and his captains; but, should they determine to persevere, she pledged herself, with the aid of God, to forward them men, money, provisions, and all other supplies, until the city should be taken.

The reply of the queen determined Ferdinand to persevere; and when his determination was made known to the army, it was hailed with as much joy as if it had been tidings of a victory.
CHAPTER LXXII.

Siege of Baza continued. How King Ferdinand completely invested the city.

The Moorish prince, Cidi Yahye, had received intelligence of the doubts and discussions in the Christian camp, and flattered himself with hopes, that the besieging army would soon retire in despair; though the veteran alcayde, Mohammed, shook his head with incredulity at the suggestion. A sudden movement next morning in the Christian camp seemed to confirm the sanguine hopes of the prince. The tents were struck, the artillery and baggage were conveyed away, and bodies of soldiers began to march along the valley. The momentary gleam of triumph was soon dispelled. The Catholic king had merely divided his host into two camps, the more effectually to distress the city. One, consisting of four thousand horse, and eight thousand foot, with all the artillery and battering en-
gines, took post on the side of the city towards the mountain. This was commanded by the valiant Marquis of Cadiz, with whom were Don Alonzo de Aguilar, Luis Fernandez Puerto Carrero, and many other distinguished cavaliers.

The other camp was commanded by the king; having six thousand horse, and a great host of foot soldiers; the hardy mountaineers of Biscay, Guipuscoa, Gallicia, and the Asturias. Among the cavaliers who were with the king, were the brave Count de Tendilla, Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, and Don Alonzo de Cardenas, master of Santiago. The two camps were wide asunder, on opposite sides of the city; and between them lay the thick wilderness of orchards. Both camps were therefore fortified by great trenches, breast-works, and palisadoes. The veteran Mohammed, as he saw these two formidable camps, glittering on each side of the city, and noted the well-known pennons of renowned commanders fluttering above them, still comforted his companions. "These camps," said he, "are too far removed from each other for mutual succour and co-operation; and the
forest of orchards is as a gulf between them." This consolation was but of short continuance. Scarcely were the Christian camps fortified, when the ears of the Moorish garrison were startled by the sound of innumerable axes, and the crash of falling trees. They looked with anxiety from their highest towers; and, behold, their favourite groves were sinking beneath the blows of the Christian pioneers! The Moors sallied forth with fiery zeal to protect their beloved gardens, and the orchards in which they so much delighted. The Christians, however, were too well supported to be driven from their work. Day after day, the gardens became the scene of incessant and bloody skirmishings. Still the devastation of the groves went on; for King Ferdinand was too well aware of the necessity of clearing away this skreen of woods, not to bend all his forces to the undertaking. It was a work, however, of gigantic toil and patience. The trees were of such magnitude, and so closely set together, and spread over so wide an extent, that, notwithstanding four thousand men were employed, they could scarcely clear a strip of land ten paces broad, within a day: and such were the interruptions,
from the incessant assaults of the Moors, that it was full forty days before the orchards were completely levelled.

The devoted city of Baza now lay stripped of its beautiful covering of groves and gardens, at once its ornament, its delight, and its protection. The besiegers went on slowly and surely, with almost incredible labours, to invest and isolate the city. They connected their camps by a deep trench across the plain, a league in length, into which they diverted the waters of the mountain streams. They protected this trench by palisadoes, fortified by fifteen castles, at regular distances. They dug a deep trench also, two leagues in length, across the mountain, in the rear of the city, reaching from camp to camp, and fortified it on each side with walls of earth and stone, and wood. Thus the Moors were enclosed on all sides by trenches, palisadoes, walls, and castles; so that it was impossible for them to sally beyond this great line of circumvallation, nor could any force enter to their succour. Ferdinand made an attempt likewise to cut off the supply of water from the city: “for water,” observes the worthy Agapida, “is more neces-
sary to these infidels than bread; as they make use of it in repeated daily ablutions, enjoined by their damnable religion, and employ it in baths, and in a thousand other idle and extravagant modes, of which we Spaniards and Christians make but little account."

There was a noble fountain of pure water, which gushed out at the foot of the hill Albohacín, just behind the city. The Moors had almost a superstitious fondness for this fountain, and daily depended upon it for their supplies. Receiving intimation from some deserters of the plan of King Ferdinand to get possession of this precious fountain, they sallied forth at night, and threw up such powerful works upon the impending hill, as to set all attempts of the Christian assailants at defiance.
CHAPTER LXXIII.

Exploit of Hernando Perez del Pulgar, and other cavaliers.

The siege of Baza, while it displayed the skill and science of the Christian commanders, gave but little scope for the adventurous spirit and fiery valour of the young Spanish cavaliers. They repined at the tedious monotony and dull security of their fortified camp; and longed for some soul-stirring exploit of difficulty and danger. Two of the most spirited of these youthful cavaliers were Francisco de Bazán, and Antonio de Cueva, the latter of whom was son to the Duke of Albuquerque. As they were one day seated on the ramparts of the camp, and venting their impatience at this life of inaction, they were overheard by a veteran adalid, one of those scouts, or guides, who are acquainted with all parts of the country. "Señores," said he, "if you wish for a service of peril and profit; if you are willing to pluck
the fiery old Moor by the beard; I can lead you to where you may put your mettle to the proof. Hard by the city of Guadix are certain hamlets, rich in booty: I can conduct you by a way in which you may come upon them by surprise; and, if you are as cool in the head as you are hot in the spur, you may bear off your spoils from under the very eyes of old El Zagal." The idea of thus making booty at the very gates of Guadix pleased the hot spirited youths. These predatory excursions were frequent about this time; and the Moors of Padul, Alhenden, and other towns of the Alpuxarras, had recently harassed the Christian territories by expeditions of the kind. Francisco de Bazan and Antonio de Cueva soon found other young cavaliers of their age ready to join them in the adventure; and, in a little while, they had nearly three hundred horse and two hundred foot, ready equipped, and eager for the foray.

Keeping their destination secret, they sallied out of the camp, on the edge of an evening, and, guided by the adalid, made their way by starlight through the most secret roads of the mountains. In this way they pressed on
rapidly day and night, until, early one morning before cock crowing, they fell suddenly upon the hamlets, made prisoners of the inhabitants, sacked the houses, ravaged the fields, and, sweeping through the meadows, gathered together all the flocks and herds. Without giving themselves time to rest, they set out upon their return, making with all speed for the mountains, before the alarm should be given, and the country roused.

Several of the herdsmen, however, had fled to Guadix, and carried tidings of the ravage to El Zagal. The beard of old Muley trembled with rage. He immediately sent out six hundred of his choicest horse and foot, with orders to recover the booty; and to bring those insolent marauders captive to Guadix.

The Christian cavaliers were urging their cavalgada of cattle and sheep up a mountain as fast as their own weariness would permit; when, looking back, they beheld a great cloud of dust, and presently descried the turbaned host hot upon their traces.

They saw, that the Moors were superior in number; they were fresh also, both man and steed: whereas both they and their horses
were fatigued by two days and two nights of hard marching. Several of the horsemen, therefore, gathered round the commanders, and proposed, that they should relinquish their spoil, and save themselves by flight. The captains Francisco de Bazan, and Antonio de Cueva, spurned at such craven counsel. "What!" cried they, "abandon our prey without striking a blow! Leave our foot soldiers too in the lurch, to be overwhelmed by the enemy? If any one gives such counsel through fear, he mistakes the course of safety; for there is less danger in presenting a bold front to the foe, than in turning a dastard back; and fewer men are killed in a brave advance, than in a cowardly retreat."

Some of the cavaliers were touched by these words, and declared, that they would stand by the foot soldiers, like true companions in arms. The great mass of the party, however, were volunteers, brought together by chance, who received no pay, nor had any common tie, to keep them together in time of danger. The pleasure of the expedition being over, each thought but of his own safety, regardless of his companions. As the enemy approached, the tumult of opinions increased; and every
thing was confusion. The captains, to put an end to the dispute, ordered the standard-bearer to advance against the Moors; well knowing, that no true cavalier would hesitate to follow and defend his banner. The standard-bearer hesitated; the troops were on the point of taking to flight. Upon this, a cavalier of the royal guards, named Hernando Pérez del Pulgar, alcayde of the fortress of Salar, rode to the front. He took off a handkerchief, which he wore round his head, after the Andalusian fashion, and tying it to the end of his lance, elevated it in the air. "Cavaliers," cried he, "why do you take weapons in your hands, if you depend upon your feet for safety? This day will determine who is the brave man, and who the coward. He who is disposed to fight shall not want a standard; let him follow this handkerchief!" So saying, he waved his banner, and spurred bravely against the Moors. His example shamed some, and filled others with generous emulation. All turned with one accord, and, following the valiant Pulgar, rushed with shouts upon the enemy.

The Moors scarcely waited to receive the shock of their encounter. Seized with a sudden panic, they took to flight, and were pursued
for a great distance, with great slaughter. Three hundred of their dead strewed the road, and were stripped and despoiled by the conquerors; many were taken prisoners; and the Christian cavaliers returned in triumph to the camp, with a long cavalcade of sheep and cattle, and mules laden with booty, and bearing before them the singular standard, which had conducted them to victory.

When King Ferdinand was informed of the gallant action of Hernando Perez del Pulgar, he immediately conferred on him the honour of knighthood; and ordered, that, in memory of his achievements, he should bear for arms a lance with a handkerchief, together with a castle, and twelve lions. This is but one of many hardy and heroic deeds, done by that brave cavalier, in the wars against the Moors; by which he gained great renown, and the distinguished appellation of "El de las hazañas," or, "he of the exploits*."

* Hernando del Pulgar, the historián, secretary to Queen Isabella, is confounded with this cavalier by some writers. He was also present at the siege of Baza, and recounted this transaction in his Chronicle of the catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella.
CHAPTER LXXIV.

Continuation of the siege of Baza.

The old Moorish king El Zagal mounted a tower, and looked out eagerly, to enjoy the sight of the Christian marauders, brought captive into the gates of Baza; but his spirits fell, when he beheld his own troops stealing back in the dusk of the evening, in broken, dejected parties.

The fortune of war bore hard against the old monarch. His mind was harassed by the disastrous tidings brought each day from Baza, of the sufferings of the inhabitants, and the numbers of the garrison slain in the frequent skirmishes. He dared not go in person to the relief of the place; for his presence was necessary in Guadix, to keep a check upon his nephew in Granada. He made efforts to send reinforcements and supplies; but they were intercepted, and either captured or driven back. Still his situation was, in some respects,
preferable to that of his nephew Boabdil. The old monarch was battling like a warrior on the last step of his throne. El Chiquito remained, a kind of pensioned vassal, in the luxurious abode of the Alhambra. The chivalrous part of the inhabitants of Granada could not but compare the generous stand made by the warriors of Baza, for their country and their faith, with their own timeserving submission to the yoke of an unbeliever. Every account they received of the wars of Baza wrung their hearts with agony; every account of the exploits of its devoted defenders brought blushes to their cheeks. Many stole forth secretly with their weapons, and hastened to join the besieged; and the partisans of El Zagal wrought upon the patriotism and passions of the remainder, until another of those conspiracies was formed, that were continually menacing the unsteady throne of Granada. It was concerted by the conspirators, to assail the Alhambra on a sudden; to slay Boabdil; to assemble all the troops, and march to Guadix; where, being reinforced by the garrison of that place, and led on by the old warrior monarch, they might fall, with over-
whelming power, upon the Christian army before Baza.

Fortunately for Boabdil, he discovered the conspiracy in time, and had the heads of the leaders struck off, and placed upon the walls of the Alhambra: an act of severity, unusual with this mild and wavering monarch, which struck terror into the disaffected, and produced a kind of mute tranquillity throughout the city.

King Ferdinand had full information of all these movements and measures for the relief of Baza, and took timely precautions to prevent them. Bodies of horsemen held watch in the mountain passes, to prevent all supplies, and to intercept any generous volunteers from Granada; and watchtowers were erected, or scouts placed, on any commanding height, to give the alarm, at the least sign of a hostile turban.

The Prince Cidi Yahye and his brave companions in arms were thus gradually walled up, as it were, from the rest of the world. A line of towers, the battlements of which bristled with troops, girdled their city; and behind the intervening bulwarks and pa-
lisadoes passed and repassed continual bodies of troops. Week after week, and month after month, glided away; but Ferdinand waited in vain for the garrison to be either terrified or starved into surrender. Every day they sallied forth with the spirit and alacrity of troops high fed, and flushed with confidence.

"The Christian monarch," said the veteran Mohammed ben Hassan, "builds his hopes upon our growing faint and desponding: we must manifest unusual cheerfulness and vigour. What would be rashness in other service, becomes prudence with us." The Prince Cidi Yahye agreed with him in opinion; and sallied forth, with his troops, upon all kinds of hare-brained exploits. They laid ambushes, concerted surprises, and made the most desperate assaults. The great extent of the Christian works rendered them weak in many parts. Against these the Moors directed their attacks; suddenly breaking into them, making a hasty ravage, and bearing off their booty, in triumph, to the city. Sometimes they would sally forth, by the passes and clefts of the mountain in the rear of the city, which it was difficult to guard; and, hurrying down into
the plain, would sweep off all cattle and sheep that were grazing near the suburbs, and all stragglers from the camp.

These partisan sallies brought on many sharp and bloody encounters; in some of which, Don Alonzo de Aguilar and the alcayde de los Donzeles distinguished themselves greatly. During one of these hot skirmishes, which happened on the skirts of the mountain about twilight, a valiant cavalier named Martin Galindo, beheld a powerful Moor dealing deadly blows about him, and making great havoc among the Christians. Galindo pressed forward, and challenged him to single combat. The Moor, who was of the valiant tribe of the Abencerrages, was not slow in answering the call. Couching their lances, they rushed furiously upon each other. At the first shock, the Moor was wounded in the face, and borne out of his saddle. Before Galindo could check his steed, and turn from his career, the Moor sprang upon his feet, recovered his lance, and, rushing upon him, wounded him in the head and the arm. Though Galindo was on horseback, and the Moor on foot, yet such was the prowess and
address of the latter, that the Christian knight, being disabled in the arm, was in the utmost peril, when his comrades hastened to his assistance. At their approach, the valiant pagan retreated slowly up the rocks, keeping them at bay, until he found himself among his companions.

Several of the young Spanish cavaliers, stung by the triumph of this Moslem knight, would have challenged others of the Moors to single combat; but King Ferdinand prohibited all vaunting encounters of the kind. He forbade his troops, also, to provoke skirmishes; well knowing, that the Moors were more dexterous than most people in this irregular mode of fighting, and were better acquainted with the ground.
CHAPTER LXXV.

How two friars arrived at the camp; and how they came from the Holy Land.

"While the holy Christian army," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "was thus beleaguering this infidel city of Baza, there rode into the camp, one day, two reverend friars of the order of Saint Francis. One was of portly person, and authoritative air. He bestrode a goodly steed, well conditioned, and well caparisoned; while his companion rode behind him, upon a humble hack, poorly accoutred; and, as he rode, he scarcely raised his eyes from the ground, but maintained a meek and lowly air.

The arrival of two friars in the camp was not a matter of much note; for, in these holy wars, the church militant continually mingled in the affray, and helmet and cowl were always seen together; but it was soon discovered, that these worthy saints errant were from a
far country, and on a mission of great import. They were, in truth, just arrived from the Holy Land; being two of the saintly men, who kept vigil over the sepulchre of our blessed Lord at Jerusalem. He, of the tall and portly form, and commanding presence, was Fray Antonio Millan, prior of the Franciscan convent in the Holy City. He had a full and florid countenance, a sonorous voice, and was round, and swelling, and copious, in his periods, like one accustomed to harangue, and to be listened to, with deference. His companion was small and spare in form, pale of visage, and soft, and silken, and almost whispering, in speech. "He had a humble and lowly way," says Agapida; "evermore bowing the head, as became one of his calling. Yet he was one of the most active, zealous, and effective brothers of the convent; and, when he raised his small black eye from the earth, there was a keen glance out of the corner, which showed, that, though harmless as a dove, he was, nevertheless, as wise as a serpent."

These holy men had come, on a momentous embassy, from the Grand Soldan of Egypt;
or, as Agapida terms him; in the language of the day, the Soldan of Babylon. The league, which had been made between that potentate and his arch foe, the Grand Turk, Bajazet II., to unite in arms for the salvation of Granada, as has been mentioned in a previous chapter of this chronicle, had come to nought. The infidel princes had again taken up arms against each other, and had relapsed into their ancient hostility. Still the Grand Soldan, as head of the whole Moslem sect, considered himself bound to preserve the kingdom of Granada from the grasp of unbelievers. He despatched, therefore, these two holy friars, with letters to the Castilian sovereigns, as well as to the pope, and to the King of Naples; remonstrating against the evils done to the Moors of the kingdom of Granada, who were of his faith and kindred: whereas, it was well known, that great numbers of Christians were indulged and protected in the full enjoyment of their property, their liberty, and their faith, in his dominions. He insisted, therefore, that this war should cease; that the Moors of Granada should be reinstated in the territory of which they had been dispossessed: otherwise, he
THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

threatened to put to death all the Christians beneath his sway, to demolish their convents and temples, and to destroy the Holy Sepulchre.

This fearful menace had spread consternation among the Christians of Palestine; and when the intrepid Fray Antonio Millan and his lowly companion departed on their mission, they were accompanied far from the gates of Jerusalem by an anxious throng of brethren and disciples, who remained watching them with tearful eyes, as they journeyed over the plains of Judea.

These holy ambassadors were received with great distinction by King Ferdinand; for men of their cloth had ever high honour and consideration in his court. He had long and frequent conversations with them, about the Holy Land; the state of the Christian church in the dominions of the Grand Soldan, and of the policy and conduct of that arch infidel towards it. The portly prior of the Franciscan convent was full, and round, and oratorical in his replies, and the king expressed himself much pleased with the eloquence of his periods; but the politic monarch was observed to lend a close and attentive ear to the whispering
voice of the lowly companion; "whose discourse," adds Agapida, "though modest and low, was clear and fluent, and full of subtle wisdom."

These holy friars had visited Rome in their journeying, where they had delivered the letter of the Soldan to the sovereign pontiff. His holiness had written by them to the Castilian sovereigns, requesting to know what reply they had to offer to this demand of the oriental potentate.

The King of Naples also wrote to them on the subject, but in wary terms. He inquired into the course of this war with the Moors of Granada, and expressed great marvel at its events; "as if," says Agapida, "both were not notorious throughout all the Christian world. Nay," adds the worthy friar, with becoming indignation, "he uttered opinions savouring of little better than damnable heresy; for he observed, that although the Moors were of a different sect, they ought not to be maltreated without just cause; and hinted, that, if the Castilian sovereigns did not suffer any crying injury from the Moors, it would be improper to do any thing which might draw great damage.
upon the Christians: as if, when once the
sword of the faith was drawn, it ought ever to
be sheathed, until this scum of heathendom
were utterly destroyed, or driven from the
land. But this monarch,” he continues, "was
more kindly disposed towards the infidels, than
was honest and lawful in a Christian prince,
and was at that very time in league with the
Soldan, against their common enemy, the
Grand Turk."

These pious sentiments of the truly catholic
Agapida are echoed by Padre Mariana, in his
history *; but the worthy chronicler, Pedro
Abarca, attributes the interference of the King
of Naples, not to lack of orthodoxy in religion,
but to an excess of worldly policy; he being
apprehensive, that, should Ferdinand conquer
the Moors of Granada, he might have time
and means to assert a claim of the house of
Arragon to the crown of Naples.

"King Ferdinand," continues the worthy
father Pedro Abarca, "was no less master of
dissimulation than his cousin of Naples; so he
replied to him with the utmost suavity of

* Mariana, lib. xxv. cap. 15.
manner; going into a minute and patient vindication of the war, and taking great apparent pains to inform him of those things, which all the world knew, but of which the other pretended to be ignorant*. At the same time, he soothed his solicitude about the fate of the Christians in the empire of the Grand Soldan; assuring him, that the great revenue extorted from them in rents and tributes, would be a certain protection against the threatened violence.

To the pope, he made the usual vindication of the war; that it was for the recovery of ancient territory usurped by the Moors, for the punishment of wars and violences inflicted upon the Christians; and, finally, that it was a holy crusade, for the glory and advancement of the church.

"It was a truly edifying sight," says Agapida, "to behold these friars, after they had had their audience of the king, moving about the camp, always surrounded by nobles and cavaliers of high and martial renown. These were insatiable in their questions about the

* Abarca, Anales de Aragon, rev. xxx. cap. 3.
Holy Land, the state of the sepulchre of our Lord, and the sufferings of the devoted brethren who guarded it, and the pious pilgrims who resorted there to pay their vows. The portly prior of the convent would stand, with lofty and shining countenance, in the midst of these iron warriors, and declaim with resounding eloquence on the history of the sepulchre; but the humble brother would ever and anon sigh deeply, and, in low tones, utter some tale of suffering and outrage, at which his steel clad hearers would grasp the hilts of their swords, and mutter between their clenched teeth prayers for another crusade.”

The pious friars, having finished their mission to the king, and been treated with all due distinction, took their leave, and wended their way to Jaen, to visit the most catholic of queens. Isabella, whose heart was the seat of piety, received them as sacred men, invested with more than human dignity. During their residence at Jaen, they were continually in the royal presence; the respectable prior of the convent moved and melted the ladies of the court by his florid rhetoric; but his lowly companion was observed to have continual
access to the royal ear. "That saintly and soft
spoken messenger," says Agapida, "received
the reward of his humility; for the queen,
moved by his frequent representations, made
in all modesty and lowliness of spirit, granted
a yearly sum in perpetuity of one thousand
ducats in gold for the support of the monks of
the convents of the Holy Sepulchre.*"

Moreover, on the departure of these holy
ambassadors, the excellent and most catholic
queen delivered to them a veil devoutly em-
broidered with her own royal hands, to be placed
over the Holy Sepulchre. A precious and in-
estimable present, which called forth a most
eloquent tribute of thanks from the portly
prior, but which brought tears into the eyes
of his lowly companion†.

* La Reyna dió á los frailes mil ducados de renta corda
año, para el sustento de los religiosos del Santo Sepulcro,
que es la mejor himosna y sustento que hasta nuestros
días ha quedado á estos religiosos de Jerusalem: para
donde les dió la reyna un velo labrado por sus manos,
para poner encima de la santa sepultura del Señor. Ga-
ribay, Comp. Hist. lib. xviii. cap. 36.
† It is proper to mention the result of this mission of
the two friars; and which the worthy Agapida has neg-
lected to record. At a subsequent period, the catholic
sovereigns sent the distinguished historian Pietro Martyr
of Angleria, as ambassador to the Grand Soldan. That able
man made such representations as were perfectly satisfactory to the oriental potentate. He also obtained from him the remission of many exactions and extortions heretofore practised upon Christian pilgrims, visiting the Holy Sepulchre, which, it is presumed, had been gently, but cogently, detailed to the monarch by the lowly friar. Pietro Martyr wrote an account of his embassy to the Grand Soldan; a work greatly esteemed by the learned, and containing much curious information. Is is entitled "De Legatione Babilonicæ."
CHAPTER LXXVI.

How Queen Isabella devised means to supply the army with provisions.

It has been the custom to laud the conduct and address of King Ferdinand in this most arduous and protracted war; but the sage Agapida is more disposed to give credit to the councils and measures of the queen, who, he observes, though less ostensible in action, was in truth the very soul, the vital principle, of this great enterprise. While King Ferdinand was bustling in his camp, and making a glittering display with his gallant chivalry; she, surrounded by her saintly counsellors, in the episcopal palace of Jaen, was devising ways and means to keep the king and his army in existence. She had pledged herself to provide a supply of men, and money, and provisions, until the city should be taken. The hardships of the siege caused a fearful waste of life; but the supply of men was the least difficult part.
of her undertaking. So beloved was the queen
by the chivalry of Spain, that, on her calling
on them for assistance, not a grandee or ca-
valier, that yet lingered at home, but either
repaired in person or sent forces to the camp;
the ancient and warlike families vied with each
other, in marshalling forth their vassals; and
thus the besieged Moors beheld each day fresh
troops arriving before their city, and new en-
signs and pennons displayed, emblazoned with
arms well known to the veteran warriors.

But the most arduous task was to keep up
a regular supply of provisions. It was not the
army alone that had to be supported; but also
the captured towns and their garrisons; for the
whole country around them had been ravaged,
and the conquerors were in danger of starving
in the midst of the land they had désolated.
To transport what was daily required for such
immense numbers was a gigantic undertaking,
in a country where there was neither water
conveyance, nor roads for carriages. Every
thing had to be borne by beasts of burden,
over rugged and broken paths of the moun-
tains, and through dangerous defiles, exposed
to the attacks and plunderings of the Moors.
The wary and calculating merchants, accustomed to supply the army, shrunk from engaging, at their own risk, in so hazardous an undertaking. The queen therefore hired fourteen thousand beasts of burden, and ordered all the wheat and barley to be bought up in Andalusia, and in the domains of the knights of Santiago and Calatrava. She distributed the administration of these supplies among able and confidential persons. Some were employed to collect the grain, others to take it to the mills, others to superintend the grinding and delivery, and others to convey it to the camp. To every two hundred animals a muleteer was allotted, to take charge of them on the route. Thus great lines of convoys were in constant movement, traversing the mountains to and fro, guarded by large bodies of troops, to defend them from hovering parties of the Moors. Not a single day’s intermission was allowed; for the army depended upon the constant arrival of these supplies for daily food. The grain, when brought into the camp, was deposited in an immense granary, and sold to the army at a fixed price, which was never either raised or lowered.

Incredible were the expenses incurred in
this business; but the queen had ghostly advisers, thoroughly versed in the art of getting at the resources of the country. Many worthy prelates opened the deep purses of the church, and furnished loans from the revenues of their dioceses and convents; and their pious contributions were eventually rewarded by Providence a hundred fold. Merchants and other wealthy individuals, confident of the punctual faith of the queen, advanced large sums on the security of her word: many noble families lent their plate without waiting to be asked. The queen, also, sold certain annual rents in inheritance, at great sacrifices, assigning the revenues of towns and cities for the payment. Finding all this insufficient to satisfy the enormous expenditure, she sent her gold and plate, and all her jewels, to the cities of Valencia and Barcelona, where they were pledged for a great amount of money; which was immediately appropriated to keep up the supplies of the army.

Thus, through the wonderful activity, judgment, and enterprise of this heroic and magnanimous woman, a great host, encamped in the heart of a warlike country, accessible only over mountain roads, was maintained in con-
tinual abundance: nor was it supplied merely with the necessaries and comforts of life. The powerful escorts drew merchants and artificers from all parts, to repair, as if in caravans, to this great military market. In a little while the camp abounded with tradesmen and artists of all kinds, to administer to the luxury and ostentation of the youthful chivalry. Here might be seen cunning artificers in steel, and accomplished armourers, achieving those rare and sumptuous helmets and cuirasses richly gilt, inlaid, and embossed, in which the Spanish cavaliers delighted; saddlers, and harness-makers, and horse-milliners also, whose tents glittered with gorgeous housings and caparisons. The merchants spread forth their sumptuous silks, cloths, brocades, fine linen, and tapestry. The tents of the nobility were prodigally decorated with all kinds of the richest stuffs, and dazzled the eye with their magnificence: nor could the grave looks and grave speeches of King Ferdinand prevent his youthful cavaliers from vying with each other in the splendour of their dresses and caparisons, on all occasions of parade and ceremony.
CHAPTER LXXVII.

Of the disasters which befel the camp.

While the Christian camp, thus gay and gorgeous, spread itself out like a holiday pageant before the walls of Baza; while a long line of beasts of burden, laden with provisions and luxuries, were seen descending the valley from morning till night, and pouring into the camp a continued stream of abundance, the unfortunate garrison found their resources rapidly wasting away, and famine already began to pinch the peaceful part of the community.

Cidi Yahye had acted with great spirit and valour, as long as there was any prospect of success; but he began to lose his usual fire and animation, and was observed to pace the walls of Baza with a pensive air, casting many a wistful look towards the Christian camp, and sinking into profound reveries and cogitations. The veteran alcayde, Mohammed Ben Hassan, noticed these desponding moods, and endeav...
voured to rally the spirits of the prince. "The rainy season is at hand," would he cry: "the floods will soon pour down from the mountains; the rivers will overflow their banks, and inundate the valleys. The Christian king already begins to waver; he dare not linger, and encounter such a season, in a plain cut up by canals and rivulets. A single wintry storm from our mountains would wash away his canvas city, and sweep off those gay pavilions, like wreaths of snow before the blast."

The Prince Cidi Yahye took heart at these words, and counted the days as they passed, until the stormy season should commence. As he watched the Christian camp, he beheld it one morning in universal commotion. There was an unusual sound of hammers in every part, as if some new engines of war were constructing. At length, to his astonishment, the walls and roofs of houses began to appear above the bulwarks. In a little while there were above a thousand edifices of wood and plaster erected, covered with tiles, taken from the demolished towers of the orchards, and bearing the pennons of various commanders and cavaliers; while the common soldiery constructed huts
of clay and branches of trees, and thatched them with straw. Thus, to the dismay of the Moors, within four days the light tents and gay pavilions, which had whitened their hills and plains, passed away like summer clouds; and the unsubstantial camp assumed the solid appearance of a city laid out into streets and squares. In the centre rose a large edifice, which overlooked the whole, and the royal standard of Arragon and Castile, proudly floating above it, showed it to be the palace of the king*.

Ferdinand had taken the sudden resolution thus to turn his camp into a city, partly to provide against the approaching season, and partly to convince the Moors of his fixed determination to continue the siege. In their haste to erect their dwellings, however, the Spanish cavaliers had not properly considered the nature of the climate. For the greater part of the year there scarcely falls a drop of rain on the thirsty soil of Andalusia: the rambles, or dry channels of the torrents, remain deep and arid gashes and clefts in the sides of

* Cura de los Palacios. Pulgar, &c.
the mountains. The perennial streams shrunk up to mere threads of water, which, tinkling down the bottoms of the deep barrancas or ravines, scarcely feed and keep alive the rivers of the valleys. The rivers, almost lost in their wide and naked body, seem like thirsty rills, winding in serpentine mazes through deserts of sand and stones; and so shallow and tranquil in their course, as to be forded in safety in almost every part. One autumnal tempest of rain, however, changes the whole face of nature. The clouds break in deluges among the vast congregation of mountains. The ramblas are suddenly filled with raging floods, the tinkling rivulets swell to thundering torrents, that come roaring down from the mountains, precipitating great masses of rocks in their career. The late meandering river spreads over its once naked bed, lashes its surges against the banks, and rushes, like a wide and foaming inundation, through the valley. Scarcely had the Christians finished their slightly built edifices, when an autumnal tempest of the kind came scouring from the mountains. The camp was immediately overflowed. Many of the houses, undermined by the floods
or beaten by the rain, crumbled away, and fell to the earth, burying man and beast beneath their ruins. Several valuable lives were lost, and great numbers of horses and other animals perished. To add to the distress and confusion of the camp, the daily supply of provisions suddenly ceased; for the rain had broken up the roads, and rendered the rivers impassable.

A panic seized upon the army, for the cessation of a single day's supply produced a scarcity of bread and provender. Fortunately the rain was but transient. The torrents rushed by, and ceased; the rivers shrunk back again to their narrow channels; and the convoys, that had been detained upon their banks, arrived safely in the camp.

No sooner did Queen Isabella hear of this interruption of her supplies, than, with her usual vigilance and activity, she provided against its recurrence. She despatched six thousand foot soldiers, under the command of experienced officers, to repair the roads, and to make causeways and bridges, for the distance of seven Spanish leagues. The troops, also, who had been stationed in the mountains by the king, to guard the defiles, made two
paths, one for the convoys going to the camp; and the other for those returning, that they might not meet and impede each other. The edifices, which had been demolished by the late floods, were rebuilt in a firmer manner, and precautions were taken to protect the camp from future inundations.
CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Encounter between the Christians and Moors before Baza; and the devotion of the inhabitants to the defence of the city.

When King Ferdinand beheld the ravage and confusion produced by a single autumnal storm, and bethtough him of all the maladies to which a besieging camp is exposed, in inclement seasons, he began to feel his compassion kindling for the suffering people of Baza, and an inclination to grant them more favourable terms. He sent, therefore, several messages to the alcayde, Mohammed ben Hassan, offering liberty of person and security of property for the inhabitants, and large rewards for himself, if he would surrender the city. The veteran Mohammed was not to be dazzled by the splendid offers of the monarch. He had received exaggerated accounts of the damage done to the Christian camp by the late storm, and of the sufferings and discontent of the army, in consequence of the
transient interruption of supplies. He con-
sidered the overtures of Ferdinand as proofs
of the desperate state of his affairs. "A little
more patience," said the shrewd old warrior,
"and we shall see this crowd of Christian locusts
driven away before the winter storms. When
they once turn their backs, it will be our lot
to strike; and, with the help of Allah, the
blow shall be decisive." He sent a firm though
courteous refusal to the Christian monarch;
and, in the mean time, animated his com-
panions to sally forth, with more spirit than
ever, to attack the Spanish outposts, and those
labouring in the trenches. The consequence
was a daily occurrence of the most daring and
bloody skirmishes, that cost the lives of many
of the bravest and most adventurous cavaliers
of either army.

In one of these sallies, near three hundred
horse and two thousand foot mounted the
heights behind the city, to capture the Chris-
tians who were employed upon the works.
They came by surprise upon a body of
guards, esquires of the Count de Ureña; killed
some, put the rest to flight, and pursued them
down the mountain, until they came in sight
of a small force under the Count de Tendilla and Gonsalvo of Córdova. The Moors came rushing down with such fury, that many of the men of the Count de Tendilla betook themselves to flight. The brave count considered it less dangerous to fight than to flee. Bracing his buckler, therefore, and grasping his trusty weapon, he stood his ground with his accustomed prowess. Gonsalvo of Córdova ranged himself by his side; and, marshalling the troops which remained with them, a valiant front was made to the Moors.

The infidels pressed them hard, and were gaining the advantage, when Alonzo de Aguilar, hearing of the danger of his brother Gonsalvo, flew to his assistance, accompanied by the Count of Ureña and a body of their troops. A hot contest ensued, from cliff to cliff and glen to glen. The Moors were fewer in number; but they excelled in the dexterity and lightness requisite for these scrambling skirmishes. They were at length driven from their vantage ground, and pursued by Alonzo de Aguilar and his brother Gonsalvo to the very suburbs of the city; leaving many of the bravest of their men upon the field.
Such was one of innumerable rough encounters, which were daily taking place; in which many brave cavaliers were slain, without any apparent benefit to either party. The Moors, notwithstanding repeated defeats and losses, continued to sally forth daily with astonishing spirit and vigour; and the obstinacy of their defence seemed to increase with their sufferings.

The Prince Cidi Yahye was ever foremost in these sallies; but he grew daily more despairing of success. All the money in the military chest was expended, and there was no longer wherewithal to pay the hired troops. Still the veteran Mohammed ben Hassan undertook to provide for this emergency. Summoning the principal inhabitants, he represented the necessity of some exertion and sacrifice on their part, to maintain the defence of the city. "The enemy," said he, "dreads the approach of winter, and our perseverance drives him to despair. A little longer, and he will leave you in quiet enjoyment of your towers and families. But our troops must be paid, to keep them in good heart. Our money is exhausted, and all our supplies are cut off."
It is impossible to continue our defence without your aid.”

Upon this the citizens consulted together; and they collected all their vessels of gold and silver, and brought them to Mohammed ben Hassan. “Take these,” said they, “and coin them, or sell them, or pledge them for money; wherewith to pay the troops.” The women of Bara, also, were seized with generous emulation. “Shall we deck ourselves with gorgeous apparel,” said they, “when our country is desolate, and its defenders in want of bread?” So they took their collars, and bracelets, and anklets, and other ornaments of gold, and all their jewels, and placed them in the hands of the veteran alcayde. “Take these spoils of our vanity,” said they; and let them contribute to the defence of our homes and families. If Baza be delivered, we need no jewels to grace our rejoicing; and if Baza falls, of what avail are ornaments to the captive?”

By these contributions was Mohammed enabled to pay the soldiery, and to carry on the defence of the city with unabated spirit. Tidings were speedily conveyed to King Ferdinand of this generous devotion on the part
of the people of Baza, and the hopes which the Moorish commanders gave them, that the Christian army would soon abandon the siege in despair. "They shall have a convincing proof of the fallacy of such hopes," said the politic monarch. So he wrote forthwith to Queen Isabella, praying her to come to the camp in state, with all her train and retinue; and publicly to take up her residence there for the winter. By these means, the Moors would be convinced of the settled determination of the sovereigns to persist in the siege until the city should surrender; and he trusted they would be brought to speedy capitulation.
CHAPTER LXXIX.

How Queen Isabella arrives at the camp; and the consequences of her arrival.

Mohammed ben Hassan still encouraged his companions, with hopes that the royal army would soon relinquish the siege; when they heard one day shouts of joy from the Christian camp, and thundering salvos of artillery. Word was brought at the same time, from the sentinels on the watchtowers, that a Christian army was approaching down the valley. Mohammed and his fellow commanders ascended one of the highest towers of the walls, and beheld, in truth a numerous force, in shining array, descending the hills; and heard the distant clangor of the trumpets, and the faint swell of the triumphant music. As the host drew nearer, they descried a stately dame, magnificently attired, whom they soon discovered to be the queen. She was riding on a mule; the sumptuous trappings of which
were resplendent with gold, and reached to the ground. On her right hand rode her daughter, the Princess Isabella, equally splendid in her array: on her left, the venerable grand cardinal of Spain. A noble train of ladies and cavaliers followed her, together, with pages and esquires, and a numerous guard of hidalgos of high rank, arrayed in superb armour. When the veteran Mohammed ben Hassan beheld, that this was the Queen Isabella, arriving in state to take up her residence in the camp, his heart failed him. He shook his head mournfully, and, turning to his captains, "Cavaliers," said he, "the fate of Baza is decided!"

The Moorish commanders remained gazing, with a mingled feeling of grief and admiration, at this magnificent pageant, which foreboded the fall of their city. Some of the troops would have sallied forth in one of their desperate skirmishes, to attack the royal guard; but the Prince Cidi Yahye forbade them: nor would he allow any artillery to be discharged, or any molestation or insult to be offered: for the character of Isabella was venerated even by the Moors; and most of the commanders
possessed that high and chivalrous courtesy, which belongs to heroic spirits; for they were among the noblest and bravest cavaliers of the Moorish nation.

The inhabitants of Baza, when they learned, that the Christian queen was approaching the camp, eagerly sought every eminence that could command a view of the plain; and every battlement, and tower, and mosque, was covered with turbaned heads, gazing at the glorious spectacle. They beheld King Ferdinand issue forth in royal state, attended by the Marquis of Cadiz, the master of Santiago, the Duke of Alva, the admiral of Castile, and many other nobles of renown; while the whole chivalry of the camp, sumptuously arrayed, followed in his train, and the populace rent the air with acclamations at the sight of the patriot queen.

When the sovereigns had met and embraced each other, the two hosts mingled together, and entered the camp in martial pomp; and the eyes of the infidel beholders were dazzled by the flash of armour, the splendour of golden caparisons, the gorgeous display of silks, and brocades, and velvets, of tossing plumes and
fluttering banners. There was at the same time a triumphant sound of drums and trumpets, clarions, and sackbuts, mingled with the sweet melody of the dulcimer, which came swelling in bursts of harmony, that seemed to rise up to the heavens.* On the arrival of the queen," says the historian Hernando del Pulgar, who was present at the time, "it was marvellous to behold; how, all at once, the rigour and turbulence of war was softened, and the storm of passions sunk into a calm. The sword was sheathed, the crossbow no longer launched its deadly shafts, and the artillery, which had hitherto kept up an incessant uproar, now ceased its thundering. On both sides there was still a vigilant guard kept up, the sentinels bristled the walls of Baza with their lances, and the guards patrolled the Christian camp; but there was no sallying forth to skirmish, nor any wanton violence or carnage.

Prince Cidi Yahye saw, by the arrival of the queen, that the Christians were determined to continue the siege; and he knew, that
the city would have to capitulate. He had been prodigal of the lives of his soldiers, as long as he thought a military good was to be gained by the sacrifice; but he was sparing of their blood in a hopeless cause, and wary of exasperating the enemy by an obstinate, hopeless defence. At the request of Prince Cidi Yahya, a parley was granted, and the master-commander of Leon, Don Gutierc de Cardenas, was appointed to confer with the valiant alcaide Mohammed. They met at an appointed place, within view of both camp and city, honourably attended by cavaliers of either army. Their meeting was highly courteous; for they had learned, from rough encounters in the field, to admire each other's prowess. The commander of Leon, in an earnest speech, pointed out the hopelessness of any further defence, and warned Mohammed of the ills which Malaga had incurred by its obstinacy. "I promise, in the name of my sovereign," said he, "that, if you surrender immediately, the inhabitants shall be treated as subjects, and protected, in property, liberty, and religion. If you refuse, you, who are now renowned as
an able and judicious commander, will be chargeable with the confiscations, captivities, and deaths, which may be suffered by the people of Baza."

The commander ceased, and Mohammed returned to the city, to consult with his companions. It was evident, that all further resistance was hopeless; but the Moorish commanders felt, that a cloud might rest upon their names, should they, of their own discretion, surrender so important a place, without its having sustained an assault. Prince Cidi Yahye requested permission, therefore, to send an envoy to Guadix, with a letter to the old monarch, El Zagal, treating of the surrender. The request was granted; a safeconduct assured to the envoy, and the veteran alçayde, Mohammed ben Hassan, departed upon this momentous mission.
CHAPTER LXXX.

Surrender of Baza.

The old warrior king was seated in an inner chamber of the castle of Guadix, much cast down in spirit, and ruminating on his gloomy fortunes, when an envoy from Baza was announced, and the veteran alcaide Mohammed stood before him. El Zagal saw disastrous tidings written in his countenance. "How fares it with Baza?" said he, summoning up his spirits to the question. "Let this inform thee," replied Mohammed; and he delivered into his hands the letter from the Prince Cidi Yahye. This letter spoke of the desperate situation of Baza, the impossibility of holding out longer, without assistance from El Zagal, and the favourable terms offered by the Castilian sovereigns. Had it been written by any other person, El Zagal might have received it with distrust and indignation; but he confided in Cidi Yahye as in a second self; and the
words of his letter sunk deep in his heart. When he had finished reading it, he sighed deeply, and remained for some time lost in thought, with his head drooping upon his bosom. Recovering himself at length, he called together the alfaquis, and the old men of Guadix; and, communicating the tidings from Baza, solicited their advice. It was a sign of sore trouble of mind and dejection of heart, when El Zagal sought the advice of others; but his fierce courage was tamed, for he saw the end of his power approaching. The alfaquis and the old men did but increase the distraction of his mind by a variety of counsel, none of which appeared of any avail; for, unless Baza were succoured, it was impossible that it should hold out; and every attempt to succour it had proved ineffectual.

El Zagal dismissed his council in despair, and summoned the veteran Mohammed before him. "Allah achbar!" exclaimed he, "God is great; there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet! Return to my cousin, Cidi Yahye: tell him, it is out of my power to aid him; he must do as seems to him for the best. The people of Baza have performed deeds
worthy of immortal fame: I cannot ask them to encounter further ills and perils, in maintaining a hopeless defence."

The reply of El Zagal determined the fate of the city. Cidi Yahye and his fellow commanders immediately capitulated, and were granted the most favourable terms. The cavaliers and soldiers, who had come from other parts to the defence of the place, were permitted to depart freely, with their arms, horses, and effects. The inhabitants had their choice, either to depart with their property, or to dwell in the suburbs, in the enjoyment of their religion and laws; taking an oath of fealty to the sovereigns, and paying the same tribute they had paid to the Moorish kings. The city and citadel were to be delivered up in six days; within which period the inhabitants were to remove all their effects; and, in the mean time, they were to place, as hostages, fifteen Moorish youths, sons of the principal inhabitants, in the hands of the commanders of Leon. When Cidi Yahye and the alcayde Mohammed came to deliver up the hostages, among whom were the sons of the latter, they paid homage to the king and queen; who
received them with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and ordered magnificent presents to be given to them; and likewise to the other Moorish cavaliers; consisting of money, robes, horses, and other things of great value.

The Prince Cidi Yahye was so captivated by the grace, the dignity, and generosity of Isabella, and the princely courtesy of Ferdinand, that he vowed never again to draw his sword against such magnanimous sovereigns.

The queen, charmed with his gallant bearing and his animated profession of devotion, assured him, that, having him on her side, she already considered the war terminated, which had desolated the kingdom of Granada.

Mighty and irresistible are words of praise from the lips of sovereigns. Cidi Yahye was entirely subdued by this fair speech from the illustrious Isabella. His heart burned with a sudden flame of loyalty towards the sovereigns. He begged to be enrolled amongst the most devoted of their subjects; and, in the fervour of his sudden zeal, engaged, not merely to dedicate his sword to their service, but to exert all his influence, which was great,
in persuading his cousin, Muley Abdalla el Zagal, to surrender the cities of Guadix and Almeria, and to give up all further hostilities. Nay, so powerful was the effect produced upon his mind by his conversations with the sovereigns, that it extended even to his religion; for he became immediately enlightened as to the heathenish abominations of the vile sect of Mahomet, and struck with the truths of Christianity, as illustrated by such powerful monarchs. He consented, therefore, to be baptized, and to be gathered into the fold of the church. The pious Agapida indulges in a triumphant strain of exultation, on the sudden and surprising conversion of this princely mind. He considers it one of the greatest achievements of the catholic sovereigns; and, indeed, one of the marvellous occurrences of this holy war. "But it is given to saints and pious monarchs," says he, "to work miracles in the cause of the faith; and such did the most catholic Ferdinand, in the conversion of the Prince Cidi Yahye."

Some of the Arabian writers have sought to lessen the wonder of this miracle, by alluding to great revenues, granted to the prince and
his heirs by the Castilian monarchs; together with a territory in Marchena, with towns, lands, and vassals. "But in this," says Agapida, "we only see a wise precaution of King Ferdinand, to clinch and secure the conversion of his proselyte." The policy of the catholic monarch was at all times equal to his piety. Instead also of vaunting of this great conversion, and making a public parade of the entry of the prince into the church, King Ferdinand ordered, that the baptism should be performed in private, and kept a profound secret. He feared, that Cidi Yahye might otherwise be denounced as an apostate, and abhorred and abandoned by the Moors; and thus his influence destroyed in bringing the war to a speedy termination*.

The veteran Mohammed ben Hassam was likewise won by the magnanimity and munificence of the Castilian sovereigns, and entreated to be received into their service; and his example was followed by many other Moorish cavaliers, whose services were graciously accepted and magnificently rewarded.

* Conde, tom. iii. cap. 40.
Thus, after a siege of six months and twenty days, the city of Baza surrendered, on the 4th of December, 1489, the festival of the glorious Santa Barbara; who is said, in the Catholic calendar, to preside over thunder and lightning, fire and gunpowder, and all kinds of combustible explosions. The king and queen made their solemn and triumphal entry on the following day; and the public joy was heightened by the sight of upwards of five hundred Christian captives, men, women, and children, delivered from the Moorish dungeons.

The loss of the Christians, in this siege, amounted to twenty thousand men; of whom seventeen thousand died of disease, and not a few of mere cold; “a kind of death,” says the historian Mariana, “peculiarly uncomfortable. But,” adds the venerable Jesuit, “as these latter were chiefly people of ignoble rank, baggage carriers and such-like, the loss was not of great importance.”

The surrender of Baza was followed by that of Almuñécar, Tavernas, and most of the fortresses of the Alpujarra mountains. The inhabitants hoped, by prompt and voluntary submission, to secure equally favourable terms
with those granted to the captured city; and the alcaydes, to receive similar rewards to those lavished on its commanders; nor were either of them disappointed. The inhabitants were permitted to remain as mudexarras, in the quiet enjoyment of their property and religion; and as to the alcaydes, when they came to the camp to render up their charges, they were received by Ferdinand with distinguished favour, and rewarded with presents of money, in proportion to the importance of the places they had commanded. Care was taken by the politic monarch, however, not to wound their pride, or shock their delicacy: so these sums were paid, under colour of arrears due to them, for their services to the former government. Ferdinand had conquered by dint of sword, in the earlier part of the war; but he found gold as potent as steel in this campaign of Baza.

With several of these mercenary chieftains came one, named Ali Aben Fahar; a seasoned warrior, who had held many important commands. He was a Moor of a lofty, stern, and melancholy aspect; and stood silent and apart, while his companions surrendered their several
fortresses, and retired laden with treasure.
When it came to his turn to speak, he addressed the sovereigns with the frankness of a soldier; but with a tone of dejection and despair. "I am a Moor," said he, "and of Moorish lineage; and am alcayde of the fair towns and castles of Purchena and Paterna. These were intrusted to me to defend; but those, that should have stood by me, have lost all strength and courage, and seek only for security. These fortresses, therefore, most potent sovereigns, are yours, whenever you will send to take possession of them."
Large sums of money in gold were immediately ordered by Ferdinand to be delivered to the alcayde, as a recompense for so important a surrender. The Moor, however, put back the gift with a firm and haughty demeanour. "I come not," said he, "to sell what is not mine, but to yield what fortune has made yours; and your majesties may rest assured, that, had I been properly seconded, death would have been the price at which I would have sold my fortresses, and not the gold you offer me."

The Castilian monarchs were struck with
the lofty and loyal spirit of the Moor, and desired to engage a man of such fidelity in their service; but the proud Moslem could not be induced to serve the enemies of his nation and his faith.

"Is there nothing, then," said Queen Isabella, "that we can do to gratify thee, and to prove to thee our regard?" "Yes," replied the Moor; "I have left behind me, in the towns and valleys which I have surrendered, many of my unhappy countrymen, with their wives and children, who cannot tear themselves from their native abodes. Give me your royal word, that they shall be protected in the peaceable enjoyment of their religion and their homes." "We promise it," said Isabella; "they shall dwell in peace and security. But for thyself; what dost thou ask for thyself?" "Nothing," replied Ali, "but permission to pass unmolested, with horses and effects, into Africa."

The Castilian monarchs would fain have forced upon him gold and silver, and superb horses richly caparisoned; not as rewards, but as marks of personal esteem: but Ali Aben Fahar declined all presents and distinctions,
as if he thought it criminal to flourish individually, during a time of public distress; and disdained all prosperity, that seemed to grow out of the ruins of his country.

Having received a royal passport, he gathered together his horses and servants, his armour and weapons, and all his warlike effects, bade adieu to his weeping countrymen, with a brow stamped with anguish, but without shedding a tear, and, mounting his Barbary steed, turned his back upon the delightful valleys of his conquered country; departing on his lonely way, to seek a soldier's fortune amidst the burning sands of Africa.*

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Submission of El Zagal to the Castilian sovereigns.

Evil tidings never fail by the way through lack of messengers. They are wafted on the wings of the wind; and it is as if the very birds of the air would bear them to the ear of the unfortunate. The old king, El Zagal, buried himself in the recesses of his castle, to hide himself from the light of day, which no longer shone prosperously upon him; but every hour brought missives, thundering at the gate with the tale of some new disaster. Fortress after fortress had laid its keys at the feet of the Christian sovereigns. Strip by strip of warrior mountain and green fruitful valley was torn from his domains, and added to the territories of the conquerors. Scarcely a remnant remained to him, except a tract of the Alpuxarras, and the noble cities of Guadix and Almeria. No one any longer stood in awe of the fierce old monarch: the terror of
his frown had declined with his power. He had arrived at that stage of adversity, when a man's friends feel imboldened to tell him hard truths, and to give him unpalatable advice, and when his spirit is bowed down to listen quietly, if not meekly.

El Zagal was seated on his divan, his whole spirit absorbed in rumination on the transitory nature of human glory, when his kinsman and brother in law, the Prince Cidi Yahye, was announced. That illustrious convert to the true faith, and the interest of the conquerors of his country, had hastened to Guadix with all the fervour of a new proselyte, eager to prove his zeal in the service of Heaven and the Castilian sovereigns, by persuading the old monarch to abjure his faith, and surrender his possessions.

Cidi Yahye still bore the guise of a Moslem; for his conversion was as yet a secret. The stern heart of El Zagal softened at beholding the face of a kinsman, in this hour of adversity. He folded his cousin to his bosom, and gave thanks to Allah, that, amidst all his troubles, he had still a friend and counsellor, on whom he might rely. Cidi Yahye soon entered upon
the real purpose of his mission. He represented to El Zagal the desperate state of affairs, and the irretrievable decline of Moorish power in the kingdom of Granada. "Fate," said he, "is against our arms; our ruin is written in the heavens: remember the prediction of the astrologers, at the birth of your nephew Boabdil. We had hoped, that their prediction was accomplished by his capture at Lucena; but it is now evident, that the stars portended, not a temporary and passing reverse of the kingdom, but a final overthrow. The constant succession of disasters, which have attended our efforts, show, that the sceptre of Granada is doomed to pass into the hands of the Christian monarchs. Such," concluded the prince, emphatically; and with a pious reverence, "such is the almighty will of God!"

El Zagal listened to these words in mute attention, without so much as moving a muscle of his face, or winking an eyelid. When the prince had concluded, he remained for a long time silent and pensive. At length, heaving a profound sigh from the very bottom of his heart, "Alahuma subahana hu!" exclaimed he, "the will of God be done!" Yes, my
cousin, it is but too evident, that such is the will of Allah; and what he wills, he fails not to accomplish. Had he not decreed the fall of Granada, this arm, and this cimeter, would have maintained it.*

"What then remains," said Cidi Yahye, "but to draw the most advantage from the wreck of empire that is left you? To persist in a war, is to bring complete desolation upon the land, and ruin and death upon its faithful inhabitants. Are you disposed to yield up your remaining towns to your nephew, El Chiquito, that they may augment his power, and derive protection from his alliance with the Christian sovereigns?"

The eye of El Zagal flashed fire at this suggestion. He grasped the hilt of his cimeter, and gnashed his teeth in fury. "Never," cried he, "will I make terms with that recreant and slave! sooner would I see the banners of the Christian monarchs floating above my walls, than they should add to the possessions of the vassal Boabdil!"

Cidi Yahye immediately seized upon this

*Conde, t. iii. c. 40.
idea, and urged El Zagal to make a frank and entire surrender. "Trust," said he, "to the magnanimity of the Castilian sovereigns. They will doubtless grant you high and honourable terms. It is better to yield to them as friends, what they must infallibly and before long wrest from you as enemies: for such, my cousin, is the almighty will of God!" "Alahuma subahana hu!" repeated El Zagal, "the will of God be done!" So the old monarch bowed his haughty neck, and agreed to surrender his territories to the enemies of his faith, rather than suffer them to augment the Moslem power, under the sway of his nephew.

Cidi Yahye now returned to Baza, empowered by El Zagal to treat, on his behalf, with the Christian sovereigns. The prince felt a species of exultation, as he expatiated on the rich relics of empire, which he was authorized to cede. There was a great part of that line of mountains, which extends from the metropolis to the Mediterranean Sea, with its series of beautiful green valleys, like precious emeralds set in a golden chain. Above all these were Guadix and Almeria, two of
the most inestimable jewels in the crown of Granada.

In return for these possessions, and for the claim of El Zagal to the rest of the kingdom, the sovereigns received him into their friendship and alliance, and gave him, in perpetual inheritance, the territory of Alhamín, in the Alpujarras, with half of the salinas, or salt pits, of Malehia. He was to enjoy the title of King of Andaraxa, with two thousand Mudejares, or conquered Moors, for subjects; and his revenues were to be made up to the sum of four millions of maravedis*. All these he was to hold as a vassal of the Castilian crown.

These arrangements being made, Cidi Yahye returned with them to Muley Abdalla; and it was concerted, that the ceremony of surrender and homage should take place at the city of Almeria.

On the 17th of December, King Ferdinand departed from Baza, with a part of his army, and the queen soon followed with the remainder. Ferdinand passed in triumph by

*Cura de los Palacios, cap. 94.
several of the newly acquired towns, exulting in these trophies of his policy rather than his valour. As he drew near to Almeria, the Moorish king came forth to meet him, accompanied by the Prince Cidi Yahye, and a number of the principal inhabitants on horseback. The fierce brow of El Zagal was clouded with a kind of forced humility; but there was an impatient curl of the lip, with now and then a swelling of the bosom, and an indignant breathing from the distended nostril. It was evident he considered himself conquered, not by the power of man, but by the hand of Heaven; and while he bowed to the decrees of fate, it galled his proud spirit to have to humble himself before its mortal agent. As he approached the Christian king, he alighted from his horse, and advanced to kiss his hand, in token of homage. Ferdinand, however, respected the royal title which the Moor had held; and would not permit the ceremony; but, bending from his saddle, graciously embraced him, and requested him to remount his steed*. Several courteous speeches passed

* Cura de los Palacios, cap. 93.
between them, and the fortress and city of Almeria, and all the remaining territories of El Zagal, were delivered up in form. When all was accomplished, the old warrior Moor retired to the mountains, with a handful of adherents, to seek his petty territory of Andaraxa, to bury his humiliation from the world, and to console himself with the shadowy title of a king.
CHAPTER LXXXII.

Events at Granada subsequent to the submission of El Zagal.

Who can tell when to rejoice in this fluctuating world? Every wave of prosperity has its reacting surge, and we are often overwhelmed by the very billow, on which we thought to be wafted into the haven of our hopes. When Jusef Aben Commixa, the vizier of Boabdil, surnamed El Chico, entered the royal saloon of the Alhambra, and announced the capitulation of El Zagal, the heart of the youthful monarch leaped for joy. His great wish was accomplished; his uncle was defeated and dethroned; and he reigned without a rival, sole monarch of Granada. At length he was about to enjoy the fruits of his humiliation and vassalage. He beheld his throne fortified by the friendship and alliance of the Castilian monarchs; there could be no question, therefore, of its stability. "Allah achbar!" ex-
claimed he, "God is great! Rejoice with me; oh Júsef, the stars have ceased their persecution! Henceforth let no man call me El Zogoybi!"

In the first moment of his exultation, Boabdil would have ordered public rejoicings; but the shrewd Júsef shook his head. " The tempest has ceased," said he, "from one point of the heavens, but it may begin to rage from another. A troubled sea is beneath us, and we are surrounded by rocks and quicksands: let my lord the king defer rejoicings until all has settled into a calm." El Chico, however, could not remain tranquil in this day of exultation. He ordered his steed to be sumptuously caparisoned, and, issuing out of the gate of the Alhambra, descended with a glittering retinue along the avenue of trees and fountains into the city, to receive the acclamations of the populace. As he entered the great square of the vivarrambla, he beheld crowds of people in violent agitation; but, as he approached, what was his surprise to hear groans; and murmurs, and bursts of execration! The tidings had spread through Granada, that Muley Abdalla el Zagal had been driven to capitulate, and
that all his territories had fallen into the hands of the Christians. No one had inquired into the particulars, but all Granada had been thrown into a ferment of grief and indignation. In the heat of the moment, old Muley was extolled to the skies as a patriot prince, who had fought to the last for the salvation of his country; as a mirror of monarchs, scorning to compromise the dignity of his crown by any act of vassalage. Boabdil, on the contrary, had looked on exultingly at the hopeless yet heroic struggle of his uncle; he had rejoiced in the defeat of the faithful, and the triumph of unbelievers. He had aided in the dismemberment and downfall of the empire. When they beheld him riding forth in gorgeous state; in what they considered a day of humiliation for all true Moslems, they could not contain their rage, and, amidst the clamours that prevailed, Boabdil more than once heard his name coupled with the epithets of traitor and renegade.

Shocked and discomfited, the youthful monarch returned in confusion to the Alhambra. He shut himself up within its innermost courts, and remained a kind of voluntary prisoner;
until the first burst of popular feeling should subside. He trusted, that it would soon pass away; that the people would be too sensible of the sweets of peace to repine at the price at which it was obtained; at any rate, he trusted to the strong friendship of the Christian sovereigns to secure him even against the factions of his subjects.

The first missives from the politic Ferdinand showed Boabdil the value of his friendship.

The catholic monarch reminded him of a treaty which he had made, when captured in the city of Loxa. By this he had engaged, that, in case the catholic sovereigns should capture the cities of Guadix, Baza, and Almeria, he would surrender Granada into their hands within a limited time, and accept in exchange certain Moorish towns, to be held by him as their vassal. Ferdinand now informed him, that Guadix, Baza, and Almeria had fallen; he called upon him, therefore, to fulfil his engagement. If the unfortunate Boabdil had possessed the will, he had not the power, to comply with this demand. He was shut up in the Alhambra, while a tempest of popular fury raged without. Granada was thronged
by refugees from the captured towns, many of them disbanded soldiers; others broken down citizens, rendered fierce and desperate by ruin: all railed at Boabdil as the real cause of their misfortunes. How was he to venture forth in such a storm? above all, how was he to talk to such men of surrender? In his reply to Ferdinand, he represented the difficulties of his situation; and that, so far from having control over his subjects, his very life was in danger from their turbulence. He entreated the king, therefore, to rest satisfied for the present with his recent conquests, promising him, that, should he be able to regain full empire over his capital and its inhabitants, it would but be to rule over them as vassal to the Castilian crown.

Ferdinand was not to be satisfied with such a reply. The time was come to bring his game of policy to a close, and to consummate his conquest, by seating himself on the throne of the Alhambra. Professing to consider Boabdil as a faithless ally, who had broken his plighted word, he discarded him from his friendship, and addressed a second letter, not to that monarch, but to the commanders and council of
the city. He demanded a complete surrender of the place, with all the arms in the possession either of the citizens, or of others who had recently taken refuge within its walls. If the inhabitants should comply with this summons, he promised them the indulgent terms which had been granted to Baza, Guadix, and Almeria: if they should refuse, he threatened them with the fate of Malaga*.

The message of the catholic monarch produced the greatest commotion in the city. The inhabitants of the alcaceria, that busy hive of traffic, and all others who had tasted the sweets of gainful commerce during the late cessation of hostilities, were for securing their golden advantages by timely submission: others, who had wives and children, looked on them with tenderness and solicitude, and dreaded, by resistance, to bring upon them the horrors of slavery. But, on the other hand, Granada was crowded with men from all parts, ruined by the war, exasperated by their sufferings, and eager only for revenge; with others, who had been reared amidst hostilities, who had lived

* Cura de los Palacios, cap. 96.
by the sword, and whom a return of peace would leave without home or hope. There were others too, no less fiery and warlike in disposition; but animated by a loftier spirit, valiant and haughty cavaliers, of the old chivalrous lineages, who had inherited a deadly hatred to the Christians from a long line of warrior ancestors, and to whom the idea was worse than death, that Granada, illustrious Granada, for ages the seat of Moorish grandeur and delight, should become the abode of unbelievers. Among these cavaliers, the most eminent was Muza ben Abil Gazan. He was of royal lineage, of a proud and generous nature, and a form combining manly strength and beauty. None could excel him in the management of the horse, and dexterous use of all kinds of weapons. His gracefulness and skill in the tourney was the theme of praise among the Moorish dames; and his prowess in the field had made him the terror of the enemy. He had long repined at the timid policy of Boabdil, and had endeavoured to counteract its enervating effects, and to keep alive the martial spirit of Granada. For this reason, he had promoted jousts, and tilttings with the reed,
and all those other public games, which bear the semblance of war. He endeavoured, also, to inculcate into his companions in arms those high chivalrous sentiments, which lead to valiant and magnanimous deeds, but which are apt to decline with the independence of a nation. The generous efforts of Muza had been in a great measure successful: he was the idol of the youthful cavaliers; they regarded him as a mirror of chivalry, and endeavoured to imitate his lofty and heroic virtues.

When Muza heard the demand of Ferdinand, that they should deliver up their arms, his eye flashed fire. "Does the Christian king think that we are old men," said he, "and that staffs will suffice us? or that we are women, and can be contented with distaffs? Let him know, that a Moor is born to the spear and the cimeter; to career the steed, bend the bow, and lanch the javelin: deprive him of these, and you deprive him of his nature. If the Christian king desire our arms, let him come and win them; but let him win them dearly. For my part, sweeter were a grave beneath the walls of Granada, on the spot I had died to defend, than the richest couch within her palaces, earned by submission to the unbeliever."
The words of Muza were received with enthusiastic shouts by the warlike part of the populace. Granada once more awoke as a warrior shaking off a disgraceful lethargy. The commanders and council partook of the public excitement, and despatched a reply to the Christian sovereigns, declaring, that they would suffer death rather than surrender their city.
CHAPTER LXXXIII.

How King Ferdinand turned his hostilities against the city of Granada.

When King Ferdinand received the defiance of the Moors, he made preparations for bitter hostilities. The winter season did not admit of an immediate campaign: he contented himself, therefore, with throwing strong garrisons into all his towns and fortresses in the neighbourhood of Granada, and gave the command of all the frontier of Jaen to Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, count of Tendilla, who had shown such consummate vigilance and address in maintaining the dangerous post of Alhama. This renowned veteran established his headquarters in the mountain city of Alcala la Real, within eight leagues of the city of Granada, and commanding the most important passes of that rugged frontier.

In the mean time, the city of Granada resounded with the stir of war. The chivalry
of the nation had again control of its councils; and the populace, having once more resumed their weapons, were anxious to wipe out the disgrace of their late passive submission, by signal and daring exploits.

Muza ben Abil Gazan was the soul of action. He commanded the cavalry, which he had disciplined with uncommon skill. He was surrounded by the noblest youth of Granada, who had caught his own generous and martial fire; and painted for the field; while the common soldiers, devoted to his person, were ready to follow him in the most desperate enterprises. He did not allow their courage to cool for want of action. The gates of Granada once more poured forth legions of light-scouring cavalry, which skirred the country up to the very gates of the Christian fortresses; sweeping off flocks and herds. The name of Muza became formidable throughout the frontier. He had many encounters with the enemy, in the rough passes of the mountains; in which the superior lightness and dexterity of his cavalry gave him the advantage. The sight of his glistening legion, returning across the vega with long caval-
gadas of booty, was hailed by the Moors as a revival of their ancient triumphs; but when they beheld Christian banners, borne into their gates as trophies, the exultation of the light minded populace was beyond all bounds. The winter passed away, the spring advanced; yet Ferdinand delayed to take the field. He knew the city of Granada to be too strong and populous to be taken by assault, and too full of provisions to be speedily reduced by siege. "We must have patience and perseverance," said the politic monarch. "By ravaging the country this year, we shall produce a scarcity the next; and then the city may be invested with effect."

An interval of peace, aided by the quick vegetation of a prolific soil and happy climate, had restored the vega to all its luxuriance and beauty. The green pastures on the borders of the Xenil were covered with flocks and herds. The blooming orchards gave promise of abundant fruit; and the open plain was waving with ripening corn. The time was at hand to put in the sickle and reap the golden harvest, when, suddenly, a torrent of war came sweeping down from the mountains;
and Ferdinand, with an army of five thousand horse and twenty thousand foot, appeared before the walls of Granada. He had left the queen and princess at the fortress of Moclín; and came, attended by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Marquis of Cadiz, the Marquis de Villena, the Counts of Ureña and Cábraras, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and other renowned cavaliers. On this occasion King Ferdinand, for the first time, led his son, Prince Juan, into the field; and bestowed upon him the dignity of knighthood. As if to stimulate him to grand achievements, the ceremony took place on the banks of the grand canal, almost beneath the embattled walls of that warlike city, the object of such daring enterprises; and in the midst of that famous vega, which had been the field of so many chivalrous exploits. High above them shone resplendent the red towers of the Alhambra, rising from amidst delicious groves; with the standard of Mahomet waving defiance to the Christian arms.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia, and the valiant Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, were sponsors; and all the chivalry of
the camp was assembled on the occasion. The prince, after he had been knighted, bestowed the same honour on several youthful cavaliers of high rank; just entering, like himself, on the career of arms.

Ferdinand did not loiter in carrying his desolating plans into execution. He detached parties in every direction, to scour the country. Villages were sacked, burnt, and destroyed; and the lovely vega once more was laid waste with fire and sword. The ravage was carried so close to Granada, that the city was wrapped in the smoke of its hamlets and gardens. The dismal cloud rolled up the hill, and hung about the towers of the Alhambra; where the unfortunate Boabdil still remained, shut up from the indignation of his subjects. The hapless monarch sinote his breast, as he looked down from his mountain palace on the desolation effected by his late ally. He dared not even show himself in arms among the populace; for they cursed him, as the cause of the miseries brought anew to their doors. The Moors, however, did not suffer the Christians to carry on their ravages as unmolested as in former years. Muza incited...
them to incessant sallies. He divided his cavalry into small squadrons, each led by a daring commander. They were taught to hover round the Christian camp; to harass it from various and opposite quarters, cutting off convoys, and straggling detachments; to waylay the army in its ravaging expeditions, lurking among rocks and passes of the mountains, or in hollows and thickets of the plain and practising a thousand stratagems and surprises.

The Christian army had one day spread itself out, rather unguardedly, in its foraging about the vega. As the troops commanded by the Marquis de Villena approached the skirts of the mountains, they beheld a number of Moorish peasants, hastily driving a herd of cattle into a narrow glen. The soldiers, eager for booty, pressed in pursuit of them. Scarcely had they entered the glen, when shouts arose from every side, and they were furiously attacked by an ambuscade of horse and foot. Some of the Christians took to flight; others stood their ground, and fought valiantly. The Moors had the vantage ground. Some showered darts and arrows from the clefts of
the rocks; others fought, hand to hand, on
the plain; while their cavalry, rapid as light-
ning in their movements, carried havoc into
the midst of the Christian forces. The Mar-
quis de Villena, with his brother, Don Alonzo
de Pacheco, at the first onset of the Moors;
spurred into the hottest of the fight. They
had scarce entered, when Don Alonzo was
struck lifeless from his horse, before the eyes
of his brother. Estevan de Suzon, a gallant
captain, fell, fighting bravely by the side of
the marquis; who remained with his cham-
berlain Solier, and a handful of knights, sur-
rrounded by the enemy. Several cavaliers,
from other parts of the army, hastened to
their assistance; when King Ferdinand, seeing
that the Moors had the vantage ground, and
that the Christians were suffering severely,
gave signal for retreat. The marquis obeyed
slowly and reluctantly; for his heart was full
of grief and rage at the death of his brother.
As he was retiring, he beheld his faithful
chamberlain, Solier, defending himself bravely
against six Moors. The marquis turned, and
rushed to his rescue. He killed two of the
enemy with his own hand, and put the rest to
flight. One of the Moors, however, in retreating, rose in his stirrups, and, hurling his lance at the marquis, wounded him in the right arm, and crippled him for life.

In consequence of this wound, the marquis was ever after obliged to write his signature with his left hand, though capable of managing his lance with his right. The queen demanded one day of him, why he had adventured his life for that of a domestic. "Does not your majesty think," replied he, "that I ought to risk one life for him, who would have adventured three for me, had he possessed them?" The queen was charmed with the magnanimity of the reply; and often quoted the marquis, as setting an heroic example to the chivalry of the age.

Such was one of the many ambuscades concerted by Muza; nor did he hesitate, at times, to present a bold front to the Christian forces, and to defy them in the open field. King Ferdinand soon perceived, however, that the Moors seldom provoked a battle without having the advantage of the ground; and that, though the Christians generally appeared to have the victory, they suffered the
greatest loss; for retreating was a part of the Moorish system, by which they would draw their pursuers into confusion, and then turn upon them, with a more violent and fatal attack. He commanded his captains, therefore, to decline all challenges to skirmish, and to pursue a secure system of destruction; ravaging the country, and doing all possible injury to the enemy, with slight risk to themselves.
CHAPTER LXXXIV.

The fate of the castle of Roma.

About two leagues from Granada, on an eminence commanding an extensive view of the vega, stood the strong Moorish castle of Roma; a great place of refuge and security. Hither the neighbouring peasantry drove their flocks and herds, and hurried with their most precious effects, on the irruption of a Christian force; and any foraging or skirmishing party from Granada, on being intercepted in their return, threw themselves into Roma, manned its embattled towers, and set the enemy at defiance. The garrison were accustomed to these sudden claims upon their protection; to have parties of Moors clattering up to their gates, so hotly pursued, that there was barely time to throw open the portal, receive them within, and shut out their pursuers: while the Christian cavaliers had many a time reined in their panting steeds at the very entrance
of the barbacan, and retired, cursing the strong walls of Romá, that robbed them of their prey.

The late ravages of Ferdinand, and the continual skirmishings in the vega, had roused the vigilance of the castle. One morning early, as the sentinels kept watch upon the battlements, they beheld a cloud of dust advancing rapidly from a distance. Turbans and Moorish weapons soon caught their eyes; and as the whole approached, they descried a drove of cattle, urged on in great haste, and conveyed by one hundred and forty Moors, who led with them two Christian captives in chains.

When the cavalgada had arrived near to the castle, a Moorish cavalier of noble and commanding mien, and splendid attire, rode up to the foot of the tower, and entreated admission. He stated, that they were returning with rich booty, from a foray into the lands of the Christians; but that the enemy was on their traces, and they feared to be overtaken before they could reach Granada. The sentinels descended in all haste, and flung open the gates. The long cavalgada defiled into
the courts of the castle, which were soon filled with lowing and bleating flocks and herds; with neighing and stamping steeds, and with fierce looking Moors from the mountains. The cavalier, who had asked admission, was the chief of the party; he was somewhat advanced in life, of a lofty and gallant bearing; and had with him a son, a young man of great fire and spirit. Close by them followed the two Christian captives, with looks cast down and disconsolate.

The soldiers of the garrison had roused themselves from their sleep, and were busily occupied attending to the cattle, which crowded the courts; while the foraging party distributed themselves about the castle, to seek refreshment or repose. Suddenly a shout arose, that was echoed from court yard, and hall, and battlements. The garrison, astonished and bewildered, would have rushed to their arms, but found themselves, almost before they could make resistance, completely in the power of an enemy.

The pretended foraging party consisted of Mudexares, Moors tributary to the Christians; and the commanders were the Prince Cidi.
Yahye, and his son, Alnayer. They had hastened from the mountains, with this small force, to aid the catholic sovereigns during the summer's campaign; and they had concerted to surprise that important castle, and present it to King Ferdinand, as a gage of their faith, and the first fruits of their devotion.

The politic monarch overwhelmed his new converts and allies with favours and distinctions, in return for this important acquisition; but he took care to despatch a strong force of veterans, and genuine Christian troops to man the fortress.

As to the Moors who had composed the garrison, Cidi Yahye remembered, that they were his countrymen, and could not prevail upon himself to deliver them into Christian bondage. He set them at liberty, and permitted them to repair to Granada; "a proof," says the pious Agapida, "that his conversion was not entirely consummated, but that there were still some lingerings of the infidel in his heart." His lenity was far from procuring him indulgence in the opinions of his country-
men; on the contrary, the inhabitants of Granada, when they learned from the liberated garrison the stratagem by which Roma had been captured, cursed Cidi Yahye for a traitor, and the garrison joined in the malediction.

But the indignation of the people of Granada was destined to be aroused to tenfold violence. The old warrior, Muley Abdalla el Zagal, had retired to his little mountain territory, and for a short time endeavoured to console himself, with his petty title of King of Andaraxa. He soon grew impatient, however, of the quiet and inaction of his mimic kingdom. His fierce spirit was exasperated by being shut up within such narrow limits; and his hatred rose to downright fury against Boabdil, whom he considered as the cause of his downfall. When tidings were brought him, that King Ferdinand was laying waste the vega, he took a sudden resolution: assembling the whole disposable force of his kingdom, which amounted but to two hundred men, he descended from the Alpujarras, and sought the Christian camp; content to serve
as vassal to the enemy of his faith and his nation, so that he might see Granada wrested from the sway of his nephew.

In his blind passion, the old wrathful monarch injured his own cause, and strengthened that of his adversary. The Moors of Granada had been clamorous in his praise, extolling him as a victim to his patriotism, and had refused to believe all reports of his treaty with the Christians; but when they beheld from the walls of the city his banner mingling with the banners of the unbelievers, and arrayed against his late people, and the capital he had commanded, they broke forth into curses and revilings, and heaped all kinds of stigmas upon his name.

Their next emotion was in favour of Boabdil. They gathered under the walls of the Alhambra, and hailed him as their only hope, as the sole dependence of the country. Boabdil could scarcely believe his senses, when he heard his name mingled with praises, and greeted with acclamations. Encouraged by this unexpected gleam of popularity, he ventured forth from his retreat, and was received with rapture. All his past errors were at-
tributed to the hardships of his fortune, and the usurpation of his tyrant uncle, and what-
ever breath the populace could spare from uttering curses on El Zagal was expended in shouts in honour of El Chico.
CHAPTER LXXXV.

How Boabdil el Chico took the field; and his expedition against Alhendin.

For thirty days had the vega been over run by the Christian forces, and that vast plain, lately so luxuriant and beautiful, was become a wide scene of desolation. The destroying army, having accomplished its task, passed over the bridge of Pinos, and wound up into the mountains, on the way to Cordova; bearing away the spoils of towns and villages, and driving off flocks and herds; in long dusty columns. The sound of the last Christian trumpet died away along the side of the mountain of Elvira, and not a hostile squadron was seen glistening in the mournful fields of the vega.

The eyes of Boabdil el Chico were at length opened to the real policy of King Ferdinand; and he saw, that he had no longer anything to depend upon, than the valour of his arm. No time was to be lost, in hastening to coun-
teract the effect of the late Christian ravage, and in opening the channel for distant supplies to Granada.

Scarcely had the retiring squadron of Ferdinand disappeared among the mountains, than Boabdil buckled on his armour, sallied forth from the Alhambra, and prepared to take the field. When the populace beheld him actually in arms against his late ally, both parties thronged with zeal to his standard. The hardy inhabitants also of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snow-capped mountains, which rise above Granada, descended from their heights, and hastened into the city gates, to proffer their devotion to their youthful king. The great square of the vivarrambla shone with the proud array of legions of cavalry, decked with the colours and devices of the most ancient Moorish families, and marshalled forth by the patriot Muza to follow the king to battle.

It was on the 15th of June that Boabdil once more issued out from the gates of Granada on a martial enterprise. A few leagues from the city, within full view of it, and at the entrance of the Alpuxarra mountains, stood the powerful castle of Alhendin. It was built
on an eminence, rising from the midst of a small town, and commanding a great part of the vega, and the main road to the rich valleys of the Alpuxarras. The castle was commanded by a valiant Christian cavalier, named Mendo de Quexada, and garrisoned by two hundred and fifty men, all seasoned and experienced warriors. It was a continual thorn in the side of Granada. The labourers of the vega were swept from their fields by its hardy soldiers, convoys were cut off on the passes of the mountains; and, as the garrison commanded a full view of the gates of the city, no band of merchants could venture forth on their needful journeys, without being swooped up by the war hawks of Alhendin.

It was against this important fortress that Boabdil first led his troops. For six days and nights the fortress was closely besieged. The alcaide and his veteran garrison defended themselves valiantly; but they were exhausted by fatigue and constant watchfulness: for the Moors, being continually relieved by fresh troops from Granada, kept up an unremitting and vigorous attack. Twice the barbacan was forced, and twice the assailants were driven
forth headlong with excessive loss. The garrison, however, was diminished in number by the killed and wounded: there were no longer soldiers sufficient to man the walls and gateway. The brave alcayde was compelled to retire, with his surviving force, to the keep of the castle, in which he continued to make a desperate resistance.

The Moors now approached the foot of the tower, under shelter of wooden skreens, covered with wet hides, to ward off missiles and combustibles. They went to work vigorously to undermine the tower, placing props of wood under the foundations, to be afterwards set on fire, so as to give the besiegers time to escape before the edifice should fall. Some of the Moors plied their crossbows and arquebuses to defend the workmen, and to drive the Christians from the wall, while the latter showered down stones and darts, and melted pitch, and flaming combustibles, on the miners.

The brave Mendo de Quexada had cast many an anxious eye across the vega, in hopes of seeing some Christian force hastening to his assistance. Not a gleam of spear or helm was to be descried; for no one had dreamed of this
sudden irruption of the Moors. The alcayde saw his bravest men dead or wounded around him, while the remainder were sinking with watchfulness and fatigue. In defiance of all opposition, the Moors had accomplished their mine; the fire was brought before the walls, that was to be applied to the stanchions, in case the garrison persisted in defence; and in a little while the town would crumble beneath him, and be rent and hurled in ruins to the plain. At the very last moment, and not till then, the brave alcayde made the signal of surrender. He marched forth with the remnant of his veteran garrison, who were all made prisoners. Immediately Boabdil ordered the walls of the fortress to be razed, and fire to be applied to the stanchions, that the place might never again become a strong hold to the Christians, and a scourge to Granada. The alcayde and his fellow captives were passing in deserted convoy across the vega, when they heard a tremendous crash behind them. Turning to look upon their late fortress, they beheld nothing but a heap of tumbling ruins, and a vast column of smoke and dust, where once had stood the lofty tower of Alhendin.