SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1894.

New Series-Vol. XIV. No. 8.

The Matchman and Southron.

Published Every Wednesday, N. G. Osteen.

SUMTER, S. C. TERMS:

Two Dollars per annum—in advance. ADVERTISEMENT:

be made at reduced rates: All communications which subserve private interests will be charged for as advertisements. Obituaries and tributes of respect will be charged for.



CHAPTER XXL

THE NIGHT OF FEAR. Long before I awoke that day the commands of the council had been carried out, and the bridges in the great causeways were broken down wherever dikes crossed the raised roads that ran through the waters of the lake. That afternoon also I went, dressed as an Indian warrior, with Gnatemor and the other generals, to a par-ley which was held with Cortes, who took his stand in the same tower of the palace that Montezuma had stood on when the arrow of Guatemoc struck him down. There is little to be said of this parley, and I remembered it chiefly because it was then, for the first time since I had left the Tabascans, that I saw Marina close and heard her sweet and gentle voice, for now, as ever, she was by the side of Cortes. translating his proposals of peace to the Aztecs. Among these proposals was one that showed me that De Garcia had not been idle. It asked that the false white man who had been rescued from the altars of the gods upon the teocalli should be given in exchange for certain Aztec prisoners, in order that he might be hung, according to his merits, as a spy and deserter, a traitor to the emperor of Spain. I wondered as I heard if Marina knew when she spoke the words that "the false white man" was none other than the friend of her Tabascan days.

"You see that you are fortunate in having found place among us Aztecs, Teule," said Guatemoc, with a laugh, "for your own people would greet you with a rope." Then he answered Cortes, saying nothing of me, but bidding him and all the Spaniards prepare for death.

"Many of us have perished," he said. "You also must perish, Teules. You shall perish of hunger and thirst; you shall perish on the altars of the gods. There is no escape for you, Teules. The bridges are

And all the multitude took up the words and thundered out: "There is no escape for you, Teules. The bridges are broken!" Then the shooting of arrows began, and

I sought the palace to tell Otomie, my wife, what I had gathered of the state of her father Montezuma, who the Spaniards said still lay dying, and of her two sisters, who were hostages in their quarters.

Two days later came the news that Montezuma was dead and shortly after it his body, which the Spaniards handed over to the Aztecs for burial, attired in the gorgeous robes of royalty. They laid it in the hall of the palace, whence it was hurried secretly and at night to Chapoltepec and there hidden away with small ceremony, for it was feared that the people might rend it limb from limb in their rage. With Otomie weeping at my side, I looked for the last time on the face of that most unhappy king, whose reign, so glorious in its beginning, had ended thus. Otomie, ceasing from her tears, kissed his clay and cried aloud:

"O my father, it is well that you are dead, for none who loved you could desire to see you live on in shame and servitude! May the gods you worshiped give me strength to avenge you, or if they be no gods then may I find it in myself. I swear this, my father, that while a man is left to me I will not cease from seeking to

Then, taking my hand, without another word she turned and passed thence. As will be seen, she kept her oath.

On that day and on the morrow there was fighting with the Spaniards, who sallied out to fill up the gaps in the dikes of the causeway, a task in which they succeeded, though with some loss. But it availed them nothing, for so soon as their backs were turned we opened the dikes again. It was on these days that for the first time I had experience of war, and armed with my bow made after the English pattern I did good service. As it chanced, the very first arrow that I drew was on my hated foe, De Garcia, but here my common fortune pursued me, for, being out of practice or overanxious, I aimed too high, though the mark was an easy one, and the shaft pierced the iron of his casque, causing him to reel in his saddle, but doing him no further hurt. Still this marksmanship, poor as it was, gained me great renown among the Aztecs, who were but feeble archers, for they had never before seen an arrow pierce through the Spanish mail. Nor would mine have done so had I not sollected the iron barbs off the crossbow bolts of the Spaniards and fitted them to my own shafts. I seldom found the mail that would withstand arrows made thus when the range was short and the aim

After the first day's fight, I was appointed general over a body of 3,000 archers and was given a banner to be borne before me and a gorgeous captain's dress to wear. But what pleased me better was a chain shirt which came from the body of a Spanish cavalier. For many years I always wore this shirt beneath my cotton mail, and it saved my life more than once, for even bullets would not pierce the two

archers but 48 hours, a scant time in which | the mud. I threw myself upon it, gripto teach them discipline, whereof they had little, though they were brave enough when the occasion came to use them in good earnest, and with it the night of disster that is still known among the Spanlards as the noche triste. On the afternoon before that night a council was held in the

palace, at which I spoke, saying I was certain that the Teules thought of retreat from the city and in the dark, for otherwise they would not have been so eager to fill up the canals in the causeway. To this Cuitlahua, who now that Montezuma was dead would be emperor, though he was not yet chosen and crowned, answered that it might well be that the Tenles meditated flight, but that they could never attempt in the darkness, since in so doing they must become entangled in the streets and

I replied that, though it was not the Aztec habit to march and fight at night, such things were common enough among white men, as they had seen already, and that because the Spaniards knew it was not their habit they would be the more likely to attempt escape under cover of the darkness, when they thought their enemies asleep. Therefore I counseled that sentries should be set at all the entrances to every canseway. To this Cuit-lahua assented, and assigned the causeway of Tlacopan to Guatemoc and myself, making us the guardians of its safety. That night Guatemoc and I, with some soldiers, went out toward midnight to visit the guard that we had placed upon the canseway. It was very dark, and a rain fell, so that a man could see no farther before his eyes than he can at evening through a Norfolk roke in autumn. We found and relieved the guard, which reported that all was quiet, and we were returning toward the great square when of a sudden I heard a dull sound as of thousands of men tramping.

"Listen," I said. "It is the Teules who escape," whispered Guatemoc.

Quickly we ran to where the street from the great square opens on to the causeway, and there even through the darkness and rain we caught the gleam of armor. Then I cried aloud in a great voice: "To arms! To arms! The Teules escape by the causeway of Tlacopan!"

Instantly my words were caught up by the sentries and passed from post to post till the city rang with them. They were cried in every street and canal; they echoed from the roofs of houses and among the summits of a hundred temples. The city awoke with a murmur; from the lake came the sound of water beaten by 10,000 oars, as though myriads of wild fowl had sprung suddenly from their reedy beds. Here, there and everywhere torches flashed out like falling stars, wild notes were blown on horns and shells, and above all arose the booming of the snakeskin drum, which the priests upon the teocalli beat furiously.

Presently the murmur grew to a roar, and from this direction and from that armed men poured toward the causeway of Tlacopan. Some came on foot, but the most of them were in canoes which covered the waters of the lake farther than the ear could hear. Now the Spaniards to the number of 1,500 or so, accompanied by some 6,000 or 8,000 Tlascalans, were emerging on the causeway in a long thin line. Guatemoc and I rushed before them, collecting men as we went, till we came to the first canal, where canoes were already gathering by scores. The head of the Spanish column reached the canal, and the fight began, which, so far as the Aztecs were concerned, was a fray without plan or order, for in that darkness and confusion the captains could not see their men or the men hear their captains. But they were there in countless numbers and had only one desire in their breast—to kill the Teulés. A cannon roared, sending a storm of bullets through us, and by its flash we saw that the Spaniards carried a timber bridge with them, which they were placing across the canal. Then we fell on them, every man fighting for himself. Guatemoc and I were swept over that bridge by the first rush of the enemy as leaves are swept in a gale, and though both of us won through safely we saw each other no more that night. With us and after us came the long array of Spaniards and Tlascalans, and from every side the Aztecs poured upon them, clinging to their struggling line as ants cling to a wounded

How can I tell all that came to pass that night? I cannot, for I saw but little of it. All I know is that for two hours I was fighting like a madman. The foe crossed the first canal, but when all were over the bridge was sunk so deep in the mud that it could not be stirred, and three furlongs on ran a second canal, deeper and wider than the first. Over this they could not cross till it was bridged with the dead. It seemed as though all hell had broken loose upon that narrow ridge of ground. The sound of cannon and of arquebuses, the shricks of agony and fear, the shouts of the Spanish soldiers, the warcries of the Aztecs, the screams of wounded horses, the wail of women, the hiss of hurtling darts and arrows and the dull noise of falling blows went up to heaven in one hideous hurly burly. Like a frightened mob of cattle, the long Spanish array swayed this way and that, bellowing as it swayed. Many rolled down the sides of the causeway to be slaughtered in the waters of the lake or borne away to sacrifice in the cances, many were drowned in the canals, and yet more were trampled to douth in the mud. Hundreds of the Aztecs perished also, for the most part beneath the weapons of their own friends, who struck and shot, not knowing on whom the blow should fall or in whose breast the arrow would find its home.

For my part, I fought on with a little band of men who had gathered about me till at last the dawn broke and showed an awful sight. The most of those who were left alive of the Spaniards and their allies had crossed the second canal upon a bridge made of the dead bodies of their fellows mixed up with a wreck of baggage, cannon and packages of treasure. Now the fight was raging beyond it. A mob of Spaniards and Tlascalans were still crossing the second breach, and on these I fell with such men as were with me. I plunged right into the heart of them, and suddenly before me I saw the face of De

With a shout I rushed at him. He heard my voice and knew me. With an oath he struck at my head. The heavy sword came down upon my helmet of painted wood, shearing away one side of it and felling me, but ere I fell I smote him on the breast with the club I carried, tumbling him to the earth. Now, half stunned and blinded, I crept toward him through the press. All I had taken over the command of my that I could see was a gleam of armor in ping at the wearer's throat, and together

> we rolled down the side of the causeway into the shallow water at the edge of the lake. I was uppermost, and with a fierce joy I dashed the blood from my eyes that I might see to kill my enemy, caught at last. His body was in the lake, but his



I threw myself upon it, gripping at the wearer's throat.

head lay upon the sloping bank, and my plan was to hold him beneath the water till he was drowned, for I had lost my

"At length, De Garcia!" I cried in Spanish as I shifted my grip.

"For the love of God, let me go!" gasped a rough voice beneath me. "Fool, I am no Indian dog."

Now I peered into the man's face be-

wildered. I had seized De Garcia, but the voice was not his voice, nor was the face his face, but that of a rough Spanish sol-"Who are you?" I said, slackening my

hold. "Where is De Garcia, he whom you name Sarceda?" 'Sarceda? I don't know. A minute ago he was on his back on the causeway. The fellow pulled me down and rolled behind me. Let me be, I say. I am not Sarceda, and if I were, is this a time to settle private quarrels? I am your comade, Bernal Diaz. Holy Mother, who are you? An

Aztec who speaks Castilian?" "I am no Aztec," I answered. "I am an Englishman, and I fight with the Aztecs that I may slay him whom you name Sarceda. But with you I have no quarrel, Bernal Diaz. Begone and escape if you can. No; I will keep the sword, with

your leave." "Englishman, Spaniard, Aztec or devil," grunted the man as he drew himself from his bed of ooze, "you are a good fellow, and I promise you that if I live through this, and if it should ever come about that I get you by the throat, I will remember the turn you did me. Farewell," and without more ado he rushed up the bank and plunged into a knot of his flying countrymen, leaving his sword in my hand. I strove to follow him that I might find my enemy, who once more had escaped by craft, but my strength failed me, for De Garcia's sword had bitten deep, and I bled much. So I must sit where I was till a canoe came and bore me back to Otomie to be nursed, and 10 days went by before I could walk again.

This was my share of the victory of the noche triste. Alas, it was a barren triumph, though more than 500 of the mother, on the shoulder, asking us if we Spaniards were slain and thousands of their allies! For there was no warlike skill or discipline among the Aztecs, and instead of following the Spaniards until none of them remained alive they staid to plunder the dead and drag away the living to sacrifice. Also this day of revenge was a sad one to Otomie, seeing that two of her brothers, Montezuma's sons, whom the Spaniards held in hostage, perished with them in the fray.

As for De Garcia, I could not learn what had become of him, nor whether he was dead or living.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BURYING OF MONTEZUMA'S TREASURE. Cuitlahua was crowned emperor of the Aztecs, in succession of his brother Montezuma, while I lay sick with the wound given me by the sword of De Garcia and also with that which I had received on the altar of sacrifice. This hurt had found no time to heal, and in the flerce fighting on the night of fear it burst open and bled much. Indeed it gave me trouble for years, and to this hour I feel it in the autumn season. Otomie, who nursed me tenderly, and, so strange is the heart of woman, even seemed to be consoled in her sorrow at the loss of her father and nearest kin, because I had escaped the slaughter and won fame, told me of the ceremony of the crowning, which was splendid enough. Indeed the Aztecs were almost mad with rejoicing because the Teules were gone at last. They forgot or seemed to forget the loss of thousands of their bravest warriors and of the flower of their rank, and as yet, at any rate, they did not look forward to the future. From house to house and street to street ran troops of young men and maidens, garlanded with flowers, crying: "The Teules are gone; rejoice with us! The Teules are fled!" and woe to them who were not merry-aye, even though their houses were desolate with death. Also the statues of the gods were set up again on the great pyramid and their temples rebuilt, the holy crucifix that the Spaniards had placed there being served as the idols Huitzel and Tezcat had been served, and tumbled down the sides of the teocalli, and that after sacrifice of some Spanish prisoners who had been offered in its presence. It was Guatemoc himself who told me of this sacrilege, but not with any exultation, for I had taught him something of our faith, and though he was too good a heathen to change his creed, in secret he believed that the God of the Christians was a true and mighty God. Moreover, though he was obliged to countenance them, like Otomie, Guatemoc never loved the horrid rites of human sacrifice.

Now, when I heard this tale my anger overcame my reason, and I spoke flercely,

"I am sworn to your cause, Guatemoc, my brother, and I am married to your blood, but I tell you that from this hour it is an accursed cause. Because of your blood stained idols and your priests it is accursed. That God whom you have desecrated and those who serve him shall come back in power, and he shall sit where your idols sat, and none shall stir him forever."

Thus I spoke, and my words were true, though I did not know what put them into my heart, since I spoke at random in my wrath, for today Christ's church stands upon the site of the place of sacrifice in Mexico, a sign and token of his triumph over devils, and there it shall stand while the world endures.

"You speak rashly, my brother," Guatemoc answered proudly enough, though I saw him quail at the evil omen of my rds. "I say you speak rashly, and were you overheard there are those, notwithstanding the rank we have given you, the honor which you have won in war and council, and that you have passed the stone of sacrifice, who might force you to look again upon the faces of the beings you blaspheme. What worse thing has ed Guatemoc in the same terrible voice,

been done to your Christian God than has | been done again and again to our gods by your white kindred? But let us talk no more of this matter, and I pray you, my brother, do not utter such ill omened words to me again, lest it should strain our love. Do you, then, believe that the Teules will return?"

"Aye, Guatemoc, so surely as tomorrow's sun shall rise. When you held Cortes in your hand, you let him go, and since then he has won a victory at Otompan. Is he a man, think you, to sheath the sword that he has once drawn and go down into darkness and dishonor? Before a year is past the Spaniards will be back at the gates of Tenoctitlan."
"You are no comforter tonight, my

brother," said Guatemoc, "and yet I fear that your words are true. Well, if we must fight, let us strive to win. Now, at least, there is no Montezuma to take the viper to his breast and nurse it till it stings him." Then he rose and went in silence, and I saw his heart was heavy.

On the morrow of this talk I could leave my bed, and within a week I was almost well. Now it was that Guatemoc came to me again, saying that he had been bidden by Cuitlahua, the emperor, to command me to accompany him, Guatemoc, on a service of trust and secrecy. And indeed the nature of the service showed how great a confidence the leaders of the Aztecs now placed in me, for it was none other than the hiding away of the treasure that had been recaptured from the Spaniards on the night of fear, and with it much more from the secret stores of the empire.

At the fall of darkness we started, some of the great lords, Guatemoc and I, and coming to the water's edge we found 10 large canoes, each laden with something that was hidden by cotton cloths. Into the canoes we entered secretly, thinking that none saw us, three to a canoe, for there were 30 of us in all, and led by Guatemoc we paddled for two hours or more across the Lake Tezcuco till we reached the farther shore at a spot where this prince had a fair estate. Here we landed, and the cloths were withdrawn from the cargoes of the canoes, which were great jars and sacks of gold and jewels, besides many other precious objects, among them a likeness of the head of Montezuma, fashioned in solid gold, which was so heavy that it was as much as Guatemoc and I could do to lift between us. As for the jars, of which, if my memory serves me, there were 17, six men must carry each of them by the help of paddles lashed on either side, and then the task was not light. All this priceless stuff we bore in several journeys to the crest of a rise some hundred paces distant from the water, setting it down by the mouth of a shaft behind the shelter of a mound of earth. When everything was brought up from the boats, Guatemoc touched me and another man, a great Aztec noble, born of a Tlascalan were willing to descend with him into the hole and thereto dispose of the treasure.

"Gladly," I answered, for I was curious to see the place, but the noble hesitated awhile, though in the end he came with us, to his ill fortune.

Then Guatemoc took torches in his hand and was lowered into the shaft by a rope. Next came my turn, and down I went, hanging to the cord like a spider to its thread, and the whole was very deep. At length I found myself standing by the side of Guatemoc at the foot of the shaft, round which, as I saw by the light of the torch he carried, an edging of dried bricks was built up to the height of a man above our heads. Resting on this edging and against the wall of the shaft was a massive block of stone sculptured with the picture writing of the Aztecs. I glanced at the writing, which I could now read well, and saw that it recorded the burying of the treasure in the first year of Cuitlahua, emperor of Mexico, and also a most fearful curse on him who should dare to steal it. Beyond us and at right angles to the shaft ran another passage, 10 paces in length and high enough for a man to walk in, which led to a chamber hollowed in the earth, as large as that wherein I write today at Ditchingham. By the mouth of this chamber were placed piles of adobe bricks and mortar, much as the blocks of hewn stones had been placed in that underground vault at Seville where Isabella de Siguenza was bricked up liv-

"Who dug this place?" I asked. "Those who knew not what they dug," answered Guatemoc. "But see, here is our companion. Now, my brother, I charge you be surprised at nothing which comes to pass, and be assured I have good

reason for anything that I may do." Before I could speak again the Aztec noble was at our side. Then those above began to lower the jars and sacks of treasure, and as they reached us one by one Guatemoc loosed the ropes and checked them, while the Aztec and I rolled them down the passage into the chamber, as here in England men roll a cask of ale. For two hours and more we worked till at length all were down, and the tale was complete. The last parcel to be lowered was a sack of jewels that burst open as it came and descended upon us in a glittering rain of gems. As it chanced, a great necklace of emeralds of surpassing size and beauty fell over my head and hung upon my shoulders.

"Keep it, brother," laughed Guatemoc, in memory of this night," and, nothing loath, I hid the bauble in my breast. That necklace I have yet, and a stone of it-the smallest save one-I gave to our gracious Queen Elizabeth. Otomie wore it for many years, and for this reason it shall be buried with me, though its value is priceless, sc say those who are skilled in gems. But, priceless or no, it is doomed to lie in the mold of Ditchingham churchyard, and may that same curse which is graved upon the stone that hides the treasure of the Aztecs fall upon him who steals it from

Now, leaving the chamber, we three entered the tunnel and began the work of building the adobe wall. When it was of a height of between two and three feet, Guatemoc paused from his labor and bade me hold a torch aloft. I obeyed, wondering what he wished to see. Then he drew back some three paces into the tunnel and spoke to the Aztec noble, our companion.

"What is the fate of discovered traitors, friend?" he said in a voice that, quiet though it was, sounded very terrible, and as he spoke he loosed from his side the warclub set with spikes of glass that hung there by a thong.

Now the Aztec turned gray beneath his dusky skin and trembled in his fear. "What mean you, lord?" he gasped. "You know well what I mean," answer-

Then the doomed man fell upon his knees crying for mercy, and his wailing sounded so awful in that deep and lonely place that in my horror I went near to letting the torch fall.

"To a fee I can give mercy—to a traiter none," answered Guatemoc, and whirling the club aloft he rushed upon the noble and killed him with a blow. Then seizing the body in his strong embrace he cast it into the chamber with the treasure, and there it lay still and dreadful among the gems and gold, the arms, as it chanced, being wound about two of the great jars as though the dead man would clasp them to his heart.

Now I looked at Guatemoc, who had slain him, wondering if my hour was at hand also, for I knew well that when princes bury their wealth they hold that few should share the secret.

"Fear not, my brother," said Guatemoc. "Listen. This man was a thief, a dastard and a traitor. As we know now, he strove twice to be tray us to the Teules. More, it was his plan to show this nest of wealth to them should they return again and to share the spoil. All this we learned from a woman whom he thought his love, but who was in truth a spy set to worm herself into the secrets of his wicked heart. Now let him take his fill of gold. Look how he grips it even in death; a white man could not hug the stuff more closely to his breast. Ah, Teule, would that the soil of Anahuac bore naught but corn for bread and flint and copper for the points of spears and arrows; then had her sons been free forever. Curses on yonder dross, for it is the bait that sets these sea sharks tearing at our throats. Curses on it, I say! May it never glitter more in the sunshine; may it be lost forever!" And he fell fiercely to the work of building up the wall.

Soon it was almost done, but before we set the last bricks, which were shaped in squares like the clay lump that we use for the building of farmeries and hinds' houses in Norfolk, I thrust a torch through the opening and looked for the last time at the treasure chamber that was also a deadhouse. There lay the glittering gems, there, stood upon a jar, gleamed the golden head of Montezuma, of which the emerald eyes seemed to glare at me, and there, his back resting against this same jar and his arms encircling two others to the right and left, was the dead man. But he was no longer dead, or so it seemed to me—at the least his eyes that were shut had opened, and they stared at me like the emerald eyes of the golden statue above him, only more fearfully.

Very hastily I withdrew the torch, and we finished in silence. When it was done, we withdrew to the end of the passage and looked up the shaft, and I for one was glad to see the stars shining in heaven above me. Then we made a double loop in the rope, and at a signal were hauled up till we hung over the ledge where the black mass of marble rested, the tombstone of Montezuma's treasure and of him who sleeps among it.

This stone, that was nicely balanced, we pushed with our hands and feet till presently it fell forward with a heavy sound, and catching on the ridge of brick which had been prepared to receive it shut the treasure shaft in such a fashion that those who would enter it again must take powder with them.

Then we were dragged up and came to the surface of the earth in safety.

Now one asked of the Aztec noble who had gone down with us and returned no

"He has chosen to stay and watch the treasure, like a good and loyal man, till such time as his king needs it," answered Guatemoc grimly, and the listeners nodded, understanding all.

Then they fell to and filled up the narrow shaft with the earth that lay ready, working without cease, and the dawn broke before the task was finished. When at length the hole was full, one of our com-



There the body lay still and dreadful among the gems and gold.

panions took seeds from a bag and scattered them on the naked earth; also he set two young trees that he had brought with him in the soil of the shaft, though why he did this I do not know unless it was to mark the spot. All being done, we gathered up the ropes and tools, and embarking in the canoes came back to Mexico in the morning, leaving the canoes at a landing place outside the city and finding our way to our homes by ones and twos, as we thought, unnoticed of any.

Thus it was that I helped in the burying of Montezuma's treasure, for the sake of which I was destined to suffer torture in days to come. Whether any will help to unbury it I do not know, but till I left the land of Anahuac the secret had been kept, and I think that then, except myself, all those were dead who labored with me at this task. It chanced that I passed the spot as I came down to Mexico for the last time and knew it again by the two trees that were growing tall and strong, and as I went by with Spaniards at my side I swore in my heart that they should never finger the gold by my help. It is for this reason that even now I do not write of the exact bearings of the place where it lies buried with the bones of the traitor, though I know them well enough, seeing that in days to come what I set down | white lime. In the midst of the square

here might fall into the hands of one of their nation. And now, before I go on to speak of the

siege of Merico, I must tell of one more matter-namely, of how I and Otomie, my wife, went up among the people of the Otomie and wou a great number of them back to their allegiance to the Aztec crown. It must be known, if my tale has not made this clear already, that the Aztec power was not of one people, but built up of several, and that surrounding it were many other tribes, some of whom were in alliance with it or subject to it, and some of them were its deadly enemies. Such, for instance, were the Tlascalans, a small but warlike people living between Mexico and the coast, by whose help Cortes overcame Montezuma and Guatemoc. Beyond the Tlascalans and to the west the great Otomie race lived or lives among its mountains. They are a braver nation than the Aztecs, speaking another language, of a different blood and made up of many clans. Sometimes they were subject to the great Aztec empire, sometimes in alliance and sometimes at open war with it and in close friendship with the Tlascalans. It was to draw the tie closer between the Aztecs and the Otomies, who were to the inhabitants of Anahuac much what the Scottish clans are to the people of England, that Montezuma took to wife the daughter and sole legitimate issue of their great chief or king. This lady died in childbirth, and her child was Otomie, my wife, hereditary princess of the Otomie. But though her rank was so great among her mother's people, as yet Otomie had visited them but twice, and then as a child. Still she was well skilled in their language and customs, having been brought up by nurses and tutors of the tribes, from which she drew a great revenue every year and over whom she exercised many rights of royal-ty that were rendered to her far more freely than they had been to Montezuma, her

father. Now, as has been said, some of these Otomie clans had joined the Tlascalans, and as their allies had taken part in the war on the side of the Spaniards; therefore it was decided at _solemn council that Otomie and I, her husband, should go on an embassy to the chief town of the nation, that was known as the City of Pines, and strive to win it back to the Aztec standard.

Accordingly, heralds having been sent

before us, we started upon our journey,

not knowing how we should be received

at the end of it. For eight days we trav-

eled in great pomp and with an ever increasing escort, for when the tribes of the Otomie learned that their princess was come to visit them in person, bringing with her her husband, a man of the Teules who had espoused the Aztec cause, they flocked in vast numbers to swell her retinue, so that it came to pass that before we reached the City of Pines we were accompanied by an army of at least 10,000 mountaineers, great men and wily, who made a savage music as we marched. P.:t with them and with their chiefs as yet we held no converse, except by way of formal greeting, though every morning when we started on our journey, Otomie in a litter and I on a horse that had been captured from the Spaniards, they set up shouts of salutation and made the mountains ring. Ever as we went the land, like its people, grew wilder and more beautiful, for now we were passing through forests clad with oak and pine and with many a lovely plant and fern. Sometimes we crossed great and sparkling rivers, and sometimes we wended through gorges and passes of the mountains, but every hour we mounted higher till at length the climate b came like that of England, only far mo: bright. At last, on the eighth day, we. passed through a gorge riven in the red: rock, which was so narrow in places that. three horsemen could scarcely have ridden there abreast. This gorge, that is five miles. long, is the high road to the City of Pines, to which there was no other access except by secret paths across the mountains, and on either side of it are sheer and towering:

"Here is a place where a hundred men might hold an army at bay," I said to Otomie, little knowing that it would be my task to do so in a day to come.

and 2,000 feet.

cliffs that rise to heights of between 1,000.

Presently the gorge took a turn, and I reined up amazed, for before me was the City of Pines in all its beauty. The city lay in a wheel shaped plain that may measure 12 miles across, and all around this plain are mountains clad to their summits with forests of oak and cedar trees. At the back of the city and in the center of the ring of mountains is one, however, that is not green with foliage, but black with lava, and above the lava white with snow, over which again hangs a pillar of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. This was the volcano Xaca, or the Queen, and though it is not so lofty as its sisters, Orizaba, Popo and Ixtac, to my mind it is the loveliest of them all, both because of its perfect shape and of the colors-purple and blue-of the fires that it sends forth at night or when its heart is troubled. The Otomies worshiped this mountain as a god, offering human sacrifice to it, which was not wonderful, for once the lava pouring from its bowels cut a path through the City of Pines; also they think it holy and haunted, so that none dare set foot upon its loftier snows. Nevertheless I was destined to climb them-I and one

Now, in the lap of this ring of mountains and watched over by the mighty Xaca, clad in its robe of snow, ts cap of smoke and its crown of fire, lies, or lay, the City of Pines, for now it is a ruin, or so I left it. As to the city itself, it was not so large as some others that I have seen in Anahuac, having only a population of some thirty and five thousansouls, since the Otomic, being a race c mountaineers, did not desire to dwell in cities. But if it was not great it was one of the most beautiful of Indian towns, being laid out in straight streets that met at the square in its center. All along these streets were houses, each standing in a garden and for the most part built of blocks of lava and roofed with cement of

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

