fensive works, made it the right hand of the Moslem kingdom. If Malaga fell, then the Alhambra must also pass into the hands of the "eaters of swineflesh." Moved by the general emotion, and ever ready to break lance with the invader, Ez-Zaghal boldly led his troops to the relief of Velez. He knew that his treacherous nephew was in Granada, ready to take advantage of his absence to recover his old supremacy; but Ez-Zaghal was rightly called the Valiant; he put aside all thoughts of self, and set out to save Malaga. But he had to deal with a shrewd opponent; and while he took his measures for a combined attack from the besieged and the relieving army, Ferdinand intercepted his messages and countermined his plans. One night the people of Velez saw the hosts of Ez-Zaghal gathered in long array upon the neighbouring heights; the next morning not a soul remained; the night attack had failed, and the relieving army had melted like the mist before the resolute onslaught of the Marquess of Cadiz. When the dejected stragglers began to steal sadly into the gates of Granada, the populace easily threw off their old allegiance, and breaking into furious indignation against Ez-Zaghal, denounced him as a traitor, and proclaimed Boabdil king in his stead. As Ez-Zaghal drew near to the gates of Granada with the remnant of his army, he found them closed in his face, and looking up he saw the standard of Boabdil floating above the towers of the Alhambra. His city, always intolerant of failure, had shut its heart against him in his day of trouble, so he turned away and established his court at Guadix.
The siege of Malaga itself was now begun, but the strength of its defences rendered it a formidable obstacle. It was surrounded by mountains, defended by stout walls, overshadowed by the citadel and the still loftier Gibralfaro, or "Hill of the Beacon," whence its garrison could pour down missiles upon the Christians in the plain. Moreover, the defence was led by Ez-Zegry, an heroic Moor, who had been Alcayde of Ronda and could not forgive the Christians for wrenching that famous rocky fortress from him, and who now inspired the citizens and his following of African troops with a spirit of daring and endurance which the Catholic sovereigns in vain tried to subdue. Commanding the Gibralfaro, he was able to defend the city in spite of the peaceful inclinations of its trading classes. When the king attempted to bribe him, he dismissed the messenger with courteous disdain; and when the city was summoned to surrender, and the merchants eagerly acquiesced, Ez-Zegry said: "I was set here not to surrender but to defend." Ferdinand concentrated his attack upon the Gibralfaro; his terrible cannon, known as the "Seven Sisters of Ximenes," wrapped the castle in smoke and flame; night and day the artillery blazed to and fro. The Christians attempted to take the place by assault, but Ez-Zegry and his undaunted followers poured boiling pitch and rosin upon the assailants, hurled huge stones upon their heads as they climbed the ladders, and transfixed them with well-aimed arrows from the tower above, till the storming party were compelled to retire with heavy loss. Mines were tried with better success, and some of the fortifications were
blown up with gunpowder, for the first time in Spanish history; but still the garrison held out. The chivalry of Spain was now gathered about the walls of Malaga; Queen Isabella herself came, and her presence infused a fresh spirit of enthusiasm into her knights and soldiers. Wooden towers were brought to bear upon the battlements; a testudo of shields was used as cover for the men who undermined the walls; but Ez-Zegry was still unsubdued. At last there appeared a worse enemy than cannon and gunpowder: famine began to distress the people of Malaga, and they were more inclined now to listen to the pacific policy of the traders than to the bold counsels of the commander. Help from without was not to be expected. Ez-Zaghal had, indeed, once more made an effort to save the besieged city. He had gathered together what was left of his army and gone forth from Guadix to succour Malaga; but his ill-starred nephew again proved his title to the name "Unlucky," for in a fit of insensate jealousy he ordered out the troops of Granada, intercepted Ez-Zaghal's small force as it was on its way to Malaga, and dispersed it. Ez-Zegry's last sally was repulsed with terrible slaughter; the people were starving, and mothers cast their infants before the governor's horse, lamenting that they had no more food and could not bear to hear their children's cries. The city at last surrendered, and Ez-Zegry, who still held out in the Gibralfaro, was forced by his soldiers to open the gates, and was rewarded for his heroism by being cast into a dungeon, never to be heard of again.

The long siege was over; the famished people
fought with one another to buy food from the Christians. The African garrison, who still kept their proud look, though worn and enfeebled with their long struggle and privations, were condemned to slavery; the rest of the inhabitants were permitted to ransom themselves, but on these insidious terms—that all their goods should at once be paid over to the king as part payment, and that if after eight months the rest were not forthcoming, they should all be made slaves. They were numbered and searched, and then sent forth. "Then might be seen old men and helpless women and tender maidens, some of high birth and gentle condition, passing through the streets, heavily burdened, towards the Alcazaba. As they left their homes they smote their breasts, and wrung their hands, and raised their weeping eyes to heaven in anguish; and this is recorded as their plaint: 'O Malaga! city so renowned and beautiful, where now is the strength of thy castle, where the grandeur of thy towers? Of what avail have been thy mighty walls for the protection of thy children? . . . They will bewail each other in foreign lands; but their lamentations will be the scoff of the stranger.' The poor people were sent to Seville, where they were kept in servitude till the eight months had expired, and then, since they had no money to pay the remainder of their ransoms, they were one and all condemned to perpetual slavery, to the number of fifteen thousand souls. Ferdinand's ungenerous ingenuity was thus rewarded.

The western part of the kingdom of Granada was now entirely in the hands of the Christians. The
famous Moorish fortresses of the Serranía de Ronda and the beautiful city of Malaga held Christian garrisons. Granada itself was in the hands of Boabdil, who hastened to congratulate his liege lord and lady upon their triumph over Malaga. But in the east old Ez-Zaghal still turned a bo'd front to the invader, and gathered around his standard all that remained of patriotism among the disheartened Moors. From Jaen in the north, to Almeria, the chief port of Andalusia on the Mediterranean coast, his sway was undisputed; he held the important cities of Guadix and Baza; and within his dominion the rugged ridges of the Alpujarra's mountains, the cradle of a hardy and warlike race of mountaineers, sheltered countless valleys, fed with cool waters from the Sierra Nevada's snowy peaks, where flocks and herds, vines, oranges, pomegranates, citrons, and mulberry trees provided wealth for a whole province.

In 1488 Ferdinand turned his victorious arms towards this undisturbed portion of the Moorish dominion. Assembling his troops at Murcia, he marched westwards into Ez-Zaghal's territory, and attacked Baza. Here his advance was sternly checked; Ez-Zaghal's hand had not lost its ancient cunning, and he drove the Christians back from the walls of Baza, and began to retaliate by making raids into their own country. In the following year Ferdinand, nothing disheartened, renewed his attack on Baza; but instead of sacrificing his troops in vain assaults, he laid waste the fertile country round about, and so starved the city into submission. It took six months, and the Christians lost twenty thousand men
from disease and exposure; joined to the accidents of war; but in December, 1489, Baza finally submitted, and with the loss of this chief city Ez-Zaghal's power was broken. The castles that dominated the fastnesses of the Alpujarras yielded one by one to Ferdinand's prestige or gold. Ez-Zaghal perceived that the rule of the Moors was doomed: reluctantly he gave in his submission to Ferdinand, and surrendered the city of Almeria. He was allotted a small territory in the Alpujarras, with the title of King of Andarax. He did not long remain in the land of his lost glory and present shame; he sold his lands and went to Africa, where he was cruelly blinded by the Sultan of Fez, and passed the remainder of his days in misery and destitution, a wandering outcast,—pitted by those who could recognize the hero in a mendicant's rags, or read the badge which he wore, whereon was written in the Arabic character, "This is the hapless King of Andalusia."

Granada alone remained to the Moors. Boabdil had been well pleased to see his old rival Ez-Zaghal dethroned by their Catholic Majesties: "Henceforth," he cried to the messenger who brought him the news, "let no man call me Zogoiby, for my luck has turned!" to which the other made answer that the wind which blew in one quarter might soon blow in another, and the king had best reserve his rejoicings for more settled weather. Boabdil, though he heard his name cursed in the streets of his capital as a traitor in league with the infidels, indulged in blind confidence, now that his detested uncle was powerless; as the vassal of Ferdinand and Isabella he believed that
he had nothing to fear. He had forgotten that when, in his fatuous hatred of Ez-Zaghal, he incited the Christian sovereigns to subdue his rival's dominions, he had engaged by treaty that should Ferdinand succeed in reducing Ez-Zaghal's country, with the cities of Guadix and Almeria, he would on his part surrender Granada. He was not, however, long left without a spur to his memory. Ferdinand wrote to inform him that the conditions named in the treaty had been fulfilled on his side, and demanded the surrender of Granada in accordance with the terms then laid down. Boabdil in vain implored delay; the king was determined, and threatened to repeat the example of Malaga if the capital were not immediately given up. Boabdil did not know what to reply; but the people of Granada, led by Mūsa, a brave and gallant knight, took the matter into their own hands, and told his Catholic Majesty that if he wanted their arms he must come and take them!

When these bold words were said, the beautiful Vega of Granada was waving with crops and fruit; it had recovered from the devastations which accompanied the struggle between Ez-Zaghal and Boabdil, and a splendid harvest was awaiting the sickle. Ferdinand saw his opportunity; and, adopting his usual tactics, poured his troops, twenty-five thousand strong, over the Vega, and for thirty days abandoned it to their destroying hands. When he turned back towards Cordova, the Vega was one great expanse of desolation. It was enough for one season; yet once more was the cruel work of destruction carried out in that year of grace 1490.
SWORD OF BOABDIL (Villaseca Collection, Madrid).
Boabdil had at last been roused to a desperate courage. Guided by Müsa, whose mettle was of the finest, he girded on his armour, and began to carry the war into the enemy's quarters. The Moors round about, who had given in their submission to Ferdinand, were heartened by the sight of the King of Granada once more on the war path, and, hastily consigning their promises to the winds, rose up and joined him. It really seemed as if the good old days of Granada were returning; some fortresses were recovered from the Christians, and the Moorish army ravaged the borders. It was but the last gleam of light before the final setting of the sun. In April, 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella set forth upon their annual crusade, resolved not to return till Granada was in their power. The king led an army of forty thousand foot and ten thousand horse, with such commanders as the famous Ponce de Leon, Marquess of Cadiz, the Marquess of Santiago, the Counts of Tendilla and Cabra, the Marquess of Villena, and the redoubtable knight, Don Alonzo de Aguilar. Boabdil held a council in the Alhambra, whence the clouds of dust raised by Christian horsemen could be seen on the Vega; some urged the futility of resistance, but Müsa got up and bade them be true to their ancestors and never despair while they had strong arms to fight and fleet horses wherewith to foray. The people caught Müsa's enthusiasm, and there was nothing heard in Granada but the sound of the furbishing of arms and the tramp of troops.

Müsa was in chief command, and the gates were in his charge. They had been barred when the Christians
came in view; but Músa threw them open. "Our bodies," he said, "will bar the gates." The young men were kindled by such words, and when he told them, "We have nothing to fight for but the ground we stand on; without that we are without home or country," they made ready to die with him. With such a leader, the Moorish cavaliers performed prodigious feats of valour in the plain which divided the city from the Christian camp. Single combats were of daily occurrence; the Moors would ride almost among the tents of the Spaniards, and tempt some knight to the duel, from which he too often did not return. Ferdinand found his best warriors were being killed one by one, and he straitly forbade his knights to accept the Moors' challenge. It was hard for the Spanish chivalry to sit still within their tents, while a bold Moorish horseman would ride within hail and taunt them with cowardice; and when at length one of the Granadinos waxed so venturesome that he cast a spear almost into the royal pavilion, Hernando Perez de Pulgar, surnamed "He of the Exploits," could no longer contain himself, but gathering a small band of followers, rode in the dead of night to a postern gate in the walls of Granada, and, surprising the guards, galloped through the streets till he came to the chief mosque, which he forthwith solemnly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and in token of its conversion nailed a label on the door inscribed with the words Ave Maria. Granada was awake by this time, and soldiers were gathering in every direction; but Pulgar put spurs to his horse, and, amid the amazement of the people, plunged furiously through
the crowd, overturning them as he galloped to the
gate, and, fighting his way out, rode back in triumph
to the camp. The Pulgars ever after held the right
to sit in the choir of the mosque-church during the
celebration of High Mass.

Such feats of daring, however, did little to advance
the siege, nor were the few engagements conclusive.
Ferdinand renewed his old tactics. He sallied forth
from his camp, which had accidentally been burnt to
the ground, and proceeded to lay waste what re-
mained of the fertility of the Vega. The Moors made
a last desperate sally to save their fields and orchards;
and Müsa and Boabdil fought like heroes at the head
of their cavalry; but the foot soldiers, less steadfast,
were beaten back to the gates, whither Müsa sadly
followed them, resolved never again to risk a pitched
battle with such men behind him. It was the last
fight of the Granadinos. For ten years they had
disputed every inch of ground with their invaders;
wherever their feet could hold they had stood firm
against the enemy. But now there was left to them
nothing beyond their capital, and within its walls they
shut themselves up in sullen despair. To starve them
out was an agreeable task for the Catholic king; and
following the precedent of the third Abd-er-Rahmän,
in the siege of Toledo, he built in eighty days a be-
sieging city over against Granada, and called it Santa
Fé, in honour of his "Holy Faith," and there to this
day it stands, a monument of Ferdinand's resolution.
Famine did the work that no mere valour could effect.
The people of Granada implored Boabdil to spare
them further torture and make terms with the be-
siegors, and at last the unlucky king gave way. Musa would be no party to the surrender. He armed himself cap-à-pie, and mounting his charger rode forth from the city never to return. It is said that as he rode he encountered a party of Christian knights, half a score strong, and, answering their challenge, slew many of them before he was unhorsed, and then, disdain- ing their offers of mercy, fought stubbornly upon his knees, till he was too weak to continue the struggle: then with a last effort he cast himself into the river Xenil, and, heavy with armour, sank to the bottom.

On the 25th of November, 1491, the act of capitulation was signed, and a term was fixed during which a truce was to be observed, after which, should no aid come from outside, Granada was to be delivered up to their Catholic Majesties. In vain the Moors watched for a sign of the help they had sought from the Sultans of Turkey and Egypt. No aid came, and at the end of December Boabdil sent a message to Ferdinand to come and take possession of the city. The Christian army filed out of Santa Fé, and advanced across the Vega, watched with mournful eyes by the unhappy Moors. The leading detachment entered the Alhambra, and presently the great silver cross was seen shining from the summit of the Torre de la Vela; beside it floated the banner of St. James, while shouts of "Santiago!" rose from the army in the plain beneath; and lastly, the standard of Castile and Aragon was planted by the side of the cross. Ferdinand and Isabella fell on their knees and gave thanks to God; the whole army of Spain knelt behind them, and the royal choir sang a solemn Te Deum. At the foot
of the Hill of Martyrs, Boabdil, attended by a small band of horsemen, met the royal procession. He gave Ferdinand the keys of Granada, and, turning his back upon his beloved city, passed on to the mountains. There, at Padul, on a spur of the Alpujarras, Boabdil stood and gazed back upon the kingdom he had lost: the beautiful Vega, the towers of Alhambra, and the gardens of the Generalife; all the beauty and magnificence of his lost home. "Allahu Akbar," he said, "God is most great," as he burst into tears. His mother Ayesha stood beside him: "You may well weep like a woman," she said, "for what you could not defend like a man." The spot whence Boabdil took his sad farewell look at his city from which he was banished for ever, bears to this day the name of el ultimo suspiro del Moro, "the last sigh of the Moor." He soon crossed over to Africa, where his descendants learned to beg their daily bread.

There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down; Some calling on the Trinity—some calling on Mahoun. Here passed away the Koran—there in the Cross was borne— And here was heard the Christian bell—and there the Moorish horn:

Te Deum Laudamus!—was up the Alcala sung: Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung; The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile display; One king comes in in triumph—one weeping goes away.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his old white beard did tear, Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city without peer! Woe, woe, thou pride of heathendom! seven hundred years and more Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore!

Thou wert the happy mother of a high renowned race; Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place; Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee, The enemies of proud Castile, the bane of Christendom.
Here gallants held it, little thing for ladies' sake to die,
Or for the Prophet's honour, and pride of Soldanry;
For here did valour flourish and deeds of warlike might
Ennobled lordly palaces in which was our delight.

The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers!
No reverence can he claim—the king that such a land hath lost—
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host;
But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There weeping and lamenting, alone that king should be. ¹

¹ Lockhart: Spanish Ballads.
XIV.

BEARING THE CROSS.

Boabdil's "last sigh" was but the beginning of a long period of mourning and lamentation for the luckless Moors he had ushered to destruction. At first, indeed, it seemed as if the equitable terms upon which Granada had capitulated would be observed, and freedom of worship and the Mohammedan law would be upheld. The first archbishop, Hernando de Talavera, was a good and liberal-minded man, and forcible conversion formed no part of his policy. He strictly respected the rights of the Moors, and sought to win them over by force of example, by uniform justice and kindness, and by conforming as far as possible to their ways. He made his priests learn Arabic, and said his prayers in the same ungodly tongue, and by such concessions "so wrought on the minds of the populace that in 1499, when Cardinal Ximenes was sent by the queen to aid him in the work, it seemed as if the scenes which occurred at Jerusalem in the infancy of the Faith were about to be reënacted at Granada. In one day no less than 3,000 persons received baptism at the hands of the Primate, who sprinkled them with the hyssop of collective regeneration." 1 Ximenes was little in harmony

1 Sir W. Stirling Maxwell: Don John of Austria, i. 115.
with the archbishop's soft ways: he was the apostle of the Church Militant, always most active when militant meant triumphant, and would have the souls of these "infidels" saved from hell fire whether they liked it or no. He insinuated in Isabella's holy mind the pernicious doctrine that to keep faith with infidels was breaking faith with God; and it is one of the few blots on the good queen's name that she at length consented to the persecution of the Moors—or "Moriscos," as they now began to be called.

The first attempt to coerce the Granadinos was a failure. Some of the straiter Moslems expressed their repugnance to the new conversions to Christianity, and these malcontents were arrested. A woman being haled to prison on such a pretext roused the people of the Albaycin; they rose in arms and rescued her, and Granada was filled with uproar and barricade-fights. The garrison was hopelessly outnumbered; Ximenes raged with impotent fury; but the peaceful archbishop went forth, followed only by his cross-bearer, and, fearlessly entering the Albaycin, was at once surrounded by the people, who kissed his garments, and laid their wrongs before him in whom they accepted a just and generous mediator. Talavera composed the disputes, and the Cardinal had to retire.

Ximenes was, however, not a man to be easily deterred from his purpose. He induced the queen to promulgate a decree by which the Moors were given their choice of baptism or exile. They were reminded that their ancestors had once been Christian, and that by descent they themselves were born in the
Church, and must naturally profess her doctrine. The mosques were closed, the countless manuscripts that contained the results of ages of Moorish learning were burnt by the ruthless Cardinal, and the unhappy "infidels" were threatened and beaten into the Gospel of Peace and Goodwill after the manner already approved by their Catholic Majesties in respect of the no less miserable Jews. The majority of course yielded, finding it easier to spare their religion than their homes; but a spark of the old Moorish spirit remained burning bright among the hillmen of the Alpuxarras, who for some time held their snowy fastnesses against their persecutors. The first effort to suppress the rebellion ended in disaster. Don Alonzo de Aguilar, whose fame in deeds of derring-do had been growing for forty years of valiant chivalry, was sent into the Sierra Bermeja in 1501, and sustained a terrible defeat at the hands of the Moriscos, who crushed his cavalry with the massive rocks which they hurled down upon them.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork trees grow,
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow;
There o'er the path the heathen range their ambuscado's line,
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

There naught avails the Eagle eye, the guardian of Castile,
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel,
The arm of strength that wielded well the strong mace-in the fray,
Nor the broad plate from whence the edge of falchion glanced away.

Not knightly valour there avails, nor skill of horse and spear;
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear;
Down, down like driving hail they come, and horse and horseman die
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.
Alonzo with a handful more escapes into the field,
There, like a lion, stands at bay, in vain besought to yield;
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draws near to fight,
Afar with bolt and javelin, they pierce the steadfast knight.

A hundred and a hundred darts are hissing round his head;
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts, their blood had all been shed;
Faint and more faint he staggers upon the slippery sod—
At last his back is to the earth, he gives his soul to God.

Another and more probable legend, however, tells
how Aguilar was killed in fair fight by the commander
of the Moors. He was the fifth lord of his line who
died in combat with the infidels.

This temporary success, however, only aggravated
the reprisals of the now exasperated Christians. The
Count of Tendilla stormed Guejar; the Count of
Serin “blew up the mosque in which the women and
children of a wide district had been placed for
safety,” and King Ferdinand himself seized the key
of the passes, the castle of Lanjaron. The remnant of
the rebels fled to Morocco, Egypt, and Turkey, where
their skill as artificers secured them a living. Thus
the first revolt in the Alpujarras was suppressed.

Half a century of smouldering hatred ensued. The
Moriscos grudgingly fulfilled the minimum of the
religious duties imposed on them by their outward
conversion; but they took care to wash off the holy
water with which their children were baptized as
soon as they were out of the priest’s sight; they
came home from their Christian weddings to be
married again after the Mohammedan rite; and they
made the Barbary corsair at home in their cities, and
helped him to kidnap the children of the Christians.
A wise and honest government, respecting its pledges
PERSECUTION OF THE MORISCOS.

given at the surrender of Granada, would have been spared the dangers of this hidden disaffection; but the rulers of Spain were neither wise nor honest in their dealings with the Moriscos, and as time went on they became more and more cruel and false. The "infidels" were ordered to abandon their native and picturesque costume, and to assume the hats and breeches of the Christians; to give up bathing, and adopt the dirt of their conquerors; to renounce their language, their customs and ceremonies, even their very names, and to speak Spanish, behave Spanishly, and re-name themselves Spaniards. The great Emperor Charles V. sanctioned this monstrous decree in 1526, but he had the sense not to enforce it; and his agents used it only as a means of extorting bribes from the richer Moors as the price of official blindness. The Inquisition was satisfied for the time with a "traffic in toleration" which filled the treasury in a highly satisfactory way. It was reserved for Philip II. to carry into practical effect the tyrannical law which his father had prudently left alone. In 1567 he enforced the odious regulations about language, customs, and the like, and, to secure the validity of the prohibition of cleanliness, began by pulling down the beautiful baths of the Alhambra. The wholesale denationalization of the people was more than any folk—much less the descendants of the Almanzors, the Abd-er-Rahmāns, and the Abencerrages—could stomach. A fracas with some plundering tax-gatherers set light to the inflammable materials which had long been ready to burn up: some soldiers were murdered by peasants in whose huts they were billeted; a dyer of Granada,
Farax Aben Farax, of the blood of the Abencerrages, gathered together a band of the disaffected, and escaped to the mountains before the garrison had made up their minds to pursue him; Hernando de Valor, of the race of the Khalifs of Cordova, a man of note in Granada, but brought to disgrace by his dissolute habits, was chosen King of Andalusia, with the title of Muley Mohammed Aben Omeyya; and in a week the whole of the Alpujarras was in arms, and the second Morisco rebellion had begun (1568).

The district of the Alpujarras was well fitted to harbour a revolt. The stretch of high land between the Sierra Nevada and the sea, about nineteen miles long and eleven broad, is so rudely broken into rugged hill and deep ravine, that it would be hard to find in its whole surface a piece of level ground, except in the small valley of Andarax and on the belt of plain which intervenes betwixt the mountains and the sea. Three principal ranges, spurs of the Sierra Nevada, and themselves spurred with lesser offshoots, intersect it from north to south. Through the glens thus formed a number of streams—torrents in winter but often dry in summer—pour the snows of Muleyhacen and the Pico de la Veleta into the Mediterranean. In natural beauty, and in many physical advantages, this mountain land is one of the most lovely and delightful regions of Europe. From the tropical heat and luxuriance, the sugar-canes and the palm-trees, of the lower valleys and of the narrow plain which skirts the sea like a golden zone, it is but a step, through gardens, steep cornfields, and olive groves, to fresh Alpine pastures and woods of
pine, above which vegetation expires on the rocks where snow lies long and deep, and is still found in nooks and hollows in the burning days of autumn. When thickly peopled with laborious Moors, the narrow glens, bottomed with rich soil, were terraced and irrigated with a careful industry which compensated for want of space. The villages, each nestling in its hollow, or perched on a craggy height, were surrounded by vineyards and gardens, orange and almond orchards, and plantations of olive and mulberry, hedged with the cactus and aloe; above, on the rocky uplands, were heard the bells of sheep and kine; and the wine and fruit, the silk and oil, the cheese and the wool of the Alpujarras, were famous in the markets of Granada and the seaports of Andalusia. It was this beautiful province that the bigotry of the priest was about to deliver over to the sword and brand of the soldier.

The great rebellion in the Alpujarras lasted for two years, and its repression called forth the utmost energy of the Spaniards. Its records are full of deeds of reckless bloodshed, of torture, assassination, treachery, and horrible brutality on both sides; but they are relieved by acts of heroism and endurance which would do honour to any age and any nation. The struggle was fierce and desperate: it was the Moors’ last stand; they felt themselves at bay, and

1 The Spaniards were never able to do justice to the rich soil of Andalusia. So little did the Crown think of the fertile country about Granada that in 1591 the royal domains there were sold, because they cost more than the Spaniards could make them yield! In the time of the Moors the same lands were gardens of almost tropical luxuriance.

2 Sir W. Stirling Maxwell: Don John of Austria, i. 126–8.
they avenged in their first mad rush of fury a hundred years of insult and persecution. Village after village rose against its oppressors; churches were desecrated, Our Lady’s picture was made a target, priests were murdered, and too often horrid torture was used against the Christians, who, for their part, took refuge in belfries and towers, and valiantly resisted the sudden assault of the enemy. We read how two women, left alone in a tower, fastened the door, and armed only with stones which they aimed from the battlements, wounded by arrows, and supported by nothing save their own brave hearts, kept out their assailants from dawn till noon, when relief fortunately came. Another golden deed is told of the advance of the Christian expedition to put down the revolt. The troops had arrived at the ravine of Tablate, a grim chasm, a hundred feet deep, with a roaring torrent at the bottom. The Moriscos had destroyed the bridge, and only a few tottering planks remained, by which a venturesome scout might cross if needful. On the other side of these planks Moorish archers kept their bows at stretch. It is not surprising that the soldiers recoiled from such a crossing; the dancing plank, the torrent’s roar, and the Moorish arrows, were enough to daunt the bravest. While the army stood irresolute, a friar came to the front, and calmly led the way across the plank over the torrent, to the very arrows of the enemy, who were too much struck with admiration to think of shooting. Two soldiers sprang after the devoted friar—one reached the other side, the other fell into the hissing flood beneath. Then the whole army plucked up heart,
and crossing as quickly as they could, and mustering on the other side, charged up the slope, and carried the position. It was a Thermopylae reversed, with a friar for its Leonidas; a Balaclava galloped upon quicksands; and it redeems a long catalogue of baseness.

The Marquess of Mondéjar, who commanded at Granada, endeavoured by conciliation and generosity to calm the rebellion, which his resolute march into the mountains at the head of four thousand men had to a great extent suppressed; but an accidental massacre at Jubiles, and an act of treachery at Laroles, rekindled the flame of revolt which had been partly extinguished; and the ruthless murder of one hundred and ten Moriscos by their Christian fellow-prisoners in the jail of the Albaycin still further exasperated the persecuted race. Mondéjar was innocent of any share in this bloody work, and was marching with his guard to the prison to quell the disturbance, when the Alcayde met him with the remark: "It is unnecessary; the prison is quiet—the Moors are all dead." After this the Moriscos gained daily in strength, and Aben Umeyya became really lord of the whole district of the Alpujarras. This incapable and profligate sprig of Cordovan nobility enjoyed his power for a very brief period, however; for in October, 1569, private spite and suspicion led to his being strangled in bed by his own followers, when an able and devoted man, the true leader of the rebellion, and one who could even dare to die for his friend, assumed the title of king as Muley Abdallah Aben Abó:
Aben Abó had to deal with a new opponent. The king's half-brother, Don John of Austria, a young man of twenty-two, but full of promise, superseded Mondéjar as commander-in-chief against the Moriscos, and after a protracted war of letters he convinced Philip of the gravity of the situation and the necessity for strong measures. At last Don John received his marching orders, and after that, it was but a short shrive that the Moriscos had to expect. In the winter of 1569-70 he began his campaign, and in May the terms of surrender had been arranged. The months between had been stained with a crimson river of blood. Don John's motto was "no quarter"; men, women, and children were butchered by his order and under his own eye; the villages of the Alpujarras were turned into human shambles.

Even when the rebellion seemed at an end, a last feeble flicker of revolt once more sprang up: Aben Abó was not yet reconciled to oppression. Assassination, however, finally convinced him; his head was exhibited over the Gate of the Shambles at Granada for thirty years. The Grand Commander, Requesens, by an organized system of wholesale butchery and devastation, by burning down villages, and smoking the people to death in the caves where they had sought refuge, extinguished the last spark of open revolt before the 5th of November, 1570. The Moriscos were at last subdued, at the cost of the honour, and with the loss of the future, of Christian Spain.

Slavery and exile awaited the survivors of the rebellion. They were not very many. The late wars,
it was said, had carried off more than twenty thousand Moors, and perhaps fifty thousand remained in the district on that famous Day of All Saints, 1570, when the honour of the apostles and martyrs of Christendom was celebrated by the virtual martyrdom of the poor remnant of the Moors. Those taken in open revolt were enslaved; the rest were marched away into banishment under escort of troops, while the passes of the hills were securely guarded. Many hapless exiles died by the way, from want, fatigue, and exposure; others reached Africa, where they might beg a daily pittance, but could find no soil to till; or France, where they received a cool welcome, though Henry IV. had found them useful instruments for his intrigues in Spain. The deportation was not finished till 1610, when half a million of Moriscos were exiled and ruined. It is stated that no less than three million of Moors were banished between the fall of Granada and the first decade of the 17th century. The Arab chronicler mournfully records the coup-de-grâce: “The Almighty was not pleased to grant them victory, so they were overcome and slain on all sides, till at last they were driven forth from the land of Andalusia, the which calamity came to pass in our own days, in the year of the Flight, 1017. Verily to God belong lands and dominions, and He giveth them to whom He doth will.”

The misguided Spaniards knew not what they were doing. The exile of the Moors delighted them; nothing more picturesque and romantic had occurred for some time. Lope de Vega sang about the sentencia justa by which Philip III, despreciando sus
barbaros tesoros, banished to Africa; las ultimas religiúas de los Moros; Velazquez painted it in a memorial picture; even the mild and tolerant Cervantes forced himself to justify it. They did not understand that they had killed their golden goose. For centuries Spain had been the centre of civilisation, the seat of arts and sciences, of learning, and every form of refined enlightenment. No other country in Europe had so far approached the cultivated dominion of the Moors. The brief brilliancy of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the empire of Charles V., could found no such enduring preëminence. The Moors were banished; for a while Christian Spain shone, like the moon, with a borrowed light; then came the eclipse, and in that darkness Spain has grovelled ever since. The true memorial of the Moors is seen in desolate tracts of utter barrenness, where once the Moslem grew luxuriant vines and olives and yellow ears of corn; in a stupid, ignorant population where once wit and learning flourished; in the general stagnation and degradation of a people which has hopelessly fallen in the scale of the nations, and has deserved its humiliation.
INDEX TO THE TEXT AND THE NOTES.

A

Abbadites, 176
Abbásides, 59, 60, 63–4
Abdallah, 98–107
Abd-el-Melik, 55, 56
Abd-er-Rahmân I., 33, 57, 59–68, 131, 136
Abd-er-Rahmân II., 78–94
Abd-er-Rahmân III., 107–128
Abd-er-Rahmân of Narbonne, 28
Aben Abô, 277–8
Abencerrages, 227, 247
Aben Dmeyya, 274
Abu-l-Hasan (Alboacén), 232 ff., 247
Acisclus, St., 89
Aguilar, Don Alonzo de, 237, 271–2
Ahmar, Ibn-el-, 218
Alans, 6
Alarcons, 217
Albarracín, 209
Albaycin, 247, 271, 277
Albucasis, 144
Alcazar of Cordova, 131
Aledo, 177, 180
Alexander the Great, 1
Alexandria, 76
Alferez, 240
Alfonso I., 33
Alfonso IV., 176–181, 186, 194–196, 206
Alfonso the Battler, 184
Alfonso the Learned, 194, 218

Algarve, 110
Algeciras, 13, 179, 214, 221
Alhama, 235
Alhambra, 221 ff.
Alhendega, 123
Almanzor, 156–166
Almeria, 148, 151, 176
Almohades, 214
Almoravides, 178–184
Alpuente, 209
Alpujarras, 259, 271–280
Alvar Fañez, 181, 196
Alvaro, 86
Amir, Ibn-Abî-, 156–166
Andalus, Emir of, 51
Andalusia, 43
Andaxar, 259
Antequera, 236
Aquitaine, 28, 29
Arabic Studies, 90
Arabs, pre-Mohammedan, 1
Aragon, 208, 218
Archidona, 25, 62
Arts in Andalusia, 147
Asturias, 27, 33, 35, 116 ff., 186
Aurora, 156, 157, 158, 161, 164
Avenzoar, 144
Averroës, 144
Axarquía, 237
Ayehia, 225, 247

B

Badajoz, 119, 179, 186, 217
Barcelona, 165, 166, 201
INDEX TO THE TEXT AND THE NOTES.

Basques, 13, 34
Bavieca, 210, 213
Baza, 258, 259
Beaune, 28
Bedr, 61
Beja, 63
Bellido, 195
Berbers, 4, 13n., 20, 40, 52-6, 65, 101, 109, 167-184
Bermudez, Pero, 201, 213
Bernardo del Carpio, 34
Beytar, Ibn-, 144
Boabdil, 225, 242, 245, 246 ff., 267
Bobastro, 102, 110
Body-guard, 66, 75, 114, 158
Bordeaux, 29
Burgos, 197
Burgundy, 28

C
Cabala, Count of, 242, 263
Cadiz, 177-8, 184
Cadiz, Marquess of, 235, 236, 238, 252, 263
Calahorra, 206
Calatrava, 251
Campeador, 192, 195
Carcassonne, 28
Cardena, St. Pedro de, 199, 213
Carmona, 28, 63, 184
Castile, 123 ff., 165, 189
Cava, 11 n.
Cazlona, 105
Ceuta, 4, 54, 55, 217
Cid, The, 177, 178, 181, 191-213
Charlemagne, 30, 33-8, 57, 65
Charles V., 222, 225, 231, 273
Charles Martel, 29, 30
Christian disaffection, 83 ff.
Christian power, 116 ff., 185 ff.
Christianity in Roman and Gothic Spain, 6-8
Chronicle of the Cid, 192, 195 ff.
Coimbra, 186
Cordova, 24, 26, 62, 74, 78, 106-7, 120-145, 184, 218
Coria, 55
Covadonga, 116-7

D
Darro, 225
Dhu-n-Nun, 101, 176
Dozy, 47, 52, 56, 63, 76, 122, 127, 163, 176, 192
Durenda, 36-7

E
Elvira, 25, 56, 102
Emir, 121
Estevan de Gormaz, San, 119, 120
Estramadura, 101
Eudes, 28, 29, 55
Eulogius, 86-95

F
Fakis, 76
Farax, 274
Fatimite Khalifs, 115
Ferdinand and Isabella, 232, 251, 257, 260 ff.
Fernando I. of Leon and Castile, 186
Fernando III., 218
Feth, El-, 113
Fez, 76
Flora, 86-93
Florida, 11
Foss, Day of the, 74
France, Arab advance into, 28-30
Franks, 29

G
Galicia, 55, 118, 165, 186
Garcia, 123
Garonne, 29
Gayangos, 56n
Gebal-Tarik (Gibraltar), 14
Generalife, 228, 231
Gerona, 148
Ghali, 159
Ghali, 159
Gibraltar, 253, 254
Gonzalez, Fernando, 123-5
Goths, 4-8, 26
Granada, 25, 102, 184, 217 ff., 267
INDEX TO THE TEXT AND THE NOTES. 283

Greek ambassadors, 143
Greek Empire, 3, 4
Guadalete, 14, 23
Guadarrama, 40, 185
Graalquivir, 40, 131, 155
Guadix, 252, 254, 258
Guarinos, 35

H

Jaén, 56
Jayme J., 218
Jews of Spain, 24
John of Austria, Don, 278
Julian, 4, 11, 12, 13, 27

K

Kády, 87
Kási, Ibn-, 184
Khalíf, 23, 27, 51, 56, 58-60
Khalíf of Spain, 122
Kharaj, 44

L

Lament, 184
Lantaron, 272
Laroles, 277
Leon, 34, 35, 118, 159, 163, 189
Leon chivalry, 119, 190
Library of Hakam, 155
Lockhart, 21, 34-5, 124, 267, 277
Lorca, 101
Lormego, 186
Lothair, 29
Louis the Debonnaire, 83
Loxá, 251
Lucena, 242

M

Majolica, 148
Makkary, 56ff., 128; 131
Malaga, 25, 56, 214, 251, 257
Malaga, the mountains of, 236 ff.
Mamlûks, 114
Mansur, the Khalîf, 64
Marabout, 53
Mardanish, Ibn-, 68
Martin, Abbey of St., 29
Mary, 92-3
Maxwell, Sir W. Stirling, 269, 275
Maymuñ, Ibn-, 184
Medina, 73
Medinacelí, 166
Merida, 28, 47, 55, 119
Mohammed I., 94, 98
Mohammed the Prophet, 2
Mahammedanism, 2
Mohammedan conquests, 3
Mondejar, Marquess of, 277
Monousa, 55
Moor, 134
Moriscos, 270 ff.
Mosque of Cordova, 136 ff.
Motemid, 176, 178, 180
Muez, 121
Mughith, 23, 24
Mughith, Ibn-, 63
Mundhir, 98
Murcia, 25, 103, 110, 176, 218
Murviedro, 209
Musa of Granada, 263-6
Musa, son of Noseyr, 12, 13, 23, 27, 28
INDEX TO THE TEXT AND THE NOTES.

Mushafy, 158-160
Mutes, 75, 76
Muzaffar, 169

N

Najera, 206
Narbonne, 28, 30, 135
Nāṣir-li-din-llāh, En., 122
Nasr, 81, 89
Nasr, Beny-, 217 ff.
Navarre, 119-121, 165, 166
Navas, Las, 217

O

Oliver, 37
Omeyyads, 33, 57, 59, 60, 62 f.
Ordoño II., 119, 120, 121
Ordoño IV., 125
Orelia, 19
Orihuela, 25, 47
Osma, 119, 120
Ostrogoths, 4.

P

Paderborn, 33
Padul, 267
Pamplona, 166
Pavement of Martyrs, 30
Pelagius, or Pelayo, 33, 116-7
Perfectus, 89
Philip II., 273
Philip III., 279
Pinos, 226
Poictiers, 29
Pulgar, 264

Q

Quixote, Don, 35

R

Ramiro II., 122
Regio, 110
Renegades, 48, 102
Requeens, 278
Roland, 36-8
Roderick, 4, 8, 11-22, 48

Roderick's vision, 18, 19
Roncesvalles, 34-8, 65
Ronda, 251, 258

S

Sacralías, 179
Sancho, 90
Sancho of Navarre, 119-121
Sancho of Castile, 195
Sancho the Fat, 125
Santa Fé, 265
Santiago, Master of, 238 ff.
Santiago de Compostella, 165
Saracens, 3
Science, 147
Seddaray, 184
Septimania, 28
Seville, 28, 62, 105, 109, 170-1, 176, 180, 184, 186, 214, 218
Sierra Nevada, 274
Simancas, 119
Slaves, 48
Slaves, 114, 158, 161, 170, 171, 175
Southey's Cid, 193
Spain under the Romans and the Goths, 4, 5-8
Suevi, 4, 6
Sultán, 121

T

Tablete, 276
Talavera, Archbishop, 269, 270
Tarif, 13
Tarifa, 13, 181
Tārik, 13, 20, 21, 23-28
Tarracónica, 29
Tarūb, 81
Taxes, 44
Tendilla, Count of, 235, 263
Theodemir of Murcia, 25
Theological students, 73-6, 161
Theuda, 123
Tizona, 213
Toledo, 12, 14, 26, 28, 64, 74, 94, 102, 110, 148, 176, 186
Toledo, enchanted tower, 14-19
Toulouse, 28
Tours, 29, 30

---

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA
P. C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife

---
INDEX TO THE TEXT AND THE NOTES. 285

Tribes, Arab, 50-2, 56, 101
Tudela, 120
Turpin, pseudo-, 35

X
Val de Junqueras, 120
Valencia, 176, 178, 182, 184, 205–213, 218
Vandals, 6
Vega, 221, 260
Velez, 251
Vizcn, 186
Visigoths, 4–8

W
Wady Bekka, 14
Wëlid the Khalif, 23, 28
Wittekind, 33, 34
Wittiza, 8, 11, 20, 21, 27

X
Xativa, 205
Xeres, 184

Ximena, 198, 199, 200, 213
Ximenes, Cardinal, 269, 270
Ximenes, Seven Sisters of, 253

Y
Yahyä, 73
Yahyä of Valencia, 205
Yemen tribes, 61, 65
Yüsuf the Almoravide, 179–181
Yüsuf, 62

Z
Zäb, Prince of, 164
Zaghal, Ez-, 240, 247 ff., 259
Zahara, 232–4
Zahrä, Medinat-ez-, 140–4, 175
Zalläka, 179
Zamora, 119, 195
Zaragoza, 34, 65, 101, 122–3, 176, 186, 200
Zegris, 247
Zegry, Ez-, 253, 254
Ziryäb, 81–2
Zogoiby, 246
Zorräs, 247
# CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>A.D.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tarik:</strong> Battle of the Guadalete</td>
<td>711</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Charles Martel:</strong> Battle of Tours</td>
<td>733</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Charlemagne:</strong> Pass of Roncesvalles</td>
<td>777</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Omeyyad Kings</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Abd-er-Rahman I</td>
<td>755</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Hisham I</td>
<td>788</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Hakam I</td>
<td>796</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Abd-er-Rahman II</td>
<td>822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Mohammad</td>
<td>852</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Mundhir</td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Abdallah</td>
<td>888</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Abd-er-Rahman III, the Great</td>
<td>912</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Hakam II</td>
<td>961</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Hisham II, &amp;c.</td>
<td>976</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Almanzor Vezir</strong></td>
<td>978</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Berbers and Slavs</strong></td>
<td>1008</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Cid</strong></td>
<td>1064-1099</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Invasion of Almoravides:</strong> Battle of Zallaka</td>
<td>1086</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Invasion of Almohades</strong></td>
<td>1145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Battle of Las Navas</strong></td>
<td>1212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fall of Granada</strong></td>
<td>1491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Revolts in the Alpuxarras</strong></td>
<td>1501 &amp; 1563</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Final Expulsion of the Moors from Spain</strong></td>
<td>1610</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mr. Unwin has pleasure in sending herewith his Catalogue of Select Books.

Book Buyers are requested to order any Books they may require from their local Bookseller.
Catalogue of Select Books in Belles Lettres, History, Biography, Theology, Travel, Miscellaneous, and Books for Children.

Belles Lettres.


The Author has supervised the translation, and has added fresh matter, so that the volume differs in some degree from "La Vie Nomade." Many of the illustrations are taken from illuminated manuscripts, and have never been published before.

Old Chelsea. A Summer-Day's Stroll. By Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

The stroll described in these pages may be imagined to be taken during the summer of 1888; all the dates, descriptions, and references herein having been brought down to the present day.


Contents.—I. The Coming of the Friars.—II. Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years ago.—III. Daily Life in a Medieval Monastery.—IV. and V. The Black Death in East Anglia.—VI. The Building-up of a University.—VII. The Prophet of Walnut-tree Walk.

"A volume which is, to our minds, one of the most delightful ever published English."—Spectator.


"Mr. Garnett's dialogue is often quite as good as his description, and in description he is singularly happy. The mystery of London streets by night is powerfully suggested, and the realistic force of his night-pieces is enhanced by the vague and Schumann-like sentiment that pervades them."—Saturday Review.


"It is the fruit, as every page testifies, of singularly wide reading and independent thought, and the style combines with much picturesqueness a certain largeness of volume, that reminds us more of our earlier writers than those of our own time."—Contemporary Review.

Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy. By Vernon Lee. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

"These studies show a wide range of knowledge of the subject, precise investigation, abundant power of illustration, and hearty enthusiasm. . . . The style of writing is cultivated, neatly adjusted, and markedly clever."—Saturday Review.


"This way of conveying ideas is very fascinating, and has an effect of creating activity in the reader's mind which no other mode can equal. From first to last here is a continuous and delightful stimulation of thought."—Academy.


"To discuss it properly would require more space than a single number of 'The Academy' could afford. —Academy.

"Est agréable à lire et fait penser."—Revue des deux Mondes.
Baldwin: Dialogues on Views and Aspirations. By Vernon Lee. Demy 8vo., cloth, 12s.

"The dialogues are written with . . . an intellectual courage which shrinks from no logical conclusion."—Scotsman.

Ottilie: An Eighteenth Century Idyl. By Vernon Lee. Square 8vo., cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

"A graceful little sketch. . . Drawn with full insight into the period described."—Spectator.


Romances of Chivalry: Told and Illustrated in Fac-simile by John Ashton. Forty-six Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth elegant, gilt tops, 18s.

"The result (of the reproduction of the wood blocks) is as creditable to his artistic, as the text is to his literary, ability."—Guardian.


"The book is one continued source of pleasure and interest, and opens up a wide field for speculation and comment, and many of us will look upon it as an important contribution to contemporary history, not easily available to others than close students."—Antiquary.


"In every respect this comely volume is a notable addition to the shelf devoted to folk-lore. . . . and the pictures in photogravure nobly interpret the text."—Critic.


"Charming from beginning to end. . . Miss Zimmern deserves all credit for her courage in attempting the task, and for her marvellous success in carrying it out."—Saturday Review.

"A strain of sadness runs through the delicate thought and fancy of the Queen of Roumania. Her popularity as an author is already great in Germany, and this little work will win her a place in many English hearts."—Standard.


"This is a work of real genius... As a picture of the social life of the Hindus it cannot but be regarded as masterly."—British Quarterly Review.


"The Touchstone of Peril" is the best Anglo-Indian novel that has appeared for some years."—Times of India.


"It is a work full of deep, suggestive thought."—Academy.


"This charming reprint has a fresh value added to it by the Introductory Essay of the Author of 'John Inglesant.'"—Academy.

Songs, Ballads, and A Garden Play.

By A. Mary F. Robinson, Author of "An Italian Garden." With Frontispiece of Dürer's "Melencolia." Small crown 8vo., half bound, vellum, 5s.

"The romantic ballads have grace, movement, passion and strength."—Spectator.

"Marked by sweetness of melody and truth of colour."—Academy.

An Italian Garden: A Book of Songs. By A. Mary F. Robinson. Fcap. 8vo., parchment, 3s. 6d.

"They are most of them exquisite in form."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Full of elegance and even tenderness."—Spectator.
The Sentence: A Drama. By Augusta Webster, Author of "In a Day," &c. Small crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.
"The working-out of this tragical theme is nothing less than masterly."
   Pall Mall Gazette.

The Lazy Minstrel. By J. Ashby-Sterry, Author of "Boudoir Ballads." Fourth and Popular Edition. Frontispiece by E. A. Abbey. Fcap. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.
"One of the lightest and brightest writers of vers de société."
   St. James's Gazette.

The New Purgatory, and other Poems. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, Author of "A Comtist Lover," &c. Square imperial 16mo., cloth, 4s. 6d.
"There is not one of the poems that does not bear the sign manual of genius."
   Inquirer.

Introductory Studies in Greek Art.
Delivered in the British Museum by Jane E. Harrison.
With Illustrations. Square imperial 16mo., 7s. 6d.
"The best work of its kind in English."—Oxford Magazine.

Jewish Portraits. By Lady Magnus. With Frontispiece by Harry Furniss. Small crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.
"We owe much gratitude to the author for a very delightful book."
   Manchester Examiner.

"The author of the delightful monograph on 'Charlotte Brontë' has given us in this volume a story as beautiful as life and as sad as death."—Standard.


Concerning Oliver Knox. By G. Colmore. (Unwin's Novel Series.) Small crown 8vo., 2s.
History.

The End of the Middle Ages: Essays and Questions in History. By A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmesteter). Demy 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.


"The importance of the Essays can hardly be exaggerated. They are undoubtedly a great work upon the general subject of political federation; and the education of no student of politics in our own country can be considered complete who has not mastered the treatise of Alexander Hamilton."—Glasgow Mail.

The Government Year Book: A Record of the Forms and Methods of Government in Great Britain, her Colonies, and Foreign Countries, 1889. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

"Mr. Lewis Sergeant has most admirably performed his task."—Athenæum. "The book fills a gap which has been frequently noticed by every politician, journalist, and economist."—Journal des Débats.


"It is clearly and pleasantly written, and copiously illustrated."—Pall Mall Budget.
The Story of the Nations.

Crown 8vo., Illustrated, and furnished with Maps and Indexes, each 5s.

"L'intéressante série l'Histoire des Nations forment... un cours d'histoire universelle d'une très grande valeur." — Journal des Debats.


"That useful series." — The Times.


"That excellent series." — Guardian.

"The series is likely to be found indispensable in every school library."

"This valuable series." — Nonconformist.

"Admirable series of historical monographs." — Echo.


"The author succeeds admirably in reproducing the 'Grandeur that was Rome.'" — Sydney Morning Herald.


"The book possesses much of the interest, the suggestiveness, and the charm of romance." — Saturday Review.


"Mr. Baring-Gould tells his stirring tale with knowledge and perspicuity. He is a thorough master of his subject." — Globe.


"A masterly outline with vigorous touches in detail here and there." — Guardian.


"A wonderful success." — Spectator.


"The best, the fullest, the most accurate, and most readable history of the Moors in Spain for general readers." — St. James's Gazette.


"The story is told of the land, people and rulers, with vivid colouring and consummate literary skill." — New York Critic.

"The volume which he has contributed to 'The Story of the Nations' will be generally considered one of the most interesting and picturesque of that useful series."—Times.


"Le livre de M. Gilman est destiné à être lu avidemment par un grand nombre de gens pour lesquels l'étude des nombreux ouvrages déjà parus serait impossible."—Journal des Débats.


"We owe thanks to Miss Emily for this admirable volume, in some respects the very best of 'The Story of the Nations' series as yet published."—Nonconformist.


"One of the most interesting numbers of the series in which it appears."—Scotsman.

The Goths. By Henry Bradley.

"Seems to us to be as accurate as it is undoubtedly clear, strong, and simple; and it will give to the reader an excellent idea of the varied fortunes of the two great branches of the Gothic nation."—Thomas Hodgkin in The Academy.

Assyria: From the Rise of the Empire to the Fall of Nineveh. By Zénàïde A. Ragozin, Author of "Chaldea," &c.

"Madame Ragozin has performed her task in it as admirably as she has done in her earlier volume on 'Chaldea.' She has spared no pains in collecting the latest and best information on the subject."—Extract from Letter from Prof. Sayce.

Turkey. By Stanley Lane-Poole, Author of "The Moors in Spain," &c.

"All the events of the strange and adventurous history are sketched in vigorous boldness of outline, and with fine force of style."—Scotsman.

Holland. By Professor Thorold Rogers.

"It was a happy thought to entrust the telling of the story of 'Holland' to so great an industrial enthusiast as Prof. Thorold Rogers."—Literary World.

Medieval France. By Gustave Masson.

Persia. By S. G. W. Benjamin.

Phœnicia. By Canon Rawlinson.
Biography.

Life & Times of Girolamo Savonarola.


This new translation of Villari's "Savonarola" by Madame Villari contains much additional matter, and is fuller and completer than the last published Italian edition. The biography is illustrated with many portraits of famous men of the times.


"Is, perhaps, the most readable and incisive sketch of Lord Bacon's career and character that has yet been written."—Christian Leader.


"Here we find a kind, friendly, and humorous, if splenetic Carlyle; a helpful and merry Mrs. Carlyle; and a friendly and unaffected Dante Gabriel Rossetti. These characteristics, so unlike the Carlyle of the too copious memoirs, so unlike the Mrs. Carlyle, the femme incomprise, so unlike the Rossetti of myth, are extremely welcome."—Daily News (Leader).


"It will be welcome to all lovers of Dickens for Dickens' own sake."—Athenaeum.


"Mr. Mackenzie Bell has done a good service in introducing to us a man of true genius, whose works have sunk into mysteriously swift and complete oblivion."—Contemporary Review.
“A fresh, delightful, and charming book.”—Graphic.

“An original and excellent little study of the composer.”—Saturday Review.

The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.
By their Son, John Smith Moffat. Sixth edition. Portraits, Illustrations, and Maps. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.; Presentation Edition, full gilt elegant, bevelled boards, gilt edges, in box, 10s. 6d.; Popular Edition, crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.
“An inspiring record of calm, brave, wise work, and will find a place of value on the honoured shelf of missionary biography. The biographer has done his work with reverent care, and in a straightforward, unaffected style.”—Contemporary Review.

The German Emperor and Empress:
The Late Frederick III. and Victoria. The Story of their Lives. (Being the Sixth and Popular Edition of “Two Royal Lives,” 7s. 6d.) By Dorothea Roberts. Portraits. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.
“A book sure to be popular in domestic circles.”—The Graphic.

“The work is written in a most captivating manner.”—Novoe Vremya, Moscow.

“A very interesting account of the career of the great actor.”—British Quarterly Review.
Theology and Philosophy.

The House and Its Builder, with Other Discourses:
A Book for the Doubtful. By Dr. Samuel Cox.
Small crown 8vo., paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s.

"Expositions." By the same Author. First Series. Third Thousand. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
"We have said enough to show our high opinion of Dr. Cox's volume. It is indeed full of suggestion. . . . A valuable volume."—The Spectator.

"Expositions." By the same Author. Second Series. Second Thousand. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
"Here, too, we have the clear exegetical insight, the lucid expository style, the chastened but effective eloquence, the high ethical standpoint, which secured for the earlier series a well-nigh unanimous award of commendation."—Academy.

"Expositions." By the same Author. Third Series. Second edition. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
"When we say that the volume possesses all the intellectual, moral, and spiritual characteristics which have won for its author so distinguished a place among the religious teachers of our time . . . what further recommendation can be necessary?"—Nonconformist.

"Expositions." By the same Author. Fourth Series (completing the Set). Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.
"The volume is one of the most interesting and valuable that we have received from Dr. Cox. It contains some of the strongest analytical character-sketching he has ever produced."—Glasgow Mail.
Present-Day Questions in Theology and Religion. By the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Contents.—I. The "Down Grade" Controversy.—II. Congregationalism and its Critics.—III. Modern Thought.—IV. Broad Evangelicals.—V. Progressive Theology.—VI. Jesus the Christ.—VII. Creed and Conduct.—VIII. Evangelical Preaching.—IX. The Church and the World.—X. Congregationalism of To-day.


"We have again felt in reading these nervous, spiritual, and eloquent sermons, how great a preacher has passed away."—Nonconformist.


"An able and suggestive series of discourses."—Nonconformist.

"These sermons abound in noble and beautiful teaching clearly and eloquently expressed."—Christian.


"The work displays much earnest thought, and a sincere belief in, and love of the Bible."—Morning Post.

"It will be found to be a good summary, written in no iconoclastic spirit, but with perfect candour and fairness, of some of the more important results of recent Biblical criticism."—Scotsman.

Faint, yet Pursuing. By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, Author of "How to be Happy though Married." Sq. imp. 16mo., cloth, 6s. Cheaper Edition, 3s. 6d.

"One of the most practical and readable volumes of sermons ever published. They must have been eminently hearable."—British Weekly.


"A thoughtful and practical commentary on a book of Holy Scripture which needs much spiritual wisdom for its exposition. . . . Sound and judicious handling."—Roch.

"Both lectures are conceived in a very earnest spirit, and are developed with much dignity and force. We have the greatest satisfaction in commending it to the attention of Biblical students and Christian ministers."—Literary World.


"We can testify to the great amount of labour it represents."—Literary World.


"An able and eloquent review of the considerations on which the writer rests his belief in Christianity, and an impassioned statement of the strength of this belief."—Scotsman.


"They are fresh and beautiful expositions of those deep things, those foundation truths, which underlie Christian faith and spiritual life in their varied manifestations."—Christian Age.

A Layman's Study of the English Bible Considered in its Literary and Secular Aspects. By Francis Bowen, LL.D. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

"Most heartily do we recommend this little volume to the careful study, not only of those whose faith is not yet fixed and settled, but of those whose love for it and reliance on it grows with their growing years."—Nonconformist.


"Critical, in the best sense of the word. Unlike many treatises on the subject, this is a sober and reverent investigation, and abounds in a careful and instructive exegesis of every passage bearing upon it."—Nonconformist.

"Are characterised by much learning, much keen and forcible thinking, and a fearlessness of denunciation and exposition."—Scotsman.


"A valuable addition to the literature of Philosophy."—Scotsman.

"No greater service could be done to English and American students than to give them a trustworthy rendering of Kuno Fischer's brilliant expositions."—Mind.

Socrates: A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and Parts of the Phaedo of Plato. 12mo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The translation is clear and elegant."—Morning Post.

A Day in Athens with Socrates: Translations from the Protagoras and the Republic of Plato. 12mo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

"We can commend these volumes to the English reader, as giving him what he wants—the Socratic ... philosophy at first hand, with a sufficiency of explanatory and illustrative comment."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Talks with Socrates about Life: Translations from the Gorgias and the Republic of Plato. 12mo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A real service is rendered to the general reader who has no Greek, and to whom the two ancient philosophers are only names, by the publication of these three inviting little volumes. ... Every young man who is forming a library ought to add them to his collection."—Christian Leader.

Natural Causation. An Essay in Four Parts. By C. E. Plumtre, Author of "General Sketch of the History of Pantheism," &c. Demy 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

"While many will find in this volume much from which they will dissent, there is in it a great deal that is deserving of careful consideration, and a great deal that is calculated to stimulate thought."—Scotsman.

Travel.

Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail.
By Theodore Roosevelt, Author of "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." Profusely Illustrated. Small 4to., cloth elegant, 21s.

The contents consist of the articles on Ranch Life in the Far West, which have been appearing in The Century Magazine, combined with much additional matter which the author has prepared for the book, rounding it out (especially in the chapters on hunting) and making it complete as a record of the ranchman's life in the cattle country, and on the hunting trail. The illustrations are the work of a ranchman, and are true to life.

Rides and Studies in the Canary Isles.
By Charles Edwards. With many Illustrations and Maps. Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

Guatemala: The Land of the Quetzal. By William T. Brigham. 'Twenty-six full-page' and Seventy-nine smaller Illustrations. Five Maps. Demy 8vo., cloth, £1 1s.

"A book of laborious research, keen observation, and accurate information concerning a region about which previously scarcely anything was known."

Leeds Mercury.

A Summer's Cruise in the Waters of Greece, Turkey, and Russia. By Alfred Colbeck. Frontispiece. Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.


"A perusal of his book must do the English reader good."

 Asiatic Quarterly Review.