

on in order to find out if by chance, with the damage and slaughter that we should inflict on them, they would abandon their attack and arrange some sort of peace, so that we could go free without more deaths and damage. Although the next day we all bore ourselves very manfully and killed many of the enemy and burned a matter of twenty houses and almost reached dry land, it was all of no use, because of the great damage and deaths and wounds they inflicted on us, and we could not hold a single bridge, for they were all of them half broken down. Many Mexicans charged down on us, and they had set up walls and barricades in places which they thought could be reached by the horses, so that if we had met with many difficulties up to this time, we found much greater ones ahead of us.

Let us leave it here, and go back to say that we determined to get out of Mexico.

It was on a Thursday that we made this expedition and sally with the horsemen, and I remember that Sandoval was there, and Lares the good horseman and Gonzalo Domínguez, Juan Velásquez de Leon and Francisco de Morla and other good horsemen from among our company, and from the company of Narvaez other good horsemen went, but they were frightened and timid as they had never been in wars against the Indians.

CHAPTER CXXVIII.

How we determined to flee from Mexico and what was done about it.

NOW we saw our forces diminishing every day and those of the Mexicans increasing, and many of our men were dead and all the rest wounded, and although we fought like brave men we could not drive back nor even get free

from the many squadrons which attacked us both by day and night, and the powder was giving out, and the same was happening with the food and water, and the great Montezuma being dead, they were unwilling to grant the peace and truce which we had sent to demand of them. In fact we were staring death in the face, and the bridges had been raised. It was [therefore] decided by Cortés and all of us captains and soldiers that we should set out during the night, when we could see that the squadrons of warriors were most off their guard. In order to put them all the more off their guard, that very afternoon we sent to tell them, through one of their priests whom we held prisoner and who was a man of great importance among them and through some other prisoners, that they should let us go in peace within eight days and we would give up to them all the gold; and this [was done] to put them off their guard so that we might get out that night.

In addition to this, there was with us a soldier named Botello, apparently an honest man and a Latin scholar, who had been in Rome, and it was said that he was a magician; others said that he had a familiar spirit, and some called him an Astrologer. This Botello had said four days before, that he found out by his casting of lots or Astrology, that if on that following night we did not leave Mexico, and if we waited there any longer, not one of us would get out alive; and he had even said on other occasions that Cortés would have to suffer many hardships and would be deprived of his position and honour, and would afterwards become a great and magnificent Lord, with great property, and he said many other things. Let us leave Botello, whom I will speak about again later on, and I will relate how the order was given to make a bridge of very strong beams and planks, so that we could carry it with us and place it where the bridges were broken. Four hundred Tlaxcalan Indians and one hundred and fifty

soldiers were told off to carry this bridge and place it in position and guard the passage until the army and all the baggage had crossed. Two hundred Tlaxcalan Indians and fifty soldiers were told off to carry the cannon, and Gonzalo de Sandoval, Diego de Ordás, Francisco de Sauzedo, Francisco de Lugo and a company of one hundred young and active soldiers were selected to go in the van to do the fighting. It was agreed that Cortés himself, Alonzo de Ávila, Cristóbal de Olid, and other Captains should go in the middle and support the party that most needed help in fighting. Pedro de Alvarado and Juan Velásquez de Leon were with the rearguard, and placed in the middle between them [and the preceding section] were two captains and the soldiers of Narvaez, and three hundred Tlaxcalans, and thirty soldiers were told off to take charge of the prisoners and of Doña Marina and Doña Luisa ; by the time this arrangement was made, it was already night.

In order to bring out the gold and divide it up and carry it, Cortés ordered his steward named Cristóbal de Guzman and other soldiers who were his servants to bring out all the gold and jewels and silver, and he gave them many Tlaxcalan Indians for the purpose, and they placed it in the Hall. Then Cortés told the King's officers named Alonzo Dávila and Gonzalo Mejía to take charge of the gold belonging to His Majesty, and he gave them seven wounded and lame horses and one mare, and many friendly Tlaxcalans, more than eighty in number, and they loaded them with parcels of it, as much as they could carry, for it was put up into very broad ingots, as I have already said in the chapter that treats of it, and much gold still remained in the Hall piled up in heaps. Then Cortés called his secretary and the others who were King's Notaries, and said : " Bear witness for me that I can do no more with this gold. We have here in this apartment and Hall over seven hundred thousand pesos in gold, and, as

you have seen, it cannot be weighed nor placed in safety. I now give it up to any of the soldiers who care to take it, otherwise it will be lost among these dogs [of Mexicans].”

When they heard this, many of the soldiers of Narvaez and some of our people loaded themselves with it. I declare that I had no other desire but the desire to save my life, but I did not fail to carry off from some small boxes that were there, four chalchihuites, which are stones very highly prized among the Indians, and I quickly placed them in my bosom under my armour, and, later on, the price of them served me well in healing my wounds and getting me food.

After we had learnt the plans that Cortés had made about the way in which we were to escape that night and get to the bridges, as it was somewhat dark and cloudy and rainy, we began before midnight to bring along the bridge and the baggage, and the horses and mare began their march, and the Tlaxcalans who were laden with the gold. Then the bridge was quickly put in place, and Cortés and the others whom he took with him in the first [detachment], and many of the horsemen, crossed over it. While this was happening, the voices, trumpets, cries and whistles of the Mexicans began to sound and they called out in their language to the people of Tlaltelolco, “Come out at once with your canoes for the Teules are leaving ; cut them off so that not one of them may be left alive.” When I least expected it, we saw so many squadrons of warriors bearing down on us, and the lake so crowded with canoes that we could not defend ourselves. Many of our soldiers had already crossed [the bridge] and while we were in this position, a great multitude of Mexicans charged down on us [with the intention of] removing the bridge and wounding and killing our men who were unable to assist each other ; and as misfortune is perverse at such times,

one mischance followed another, and as it was raining, two of the horses slipped and fell into the lake. When I and others of Cortés' Company saw that, we got safely to the other side of the bridge, and so many warriors charged on us, that despite all our good fighting, no further use could be made of the bridge, so that the passage or water opening was soon filled up with dead horses, Indian men and women, servants, baggage and boxes.

Fearing that they would not fail to kill us, we thrust ourselves ahead along the causeway, and we met many squadrons armed with long lances waiting for us, and they used abusive words to us, and among them they cried "Oh! villains, are you still alive?" and with the cuts and thrusts we gave them, we got through, although they then wounded six of those who were going along [with me]. Then if there was some sort of plan such as we had agreed upon it was an accursed one; for Cortés and the captains and soldiers who passed first on horseback, so as to save themselves and reach dry land and make sure of their lives, spurred on along the causeway, and they did not fail to attain their object, and the horses with the gold and the Tlaxcalans also got out in safety. I assert that if we had waited, (the horsemen and the soldiers, one for the other,) at the bridges, we should all have been put an end to, and not one of us would have been left alive; the reason was this, that as we went along the causeway, charging the Mexican squadrons, on one side of us was water and on the other azoteas,¹ and the lake was full of canoes so that we could do nothing. Moreover the muskets and crossbows were all left behind at the bridge, and as it was night time, what could we do beyond what we accomplished? which was to charge and give some sword-thrusts to those who tried to lay

¹ The flat roofs of the houses.

hands on us, and to march and get on ahead so as to get off the causeway.

Had it been in the day-time, it would have been far worse, and we who escaped did so only by the Grace of God. To one who saw the hosts of warriors who fell on us that night and the canoes [full] of them coming along to carry off our soldiers, it was terrifying. So we went ahead along the causeway in order to get to the town of Tacuba where Cortés was already stationed with all the Captains. Gonzalo de Sandoval, Cristóbal de Olid and others of those horsemen who had gone on ahead were crying out: "Señor Capitan, let us halt, for they say that we are fleeing and leaving them to die at the bridges; let us go back and help them, if any of them survive"; but not one of them came out or escaped. Cortés' reply was that it was a miracle that any of us escaped. However, he promptly went back with the horsemen and the soldiers who were unwounded, but they did not march far, for Pedro de Alvarado soon met them, badly wounded, holding a spear in his hand, and on foot, for they [the enemy] had already killed his sorrel mare, and he brought with him four soldiers as badly wounded as he was himself, and eight Tlaxcalans, all of them with blood flowing from many wounds.

While Cortés was on the causeway with the rest of the captains, we repaired to the courtyard in Tacuba. Many squadrons had already arrived from Mexico, shouting out orders to Tacuba and to the other town named Azcapotzalco, and they began to hurl darts, stones and arrows [and attack] with their long lances. We made some charges and both attacked [them] and defended ourselves.

Let us go back to Pedro de Alvarado. When Cortés and the other Captains met him in that way, and saw that no more soldiers were coming [along the causeway,] tears sprang to his eyes. Pedro de Alvarado said that Juan Velásquez de Leon lay dead with many other gentlemen

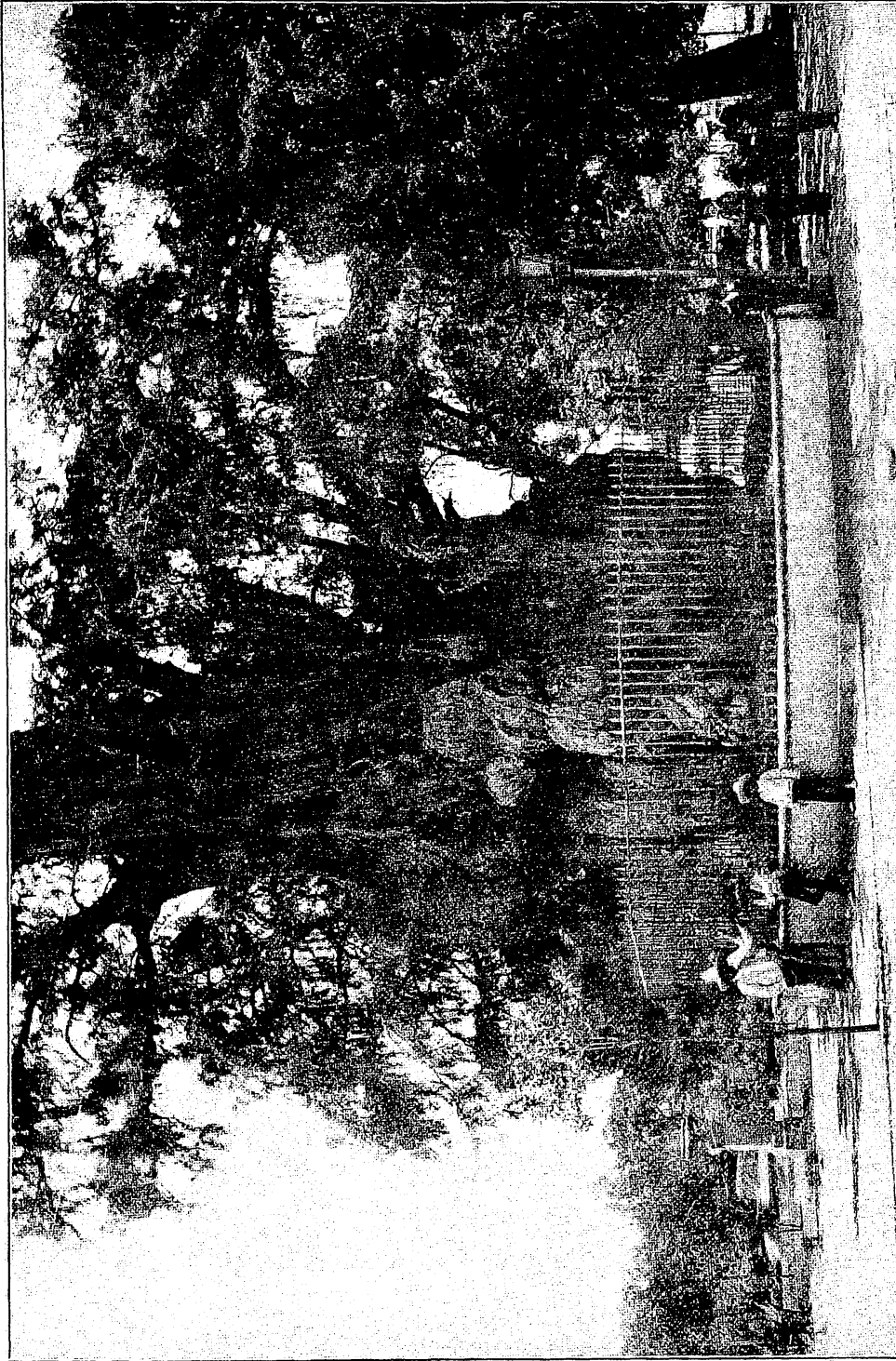


Photo by A. P. Mandslay

THE TREE OF THE NOCHE TRISTE AT POPOTLA.

Tradition says that Cortes rested under this tree and watched the remnant of his followers pass by after their escape from the city.

both of our own company and that of Narvaez, and that more than eighty of them were at the bridge; that he and the four soldiers whom he brought with him, after their horses had been killed, crossed the bridge in great peril, over the dead bodies, horses and boxes with which that passage at the bridge was [choked]. Moreover he said that all the bridges and causeways were crowded with warriors. At the bridge of sorrow, which they afterwards called "Alvarados' leap," I assert that at the time not a single soldier stopped to see if he leaped much or little, for we could hardly save our own lives, as we were in great danger of death on account of the multitude of Mexicans charging down on us. All that Gomara says on this matter is nonsense, for as to his wishing to leap and hold himself up with his lance, the water was very deep and he could not have touched the ground with it, and, in addition to this, the bridge and the opening was very wide and high. He would not have been able to save himself had he been ever so much more active, neither on his lance nor in any other way (and one can clearly see that now), for the water was so deep at that time, and the walls were so high where the beams of the bridge were [placed] and the opening was so wide. I never heard of this leap of Alvarado until after Mexico was captured, and it was in some satirical verses¹ made by a certain Gonzalo de Ocampo, which, as they were somewhat nasty, I will not fully quote here, except that he says, "Thou shouldst remember the leap that thou tookest from the bridge"; but I will not dwell on this subject.

Let us go on and I will relate how, when we were waiting in Tabuca, many Mexican warriors came together from all those towns and they killed three of our soldiers, so we agreed to get out of that town as quickly as we

¹ Nibelos in the text, probably for *libelos*.

could, and five Tlaxcalan Indians, who found out a way towards Tlaxcala without following the [main] road, guided us with great precaution until we reached some small houses placed on a hill, and near to them a Cue or Oratory [built] like a fort, where we halted.

I wish to go back to state that as we marched along we were followed by the Mexicans who hurled arrows and darts at us and stones from their slings, and the way in which they surrounded us and continually attacked us, was terrifying, as I have already said many times and am tired of repeating it, but my readers must not consider me prolix, because every time or at every short interval that they pressed on us and wounded us and attacked us fiercely, I feel bound to turn aside and speak of the squadrons which followed us and killed many of us.

Let us give up calling so much to mind, and relate how we defended ourselves in that Cue and fortress, where we lodged and attended to the wounded and made many fires, but as for anything to eat, there was no thought of it. At that Cue or Oratory, after the great city of Mexico was captured, we built a church, which is called "Nuestra Señora de los Remedios," and is very much visited, and many of the inhabitants and ladies from Mexico now go there on pilgrimages and to hold *novenas*.¹

Let us leave this and say that it was pitiable to see our wounds being dressed and bound up with cotton cloths, and as they were chilled and swollen they were [very] painful. However what was more to be wept over was [the loss of] the gentlemen and brave soldiers who were missing, namely, Juan Velásquez de Leon, Francisco de Sauzedo, Francisco de Morla, Lares the good horseman and many others of us followers of Cortés. I name these few only because it would be a long

¹ *Novenas*: religious exercises extending over nine days.

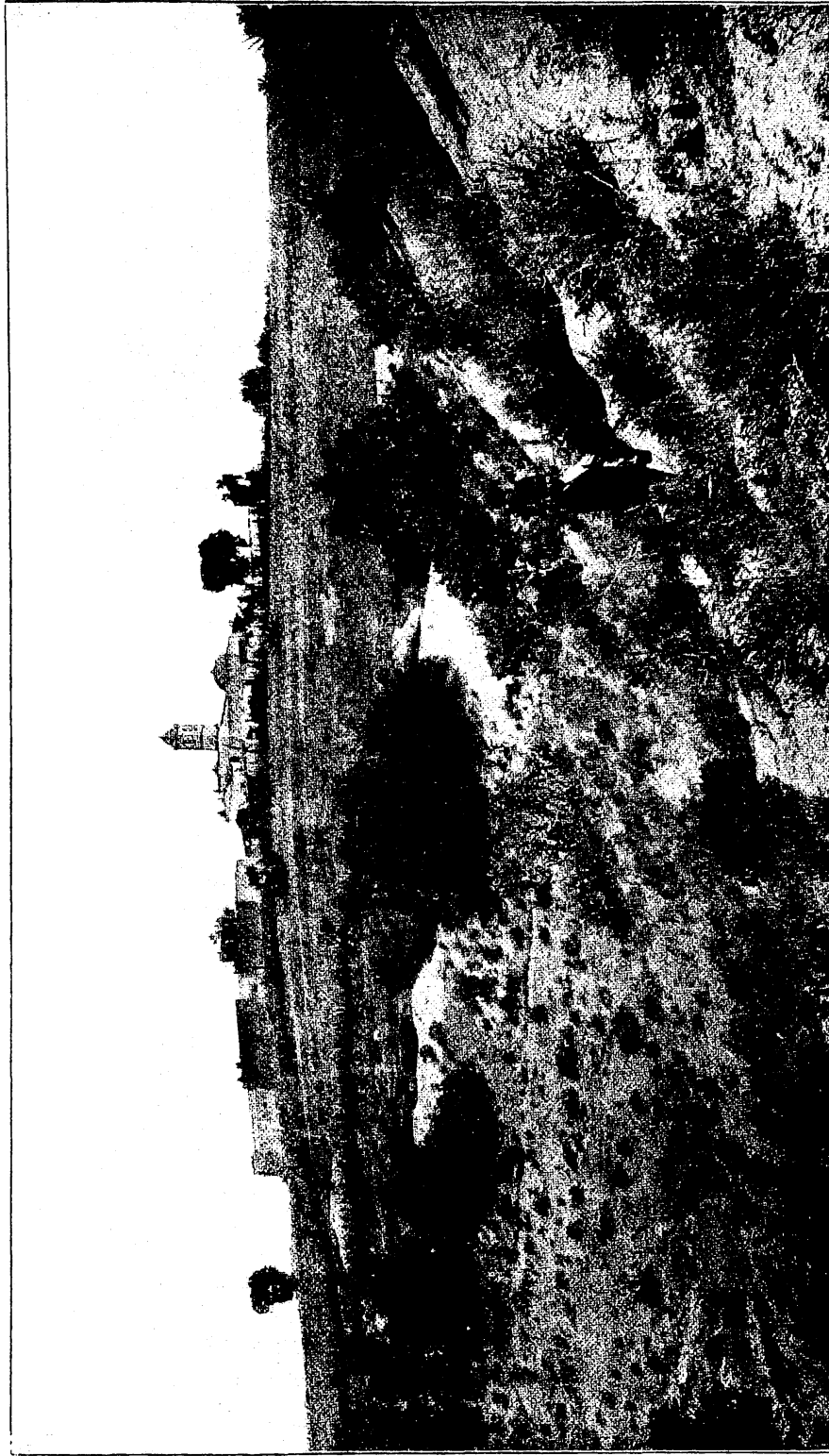


Photo by C. E. White.

THE CHURCH OF NUESTRA SEÑORA DE LOS REMEDIOS,

Built on the site of the Teocalli where the Spaniards halted after the Noche Triste.

business to write the names of the great number of our companions who were missing. Of the followers of Narvaez, the greater number were left at the bridges weighed down with gold.

I will speak now of Botello the Astrologer: his astrology availed him nothing, for he too died there with his horse, and I will go on to say that after we got into safety, there were found in the box of this Botello some papers like a book, with symbols, lines, remarks and signs, and it was said in them: "Am I to die here in this sad war in the power of these dogs of Indians?" and it said among other lines and symbols further on, "Thou wilt not die"; and it went on to say in other symbols, lines, and remarks, "Shall I die?" and the other line replied, "Thou shalt not die." It said in another place, "Will they also kill my horse?" and it said further on, "Yes, they will kill it." In a similar manner these papers, which were like a small book, contained further ciphered [notes] like fortune telling, one sentence answering the other. There was also found in the box a thing like the genitals of a man, half a span long, made of leather, in appearance neither more nor less than a man's genitals, and it had inside some flock wool from a shearer.

Let us go on to say how there were left dead at the bridges the sons and daughters of Montezuma as well the prisoners we were bringing with us, also Cacamatzin the Lord of Texcoco and other kings of provinces. Let us stop relating all these hardships and say how we were thinking of what we had in front of us, for we were all wounded, and only twenty-three horses escaped; then of the cannon and artillery and powder, we saved nothing; the crossbows were few in number and we promptly mended their cords and made arrows, but the worst of all was that we did not know what we should find the disposition of our friends the Tlaxcalans would be towards

us. In addition to this, always surrounded by Mexicans who fell on us with yells, darts and arrows and slings, we determined to get out of that place at midnight with the Tlaxcalans in front as guides, taking every precaution. We marched with the wounded in the middle and the lame [supported] with staffs, and some, who were very bad and could not walk, on the croups of the horses that were lame and were not fit for fighting. Those horsemen who were not wounded went in front or were divided some on one side, some on the other, and [marching] in this manner all of us who were most free from wounds kept our faces towards the enemy. The wounded Tlaxcalans went in the body of our squadron and the rest of them who were [sufficiently] sound faced [the enemy] in company with us. The Mexicans were always harassing us with loud cries, yells and whistles, shouting out, "You are going where not one of you will be left alive," and we did not understand why they said so, but it will be seen later on. But I have forgotten to write down how happy we were to see Doña Marina still alive, and Doña Luisa the daughter of Xicotenga, whose escape at the bridges was due to some Tlaxcalans, and also a woman named Maria de Estrada, who was the only Spanish woman in Mexico. Those who escaped and got away first from the bridges were some sons of Xicotenga, the brothers of Doña Luisa. Most of our servants who had been given to us in Tlaxcala and in the city of Mexico itself were left behind dead.

Let me go on to say how on that day we reached some farms and huts belonging to a large town named Cuautitlan,¹ a town that after the capture of Mexico belonged to Alonso de Ávila, and although they yelled and shouted at us and hurled stones, darts and arrows, we bore up against it all. Thence we went through some farms and hamlets with the Mexicans always in pursuit of us, and as many of them

¹ Gualtitan in the text.

had got together, they endeavoured to kill us and began to surround us, and hurled many stones with their slings and javelins and arrows, and with their broadswords they killed two of our soldiers in a bad pass, and they also killed a horse and wounded many of our men, and we also with cut and thrust killed some of them, and the horsemen did the same. We slept in those houses and we ate the horse they had killed, and the next day very early in the morning we began our march, with the same and even greater precautions than we observed before, half of the horsemen always going ahead. On a plain a little more than a league further on, (when we began to think that we could march in safety,) our scouts, who were on the look out, returned to say that the fields were full of Mexican warriors waiting for us. When we heard this we were indeed alarmed but not so as to be faint-hearted or to fail to meet them and fight to the death. There we halted for a short time and orders were given how the horsemen were to charge and return at a hand gallop, and were not to stop to spear [the enemy] but to keep their lances aimed at their faces until they broke up their squadrons; and that all the soldiers, in the thrusts they gave, should pass [their swords] through the bodies [of their opponents], and that we should act in such a way as to avenge thoroughly the deaths and wounds of our companions, so that if God willed it we should escape with our lives.

After commending ourselves to God and the Holy Mary, full of courage, and calling on the name of Señor Santiago, as soon as we saw that the enemy began to surround us, and that the horsemen, keeping in parties of five, broke through their ranks, we all of us [charged] at the same time.

Oh! what a sight it was to see this fearful and destructive battle, how we moved all mixed up with them foot to foot, and the cuts and thrusts we gave them, and with what fury the dogs fought, and what wounds and

deaths they inflicted on us with their lances and macanas and two-handed swords. Then, as the ground was level [to see] how the horsemen speared them as they chose, charging and returning, and although both they and their horses were wounded, they never stopped fighting like very brave men. As for all of us who had no horses, it seemed as if we all put on double strength, for although we were wounded and again received other wounds, we did not trouble to bind them up so as not to halt to do so, for there was not time, but with great spirit we closed with the enemy so as to give them sword thrusts. I wish to tell about Cortés and Cristóbal de Olid, Gonzalo de Sandoval, Gonzalo Domínguez and a Juan de Salamanca who although badly wounded rode on one side and the other, breaking through the squadrons ; and about the words that Cortés said to those who were in the thick of the enemy, that the cuts and thrusts that we gave should be [aimed at] distinguished chieftains, for they all of them bore great golden plumes and rich arms and devices. Then to see how the valiant and spirited Sandoval encouraged us and cried : “ Now, gentlemen, this is the day when we are bound to be victorious ; have trust in God and we shall come out of this alive for some good purpose.” I must diverge to say that they killed and wounded a great number of our soldiers, but let us leave that and return to Cortés and Cristóbal de Olid and Sandoval and Gonzalo Domínguez and the other horsemen whom I do not name here, and Juan de Salamanca. All of us soldiers greatly inspired Cortés to fight, and our Lord Jesus Christ and Our Lady the Virgin Santa Maria encouraged us, and the Señor Santiago certainly aided us. It pleased God that Cortés and the Captains whom I have already named who went in his Company reached the place where the Captain General of the Mexicans was marching with his banner displayed, and with rich golden

armour and great gold and silver plumes. When Cortés saw him with many other Mexican Chieftains all wearing great plumes, he said to Gonzalo de Sandoval and Cristóbal de Olid and Gonzalo Domínguez and the other Captains: "Now, Señores, let us break through them and leave none of them unwounded"; and commending themselves to God, Cortés, Cristóbal de Olid, Sandoval, Alonzo de Ávila, and the other horsemen charged, and Cortés struck his horse against the Mexican Captain, which made him drop his banner, and the rest of our Captains succeeded in breaking through the squadron which consisted of many Indians following the Captain who carried the banner, who nevertheless had not fallen at the shock that Cortés had given him, and it was Juan de Salamanca, who rode with Cortés on a good piebald mare, who gave him a lance thrust and took from him the rich plume that he wore, and afterwards gave it to Cortés, saying, that as it was he who first met him and made him lower his banner and deprived his followers of the courage to fight, that the plume belonged to him (Cortés). However, three years afterwards, the King gave it to Salamanca as his coat of arms, and his descendants bear it on their tabards.

Let us go back to the battle. It pleased Our Lord that when that Captain who carried the Mexican banner was dead, (and many others were killed there,) their attack slackened, and all the horsemen followed them and we felt neither hunger nor thirst, and it seemed as though we had neither suffered nor passed through any evil or hardship, as we followed up our victory killing and wounding. Then our friends the Tlaxcalans were very lions, and with their swords and broadswords which they there captured [from the enemy] behaved very well and valiantly.¹ When the horsemen returned from following up the victory we all

¹ Blotted out in the original: "Maravillas" (did wonders).—G.G.

gave many thanks to God for having escaped from such a great multitude of people, for there had never been seen or found throughout the Indies such a great number of warriors together in any battle that was fought, for there was present there the flower of Mexico and Texcoco and all the towns around the lake, and others in the neighbourhood, and the people of Otumba and Tepetexcoco and Saltocan, who all came in the belief that this time not a trace of us would be left. Then what rich armour they wore, with so much gold and plumes and devices, and nearly all of them were captains and chieftains. Near the spot where this hard-fought and celebrated battle took place, and where one can say God spared our lives, there stands a town named Otumba. The Mexicans and Tlaxcalans have this battle very well painted and portrayed in carvings, as well as the many other battles that we fought with the Mexicans up to the time when we captured Mexico.

Interested readers who read this will notice that I wish here to call to mind, that when we went to the assistance of Pedro de Alvarado in Mexico, we numbered in all more than thirteen hundred soldiers, counting the horsemen who numbered ninety-seven, and eighty crossbowmen and as many more musketeers, and there were more than two thousand Tlaxcalans, and we brought in with us many cannon, and our entry into Mexico was on the day of Señor San Juan de Junio¹ in the year fifteen hundred and twenty, and our escape was on the tenth of the month of July of the same year, and this celebrated battle of Otumba on the fourteenth of the month of July.

Let me say, now that we have already escaped from our perils which I have already described, that I wish to give another account of how many of us they killed both in

¹ Midsummer Day, 24th June.

Mexico as well as on the bridges and causeways, and all the encounters including this one at Otumba, and those who were killed on the road. I assert that within a matter of five days over eight hundred and sixty soldiers were killed and sacrificed, as well as seventy-two who were killed in a town named Tustepec, together with five Spanish women (those who were killed at Tustepec belonged to the company of Narvaez), and over a thousand¹ Tlaxcalans were slain. I also wish to state how at that time they killed Juan de Alcántara the elder, with three other settlers from Villa Rica who had come [to Tlaxcala] for the share of the gold which fell to their lot, about which I have made a statement in the chapter that treats of the subject, so they lost the gold as well as their lives; and if we come to consider it, we all of us usually had bad luck about the share of gold that was given to us. If many more of the followers of Narvaez than those of Cortés died at the bridges, it was because they went forth laden with gold, and owing to its weight they could neither escape nor swim.

Let us stop talking about these matters and how we already went along very cheerfully, eating some gourds that they call *Ayotes*, and we marched along, eating as we went, towards Tlaxcala. The Mexican squadrons did not dare to assemble and sally out from the small towns, although they still shouted at us in places where we could not master them, and hurled many stones at us from slings and javelins and arrows, until we went to some other farms and a small town where there was a good Cue and strong house where we defended ourselves that night and dressed our wounds and got some rest. Although squadrons of Mexicans still followed us they did not dare to come up to us, and those who did come were as though they said "There you go out of our country."

5 0 ★ ¹ Blotted out in the original: "and five hundred."—G. G.

From that small town and house where we slept, the hills over against Tlaxcala could be seen, and when we saw them we were as delighted as though they had been our own homes. But how could we know for certain that they were loyal to us or what their disposition was, or what had happened to those who were settled at Villa Rica, whether they were alive or dead? Cortés said to us, that although we were few in number, and there were only four hundred and forty of us left with twenty horses and twelve cross-bowmen and seven musketeers, and we had no powder and were all wounded, lame and maimed, we could see very clearly how our Lord Jesus Christ had been pleased to spare our lives, and for that we should always give Him great thanks and honour. Moreover, we had come again to be reduced to the number and strength of the soldiers who accompanied him the first time we entered Mexico, [namely] four hundred soldiers. He begged us not to give annoyance to the people in Tlaxcala, and not to take anything from them, and this he explained to the followers of Narvaez, for they were not used to obey their Captains in the wars as we were. Moreover, he said he trusted in God that we should find them [the Tlaxcalans] true and very loyal, and that if it were otherwise, which God forbend, we must turn aside the blows [of fate?] with stout hearts and strong arms, and for this we must be well prepared.

With our scouts ahead of us, we reached a spring on the hillside where there were some walls and defences [made in] past times, and our friends the Tlaxcalans said that this was the boundary between them and the Mexicans, and, in welcome tranquillity after the misery we had gone through, we halted to wash and to eat. Then we soon resumed our march and went to a Tlaxcalan town named Hueyotlipan¹ where they received us and gave us to eat,

¹ Gualipar in the text.

but not much, unless we paid them with some small pieces of gold and chalchihuites which some of us carried with us ; they gave us nothing without payment. There we remained one day resting and curing our wounds and we also attended to the horses. Then as soon as they heard the news at the Capital of Tlaxcala, Mase Escasi and Xicotenga the elder, and Chichimecatecle and many other Caciques and Chieftains and nearly all the inhabitants of Huexotzingo promptly came to us. When they reached the town where we were [camped] they came to embrace Cortés and all of us captains and soldiers, some of them weeping, especially Mase Escasi, Xicotenga, and Chichimecatecle, and Tapaneca, and they said to Cortés: "Oh! Malinche, Malinche! How grieved we are at your misfortunes and those of all your brothers, and at the number of our own people who have been killed with yours. We have told you so many times not to put trust in the Mexican people, for one day or the other they were sure to attack you, but you would not believe us. Now it has come to pass, and no more can be done at present than to tend you and give you to eat ; rest yourselves for you are at home, and we will soon go to our town where we will find you quarters. Do not think, Malinche, that it is a small thing you have done to escape with your lives from that impregnable city and its bridges, and I tell you that if we formerly looked upon you as very brave, we now think you much more valiant ; and although many Indian women in our towns will bewail the deaths of their sons, husbands, brothers and kinsmen, do not trouble yourself about that. Much do you owe to your Gods who have brought you here and delivered you from such a multitude of warriors who were awaiting you at Otumba. For four days I had known that they were waiting for you to slay you. I wanted to go in search of you with thirty thousand of our own warriors, but I could not start

because they were not assembled and men were out collecting them."

Cortés and all our Captains and soldiers embraced them and told them that we thanked them, and Cortés gave to all the chieftains golden jewels and [precious] stones, and as every soldier had escaped with as much as he could [carry] some of us gave [presents] to our acquaintances from what we possessed. Then what rejoicing and happiness they showed when they saw that Doña Luisa and Doña Marina were saved, and what weeping and sorrow for the other Indians who did not come but were left behind dead. Especially did Mase Escasi weep for his daughter Doña Elvira and the death of Juan Velásquez de Leon to whom he had given her.

In this way we went to the Capital of Tlaxcala with all the Caciques, and Cortés lodged in the houses of Mase Escasi, and Xicotenga gave his quarters to Pedro de Alvarado, and there we tended our wounds and began to recover our strength, but, nevertheless, four soldiers died of their wounds and some other soldiers failed to recover.

I will leave off here, and relate what else happened to us.

CHAPTER CXXIX.

How we went to the Capital and largest town in Tlaxcala, and what happened to us there.

WE stayed one day in the small town of Hueyotlipan and the Caciques of Tlaxcala whom I have named made us those overtures which are worthy of remembrance and of reward as they were made at such a critical time; and after we had gone to the Capital town of Tlaxcala, and they had assigned us quarters as I have said, it seems that Cortés asked for the gold which had been sent there,