

Perhaps he would recall them after they had viewed the wonders and received the gold of the empire. Inspired by this hope, he gave the Spaniards full liberty and showered his wealth upon them. In bands the iron-mailed strangers strolled through the city, viewing its wonders. The luxuriant gardens, the well-filled menageries, the busy market, the aviaries alive with brilliant-hued birds, the massive palaces, and the gloomy majesty of the temples, excited the amazement and cupidity of the adventurers. But the awful spectacle of human sacrifice drowned in seas of blood all thoughts of pleasure and wakened into active life the bitterest fanaticism. Their God was calling for vengeance upon the accused heathen, by whose destruction all these glories would be theirs. Spanish greed and fanaticism were roused, and Mexico was doomed. The murmuring of the soldiery came to Montezuma's ears, and with them returned his old forebodings. Again he attempted to obtain the Spaniard's departure. Sending for Cortez, he informed him that the people were revolting against the strangers' further stay and besought him to depart from the city. Cortez acquiesced to his request and promised to leave Mexico in a few days. The next morning, however, while Montezuma was seated in his audience chamber, Cortez with a few Spanish soldiers, was announced. Respectfully approaching the emperor, they began questioning him concerning a massacre of Spaniards in a distant town. Soon throwing of this mask, Cortez accused the monarch of being accessory to the deed and ordered his followers to lay hands on the king and lead him to the Spanish quarters. Paralyzed with indignation and awed by their audacity, Montezuma submitted. But not as a monarch; his kingliness refused to leave the throne, and a broken spirited man was all that could surrender. He still retained the garb of sovereignty and received his subjects with all his former dignity. His very captors seemingly submitted to his will, but the will of Cortez, not of Montezuma was law in Mexico. He soon acknowledged the Spanish emperor as his sovereign and ever after reigned as vassal of the crown of Spain. Not long after the rape of the king, Cortez was called into the field to crush a hostile Spanish army, leaving the charge of the city to a lieutenant. This fellow raised the wrath of the people to uncontrollable bounds by destroying the statue of the war-god. Cortez returned to find the Spaniards closely besieged by an outraged populace. Relying on the uniform respect paid the emperor, Cortez persuaded him to go before the mob and exculpate the Spaniards from blame, promising them a speedy departure of the white men. During a lull in the tumult, the emperor, in all his insignia of royalty, advanced to meet a maddened nation. A respectful hush greeted him; but when he began to speak, howls of execration broke out on all sides, the people were insane with fury to hear their lord plead for their enemies. As he proceeded, a daring knight shook his javelin at the sacred person of the monarch. In an instant a thousand weapons were hurled at the walls: the emperor fell, desperately wounded; the Spaniards carried him within the palace and endeavored to staunch his wounds. But it was in vain. The emperor would not survive this disgrace. Tearing away the bandages, in moody silence he watched his life blood ebb away. Thus died Montezuma. Born of a royal race, crowned emperor of a mighty nation amid the brightest

prospects, he died deserted by his people, a prisoner in his own capital, killed by the weapons of his own subjects. Highly educated, a masterly general, an all-powerful sovereign, he became a slave to the superstitions of his religion, and through the credulity to its fables worked out his own and eventually his country's ruin. The fate of the emperor himself seemed undeserved, but Providence was urging it on. His nation, though highly civilized, in many respects, was the deadly Upas tree of the valley of Mexico, blighted all the nations by the awful crimes of its religion. Generation after generation its foulness had increased,

"Till Heaven
Making blind Zeal and bloody Avarice
Its ministers of vengeance, sent among them
The heroic Spaniards' unrelenting sword."

THE MACHINE.

Oh, college, 'tis to thee,
Best place of all to me,
Of thee I sing,
Place where the co-ed calls
At me along your halls,
Place where the tutor bawls
For order there.

I love thy third floor hall,
Where dark the shadows fall
On Friday eves,
I love thy janitor,
Wise as a senator,
Fierce as a mar-eater
Within his lair.

Where'er I'm far from thee,
I'm always sure to be
Too late for prayer:
If often this be true,
I'll surely get my due
And be removed from you,
But I don't care.

UPON READING "THE LIFE AND LETTERS" OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

There's not a page but glows with vital breath;
Not scarce a line which does not seem to start
With quick pulsation of a living heart,
Above the touch, beyond the talut of death,
Feel even the the letters of his liquid name;
Flash as we gaze, and take the hues of flame;
Of flame made rhythmic, brightening while it
sings.

A life was his, which wrought from toilsome care
Strength for ascension to diviner air;
Which plucked the rose of hope from thorned
despair.

A fate was his, upbuoyed by tireless wings
Of aspiration, with the charm of powers,
Unvanquished by the songs of Syren Hours.
What if sleep-shadowed, restful, his worn dust
Earth (tender mother!) holds in sacred trust;
The man's true life, his passion and his pain,
His rapture, glory, and august desire,
His patient brain, and soul of fragrant fire,
In love's supreme memorial breathe again!

GERMANTOWN, GA.

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