholulans, encompassed as they were on every side with no room for escape, or for the action of their horses. But he longed to have a share in the victory. Drawing up his forces in the order of march, he stood, the whole day, in readiness to move at a moment's warning; and in this attitude, he was still standing, when the tidings of the terrible disaster in the city reached him.

His veteran legions were with difficulty restrained from rushing to the rescue. The army was almost in a state of mutiny, from their eagerness to avenge their slaughtered brethren in Cholula; and all the military authority, and unbounded influence of Cuiclahua were required to keep them in a state of due subordination.

The influence and authority of Cortez, on the other hand, were scarcely sufficient to restrain his victorious allies from ravaging the city, and putting men, women, and children to an indiscriminate slaughter. So bitter and pervading was the old national animosity, that life was scarcely worth possessing to a Tlascalcan, if he must share its daily blessings side by side with the Aztec. He hated the whole nation with a perfect implacable hatred. He execrated the very name, and never uttered it without a curse. Of this universal malediction, the Cholulan was honored with more than his appropriate share. The other subjects and tributaries of Montezuma they feared as well as hated. The Cholulans they affected also to despise, though their contempt was not so thorough as to mitigate in the least their fierce and uncontrollable hatred.

(To be continued in our next.)

A LIFE SAVED.—While the steamer Ontario was on her way from the head of the lake to Canandaigua, on the 26th of August, Mr. GEORGE SHEA by an accident fell into the water while the boat was under way, and being unable to swim, came near drowning. Mr. ISAAC WEBSTER, of Canandaigua, perceiving his perilous condition, plunged from the deck of the steamer into the lake, swam to Mr. SHEA, and though twice drawn under by the drowning man, he succeeded in keeping hold of the drowning man until the boats came to his assistance and rescued them both.—Such noble and humane conduct is deserving of all praise. The passengers passed resolutions and made Mr. W. a present to show their appreciation of his conduct. —*Rochester Dem.*

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From the Flag of our Union.
MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

My cottage home, my cottage home,
Here in thy cherished loved embrace
I'll pass my allotted hours to come,
Nor seek to find a lovelier place.
Here was I born, here will I die;
Here will I taste life's joys and ills,
Here will I leave my latest sigh,
In my cottage home among the hills.

No noisy crowds here mar the peace
Of nature's calm, unruffled breast;
All worldly tumult here shall cease,
Each busy care is hushed to rest.
The wood-bird's wild and plaintive sound,
Within my breast each passion stills;
And flowers most rare are blooming round
My cottage home among the hills.

I am not poor; I have the wealth
Of pure affection round my hearth;
While labor paints my cheek with health,
As flowerets paint the smiling earth.
Content sits smiling at my door,
While peace within my bosom thrills;
Life's choicest blessings hover o'er
My cottage home among the hills.

What do I care for worldly fame?
'Tis but a fleeting, airy bubble;
What do I care for wealth or name?
They're fraught with worldly care and trouble;
The prince's gilded coronal,
With princely woe the bosom fills;
I would ne'er exchange for monarch's hall,
My cottage home among the hills.

A BEAUTIFUL MORAL.—A boy, on perceiving a butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose: then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a spring of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts.

At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and snatched at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words:

"Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the bene-

fit of thy future life, that pleasure like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp."

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things.—God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

RECIPE.—Many of our farmers now keep bees, and as the comb, as well as the honey, is, from various reasons, a valuable article, and as the labour of separating them is often attended with considerable trouble, we append the following recipe:—
"Tie the comb in a linen or wollen bag; place it in a kettle filled with cold water, and suspend it over a fire. As the water becomes heated, the wax will melt, and rise to the surface—the extraneous matters, or impurities, remaining in the bag. This is a cheap and effectual method,—in fact, superior to any we have ever tried."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Don't be startled! We have no rule by which all can make money. If we had, we know several gentlemen who would try their hands at it. But we mean how some people make money.

Some time since—not very long—a man, very plainly dressed, with rough looks, and rather unpromising in the fashionable line, and not exactly indicative of a man of wealth, walked into the office of Mr. Belmont, agent of the Rothschilds, in New York. He was a stranger, and the broker raised his eyes inquiringly, as much as to say, what business had he?

"Sir," said the stranger, "can you draw me a Bill of Exchange on Berlin or Amsterdam for sixty thousand dollars?"

Mr. Belmont supposing the man was inquiring for some broker who had sent him, said—

"Yes, I can draw such a bill; but who wants it?"

"I should like to get it on reasonable terms," said the man.

"You," said Mr. Belmont, surprised, "you cannot want such a bill?"

"Yes, I do, and I suppose if I pay for it you have no objections?"

"Certainly not; have you the money?"

"Yes sir; what are the terms?"

Mr. Belmont stated the terms, and the bill was drawn, purchased and paid for. When the transaction was closed, Mr. Belmont was curious to know how such a man came by such a sum, and he inquired his history. The man informed him that he was a German, who had come to this country some ten or twelve years before, to try his fortune; that the making of Lucifer matches was then just begun, and that foreseeing they would come into general use, he immediately commenced the manufacture of matches, and by taking the tide in its flow, had in ten years, made more than sixty thousand dollars, and was now returning to his native country to enjoy it!

SINCERITY.—To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we appear to be.