THE FAIR GOD.

BOOK SEVEN.

CHAPTER XV.

(Continued.)

"O king," said the good man, imploringly, "thou hast yet a moment of life, which, I pray thee, waste not. Take this holy symbol upon thy breast, cross thy hands upon it, and say after me: "I believe in One God, the Father Almighty, in our Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life. Then pray thou: O God the Father of Heaven, O God the Son, Redeemer of the World, O God the Holy Ghost, O Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy upon my soul! Do these things, say these words, O king, and thou shalt live after thy bones have gone to dust. Thou shalt live forever, eternally happy."

Courtiers and cavaliers, the queens, Nenetzin, even Cortes, watched the monarch's waning face; never yet were people indifferent to the issue—the old, old issue—of true God against false. Marina finished the interpretation, then he raised his hand tremulously and put the holy sign away, saying:

"I have but a moment to live, and I will not desert the faith of my fathers now."

A great sigh of relief broke from the infidels; the Christians shuddered, and crossed themselves; then Cortes stepped to Olmedo's side.

"I received your message and am here," he said sternly. He had seen the cross rejected.

The king turned his pale face, and fixed his glazing eyes upon the conquerer; and such power was there in the look that the latter added, with softening manner, "What I can do for thee I will do. I have always been thy true friend."

"O Malinche, I hear you, and your words make dying easy," answered Montezuma, smiling faintly.

With an effort he sought Cortes' hand, and looking at Acatlan and Tecalco, continued:

"Let me intrust these women and their children to you and your Lord. Of all that which was mine but now is yours—lands, people, empire—enough to save them from want and shame were small indeed. Promise me; in the hearing of all these, promise, Malinche."

Taint of anger was there no longer on the soul of the great Spaniard.

"Rest thee, good king!" he said, with feeling. "Thy queens and their children shall be my wards. In the hearing of all these I so swear."

The listener smiled again; his eyes closed, his hand fell down; and so still was he that they began to think him dead. Suddenly he stirred, and said faintly but distinctly:

"Nearer, uncles, nearer."

The old men bent over him, listening.

"A message to Guatamozin—to him I give my last thought as king. Say to him that this lingering in death is no fault of his; the aim was true, but the arrow splintered upon leaving the bow. And lest the world hold him to account for my blood, hear me say, all of you, that I bade him do what he did. And in sign that I love him take my sceptre, and give it to him——"

The voice fell away, yet the lips moved; lower the ancients stooped.

"Tula and the empire go with the sceptre," he murmured, and they were his last words—his will.

A wail from the women pronounced him dead.

The unassoilzied great may not see heaven; they pass from life into history, where as in a silent sky, they shine for ever and ever. So the light of the Indian King comes to us, a glow rather than a brilliance; for, of all fates, his was the saddest. Better not to be than to become the ornament of another's triumph. Alas for him whose death is an immortal sorrow!

Out of the palace gate in the early morning passed the lords of the court in procession, carrying the remains of the monarch. The bier was heavy with royal insignia; nothing of funeral circumstance was omitted; honor to the dead was policy. At the same time the body was delivered, Cortes indicted the murderers; the ancients through whom he spoke were also the bearers of the dead king's last will; back to the bold Spaniard therefore came the reply:

"Cowards, who at the last moment beg for peace! you are not two suns away from your own graves! Think only of them!"

And while Cortes was listening to the answer the streets about the palace filled with companies, and crumbling parapet and solid wall shook under the shock of a new assault.

Then Cortes' spirit arose.

"Mount, gentleman!" he cried "The hounds come scrambling for the scourge; shame on us if we do not meet them. And hearken! The prisoners report a plague in the city, of which the new king is dying, and hundreds are sick. It is the small-pox."

Viva la viruela!" shouted Alvarado.

The shout spread through the palace.

"Where God's curse is," continued Cortes, "Christians need not stay. To-night we will go. To clear the way and make this day memorable let us ride. Are ye ready?"

They answered joyously.

Again the gates were opened, and with a goodly following of infantry, into the streets they rode. Nothing withstood them; they passed the canals by repairing the bridges or filling up the chasms; they rode the whole length of the street until the causeway clear to Tlacopan was visible. St. James fought at their head; even the Holy Mother stooped from her high place and threw handful's of dust in the enemy's eyes.

In the heat of the struggle suddenly the companies fell back, and made open space round the Christians; then came word that commissioners from king Cuitlahua waited in the palace to treat of peace.

"The heathen is an animal!" said Cortes, unable to repress his exultation. "To cure him of temper and win his love, there is nothing like the scourge. Let us ride back, gentlemen."

In the courtyard stood four caciques, stately men in peaceful garb. They touched the pavement with their palms.

"We are come to say, O Malinche, that the Lord Cuitlahua, our king, yields to your demand for peace. He prays you to give your terms to the pabas whom you captured on the temple, that they may bring them to him forthwith."

They holy men were brought from their cells, one leaning upon the other. The instructions were given; then the two, with the stately commissioners, were set without the gate, and Cortes and his army went to rest never so contented.

They waited and waited, but the envoys came not. When the sun went down they knew themselves deceived; and then there were sworn many full, round, Christian oaths, none so full, so round, and so Christian as Cortes'.

A canoe meanwhile bore Io' to Tula. In the quiet and perfumed shade of the chinampa he rested, and soothed the fever of his wound.

Meanwhile, also, a courier from the teotuctli passed from temple to temple; short the message, but portentous:

people, blessed be the memory of Montezuma! Purify the altars, and make ready for the sacrifice, for to-morrow there will be victims!"

CHAPTER XVI.

ADIEU TO THE PALACE.

At sunset a cold wind blew from the north, followed by a cloud which soon filled the valley with the mist; soon the mist turned to rain; then the rain turned to night, and the night to deepest blackness.

The Christians, thinking only of escape from the city, saw the change of weather with sinking hearts. With one voice they had chosen the night as most favorable for the movement, but they had in mind then a semi-darkness warmed by south winds and brilliant with stars; not a time like this so unexpectedly come upon them—tempest added to gloom, icy wind splashing the earth with icy water.

Under the walls the sentinels cowered shivering and listening, and, as is the habit of wanderers surrounded by discomforts and miseries, musing of their homes so far away, and of the path thither; on the land so beset, on the sea so viewless. Recalled to present duty, they saw nothing but the fires of the nearest temple faintly irridescent, and heard only the moans of the blast and the pattering of the rain, always so in harmony with the spirit when it is oppressed by loneliness and danger.

Meantime the final preparation for retreat went on with the completeness of discipline.

About the close of the second watch of the night, Cortes, with his personal attendants—page, equerry and secretaries—left his chamber and proceeded to the eastern gate, where he could best receive reports, and assured himself, as the divisions filed past him, that the column was formed as he had ordered. The superstructure of the gate offered him shelter; but he stood out, bridle in hand, his back to the storm. There he waited, grimly silent, absorbed in reflections gloomy as the night itself.

(To be continued.)

Tobacco Chewers Among Women.

A well known physician, while walking down the street with a friend, remarked, a patient of mine lives in that house who is dying—an idolized wife—beyond all help, and tobacco chewing has killed her. Why, Doctor! what do you mean? I mean this: her husband is literally steeped in tobacco juice, and the insensible perspiration from his body has become so saturated with nicotine as to be a deadly poison. His wife, before I was called, had absorbed enough of the poison so that no human power can save her; and even he will, I believe, end his days in torture from some kind of skin disease. The skin is really the most wonderful and important organ of the human body. Night and day, every hour of our lives, it is filtering out from the blood useless or poisonous debris. If it stopped work even for twenty-four hours in this or any case, death would ensue. You can imagine, then, what it means for a delicate, sensitive-skinned woman to sleep in a warm bed night after night with an inveterate tobacco chewer. The skin and mucous membrane of some persons is much more sensitive than others. A person who in summer is subject to hay fever, tanned or burned skin, in winter to colds, bronchitis, chapped hands, or chilblains, ought always (whether at home or travelling) to keep a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand. Dilute the liniment with water and gently bathe, or moisten a cloth with it and lay upon the irritated skin if very sensitive; then wash it clean in the morning with Castile soap and water. If a person who takes cold quickly, or is predisposed to bronchitis or catarrh, or exposed to any poison, irritating to the skin or mucus surfaces, which might tend to cause consumption will every night, before retiring, bathe the chest and throat with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and, before dressing in the morning, rub the whole body smartly with a coarse towel, slightly dampened, and then wiped dry, we believe they never would have pulmonary troubles, or disease from defective working of the skin. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send a phamplet, free, describing other uses for this old household remedy, now eighty years old.

Rocky Point, West River and Southport Ferry Table.

For public convenience we condense the time table of the Rocky Point, West River and Southport Ferry:

ROCKY POINT.

Steamer leaves Ferry Wharf, Charlottetown,—

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY—9.30 a. m; 2 p. m.; returning 8.30, 10 a. m.; 2.20 p. m.

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY—8.30, 9.30 a. m.; 2 and 4 p. m.; returning at 9 and 10 a. m.; 2.20 and 4.20 p. m.

SUNDAY—9 a. m; 1 p. m.; returning 9.30 a. m., 1.30 p. m.

Sail Boat leaves Connolly's Wharf,—

MONDAY AND THURSDAY—9 and 11 a. m; 2, 4 and 6 p. m.; returning 8 and 10 a. m; 12.30, 3 and 5 p. m.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—11 a. m.; 3 and 6 p. m.; returning 8 a. m.; 12.30 and 5 p. m.

SUNDAY—4.30 p. m., coming from Rocky Point at 3.30 p. m.

WEST RIVER.

Steamer leaves Ferry Wharf for Shaw's Wharf,—

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY—4 p. m., calling at Rocky Point and Westville, coming from Shaw's Wharf same day at 7 a. m., calling at Westville and Rocky Point

SOUTHPORT

Steamer leaves Charlottetown on week days, commencing at 6 a. m. and continues until 10 p. m., running at intervals of every half hour. Returning leaves Southport first trip 6.15 a. m., and continues until 10.10 p. m., running at intervals of every half hour.

ON SUNDAY leaves Charlottetown, first trip at 7 a. m., and every hour until 10 a. m., then leaving at 10.30 and 12 noon, 12.30 and from 1 to 5 p. m., then regular trips at 6.30, 7.30 and 8.30. Returning leaves Southport at 7.30, 8.15, 9.45 10.15 and 10,45 a. m; 12.15, 12.45, 1.15 and every hour from 2.30 until 5.30 and afterwards at 6.45, 8 and 8.45 p. m.

THE SUMMER TIME TABLE.—For the convenience of the public we condense the hours of departure and arrival of trains (local time):

FOR THE WEST.

7 and 9.45 a. m.; 4.30 p. m.

FROM THE WEST.

10.35 a. m.; 4 and 8.10 p. m.

FOR THE EAST.

7.30 a. m. and 4.15 p. m.

FROM THE EAST.

10.20 a. m. and 7.15 p. m.

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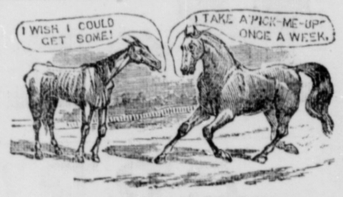

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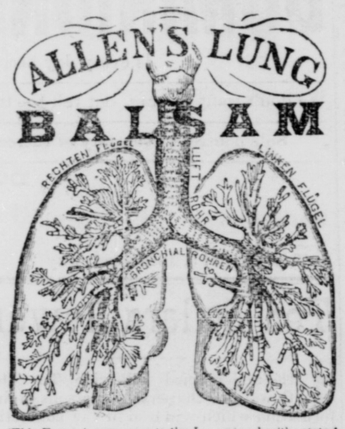

(This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

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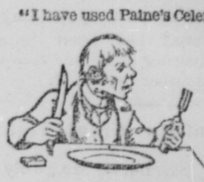

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