

mind, ushering in the final downfall—the eclipse of centuries of undiminished glory, which cast its broad gathering shadows before, as it approached the appointed hour.

The severity of such a measure, therefore, was only another step in the march of destiny; so far from arresting its speed, it darkened the fearful perils which overhung the beloved city of the Moors. It gave a

conveyed by the aqueduct of the Moorish mills, situated in the gorge of the ravine, or glen, that divides the palace of the Alhambra from that of the Generalife. The spacious lines of trees beyond, mark the alameda, or great walk, extending far along the Darro, with its long line of battlemented towers, where the pride and beauty of Granada sought the enjoyments of social converse in the refreshing airs of evening, when love awoke the song of the nightingale, and the veiled beauties of the Alhambra listened with heaving bosom and flashing eye to the softer music of impassioned words and sighs. Overhanging this walk rose the noble quarter of the city called the Albaycin. Again, if you looked out upon the west, rose the distant hills beyond the Vega, the scene of many a border warfare between the Moslem chivalry and the Christian lords of the frontier. Towns, towers, and cities, spreading over their declivities, were shielded by their strong-holds and castles on the summits, commanding the mountain passes which lay between them and their Christian foe. The pinnacles of watch-towers, apparently springing out of the solid rocks, and displaying the green and golden ensign of the crescent beetled above the loftiest cliffs, but vainly sounded the alarm when that new, terrific arm of war, the heavy artillery of the Christian, laid the mightiest of their eagle fortresses a heap of ruins. It was then the hosts of Ferdinand poured down from Alcala la Real, through the famous pass of Lope, into the blooming Vega, trampling its glories and its beauties with the unsparing foot of war. There, at the fatal bridge of Pinos, fell many a young heroic martyr for his country,—beloved Granada, and its happy homes; there was the Castilian chivalry mown down like the grass

foretaste of that grand catastrophe, of which the dreaded anticipation seemed to lie like a shroud on the spirit of the people, giving new impulse to those superstitious terrors which impelled the Moors to the very acts calculated to hasten their long-predicted ruin. Though aware of the startling prophecy, that "It is written in the heavens that this young prince shall sit upon Granada's throne, in whose reign shall be fulfilled the

under the scythe. Turn to the south, and the eye rested on a glowing tract of luxuriant harvests of the most precious fruits and grain, the rural villa, with its blooming grove and gay parterre reflected in the crystal waters of the winding Xenil, diverted into innumerable refreshing rills, which gave that brilliant depth of colour to every production of the clime. In the distance, to the south rose a chain of bleak, wild hills, crowned by the snowy sierra, like a white fleecy streak of clouds fringing the horizon of yon deep purple skies, reflected upon the hill of the sun. Often would it arrest the eye of the old Moorish navigator, or the home-bound mariner, when, in the pride of Moslem power, its royal navies swept the coasts of the dark blue sea which bathes that land of beauty and renown. In the same direction, situated near the city of Santa Fe, on the site of the old Christian camp, is the estate of the noble English duke of Ciudad Rodrigo already alluded to; and again between the city of the faithful and the capital, is seen the bridge of Pinos, on the Xenil. From this point also, the spectator has a near view of the Tocador, or Toilet of the Queen; and, passing the Darro by that bridge below the hills seen in the foreground, Abu Abdallah made his escape from the vengeance of his father, Muley Hassan. The tower in the distance is called the Torre del Homage, where it is probable that the Moors observed the old custom of ascending the towers and houses in seasons of festivals, to pray with their faces to the east. The tourist, on retracing his steps, ascends the hill of the Albaycin, and arriving on the esplanade in front of the church of St. Nicholas, thence obtains the most favourable view of the fortress of the Alhambra.

predestined downfall of the empire," they were now eager to make him their king. They were as deeply incensed against his royal father, who, alarmed by these very predictions, and incited by the intrigues of his favourite mistress, would have sacrificed his unruly son at the shrine of policy under the cover of abject superstition. "It shall be seen," he cried, "whether the sword of the law or that lying horoscope be the stronger. Let it close the lips of the vain Abu Abdallah, as it has silenced some of his presumptuous brethren."

At the same time, Muley dreaded the people, who from respect to the sultana-mother, her strong affection for her surviving son, and her own wrongs, only required a spark to kindle their animosity into a flame. Apprised by her emissaries of the king's designs,—designs which he had not ventured to confide to his faithful counsellor,—the sultana, true in this fearful emergency to that virtuous courage and promptness of spirit which had ever distinguished her, resolved not to lose another day. Assisted only by her women, she concerted with her friends without, instant means for her son's rescue. At the dead hour of night an Arabian steed, ready equipped, attended by a single cavalier and his retainer, might be seen through the glimpses of the moon, on the banks of the Darro nearest the Alhambra, whose golden spires and stately domes and minarets were imaged in its crystal stream. Summoning her slaves and maidens, the anxious mother took from each their veils and tunics, bound them firmly together, and then lowering her last and

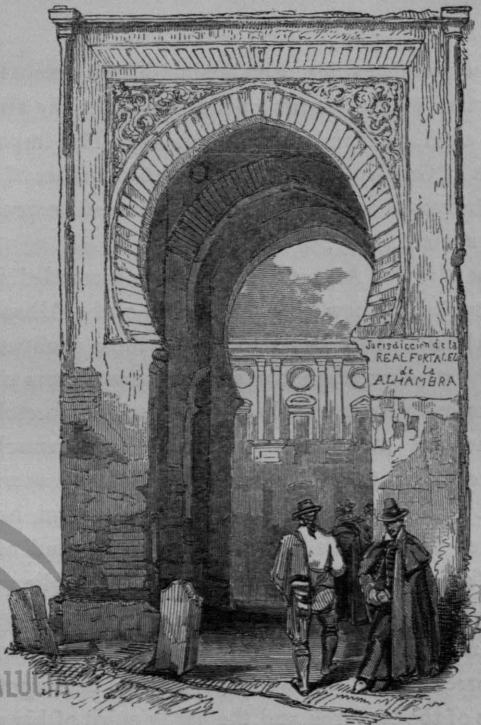
favourite son from the lofty Tower of the Comares, may be said to have held the destiny of all Granada in her trembling hands. Hurrying down the winding and wooded declivities, Abu Abdallah soon approached the margin of the river, vaulted on his gallant charger, and never drew bit till he knocked with his scymitar at the gates of Guadix, amidst the lofty Alpuxarras. His escape was the signal for an open appeal to arms; the various orders of the people declared themselves, and prepared to decide the disputed sway. The far-famed Zegrís, the Gomerez, with others of the inferior tribes, and the chief portion of the populace, were loud in favour of young Abdallah. The nobler families, with the Abencerrages, the Alabez, indeed all the principal emirs, scheikhs, and ulemas,* supported the rights of the reigning monarch.

After a severe contest, on returning one day from his royal residence of Alexares, Muley found the gates of the city closed against him. On all sides were heard the proclamations in favour of his son. The old prediction instantly recurred to his mind; he no longer sought to resist the existing impression become so general among the people. "God is great!" he ejaculated; "why contend against what is recorded in the book of destiny? I see it was no false prophecy that young Abdallah should sit upon the throne. That which was to follow, may Allah and his holy Prophet in their mercy avert!" With these words the humbled monarch turned his horse's head, and withdrew to the

* Anglicé,—the princes, learned men, and lawyers.

city of Baza. Finding himself well received, he soon resumed the natural sternness and ferocity of his disposition. Forgetting the recent lessons of adversity, his acquiescence in the course of destiny, and his respect for the most tried and faithful of his counsellors; alive only to the indignity offered to him by his people, he was seized with a paroxysm of passion, or rather madness, and burned for revenge against his own subjects. Selecting only five hundred of his most staunch and desperate adherents, he succeeded in arriving by night under the walls of the Alhambra. In dead silence they scaled the battlements, and putting to the sword all they met, soon produced a scene of horror through its lordly courts and halls, almost without example in the civil wars of the Moors. After thus wreaking his fury on his nobler foes, he descended into the streets and houses, where he attacked the people with the same insatiable thirst of blood. When the dawn of day revealed the nature of so terrific an attack, and the trivial force with which it had been conducted, the citizens rose in a mass, and with indignation compelled the sanguinary monarch to relinquish his hopes of reigning upon the ruins of his country.

Muley Hassan withdrew to Malaga, while the startled and incensed Moors of Granada, joined by the greater number of the influential tribes and the existing authorities, offered their allegiance to Abu Abdallah. From this period the progress and character of the war, and of the dark, domestic incidents connected with the fearful drama we are attempting to exhibit, assumed a new and still more terrific aspect.



CHAPTER IV.

Not always wealth, not always force
A splendid destiny commands ;
The lordly vulture gnaws the corpse
That rots upon yon barren sands.

THE IMAM BEN IDRIS.

It was not until after a succession of renewed conflicts between the father and the son, till Granada had shed her richest blood under the scourge of hostile factions, that these unnatural rivals paused in their sanguinary career. Although acknowledged as king

by the popular voice, Abu Abdallah had wrested only a portion of the Moorish dominions from the sway of their aged and implacable sovereign. The important towns of Guadix, Baza, Malaga, with a number of frontier fortresses and castles, still continued to preserve their ancient fealty.

The alcaide, Aben Omixa, indeed succeeded in regaining for the new king possession of the Alhambra; and Abdallah soon began to display those qualities calculated to strengthen the superstitious terrors of the Moors, with regard to the dreaded season foretold by the eastern astrologers. Combining a remarkable degree of levity, weakness, and licentiousness with a latent fire and ferocity on the spur of action, he was at once the creature of his own impulses and of his worst advisers. Passionately devoted to public games and festivals, absorbed by the charms of some reigning favourite, sunk in luxuriant and indolent repose within the precincts of his splendid harem, he forgot the duties of the monarch and the hardy spirit of his sires. Amidst the enchanting scenery of the Generalife, struck with the transcendent loveliness of the betrothed bride of the noble Abencerrage, he had conceived for her the most violent passion: but as the adopted daughter of the king, brought up with the princesses of the court, and a child of the famed Ali Atar, the amorous prince felt it politic to restrain his ardour within the bounds of reason. Aware that she had long plighted her love to the chief of the Abencerrages, whom he hated not less as a rival than for his glory in arms, his intense passion had been chastened by respect

and even awe ; but all better and nobler feelings lost sight of in the intoxication of power, he could now throw off the mask and appear in his real colours. To secure the success of his criminal projects, he attempted to consolidate his power by the removal of the former authorities, and promoting the most devoted and abject of his own partisans in their place. The emirs, the venerable elders and scheikhs, the most learned poets, artists, and philosophers,—all distinguished for their rare science or their useful discoveries which conferred lasting obligations upon Europe, were either neglected or insulted by the new Moorish court. The most renowned among the ministers and counsellors, not excepting the enlightened Aben Kassim, were not spared ; and to his deep-seated grief at witnessing the decline of the empire, the outrageous actions of his royal master, who had forgotten the respect due to his opinions, was now added the indignity of being struck from the rolls of the grand divan. Several of the chiefs, grown grey in the service of a line of monarchs, were either expelled or doomed to behold the beloved tribes with whom they had won their hard-earned laurels headed by young presuming favourites, who at the head of the populace had espoused the interests of the new monarch. A few indeed there were, whose high fame and influence in the council and in the field he did not yet venture to impugn. Among these ranked the Prince of the Abencerrages, Ibrahim Ali Atar, commander of the great fortress of Loxa, Muza Ben Gazan, El Zagal, the brother of the deposed king, and the

powerful tribes and adherents attached to them by the most indissoluble ties.

Abu Abdallah did every thing in his power to win them to his interests ; he reminded them of the cruelty and horrors inflicted upon Granada by Muley Hassan ; he bribed their officers, and attempted to disturb the old warlike discipline still respected by the heads of the nobler tribes. By such policy he sought to smooth the way for the destruction of the most heroic of his opponents among the boldest of their country's champions, who spurned the idea of purchasing peace by the sacrifice of honour and independence. Pursuing the infamous policy of humbling the power of the Abencerrages and the Alabez, he secretly fomented the rivalries between them, the Gomerez, and the Zegriz. By raising up a host of mercenaries, the dregs of the Moorish populace, wholly lost to the hardy spirit of their race, he ignobly sought to extirpate his noble rivals from the soil, instead of binding them to him by a free, frank spirit of conciliation, which at such a crisis might have consolidated his usurped throne, and given a new aspect to the fortunes of the war. But Abu Abdallah was a striking exemplification of the great truth, that the weak and sensual become incapable of any real excellence. Involved in the meshes of wild, insatiable passions, a prey to that most grievous and destructive disease, the insanity of the selfish instinct springing from early and excessive indulgence, which invariably brings down calamity upon others whether raging in the palace or the peasant's hut, Abu Abdallah now

trampled on the eternal laws of order, justice, and reason. Instead of directing his vigilance, soul and heart, to arrest the progress of the foe, he attempted to make himself beloved by a series of splendid spectacles, of public sports and festivals, spreading royal boons and largesses among a corrupt populace.

Once a king, he attempted by every art of which he was master, to ensnare the virtuous and beautiful daughter of Ali Atar. With this view he had remained in Granada while her heroic lover was reaping glory in the field. But his intrigues had been met with a heroism, a scorn, and a constancy on the part of Zelinda, equal to the fiery passion which impelled him to seek the possession of her charms and the destruction of his rival. Vainly did he renew his detested solicitations in every form calculated to excite the feelings, to captivate the imagination or the heart. The bitterest threats and indignation succeeded the seductive courtesies of the royal Moor; nor would respect for her noble birth, her plighted faith, or dread of her princely lover have longer deterred him from the most audacious of crimes, but for the noble conduct of the Moorish princesses and the daughters of Aben Kassim, who threw round her the shield of their rank, veiling her from his view till the arrival of her noble lover. As vainly did he display the allurements of a sultana's diadem, the honours and splendours which surround the partner of Granada's throne, to tempt her to yield to his wishes ere Ibn Hammed's return; they were treated with the virtuous detestation due to motives so ignobly avowed.

It was then the designing Abdallah found himself constrained to dissimulate; and with that refined duplicity characteristic of the worst of the Moors, he determined to accomplish his object by more slow and wary methods. But the princely Abencerrage, receiving tidings of what had passed, would on the instant have flown, transported with fury, to confront the royal invader of his honour. Forcibly withheld from so rash a step by Almanzor and his friends, he was at length induced to listen to reason, and adopt some plan at once more dignified and more effectual. The aged and gallant father of his betrothed, with numerous other friends and leading families, were speedily summoned to attend a solemn council of the chiefs.

It was here discussed, whether Muley Hassan, having forfeited his crown and the confidence of his subjects by his late atrocities, it was not imperative on the Abencerrages, the Alabez, and other influential bodies friendly to their tribes, to adopt a new line of policy. With patriotic desire of blending hostile parties in one great cause, the experienced Aben Kassim recommended to the divan an unanimous transfer of their allegiance and services to the popular king. It was to be accompanied with specific conditions, of which the leading were, that he should prosecute the war with the utmost vigour, that he should enter into no compact with the Christians without the solemn deliberation of his chiefs and elders, and that he should lead his army in person to oppose the foe. That in consideration of the signal exploits of Ibn Hammed, he should command in the field the forces entering into these arrangements, while

Prince Almanzor should be the leader of the Moorish foot. That in honour of the splendid achievements of Ali Atar in the border warfare, jousts of the reed and the ring should be held in the square of the Viva Rambla, to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter with the chief of the Abencerrages.

At the head of this warlike deputation walked the aged hero, still renowned as the most skilful lanca in Spain, followed by the young Abencerrage. Next to them was Aben Kassim with the scheikhs and elders of the old divan, attended, according to their birth and prowess, by the whole of Granada's noble families and tribes which adhered to Ibn Hammed's cause.

It was an impressive spectacle to behold so vast an assemblage of the wise, and the chivalrous of that once fertile and superb empire of the Andalusian Moors, as they wound slow and solemnly through the aisles and avenues of the sacred mosque, offering up prayers to Allah for the preservation of Granada the beautiful—the beloved; her faithful children, and her happy homes. And first, they deposited in its sanctuary the holy banner of their Prophet, the great founder, the purifier of their religion and their laws, the father of their high-born chivalry, and of the thousand victories decreed by God, the only conqueror, upon the necks of prostrate nations. To God alone, and to Mohammed, his chosen, his sword, and his lawgiver, was the praise and the glory of having rescued the ancient tribes of the eastern world from ages of superstition, ignorance, and the feudal scourge.

“The light of a redeeming intellect,” continued the

eloquent and aged scheikh, "shone on the sword of our holy faith; and with the might of our khaliphs, the great vicars of our Prophet's will, came the regenerating strength of loftier times; the civilization, the science, the industry, and the arts which have at last taught the Goths and Vandals of European thralldom to turn their weapons against their teachers. Yea, from us have they received the Kiblah,* showing the direction in which they should go to attain all that is good and great. We have, perhaps, fulfilled the Prophet's great mission in this land of delights; the genius of our schools, our policy, and our discoveries hath illumined the mind of Allah's children, the children of our foes; and we have now, it may be, only to gird up our loins for travel, to go hence, and to be heard of no more!"

Then unfolding the pages of the inspired Koran,— "that which is worthy to be read,"—he offered up prayers to the one God, the conqueror, the elevator of the humble, the humbler of the proud, the boundless, the omnipotent:—"Oh hearer of prayer, source of knowledge and of glory; help us, thou witness for the just!" he ejaculated as he closed the sacred volume; and, falling upon his face before the sanctuary of the Prophet, he was followed by each of that noble train, who prostrated themselves before the majesty of the one great God, finally appealing to the most Merciful for

* Meant to point the attention of the faithful to the direction in which they should turn their faces or their steps in prayer, or on pilgrimage in honour of the Prophet's holy tomb at Mecca.

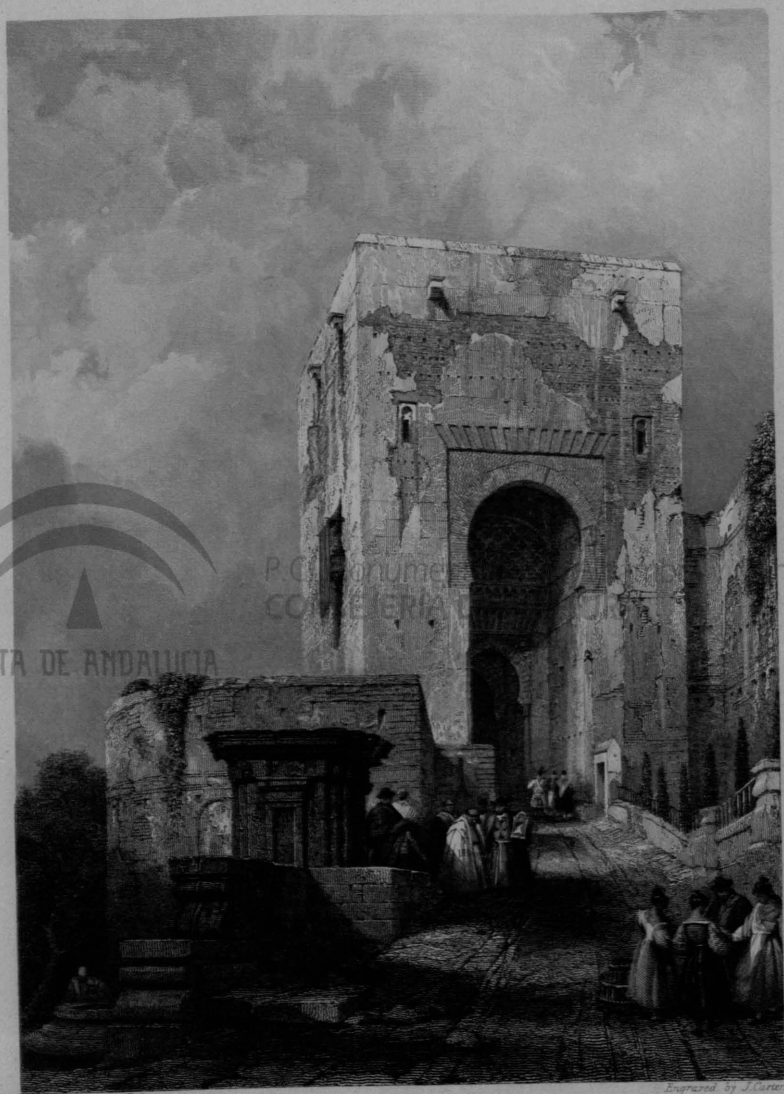
the salvation of their beloved country. "Allah! Allah Achbar! the greatest of the great, the father of our Prophet and of his faithful," continued the noble scheikh, "who metest out the might of monarchs in the hollow of thy hand, who divest into the depths of their council, and bringest their vain-boasting to nought: thou confounder of enemies, gird up thy faithful for the battle; display before them the glories of that eternal paradise, the heritage of the brave and the just. Do thou wing our javelins, wield the scymitar, and sharpen for us the sword and the lance! Fire the soul and strengthen the arm of thy faithful; clothe the necks of our barbs with the thunder of the battle, and strike terror into the hearts of our foes with the clamour of thy horsemen through the grove of spears! For thou alone art the God of battles, and didst call from the cave of thy persecuted Prophet, the sire of mighty dynasties, the reformer of an idolatrous and abandoned world. Be near thy few and faithful in the day of conflicting hosts; raise them above a vile and grovelling generation; and let them reap a harvest of glory worthy of their omnipotent, all-conquering Lord!"

The aged orator of the wise and ancient scheikhs then arose, and with an impulse newly given by prayer animating every look and gesture, he passed the threshold of the sacred edifice, and as he resumed his splendid robe and glittering armour,* the clarions and

* In accordance with an established custom of early times, the Moslems before going to prayer divested themselves of their usual attire, and entered the mosque in plain and simple raiment.

the timbrels, with loud inspiring note, burst into a flood of martial song. No more attired in weeds of peace and devotion, they wound their solemn way up the long, wooded avenues of the Alhambra towards the tower of the Gate of Judgment,* amid scenes of surpassing beauty,—the odorous-breathing air, pure

* Of the splendour and beauty of this entrance to the grand fortress, no description can convey so clear an idea as a faithful and picturesque delineation; how much more the actual contemplation of the singular structure itself. The Gate of Law, or Judgment, with its noble portico and massive tower, the first to arrest the eye of the traveller as he enters the precincts of the Alhambra, was erected as a tribunal for popular justice, being similar in its design and object with the ancient custom of the Jews, on whose institutions and sacred writings so much of the Mohammedan polity and the Koran itself was founded. Thus, from the Israelite king sitting in the GATE was borrowed the characteristic appellation of the Sublime *Porta*. It was formed of white marble, and over it the elaborate mosaic tiling extended to nearly three feet and a half high, with the inscription in Cufic characters so often repeated, "There is no Conqueror but God." It is beneath this inscription appears sculptured on the arch the famous key, one of the great religious symbols of the Moslems. It is "the Key of God;" which, according to the Koran, opens to believers the portals of the world and of the true religion. As a national emblem it was borne like the holy cross by the Christians, at once the sign and signet of their faith. With the older Arabs it had its miraculous powers, resembling those attributed to the Catholic church; that is, to make fast or to loosen, to open or to close the gates of heaven. From its being considered an emblem of power, it was not only borne as an armorial ensign, but in conjunction with the gigantic hand it was supposed to denote union and concord. The door of the gate is formed of palm-wood, and the capitals of the columns are wrought in the same delicate style as those so much admired in the Court of Lions.



Drawn by David Roberts

Engraved by J. Carter

GATE OF JUSTICE.

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from its snowy fountain of the sierra, the bright, calm heavens above, filled only with the swelling notes of martial hymns, reflecting in the founts and streams the mimic splendour of mosque, and minaret, and palace-tower.

Far as the eye could reach, the approaches to the royal fortress, in itself a city of palaces, were filled

The porch, with its prevailing form of the crescent, has an imposing effect upon the eye; it is on the key-stone of the higher arch appears engraven that massy open hand, which together with the key, as with all religious or national symbols, gave rise to a number of traditions current among the Moors. We find frequent mention of the *omnipotent hand* in the Koran, which conducts true believers into the right way. It had, besides, various significations, being an epitome of the law with its five fundamental precepts:—1st, Faith in God, and in Mohammed as his Prophet; 2d, Prayer, with all its preparatory ceremonies and purifications; 3d, the giving of Alms; 4th, Fasting, especially during the Ramadan; 5th, a Pilgrimage to the Kaaba, or sacred shrine of Mecca. In the mystic hand, also, lay the power of enchantment, by giving to it certain figures and changing them according to the courses of the stars and planets. "According to this notion," says M. Peyron, "when represented open, like this hand over the Gate of Judgment, it had the power of weakening the strength of the enemy." Both the gate and tower are framed of the most solid masonry.

The large square pedestal to the left of the view here given, forms part of a fountain, of which this is the back; but it is now choked up and in ruins. It was built by the emperor Charles V. After passing through the barbican, you ascend a narrow lane winding between walls, and come to an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Albiges, or Square of the Cisterns. Thence, leaving the magnificent palace of Charles V. to the right, and passing through a low portal, the stranger enters the Court of the Alberca, or great Fish Pool, represented in the succeeding view.

with eager throngs, panting to gather tidings which must reveal the colour of their future destiny. As the most aged and revered of the ancient council, followed by the princes and elders of the tribes, paused before the mysterious emblems which gave a sacredness to these portals in unison with the office to which they were dedicated; the people,—inspired with sentiments of awe and of reverence, stood in silent contemplation of those sculptured emblems, the hand and the gigantic key, which told stronger than any language that it treasured the mysteries of that religion, which had no God but God for its chief, and Mohammed for his prophet.*

Within the sacred precincts of the gate sat the venerable kadhis, prepared to dispense public justice at the opening of the new reign, and at their head the king himself, arrayed in his jewelled kaftan with the golden diadem encircling his turbaned brows, eager to ingratiate himself with the people by complying with the ancient custom of the khaliphs. He was about to retire to receive the chiefs and elders with becoming pomp in the Hall of the Ambassadors; but Aben Kassim, seizing an occasion of enforcing their claims with greater energy in the eyes of the assembled people, suddenly presented himself before the monarch; "Justice! justice!" exclaimed the aged counsellor; "in the united voice of Granada's chiefs and elders, I ask for justice from the king who pre-

* The more exact meaning of the old tradition was, that until the hand could grasp the key, the whole of that vast and splendid edifice should remain entire.

sides in its gates. Oh, son of Allah, here shouldst thou listen to the voice of wisdom and experience; or prepare to forfeit empire to the infidel by the will of the avenger of the injured, the great retributor for deeds of injustice, oppression, crime. Listen, or tremble at the vengeance prepared by Allah and his holy Prophet, which will consume thee and thy people as a mighty flame. But may the Father of the faithful, the most merciful, Lord of all, direct thee in the right way! Him worship, and ask assistance from him, the King of the Day of Judgment, that he strike thee not, as the unbeliever, with the sharp arrows of adversity; but that he lead thy foes astray. Behold thy princes, warriors of families and tribes; behold thy people, oh king, who knock with us at thy gate of justice; and who in their monarch look for a father of horsemen in the day of battle. For here thou beholdest the children of Mohammed, the brightest of his faithful sons of the sword. Read aloud their prayer, as becometh a king sitting in the gate, with the words of discretion and gravity on his lips."

There was a deep, solemn pause; during which Abu Abdallah cast his eye over the protest of the chiefs and elders, ere he trusted himself to give it a voice. With all his assumed mildness and frankness of demeanour, dark, contending passions chased each other over his features; his frame shook, his lip quivered, and the sounds came harsh and broken, as he gave utterance to the will of the chiefs and tribes. When he ceased, no words of warm or joyous assent infused gladness into the hearts of the spectators. During the

portentous silence, his eye glanced from the protest to the princely Abencerrage, who stood proud and indignant, confronting with fixed reproachful gaze, the dark side-looks of the monarch, which had something of sinister and terrible in their subdued glare.

“Speak, oh king!” burst forth Ibn Hammed in a voice of thunder, as he advanced closer to the judgment-seat; “or is it that the light hath become dark in thy eyes? Would it were so written, and pleasing to Allah, that I might dash the scales from thy eyes, before the chiefs and people of the land. It is before them an Abencerrage cries out for justice at her gate, from him who sits, the vicar of our holy Prophet, to dispense it pure from its fountain which runneth by the throne of Allah, refreshing the paradise of the just and good.”

As he spoke, every nerve of the chief quivered with emotion; the advanced step, the motion of his hand seemed on the point of executing the bitter sentence which spoke too eloquently in his large, dark eyes. There was a solemn pause, during which the spectators, with alternate feelings of hope and dismay, bent their eager looks, now upon the fiery chief, and now upon the king.

“Is it thus ye speak, and thus ye look;” at length replied Abdallah, with deep restrained ire visible in every feature; “ye go to prayer clad in weeds of meekness and of peace, but war and hatred enfold your hearts. What! pray ye to Allah in his sacred mosque, as ye now petition the son of his Prophet upon his throne?”

“ And are we not all children of Allah ?” interposed the indignant prince ; “ hath he not said the good, the just, the noble-minded and compassionate are his children ? And who are the followers of the Prophet, the fathers of horsemen in the day of spears ? Who the sons of his terrible and yet unsheathed sword ? Not the designing and the bad, the craven in heart and foul in spirit, who wrap them in their secret fears as with a garment to hide themselves from the day of wrath, when they shall be smitten from behind by a terrible and sharp foe. I claim, oh king, the daughter of Ali Atar as the betrothed of my soul,—mine by the will of her father, and of the father of Abu Abdallah, ere he ascended Granada’s throne. Wilt thou accept our terms of amity, and victory over thy foes ? or prefer that half of thy tottering empire’s princes and their tribes refuse to support thy throne ? Where *then* is thy justice, where thy throne ?

At the same moment, the famed veteran Ali Atar, unbowed by half a century’s brilliant campaigns, knelt before the judgment-seat and appealed loudly for his rights as a father and a soldier, determined to fulfil his honourable word pledged to a chief of the Abencerrages. As the king raised him from the ground, murmurs of applause ran through the assembled Moors, as if the royal hand were stretched forth in earnest of compliance with the terms proposed, auguring well for the success of that eventful mission. With the frank, placid features he knew how to assume, but with hatred at his heart, the king in harsh and broken speech announced his acceptance of the terms

required of him. Then turning, with a peculiar expression, towards the chief of the Abencerrages, "I freely bind myself to the fulfilment of these conditions, for would ye mock Allah and his Prophet, by terming them your petition,—your prayer? I yield to one and all you ask of me, without help to deal with the audacity of some as becomes the Prophet's vicegerent on earth. And for the fair daughter of Ali Atar—that storm and terror of our frontier wars, as freely shall that peerless beauty knit hands with the Abencerrage, as the king accepts his amity, his promised victory over the infidel foe. Let him first redeem his pledge, and Abu Abdallah will himself hold joust and ring at his marriage festival; the noblest fame, the brightest eyes that ever shone from the Viva Rambla shall rain sweet influence on his exploits, as he brings us victory a captive in his train. Yea, let him bring us good tidings from Ronda, and our frontier wars, and win his lady by proof of battle with the infidels of Arragon and Castile. But it is easier to pledge words, than to redeem them by deeds of proof."

"To thee, oh king, I have made no vow," was the gallant Hammed's reply; "but be it so decreed, and witness for me all, that I will conquer or forfeit honour and love!"

"Recall your words!" interrupted Ali Atar; "ye know not, prince, what ye promise!" while Aben Kasim fixed an eloquent and searching eye upon the royal Moor. "Ask not your bride on terms of victory," pursued the wary and experienced scheikh.

"Away!" cried the impatient monarch, "it was he

who proffered, not I! Sons of Allah! shall he speak a lie; shall he babble of victory, and refuse to woo her in the battle-field, ere he win his matchless bride?"*

"Never!" retorted the chief with equal fierceness; "she shall so be wooed and won, or for ever more lost. Now I have made a vow," and he offered his hand to the monarch; who, leaving his seat, embraced the too ardent and imprudent prince,—policy which he well knew would raise him in the estimation of the people.

In the generous impulse of the moment, Ibn Hammed forgot the injuries of the lover, and received the warlike mission with the brave, frank-bearing characteristic of his distinguished tribe.

A tumult of applause from the spectators, caught up by the assembled throngs without, gave glad assurance to Granada of the reconciliation of her ablest chiefs with the young monarch of her choice. Tidings of the auspicious event went forth, and the troubled aspect

* Thus said before his lords the king to Reduan,

"'Tis easy to get words, deeds get we as we can;
Rememberest thou the feast at which I heard thee saying,
'Twere easy in one night to make me Lord of Jaen.

"Well in my mind I hold the valiant vow was said;
Fulfil it, boy, and gold shall shower upon thy head;
But bid a long farewell, if now thou shrink from doing,
To bower and bonnie bell; thy feasting and thy wooing."

"I have forgot the oath, if such I e'er did plight,
But needs there plighted troth to make a soldier fight?
A thousand sabres bring; we'll see how we may thrive!"

"One thousand!" quoth the king; "I trow thou shalt have five."

VOW OF THE MOOR.

of a mighty city threatening anarchy and discord with their train of woes, more terrible from the near approach of a proud relentless invader, became, for the moment, one scene of exulting carnival, of anticipated triumph.

But soon the harsh pealing notes of war summoned to the exterminating contest; to decide the fate of empire between two rival powers, the fame of whose conquests had for centuries challenged the wonder of the world. Nor was the re-union of the Moslems effected before the hour of need; the Christians under the leaders of an age still breathing the spirit of the heroic Cid, had borne the tempest of the war to the very gates of their beloved city, scattering dismay through their frontier towns and citadels. The fairest plains, the thickly populated hamlets of that delicious and fertile region, with the blooming harvests, its thousand flocks and herds, its fruitful groves and gardens clothing the banks of its crystal streams and golden rivers, were involved in one indiscriminate ruin. From the strong-hold of Alhama, almost in the heart of the kingdom, the enemy made fierce incursions into the adjacent territories and castles, commanding the inlets to Granada. Jaen was already captured; the powerful and wealthy Malaga was on the eve of surrender, if not relieved, and the fortress of Loxa was attacked with the utmost fury by the frontier nobles, followed by a stronger force under the cautious Ferdinand, which burst like a thunderbolt upon the astonished Moors. It was to this point their combined efforts were now directed to redeem the fortune of the war;

while at the same moment came tidings of victory from the plains of Malaga, inspiring them with hope. Their enthusiasm and old religious fervour, on learning its details, began to revive.

Eager to strike some memorable blow before the arrival of Ferdinand, the frontier nobles, led by Ponce de Leon, the Count of Cifuentes, and other lords, made inroads into the province, exterminating all before them with fire and sword. It was then Muley Hassan, the crownless monarch, still animated with deadly hatred of the Christian foe, called to his standard all of remaining chivalry or loyalty in the surrounding territory, and flew to the rescue of an afflicted people. At the head of his horsemen and bands of mountaineers, stern and wild as their native hills, he marched to the attack, aged and broken as he was. But time and grief, with every fiery passion, had wrought their fated work upon his enfeebled frame; and falling from his war-horse into the arms of his attendants, he was too exhausted to proceed. His eye fixed on the path he had been advancing, he pointed onwards, entreating to be again placed upon his faithful steed. But his brother, called El Zagal the Valiant, and the famous Wali Ben Egaz now approaching, insisted on his resigning the conduct of the expedition, observing that he was no longer fit to encounter the perils of such a campaign.

The aged warrior, fiery to the last, answered them only by one indignant look, one effort to rise and vindicate his title to be their chief; but it was vain, and casting from him his useless arms, he trampled on

his jewelled turban, he tore his beard, and covering his face with his hands, turned away and wept. From the spot where he sat, he could behold the new leaders separate his army into two divisions, at the head of which each placing himself, rapidly pursued his way. El Zagal taking the horse, bore down upon the Christians in the plain; while Redovan with the foot, javelin and cross-bow men, hastened to await them in the mountain defiles and passes. The Moorish horse about mid-day overtook the Spaniards in the burning plain, heavily laden with booty, and desirous, for its sake, to continue their retreat. But attacking with the utmost impetuosity, notwithstanding their superior numbers, El Zagal threw them into confusion; till after a brief struggle, the rout becoming general, the Christians betook themselves to the hills, where the terrible Redovan burst upon them from his ambuscades, and put them to the sword. Numbers perished; the whole of the booty, banners, and captives became the prize of the victor. The Count of Cifuentes surrendered his sword to Redovan, who found him valiantly defending himself against six Moorish horsemen, without a single soldier at his side.

Infusing redoubled ardour into the Moslems, this decided success was followed by more important consequences, as regarded the progress of the war. The fame of El Zagal became the theme of every tongue; "For what," cried the fickle populace, "had Granada's favourite Abu Abdallah yet achieved to compete with an exploit like this! Behold what it is to be a king;

to sleep without care is to have the best bed in the world. But woe to the people that have a ruler without desert! Look at El Zagal! an ambitious heart has heavy anxieties: see what he hath done! a courageous man is never poor! But Abu Abdallah is more useless than the old father he hath driven from the throne, who never turned his back upon a foe; ah! his son's merits lie under his tongue!" And a large body of the caustic, bold-speaking Moors, in the true spirit of their laws, declared that El Zagal alone was capable of saving the empire. So incensed was Abu Abdallah at his loss of popularity,—for not a few of these invidious comparisons met his ear, that hurrying on his preparations for the field, he burned to show Granada that its king was no craven, unworthy to lead its armies against the common foe. Learning that the town of Lucena was ill guarded, he there resolved to strike a first blow.

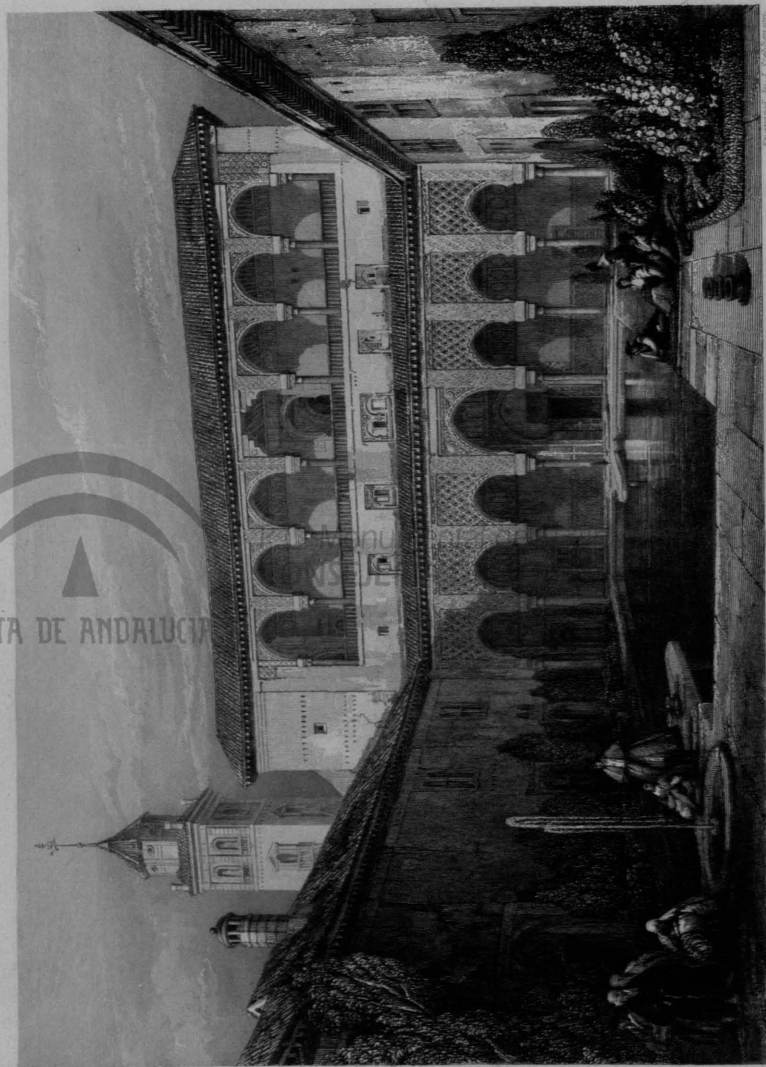
Loud blew the clarions that gave signal to Granada of their new monarch advancing at the head of the tribes, to seek the enemy in the open plain; the gates of Elvira teemed with applauding throngs, half repentant and ashamed of their late popular strictures, as they beheld this sudden act of heroism in their no less fickle king. But the joy of the moment was damped; a strange ominous silence followed the buzz of applause, when in passing through the gate the lance of the royal leader, coming in contact with the arch, snapped asunder* in the eyes of the astonished

* The Mohammedans have, in all ages, been remarkable for their faith in omens and auguries; and Pashas have sometimes

and superstitious multitude. As they started back with an expression of dismay, the aged faquir, never at a loss to seize an occasion for displaying his sinister eloquence, and terrifying the abject and fanatical into the fate he predicted, again gave vent to an ominous howl, which broke the silence in no flattering language to the monarch's ear. Fearfully he recalled to mind that it was at this exact spot, under the reign of Mohammed Alhamar, that the lance of the first knight riding through the Elvira gave dismal token of the misfortunes so soon to ensue. Enraged at the occurrence, the king scowled darkly, as he passed, upon the prophet; and, drawing his scymitar with a smile of scorn, he boldly dashed along at the head of his gallant retinue. But no farther symptoms of rejoicing filled the air, as the silent ranks of horsemen passed in long succession into the plains. But where, in that brilliant array, shone the towering form of their brave champion—the mirror of chivalrous exploit—the lion-look which beamed like the rainbow of promised victory through the black clouds of the battle-dust in the storm of war? Why sparkled not the light of his

been removed from their governments for so slight a cause as the falling of their horses, interpreted by superstition into a portent of some grievous calamity. In the late war in Syria, the field-marshal of Anatolia was deprived of the chief command, because he appeared to enter upon the campaign under unfavourable auspices, and it was feared that the malignity of his evil genius might involve the public interests of the state. This feeling, however, is not peculiar to the Turks; more civilized nations are not free from it; the only difference between them and us, perhaps, is, that they acknowledge their weakness, and we conceal it.

COMUNIDAD DE ANDALUCÍA



Engraved by J. D. Thompson.

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COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

London: Published Oct. 26 1831 by Robert Scamper & C^o Chandlers.

gleaming scymitar, the terrors of that brandished lance—the harbinger of death to many a foe! Ere he flew to a deadlier field, the lover had sought to assuage the deep absorbing passion of his soul in the light of those bright eyes and sweeter smiles of the loveliest of Granada's daughters, whose Andalusian fire is still freshly visible in the glance of the dark eye and in the elastic step, proclaiming their eastern descent. Swiftly did he traverse the cool umbrageous courts, the marble halls and corridors which, through the famed Alberca,* dreaded for its wild traditionary recollections, conducted him to the magnificent baths of the

* The Court of the Alberca, or great Fish Pool, situated between that of the Lions and the Tower of Comares, with its fountains sparkling through the clear balmy air, and glittering with myriads of gold fish, from which it is known to derive its name. The apartments at the end of this quadrangle have been much injured by an angle of the palace commenced by the emperor, obtruding upon them. A great part of the gallery and rooms attached to it were destroyed to make way for it.

The subject of the engraving is represented as looking towards this end of the court; but in order to give due effect to that part of the building, the artist has, I think, judiciously omitted the heavy abrupt angle which, by the side of this beautiful court, looks little better than a dead wall. The court is paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles. In the centre is an immense basin, or fish-pond, which is one hundred and twenty feet in length, by thirty in breadth. It is bordered by hedges of roses, producing a beautiful effect with the bubbling waters, the glowing fish, and the lofty Tower of Comares seen rising at the upper end of the court. On passing from it, through a Moorish archway, the astonished stranger next enters the renowned Court of the Lions, forming one of the subjects in the present series.

Alhambra.* There the pure cool air, rich with the incense-breathing herbs, antique vases of aromatic treasures pouring their exquisite fragrance over bright tessellated floors and fretted pavements, regaled every sense with feelings of freshness and delight. On all sides the splendid decorations of Moorish art in its last refinement captivated the imagination and the eye.

Entering the Court of the Lions, his eagle-glance rested for a moment on its rich marble peristyles, its noble walls and ceilings glowing with a thousand brilliant hues,—those intricate mosaics,—fretworks which baffle the minutest research. They were farther adorned by those frequent apothegms which every where fill the recurring divisions of the palaces and temples, as a record to the living of the old Arab faith and customs. And what more exemplary, what

* Of exquisitely oriental taste, these magnificent baths were approached through a court filled with odoriferous flowers, at the end of which rose a light and elegant hall, with a graceful corridor above, resting on the delicate Moorish arch and marble pillar. Alabaster fountains in the centre shed delicious freshness, as you drew nearer their almost subterranean retreats. On either side were recesses with small platforms, in which the bathers reclined, enjoying the perfumed air and the soft music from the corridor above their heads. The subdued light was admitted only through apertures in the fretted ceiling. Varying in taste and magnificence as appropriated to the monarch—the sultana—the beauties of the harem,—they were the favourite resort of the Moors, no less from a sentiment of religion than for the luxury of social and conversational pleasures. Almost in the vicinity were the apartments of the Moorish princesses and ladies of the court, the concert and music rooms, with the beautiful little myrtle garden of the Linderaxa, skirting the splendid saloon of the Two Sisters.

truer counsellors of wisdom than to be thus familiarly and daily reminded of the duties of patience, magnanimity, courtesy, hospitality, and prayer, as a refuge in the seasons of peril, of trouble, or of death. Though so often enjoined, Ibn Hammed dwelt on them, as if communing with his own heart. "There is no Conqueror but God," he repeated, while his looks expressed high and holy feelings mingled with the gallant bearing of a leader of the war. As he turned away from the glowing colours and richly-pictured emblems around, he saw emblazoned in newer characters, "Obedience and honour to our Lord, Abu Abdallah;" and starting as if he had trodden on a serpent, and with more hurried step, he passed along those marble colonnades into the silent hall of the fountain which bears the name of his noble tribe. Entering the tower of the Two Sisters, a splendid suite of saloons still more exquisitely and gracefully decorated, commanding most delicious prospects of the Vega through light-arched vistas opening into each other, he approached the wide illuminated window looking upon the magnificent country beyond, and reflecting the purple light in a stream of magic tints on every object. From the fountain of the Abencerrages could be seen the whole of this scene of splendour teeming with natural beauties wedded to all that was graceful and luxurious in art, rendering it delightfully adapted for a favourite residence of the princesses of the court.

Here, in these delicious retreats, so alluring to every sense, amidst sparkling founts, mimic groves, and odoriferous flowers, glided forms of surpassing mould and

beauty, whose dark, veiled eyes, whose graceful air and fine elastic step threw a crowning charm around such a spot. At intervals, in the recesses and niches of the saloons, were seen those rich-wrought golden censers pouring fragrance over the glittering domes and walls, the small incense-breathing urns and vases of the most precious handicraft, elaborated with a thousand rare and ingenious devices. The chief slave having announced the prince's arrival in the interior saloon, the splendid portals of the concert-room thrown open, displayed rich groupes of the veiled beauties seated on bright and costly ottomans; some listening to the sweet-voiced music poured from the balconies above, others directing the labours of their favourite slaves, examining with critic eye the costly tissue of precious stuffs, the rare embroidery, or stringing of pearls and jewels of the finest water.

In the centre, along its bed of golden sands, ran an open murmuring stream, which passing through a fair alabaster fountain, again threw out its sparkling waters in a thousand wild and graceful flights. The entire ground was of dazzling white and azure marble, the product of those snow-clad hills seen towering in the distance, pouring perpetual freshness through that region of luxurious palaces, which embody the very ideal of magnificence, utility, or pleasure,—embalming and purifying the air, which infuses a species of ecstasy into the soul, and of elasticity into the frame unfelt in any other spot. And now the hero and the lover panted to meet here the peerless lady of his love, whose colours and device he wore, the

most fair of heaven's fair works in this enchanted ground.

Entranced for some moments by the spell of young, fresh-breathing beauty which met his view, the prince contemplated the sweet and glorious prospect before him. For there in soft and pleasant concord, with undisturbed hearts, ever-glowing eyes, and lips of a riper red from the clear perfumed spirit of their baths, mingled the high-born beauties of that favoured land, bright as its sunny soil, as lavishly gifted with the charms of nature as exquisitely embellished by the hand of taste, which stamped its impress on every object around. Here the young and enthusiastic repeated the tender lays of the old Arabian pilgrim-poets who strove for the great prize on the gate of the sacred temple, or breathed the tuneful effusion of later days. Others devoured with rapt, eager ear the wild absorbing loves, the wondrous fates of the noble slave Antar and his long-lost Ibla; and yet more drank in the dreamy delights of those genii tales which charmed away the cruelty of those mighty eastern khaliphs, till they grew gentle in the light of woman's eye and the magic of her voice, as young hearts which first respond to the whispers of love. Some were themselves seen spangling the rich veils or velvets, wreathing the turbaned diadem or the tunic, emblazoning their robes with most precious stones, entwining flowery chaplets with the initials and devices of the one-loved heroic name.

As the thoughtful prince dwelt on the beautiful repose thus softening the dark, stern picture of Gra-

nada's fortunes, his prophetic spirit anticipated the hour when the hand of destiny should sweep like a hurricane over the scene, scattering the bright and beautiful in its rage. Unconsciously he mused on the prophetic strains of his favourite poet, Alamary, and repeated, with a foreboding of events to come, the lament which he breathed over the desolated village, and home of his youth :—

Yet 'midst those ruined heaps, that naked plain,
 Can faithful memory former scenes restore,
 Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,
 And picture all that charmed us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget
 That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear,—
 I see, I see, the crowding litters yet
 And yet the tent-poles rattle in my ear.
 I see the maids with timid steps descend,
 The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
 The floating curtains every fold extend,
 And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose !
 What melting glances through those curtain play
 Sure Weira's antelopes, or Tudah's roes,
 Through yonder veils their sportive young survey !

The band moved on,—to trace their steps I strove,
 I saw them urge the camel's hastening flight,
 Till the white vapour, like a rising grove,
 Snatched them for ever from my aching sight.

Nor since that morn have I Nawara seen,
 The bands are burst that held us once so fast,
 Memory but tells me that such things have been,
 And sad reflection adds that they are past. *

* Specimens of Arabian poetry.

Amid these charming groupes, there appeared to reign a delightful ease and frankness, free from all invidious and tainted feelings, from petty rivalry or hate, arbitrary as was the conduct, and strict the regulations of their proud Moslem lords. Not a shadow of the fierce contention among fathers, sons, and brothers raging without, fell on the clear mirror of their unruffled hearts. But all were seen in glad social union, drawing richer draughts of pleasure from the peculiar restraints imposed, and nurturing feelings of contentment and resignation not unfavourable to woman's happiness,—so congenial indeed with some of her loveliest attributes, that full emancipation from them would prove the most perilous dower she could receive.

“Glows not that veiled light of living beauty,” exclaimed the enthusiastic prince, “a symbol of the wondrous mysteries of our great reformer's faith,—shrouded from mortal ken, yet breathing celestial grace and love, born of some higher, brighter sphere? How refreshing to the spirit midst these dark unhal- lowed conflicts of the children of Allah, perishing by each other's swords, to behold an earthly vision of that holier and eternal beauty which arrays the fadeless meads and crystal waters, from whose fresh banks the amaranth flowers send up their purest incense to the throne of the supreme! What blissful repose to the troubled breast, thus to partake the charm of love and amity still surviving in woman's gentler and better nature,—our heaven-directing Kiblah that points us

to its sacred shrine in this our sad and weary pilgrimage through the desert of our mortal days ! ”

But vainly midst those lovely groupes the prince's eye sought that of his adored Zelinda, till accosting the daughter of Aben Kassim, reclined at the feet of the royal sisters listening to the old traditions of the Ramadan,* he was startled at the sudden confusion which the slave's announcement of his presence seemed to have excited. He observed the eyes of all directed to the little garden of Linderaxa, and on the wings of joy the lover flew to greet the fair object of his pursuit.

Sending his eager looks through the myrtle walks and embowered recesses of this enchanting spot, they rested on two objects which drove the joyous life-blood from his cheek; and pale and statue-like he stood in the quick revulsion of his spirit; his eye glistening with a fury strangely contrasting with the fresh glow of delight. It was the princely Moor by the side of her he loved; her responsive smile, her heightening colour ever as he breathed his whispered words, apparently revealing a tale of treachery and wrong. Rushing towards the sylvan canopy 'neath which they sat, his hand instinctively grasped the dagger. The shriek of the fair girl alone gave a moment to young Abdallah to unsheath his scymitar, ere

* The author perceives with pleasure the announcement of a work by Mr. St. John, the able and enterprising traveller, founded on these curious oral reliques of the Islam people, and still repeated with enthusiasm in the season of their great festival. It will furnish an interesting sequel to the valuable narrative of his travels.

they were about to close in the death-strife of rival love. But the heroic daughter of Aben Kassim threw herself on the arm of the enraged lover, in the imminent act of his striking down the king's weapon; and the second clash of their gleaming steel must have met on the beauteous form of her whom they alike so passionately adored. Recoiling in horror at that sudden peril, there they stood with uplifted falchions, burning eye, and threatening gesture confronting each other, till the princess Zuleima appearing, explained the real cause of their meeting, and the groundlessness of the chief's suspicions. Giving breath to the transport of his rage, the lover in a moment became aware of the guilty excesses to which he had been thus suddenly impelled,—the perils, the ruin to which at such a juncture he had exposed Granada and her still faithful tribes. The youthful monarch, he was told, generously came to relinquish his claims to the daughter of Ali Atar, to communicate the delightful intelligence of his reconciliation with the chief and his noble tribe. Touched at once with sorrow and remorse, the frank-hearted lover acknowledged his error, his crime; and willing to expiate it, presented to the king his sword, dashing his turban from his brows, and bidding him fearlessly to execute his pleasure. But the terrors of Zelinda, the tears and intercessions of the princesses, with that sudden generous impulse to which he was no stranger, pleaded with the king:—"Charms like these," he exclaimed, as he returned to the prince his sword, "which outvie the full moon's rising splendour, or the glory of the morning stars in the depths of the summer

heavens, more grateful than the waving palm branch, sweeter than Yemen's honey-dews, might well excite a lover to phrensy, at the idea of a royal rival in such a spot. But the noblest of my Abencerrages will himself blot out the memory of his fault, by redeeming his loyal pledge and the fortunes of his country at the head of his tribes. Follow me quickly at the head of our noblest Moslems to unfurl our holy banner in the open field,—thy glorious device of love and honour 'in the colours of thy own brilliant maid!'"

Transported by chivalrous feeling, the king for a moment triumphed over his master-passion, and with a feeling of remorse, often felt by the weak and licentious, he longed to regain the path of honour, and observe faith with the chiefs and people, even with his rival. But the regrets and resolves of the unprincipled, which have no sincere religion for their basis, are like the winds which blow whither they list; yet the mere consciousness of meaning nobly, gave to the naturally mild and pleasing features of Abu Abdallah an expression of spirit and magnanimity they seldom wore, and a feeling of unalloyed pleasure to his heart. Unhappily, the seeds of one fatal passion only lay dormant, ready to spring up with noxious luxuriance; now, burning to reap his first laurels at the head of his princely tribes, clothed in refulgent armour, his jewelled steel-clad turban, his golden corselet, his shield glittering with gold and gems, he flew to lead his army, as we have seen, through Granada's gates into the open field. The chief had yet lingered in that garden of delights to bask in the sunlight of those eyes which

directed his path of destiny, and which shone through their mist of tears as if to welcome the newly budding hopes of happier loves. The rich, heavenly smile, the fresh crimson glow again mantled on her cheek, as she hung enraptured on the words of her beloved chief.

“How could I suspect thee for a moment!” whispered the prince, “even though I beheld those looks, that soul-illumined face, all these resistless graces pouring their charm over the soul of Abu Abdallah. But a brighter sun hath pierced the clouded dawn of our loves; now dearer than before as inseparably intertwined with the wreaths of victory, or the sad ensanguined flowers which adorn a hero’s urn.”

“Speak not thus fearfully, my Ibn Hammed; wake me not from this brief, fleeting dream!”

“Nay, doubt it not, thou shalt yet preside my star-queen, the most famed and honoured of Granada’s lists, the object of all eyes, the arbitress of honours, the inspiring theme of every master-poet, and of every hero’s lance.”

“Victor or vanquished, return my Ibn Hammed, light of thy Zelinda’s eyes; return ever equally beloved.” She was pressed to the bosom of the princely warrior with a rapture unfelt before; one last, long, enfolding embrace, in which their souls seemed to mingle, to breathe the language of unutterable love, an affection triumphing over separation and death. But sighs and tears soon told that Zelinda was alone; her hero-lover was bearing the sacred banner into the bloody fight; but as he left the spot, distant notes of music floated on his ear—the sweet, low murmur of

strains, like incense diffused through the balmy air, leaving an echo in his memory as of some faint remembered vision of another sphere :—*

Tell me where is my young beaming light of life's dawn
 In that land of the sun, my own loved realm of flowers,
 Dear home in the sweet lap of Yemen ?—Ah, flown
 Are the fresh sparkling joys of those spring budding hours.

I wreathed thy bright roses, I sat in thy bowers,
 And all breathed of beauty ; the odorous air
 Woo'd the song of the bulbul to charm nights like ours ;
 But where are thy flowers,—thy birds,—tell me where ?

Oh, vale of the Yemen ! I once had a fawn
 Like a young waving palm-branch, so gentle its grace,
 So soft its dark eye ; and it loved me alone,—
 From my side it was torn in the wild hunter's chace.

Once mine too, the sweet smile of Leila, my young
 My fairy delight in the heart of our home ;
 And glad was her spirit as wandering among
 Thy myrtles and palm-groves, she taught me to roam.

But she faded and left me, like all things I love,
 Home, country—sweet friends I hold dearest on earth ;
 Till one nobler and brighter dream came, like the dove
 To heaven's Prophet : but Love too was doomed from its birth.

Round his brow beamed a glory that springs from the spirit,
 When the faithful of heroes their Prophet adore ;
 He rushed to the fields of his sires, to inherit
 Their glory of ages,—but mine, ah, no more !

* Supposed to convey the Lament of Maisuna, wedded to the khaliph she could not love, sighing for her early home and the early ties from which she had been torn in her tender years.



CHAPTER V.

Friends of my heart, who share my sighs,
Go seek the turf where Kassim lies,
And woo the dewy clouds of spring
To sweep it with prolific wing.

Within that cell, beneath that heap
Friendship, and Truth, and Honour sleep;
Beneficence that used to clasp
The world within her ample grasp.

HASSAN ALASSADY.

WHILE the Moslem chiefs at the head of their mountain-warriors scoured the plains with the rapidity of a whirlwind in pursuit of the foe, the aged monarch, left desolate and stricken, like a tree blasted by the

storm, the red clouds of which had a moment before shed an ominous glory on its branches, sat brooding over his wayward fate. He had ceased to speak or to move, but his mind still retained its pristine glow and energy. His dark stern eye, still fixed upon the vanishing host, seemed to send after it a mingled stream of prayers and maledictions;—of prayers for its success against the common foe, of curses on the heads of those who had thus trampled on his fallen majesty, and left him to perish ignobly on the earth. Hours had already elapsed since he had been thus forsaken, when a single horseman appeared in the distance, and in a few minutes the noble scheikh, Aben Kassim, stood at the side of the spirit-stricken chief. There is a language which only the brave and the faithful learn in stern misfortune's school, which calls not for the aid of words. Their souls have power to commune in old age and death on things of strange and mighty import, as they sit and read each other's thoughts,—now dwelling upon the past, now upon the eternal future.

The expression of wrath and anxiety which had clouded the brow of the king, did not vanish as he turned his eyes on Aben Kassim. There is a period in the progress of death when he says, "that which I have written is written," and he seemed already vibrating his dart: a sudden ray of light mantled over that dark scornful look of the aged chief, and he bowed his head, as if willing to catch the last words of his friend. They were uttered in a voice low and deep: the breath of the dawn upon the desert,—soft, calm,

and dewy, will give an image of those words. They brought to memory the thoughts of earlier times, and triumphs of the crescent in the tented field. They fed the time-worn, harassed spirit with themes that tended to reconcile it with fate and with itself, bribing even its offended pride into silence, its life's restless fever into peace. They touched it with a sorrow which had no alliance with the grief of the warrior or of the king,—with sorrow for those who had died in youth and loveliness; and Muley Hassan listened patiently to the words of his companion, with the deep resignation on which the regenerating religion of the great Prophet was so mainly founded.

And when he proceeded to speak of the future, and, like a prophet, foretold the approaching calamities,—the ignominy of the Moorish people, sighs, heavy and quick, burst from the monarch's breast.* It looked as if his spirit were striving to escape that it might appear panoplied, not in a weak perishable body, but in darkness and power, to crush its adversaries, grieving it possessed no mortal engine to execute his terrific will.

* Cardonne, quoted by Gibbon, relates, that in the closet of the Khaliph Abdalrahman, the following singular confession was found after his decease:—“I have now reigned fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to *fourteen*:—O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!”—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. x. p. 40; *Cardonne*, t. i. pp. 329, 330.

But Aben Kassim passed from these scenes of predicted misery, to others of a brighter hue; the words of faith fell from his lips, like golden dews from the full bosomed amaranth; and as he spoke, he stretched out his arm to support the feebleness of the aged prince. His head sank on his bosom; he lay subdued as a child, while the same low, calm voice, breathing the wisdom of love and reconciliation after life's long task, fell like some new revelation upon his ear.

The sultry hour of noon found the two aged men still seated in converse with each other. Aben Kassim then rose, and bringing water from a spring that flowed near the spot, he poured it upon the hot brow of the king, and moistened his parched lips. Muley Hassan looked up for a moment with an expression of love; and then again as his head sank on his bosom, the aged scheikh, with the fervour of the old pilgrim-poet, repeated in a deep sonorous voice these solemn strains,—the wild unpremeditated effusion of the moment:—

Prophet! on thy golden throne,
 In the depths of glory seated,
 When shall heaven and earth behold
 Allah's firm decrees completed?

Shall the circling ages still
 Like an ocean onward roll?
 Still shall time and sorrow reign,
 And thy children's fate control?

See, the sword is red with gore:
 See, the plains are strewed with dead;
 The dead! who are they? whose the blood
 That dies the gleaming falchions red?

Prophet! by the streams of life
 Leading thy celestial bands;
 Wherefore fall thy children thus?
 Why drops thy standard from their hands?
 Hast thou not heard their voices raised
 For help in this their darksome hour?
 Or hast thou closed the starry gates
 To that bright throne where prayers have power?
 See, a king, a crowned king,
 He whose voice thy sons have led
 On to a hundred battle fields,
 Where the proudest foes have fled;—
 Behold him now of glory reft,
 His sceptre broke, the earth his bier;
 A child of Allah fainting thus,—
 Prophet! our cry wilt thou not hear?
 Thou wilt, oh sire! I feel my soul
 With new and glorious visions fired;
 Once more thy sons shall scour the plain,
 Like mine, their glowing hearts inspired.
 But let those blissful gales that blow
 From Eden's bower now round us sweep,
 Nor let thy crowned chieftain sink
 Unhonoured, thus in death to sleep!

Weak and powerless as a child, Muley Hassan suffered himself to be conveyed by his friend into his faithful city of Malaga, where the generous scheikh quitted him not, till restored to a frame of mind and strength equal to bear his lot.

Meanwhile, ere the Moors approached Lucena, the Christian army under Ferdinand had laid siege to the strong fortress of Loxa. But Ali Atar, at the head of three thousand veteran mountaineers, held his enemies

fiercely at bay, sallying forth with the utmost intrepidity, and even storming the intrenchments with success. After sustaining severe loss,* the Castilian monarch was compelled to raise the siege, and the old alcaide now charged the Christians with redoubled vigour. The subsequent victories of El Zagal, and the no less heroic Redovan, infused fresh ardour into the Moors. All began to extol the valour of El Zagal, and his royal nephew had found it behoved him quickly to strike a decisive blow, if he wished to retain possession of his crown. Diego di Cordova, governor of Lucena, having advice of his approach, despatched scouts on every side to sue for succour; but the Moslems, headed by the king in person, were already under its walls.

Summoned to surrender, under threat of putting every Christian to the sword, the governor sought to gain time by prolonging the brief period granted for capitulation. While engaged in conference, clouds of dust, increasing in depth and blackness, gave signal of approaching relief.

It was the Castilian army, and such was the terror it inspired into the Moorish infantry, that under the plea of protecting their baggage, they retreated across the river without striking a blow. But the horse, the whole of the chiefs and tribes, with their characteristic valour stood the onset of the Spanish veterans; while fiercely engaged, giving proofs of the most daring heroism on both sides, victory was about to crown

* It was here fell Tellez Giron, grand master of Calatrava.

the chivalry of the Moors, excited by the brilliant efforts of the princely Abencerrage and the presence of their monarch. It was then the famous Alonzo d'Aguilar, with his young brother, who subsequently won the title of the Grand Captain, rushed into the field at the head of a chosen body of retainers; while the alcajde of the mountain-fort of Luque,* at the head of a body of horse and foot, decided the fortune of the day. Taking the victorious tribe of Ibn Hammed in flank and rear, they turned the tide of battle against him. The governor of Lucena, also seizing the moment, sallied forth and completed the overthrow of the Moslem cavalry. There fell, covered with wounds, the old valiant alcajde of Loxa, defending the king; and the chief of the Abencerrages, after all a skilful general or a brave soldier could achieve,—twice beating back the fierce onset of d'Aguilar, fell, overpowered by numbers, as the Prophet's sacred banner was seen borne among the ranks of the enemy. He was carried off the field by the broken remnant of his tribe; and the Moorish king, now left alone, attempted to fly. He had cleared the field of battle, but being closely pursued, he threw himself among the reeds and bushes skirting the banks of the river. When dragged forth by the Christians who pursued his track, he revealed his name and yielded up his sword. He was forthwith conveyed to the royal camp, where he was received with the consideration due to his misfortunes and to his rank.

* See the Vignette.

Terrible was the shock of these tidings on the volatile people of Granada. Disaffection to their new monarch now spread fast on all sides; the old party of Muley Hassan began to raise their heads, and soon the unflinching old Moor himself, supported by his brother, El Zagal, by a strange vicissitude of fortune, took quiet possession of the Alhambra.

But the noble sultana, Aixa, was not idle. She despatched her swiftest adalid* with a missive, to treat with the Christian monarch for the ransom of her son; and at her solicitations he offered to do homage to Ferdinand, to hold his crown thenceforth as a perpetual vassal. He was to assist him also as a faithful ally, and to place hostages in his hands for the fulfilment of those conditions,—thus striking another blow at the declining fortunes of the Moors. Boabdil scrupled not to purchase his liberty at any price; and having been sumptuously entertained for a short time in the Christian camp, he was liberated by the wily Ferdinand. Calling him his friend and ally, he embraced him on his taking leave, and gave him an escort of cavalry to attend him in safety to the Moorish capital. By a lavish distribution of her treasures, the sultana, his mother, had already smoothed the way to his restoration, having secured possession of the gates of the Albaycin and the towers of the Alcazaba, so long the seat of the Almoravides since their expulsion from the hard-won dominion of the land. Proclaiming his return to Granada on the ensuing morning, the fickle

* A Moorish guide.

populace rushed in throngs up the avenues of the Albaycin, and the city once more resounded with the cry of King Abu Abdallah. By the usual arts he soon regained his former power, and drew around him all whom avarice and ambition find ever eager to listen to the promises of restored kings.

Aware of what was passing, Muley Hassan had entrenched himself in the grand fortress of the Alhambra, prepared to hazard one more struggle for the crown. Denouncing the usurper's base alliance with the enemy, the humiliations to which his weakness had subjected him, and the invariable ill-fortune which pursued him, he called on the noble tribes, the haughty wazirs of Granada, to reject a chief so unworthy to command the faithful, and to vindicate the honour of their country. Summoning a divan, it was resolved to expel him with every mark of ignominy from the city; to attack him in the ancient fortress he now occupied, ere he had time to consolidate his power.

Early on the morning of this eventful struggle between the Moslem sire and son, the heavy sounds of the tambour, the shrill breath of the clarions, through the winding avenues and shady courts of the Alhambra, far re-echoed through the streets, gave fearful prelude to a scene almost unparalleled in the annals of civil strife and madness. With the Christian invader at their gates, the infatuated people, unrestrained by the remonstrances of the priests and elders, flew with deadly hostility to steep their swords in kindred blood. The whole capital assumed the aspect of a camp; the more peaceful citizens with their families, amidst the

cries of women and children, closed their shops and houses, hurrying into the least exposed quarters, into the vaults and baths as a refuge from the gathering storm. Soon its distant, deep-muttered murmurs burst into those tempestuous shouts and tumult which marked the horrors of the Moslem wars in the fearful strife with sons and brothers for the supremacy of rival kings. Armed bands, rushing to their respective posts, were alone to be seen in the streets, and the shrieks of wives and mothers were drowned in the appalling din. Warrior tribes, whose long smouldering feuds and rivalries now blazed forth, fanned by the bitter wrath of king with king, marshalled their opposing ranks. On one side the Abencerrages, the Alabez, and the Vanegas supported the old hereditary monarch, whose late exploits and staunch-hearted hatred of the Christian foe had gone far to efface the impression of his former cruelties and excesses.

Among the adherents of his rival son, were the cruel and terrible Zegrís, the old Gomerez, and the native African bands, led by the redoubted chief of the Berbers, followed by throngs of the Moorish foot and rabble, ever fierce and mutinous within their walls as they were panic-struck in the battle-field. As they drew nigh, each tribe commanded by its favourite chief singled out its hereditary rival, eager to redress some taunt or other insult to their honour, or to revenge some private wrong.

But ere they closed in stern array, the noble prince of the Abencerrages, still pale and ghastly with his wounds, threw himself between, as he entered the great

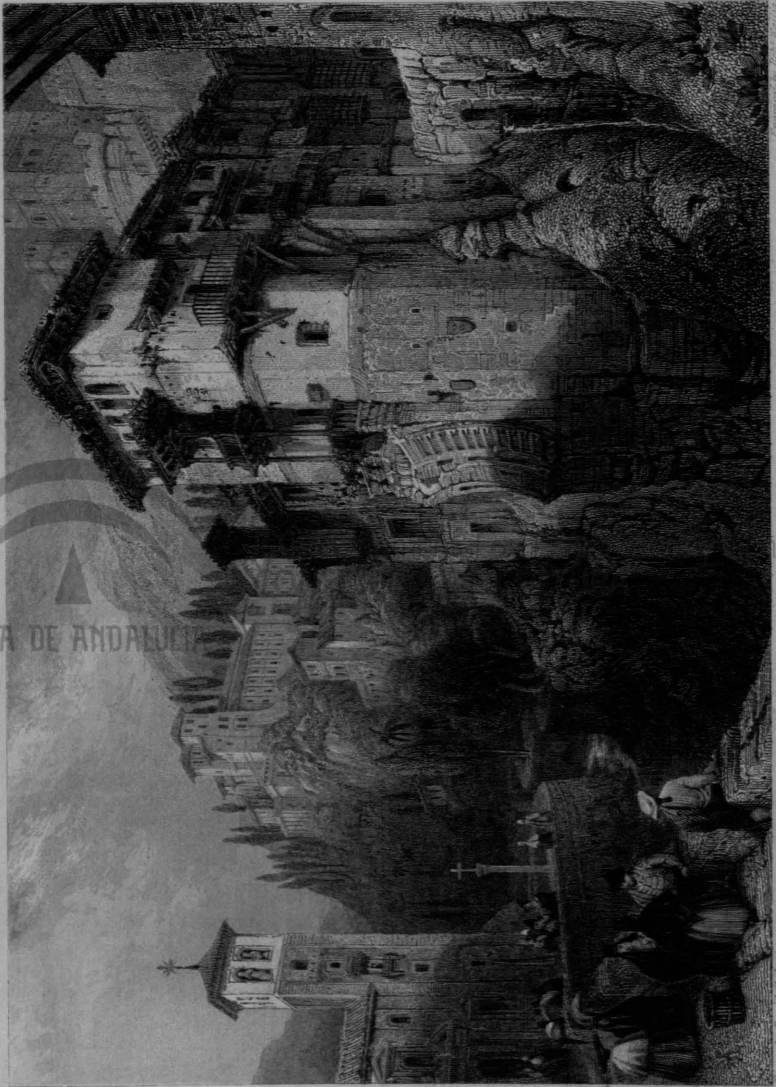
square of the Viva Rambla, and sought to arrest the fury of his infatuated countrymen. But finding all his patriotic appeals in vain, he turned with indignant eye upon a chief of the Zegrís, eagerly inciting his followers to civil wrath, and reproaching him in the noble language* of the hero-poet, Ibn Alabas, he called forth the acclamations of the other tribes and of all his kindred, even while they refused to be influenced by his love of country and his wisdom:—

Why thus to passion give the rein?
 Why seek your kindred tribes to wrong?
 Why strive to drag to light again
 The fatal feud entombed so long?
 Think not, if fury ye display,
 But equal fury we can deal;
 Hope not, if wrong'd, but we repay
 Revenge for every wrong we feel.
 Why thus to passion give the rein?
 Why seek the robe of peace to tear?
 Rash youths, desist, your course restrain,
 Or dread the wrath ye blindly dare.
 Yet friendship we not ask from foes,
 Nor favour hope from you to prove,
 We loved ye not, great Allah knows,
 Nor blamed you that ye could not love.
 To each are different feelings given,
 This slights, and that regards his brother;
 'Tis ours to live - - - -

* This animated poem, taken from the Hamasa, affords a curious instance of the animosity which prevailed among the Arabian tribes, and of the rancour with which they pursued each other when at variance. It was addressed to a kindred power at enmity with that to which the poet belonged.—
Specimens of Arabian Poetry.

But the flashing steel of the terrible Hammed El Zegri, rushing in irrepressible hate upon his hereditary rival, gave signal for the furious onset. Deadly and desperate was the encounter; for though fewer in numbers, the adherents of the old king were opposed to a less gallant lineage of warriors. Such was the terror of their once-repeated charge, that the Moorish foot, the dregs of the populace, pressing upon their flank, gave way in disorder, seeking shelter under their barricades and the close narrow streets of the Gomerez and the Zacatin. But fierce and sanguinary was the struggle between the rival squadrons from the gates and courts of the Albaycin far along the banks of the Darro. Not a pause in the combat! and yet more fiercely was it waged for possession of the old Moorish bridge,* round the entrance to the great square, and the vicinity

* Following the course of the Darro, and leaving the principal entrance to the Alhambra by the street of the Gomerez to the right, the tourist reaches the remains of an old Moorish bridge which crossed the river at this point, and connected the ancient mint, which lay on the opposite side, with the Alhambra. The battlements of the fortress immediately overhang the old houses which are built upon the foundation of the old bridge; whilst in the distance is seen the summer palace of the Generalife, high overshadowed by its ancient cypress trees, said to have been planted by the fair hand of one of the sultanas. One of these is still pointed out by tradition, as being that beneath which the unfortunate sultana of Granada was accused of having formed assignations with the noble Abencerrage. Still keeping along the bed of the Darro, the tourist comes to the Alameda, and crossing the stream ascends the ravine that divides the Alhambra from the Generalife by the pass of the Mulinos, immediately above which the judicious artist took his view of the Tower of Comares.



Engraving by J. G. Thompson.

REMAINS OF A MOORISH BRIDGE ON THE DARRO.

Drawn by David Roberts.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

erlife

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of the royal stannaries. Battling hand to hand and foot to foot, Hammed El Zegri, Lisaro, and other leaders, opposed themselves to the prince of the Abencerrages and the youthful Celim, exciting their adherents and the populace by their intrepid bearing. Fiercely beset, Hammed El Zegri stood the shock like some tower that repels the boisterous surge; his cleaving falchion descending on the head of the too daring Celim,* cleft sheer through buckler and turbaned helm, and smote its way down to the very chine. His bright locks bathed in blood, the fair device of his love all stained and trampled 'neath his charger's hoofs, fired the souls of the Abencerrages with the intense desire of avenging their youthful hero and the bereaved maiden of his love. Ibn Hammed fell with resistless vigour upon the slayer of his favourite brother; and a personal conflict ensued, which momentarily held suspended the minds and swords of the surrounding combatants. Eager to close, they at once cast aside their light-barbed javelins, by mutual impulse wielding their glittering scymitars, and dashing off in short curved career to give vigour to the first shock. The equal shock and the rebound, followed by a storm of swift repeated strokes aimed and

* Oh, lovely lies he on his bier, above the purple pall,
 The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all.
 His dark dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
 The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
 And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,
 Its sound is like no earthly sound.—Alas! alas! for Celim!

foiled with the same skill, soon gave place to those singular evolutions, the artful union of force and fraud, in which man and steed alike bend every effort to excel. Again they dart away;—they approach, meet, and strike. The usual stratagems are exhausted; yet both unwounded. Obedient to their least motions, their noble barbs whirl round, plunge, or fly; and, as if marking the deadliest blows of the foe, anticipate their master's motions, and avoid, where they cannot be resisted, the more imminent attacks. Their scymitars are shivered in the repeated and close shocks, and their dreadful falchions now gleam on high. With these they try their deadly skill anew; they cease to urge their steeds in airy circles, and abandon the previous manœuvres of the battle. As swordsmen, for the last effort, they exhaust their various remaining skill; red drops are seen trickling down the armour of the Abencerrage, and the shield of El Zegri is cleft and shattered. The generous prince threw aside his own, and precipitated himself upon his foe. Their swords now bathed in blood seem to scorn the skill and science which they before obeyed; but it is only a more rapid game of death, as they feel their strength and breath dying away. Each sought to sheathe the steel in his rival's bosom; it was one continued assault. As their strength, their life-blood ebbed, all their artful points became absorbed in rage. They draw closer, till stirrup strikes with stirrup, that they may inflict more deep, decisive wounds. They clasp each other, and are dragged from their steeds—still clinging together in the close embrace of hate. But

the sword of Ibn Hammed was about to pierce the other's heart, when some of the more treacherous Zegrís rushed forward, and rescued their kinsman from his grasp. As the Abencerrages conveyed their hero from the bloody field, the conflict was renewed in all its horrors. His gallant tribe took bitter vengeance on the breach of faith which had robbed their chief of his hard-won triumph; but the horse of Muley Hassan, galled by the light-barbed lances and other missiles of the enemy, were compelled to retreat towards the Alhambra, taking advantage of the long wooded avenues and acclivities which commanded its approaches from the streets of the city. Here the combat raged with alternate fortune during the day, and the shades of evening fell on the unnatural strife which deprived Granada of her noblest and bravest defenders. Wearied, but still frowning defiance, each party withdrew sullenly to their respective strongholds, awaiting the returning dawn for a more decisive trial of their prowess. Spite of their deeds of desperate daring, the lofty enduring spirit of the Abencerrages had been met by a resistance equally formidable, and they held the same positions from which they had rushed into action. Their party had suffered severely from the irregular attacks of the African mercenaries, and the sort of Parthian warfare of the common herd.

On summoning a council of his chiefs and elders, Muley Hassan lamented the fearful havoc made in his bravest ranks, all the horrors of that strange unnatural conflict which had brought no result. As he spoke, his eyes rested on the benign but troubled fea-

tures of his venerable friend and counsellor, as if appealing for his decision to guide him at this fearful juncture of his fate. But he turned away from his look of calm reproach, as the virtuous Aben Kassim spoke, the big tears starting into his eyes:—"Would, oh king, that Allah had subdued thy heart to listen to words of counsel ere the morning's sun had gone down in a sea of blood. But now I can only beseech the most gracious and most merciful to endue our souls with patience and resignation, for 'how straightened and wretched would be our life, if our hope were not so spacious and extensive.*' Only by noble suffering may we vanquish the days of trouble, and return into the right path. But if this bitterest of troubles, the unhallowed strife of brother with brother, of fathers and sons be ordained, we must submit, and cry woe to the children of Allah, and the faithful of our holy Prophet! Rather let me raise the voice of a dying and prophetic spirit in the name of the Supreme Ruler of kings;—the father of his prophets, I advocate the cause of peace and union,—the last hope of the Moors. How willingly would I pour my last breath in that sacred cause. Never have I deceived thee, oh king; the companion of thy youth and of thy age, I have lamented thy faults and errors with tears of

* Such was the exclamation of Mohammed Abu Alhamar, King of Granada, when he returned from the conquest of Seville, in 1248. He had been compelled, as tributary to the throne of Castile, to bear arms against his own countrymen, and when hailed by the title of "the conqueror," he, sighing, made the memorable reply, "There is no Conqueror but God," which he subsequently adopted for his motto.

blood. I grieve to speak it, but the madness of the people, and thy own declining powers, alike call upon thee to resign the crown."

The exhortations of his favourite son, Cid Alnayar, were added to those of the noble scheikh, while the nobles and wazirs, who by their silence seemed to sanction the advice, gave a fresh pang to the soul of the aged monarch. "Is it not well, my father," spoke the young cid, "to seek a retreat from troubles and calamities like these? The fortunes of Granada, like a frail bark on a troubled sea, call for other hands to guide them through the dark, perilous flood."

The unhappy monarch replied not; he turned away in deep emotion, and hurrying to visit the different outposts of the Alhambra, he gave orders to sound the tocsin of war at the first break of dawn. It came, with the passions of rival tribes more keenly exasperated by the loss of friends and brethren, whom they were eager to avenge. As they were about to renew the dreadful conflict, the aged Aben Kassim, with outspread arms, his white beard streaming to the wind, threw himself between the clashing scymitars: "Arrest your fratricidal hands," he cried, "and turn your fury upon the common foe! What demon—what fell magician's arts thus impel ye to immolate your country to your crimes? Back, madmen! slaves of Eblis!—hateful and horrible as the ghouls themselves to the pure eyes of Allah and his holy Prophet! Is it your own impious daring, or is it at the bidding of your dark invader that ye sacrifice your wives, your children, and your happy homes? Infidels as

ye are, is it thus ye fulfil the Prophet's laws? For alms ye distribute daggers, curses for the daily seasons of prayer,—and for hospitality and love the poison-cup and the bowstring among each other! Oh unworthy the revealed, glorious truths of our great reformer and master, who rescued ye from the degrading servitude, the abject superstitions of the king of evil—Eblis and his horrid angels, ye refuse to be directed by the Lord Supreme, and how shall ye prosper? Behold your weeping wives, your ravaged plains, your bleeding brethren! But Allah hath sealed your hearts and your hearing, a dimness covers your sight; you see not that ye shall suffer a grievous punishment. Lo! his sacred volume!" he cried, exhibiting the Koran, "in which there is nothing doubtful; but admonish you as it will, you cease to believe its mysteries—to observe the appointed times of prayer. Believe ye in the last great day, and call yourselves the children of Allah? How then have ye become the slaves of infidels, and paid tribute to the Christian foe? Like one who kindleth a fire and then shuts his eyes, your light hath suddenly departed; deaf, drunk, and blind, you have gone from the right path, and ye will not repent! Ye tear each other like wolves; but when the foe, like a stormy cloud fraught with darkness and thunder, cometh nigh, ye put your fingers in your ears, because of the noise of the battle and the dread of death. Insensate people! God encompasseth the wicked, his lightning wanteth but little to take away your sight. While you walked in his path, it was light; but

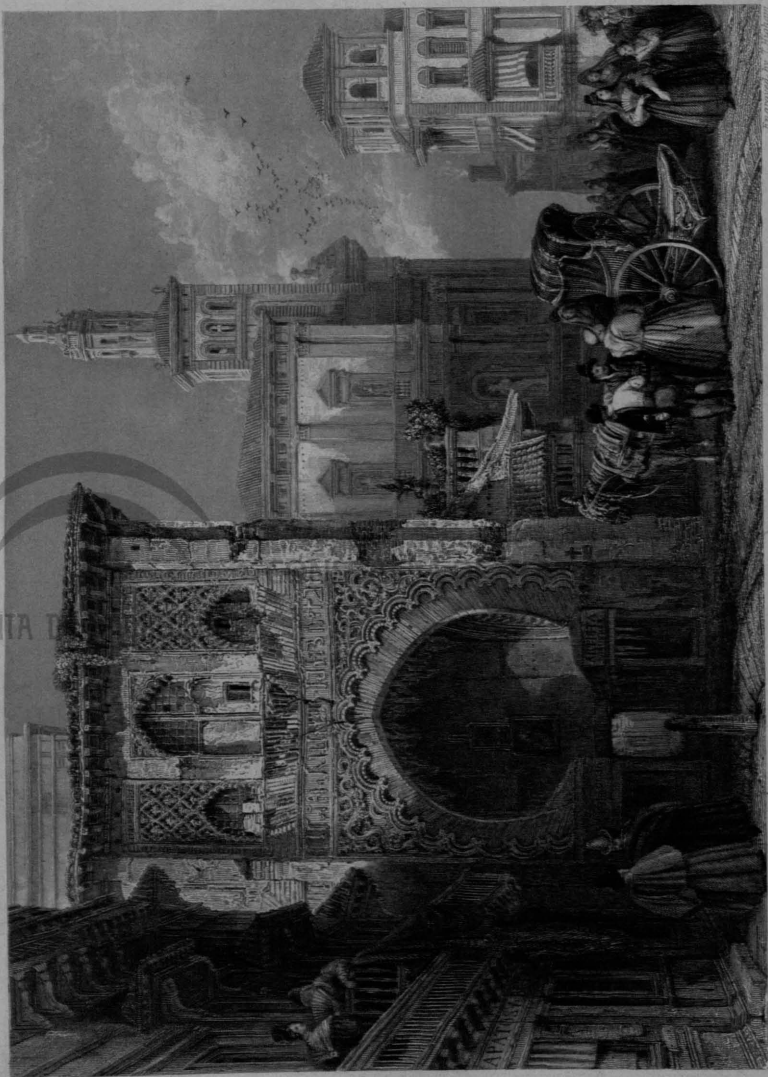
when the darkness of your deeds fell upon you, ye faltered and stood still. Look to it that ye fall not utterly in the blackness of a night, which shall wait in vain for the appearance of another dawn."

Startled at the sudden vision of the aged scheikh,—at the vehement eloquence with which he uttered his fearful denunciations, the assembled tribes paused as if struck by some more than mortal power, with abashed looks and drooping weapons gazing upon each other. Their fiery passions, absorbed in wild and gloomy mood, gradually yielded to strange feelings of remorse and horror. They felt the truth of the picture thus brought, in such dark colours, before their eyes. They bent their looks upon the speaker, then upon each other; thoughts of hate and vengeance died away; other and better feelings began to prevail; and murmurs of regret and sorrow for shouts of fiery onset were heard, as they stood confronting each other, more like mourners over the grave of some beloved brother than the stern resentful visages of war.

The din of approaching battle had ceased; the shrill sounds of the clarion, the deep-repeated thunder of the tambour, and the hollow tramp of steed, were followed by a silence as mournful as it was eloquent, proclaiming the power exerted by the aged orator over the hearts of his fellow men. He hastened to improve the advantage he had gained: "I speak the truth, my countrymen and brethren—it may be harshly—because it is for your good. I speak as one about to depart from you; I salute you as a dying man. I go to ren-

der up my earthly trust and rejoin your celestial chief. For our faith in Paradise is not a dream; there *are* glorious mansions assigned to the faithful and the just. I mark the sting of shame that reddens on your brows, oh sons of Mohammed, the heirs of his fame and of his sword! And well may you bow your heads and droop those ensanguined arms, while you evince your love for your religion and your country by a dire unnatural contest, in which only the Christian triumphs. Had the torrents of blood shed yesterday but flowed in the battles of our country, your Prophet's banner would ere now pour the splendour of its golden crescent upon the crystal waters of the Guadalquiver; the thunder of your ambitious foe no longer be heard at your gates. But what hope ye from the vain, faithless usurper of a father's throne? what from the noble Muley Hassan, bowed beneath the burden of years—of a hundred brave campaigns? Is there none among you, boasting the lineage of kings, favoured by Allah and by destiny, capable of coping with the peril of the empire, and guiding you to fresh fields? Let him come forth, advance the sacred standard, and wield the Prophet's sword! Who has not heard the exploits of Abdallah the Brave, the terror of the Christian frontiers—the soldier of happy fortune! Glory to El Zagal, the brother of your king!"

He ceased to speak; and a shout went up from the assembled host, which rang through every court and avenue of that troubled city. The flash of a thousand scymitars and the glistening of spears, showed the spirit with which the appeal of the noble scheikh was



CASA DE CARBÓU.
Crazeffe.

Engraved by J. H. P. H. H.

Engraved by J. H. P. H. H.

JUNTA D

received : "Long live El Zagal! the brave alone shall rule us, and avenge us upon the foe!"

Moorish corredores were on the instant despatched from the Casa del Carbon,* on the fleetest Arabs, to the city of Malaga, where he was then in command, and to the different towns and fortresses of the kingdom, announcing to all the happy tidings, and inviting

* The Casa del Carbon, or House of Charcoal, as its name would import, is situated nearly in the centre of the city, between the old Zacatin and the ancient Moorish bridge, and, like them, close upon the banks of the Darro. Its more modern appropriation to the purpose of a warehouse for the sale of charcoal, has nothing in common with the objects of its founder, or its special occupation and uses in the bright chivalrous days of the oslems. Admirably placed for its original destination by its vicinity to the river and the entrance to the plain, as well as to the great square of the Viva Rambla, the Casa del Carbon was the great post-house, or national stud, where the fleetest Arab, and other high-bred corredores, were kept ready caparisoned for bearing the missions of the state; and no exhibition in the world, perhaps, of the kind, equalled that of the beauty, the admirable strength and speed of the animals forming this grand equestrian establishment, and the excellent methods, in addition to its extent and costly magnificence, upon which it was conducted.

The humane and generous Abu Alhamar carried it to its highest degree of perfection, greatly facilitating the purposes of its foundation by the skilful manner in which he effected improvements in the breed of the war-horse by new combinations, as well as by preserving pure the blood of the barb, the Arab, and the fiery Andaluz, and obtaining the best palfreys and corredores for despatch of missions. For the following remarks on the modern stud of Mohammed Ali, I am indebted to Mr. St. John, the traveller, who, with his friend, Mr. Monro, seems to have paid particular attention to the subject. "There were a great many horses," he observes, "in open

him, in the name of the people, to accept the throne of Granada. But long ere their return, the Moor himself appeared in the city at the head of his veteran horsemen. With him came a train of captives, bearing the heads of Christian soldiers suspended from their saddle-bows. At a mountain-pass, on his way from the city of Malaga, he had fallen in with a Spanish division from Alhama, every soldier of which he had put to the sword,—an event received with renewed acclamations, as of happy augury, by the Moors. Accompanied by the veteran Redovan Ben Egaz, he proceeded to take

places, ranged round a yard, like bullock-sheds in England; several of them were milk white. The grooms pretended they were all Nejdis; but this was not true, as some few were from Dongola. There were, however, many genuine Nejdis. Amongst others, I remarked a small chestnut horse of the true blood, as his points would testify. He had a fine snake head, with an expanding and projecting nostril, but a remarkably small, pointed ear. His forehead was wide, with an eye expressive of boldness, generosity, and alacrity. From his muscular thighs and longish drooping pasterns, there is no doubt he would be elastic, speedy, and lasting. The groom said he was worth some hundred thousand paras; and there were several other Nejdis partaking more or less of the same formation. They carried no flesh, had very rough coats, and reminded me much of the Hungarian cavalry horse. The Nejdi, however, is higher than the Hungarian, but looks small only from his fine proportions. The tallest horse I have seen of the breed was fifteen hands, one inch. In walking through the caravan encampments, about to leave Cairo for Mecca, we were admiring a finely formed horse, when his owner pointed out another which he valued more highly. He was smaller and remarkably short and thick in all his proportions. He had what the dog amateurs call "a coarse stern," his tail being entirely out of place, and his hind quarters cut off like those of a camel. The Arab

possession of the Alhambra, where his brother, the aged Muley Hassan, welcomed him with apparent goodwill, regretting less the loss of a throne now it could boast a warrior and defender.

But a deposed monarch like Muley, could ill brook appearing in a capital whose sceptre he had ceased to sway. He determined to retire to Allora, with his two sons, the Cid Yahie and the Cid Alnayar, the whole of his slaves and treasures being generously left him by his successor. Ere taking his departure, he went to bid a last adieu to his aged counsellor, by whose efforts to

spoke much of his great speed, and said he was a Nejdî of the famous Hassan breed. He was surprised at our preferring the other; they were both chestnut. The Dongola horse is black, with long white legs, and upright pasterns. He has a coarse, Cleveland head, and when out of condition, grows flat-sided and scanty in the loin. There is altogether a soft useless look about him. A certain French writer has stated, that these horses are highly prized by the young gentlemen of Alexandria, who mount these long-legged nags for an hour or two in the morning before they mount their long-legged stools; but as their judgment may possibly not have been matured on the Hambleton hills, it is not to be blindly adopted. It has been said, that these horses are very perfect in Dongola, but that they degenerate when exposed to a colder climate. The method in use among the Arabs, both of the cultivated country and the desert, for securing their horses, whether in the stable, the field, or the camp, seems highly injurious."

The Casa del Carbon is said to offer a favourable specimen of the style of architecture employed in the private Moorish edifices—plain and unstudied—even destitute of order or symmetry in the exterior, but spacious, splendid, and highly elaborate within. In this view, perhaps, it bears no slight resemblance to the mansions of the Jews, from whom the Moslems would appear to have borrowed more than their re-

spare the effusion of Moslem blood, he had been shorn of his diadem and constrained to abandon the unhappy contest. It was a strange and trying meeting; for the pride of the monarch refused to acknowledge how deeply he felt injured—betrayed alike, as he considered, by his relatives, his people, and his early friend. From each and all he had received the sternest lessons of adversity; but though his dark spirit might break, it would not bend, and while he did justice to the noble motives of his early counsellor, he felt the indignity, the dishonour, heaped upon a royal head. Aben Kassim, while dealing the blow that went to the heart of a king, still loved and respected him; for to him-

ligion—in many particulars, assuredly, their polity and laws. I may as well mention, that the clumsy-looking vehicle in the centre of the picture, is called a “calésa,” and plies in the same manner as our cabriolets; the drivers are called caleséros, two of whom are introduced. They invariably wear the jacket (which is of a peculiar cut, with patches of gaudy coloured cloth—being arranged in stripes from the wrist to the elbow) across the left shoulder, and on no occasion is it ever worn, as it ought to be, namely,—to cover the back and arms; on the contrary, should they alter the position I mention, it is to put it across the breast with the arms hanging down the back, and, of course, the back left to provide for itself. The vehicle is of the clumsiest make imaginable, without springs and gaudily painted, being decorated with some vile daub, generally representing a picador, or bull-fighter, attacking that animal. Nothing can be more miserable than the torture of sitting in one of these machines, whilst trundling through these narrow and ill-paved streets. The caleséro himself either sits on the foot-board, or runs alongside at the same pace with the mule, and remounts or dismounts with the greatest agility. The mule itself is in character with the vehicle, being decorated with numerous bells, tassels, netting, &c. &c.

self, at least, he had uniformly been a kind and generous master. There was something great and noble in the characters of both, notwithstanding the king's errors and excesses, which had produced a sympathy between them, strengthened by years.

If Muley Hassan, therefore, felt keenly the shaft of fate, which came barbed with fiercer anguish from his hand, its effect was yet more disastrous on him who aimed it. It required all his magnanimity and love of country to nerve himself for a task, which, loaded as he had been with honours by that master, made him appear an ingrate in his own eyes. Though he did not shrink from so trying a duty, from the moment his efforts were successful he reproached himself with ingratitude; and while he resigned himself to his destiny, he bowed his head in grief, and felt that his days were numbered. When he heard that the dethroned monarch had come to take his leave of him ere departing to his place of exile, the aged servant of the unhappy Moor covered his face and wept. It was in this situation that the minister and his master, who had experienced together so much of the grandeur, the power, and the vicissitudes of mortal life, met for the last time.

Muley Hassan stood for some moments contemplating the old man, as if doubtful whether to break upon the sacredness of a sorrow so deep, or to withdraw unobserved from the spot, for he had never witnessed aught but firmness and magnanimity in Aben Kassim. But a strange sympathy seemed to call him to his friend's side; the thoughts of his heart brought

the picture of his own desolation before his eyes, when abandoned by all, he sat upon the ground and beheld the pride, the glory of his life, vanish from view. Harsh as was his nature, tears started to the old Moor's eyes; hastening towards him he took his hands, and seated himself at his side. Pressing them to his bosom, it spoke a language beyond words, appealing to the inmost heart of the sufferer. It came as the balmy breeze, or the honey dew-drops to the dying pilgrim of the desert, for he had thought the king was come to upbraid him. In the revulsion of his feelings, he returned that pressure of the hand, and raising his eyes to his master's face with an expression of gratitude which spoke to the heart of that stern warrior in a language he never before understood, he leaned his throbbing brows upon his breast. That look smote the hard rock; the waters of life issued forth, and he felt within his changed spirit that there is a joy greater than that of sitting upon a golden throne amidst all the magnificence and luxuries of a royal Alhambra.

As they sat thus absorbed, reading perfect reconciliation in each other's looks, the soul of the aged scheikh—ever grave and contemplative in its communion with the sublime mysteries of religion, and the no less mysterious secrets of this mortal life, so strangely linked with higher, invisible powers it beholds but dimly through the mirror of the mind's faith—began in a deeply mournful tone to give expression to its over-wrought feelings. It was to the spirit of faith he now addressed his solemn musings :—

Bright, heaven-born offspring of immortal mind,
 High o'er these spheres in cloud and tempest shrouded,
 In the far Kaaba of yon Mecca shrined,
 Whose spirits watch its sacred fires unclouded :
 The soul's lone pilgrim to your prophet-land,
 Where earth's fam'd teachers of thy language pure,
 In robes of radiant truth and beauty stand
 By Allah's throne, on works which aye endure ;—
 Divinest minds, I seek your holy band
 Of kindred love and soul-ennobling deeds,
 Lavish of life to plant your godlike creeds,
 And raise us from the dust by bright faith's hallowed hand.

Illustrious chiefs ! from whose resplendent line
 Of the world's sages, sprung that far, clear light
 Of deathless song and wisdom all-divine,
 Scattering earth's dread idolatries, black as night !
 Prophets—redeemers of a lost fallen race,
 Clothed in the strength of Heaven's enduring might,
 Who made the rocks and caves your dwelling place,
 To teach the paths to Eden's mansions bright !
 Oh, pure all-seeing Father of my faith,
 Whose is the power—the victory alone—
 Yours is this fire which triumphs over death,—
 The soul's sweet peace which smiles o'er duties done.

Hear thou the prayer of thy faint, dying child,
 Ere yet he join the faithful and the just !
 Allah, great Allah ! stem the torrent wild
 That whelms my country ! raise her from the dust !
 Restore thine empire, thy loved shrines despoiled,
 Flash forth thy judgment-sword—thy Prophet's trust,
 Ere yet their failing fame shall wax too dim,
 And sinks the glory of our ancient race !
 Oh, breathe into their breasts the might of him,
 Who in his mountain cave thy will could trace
 Through destin'd times,—thy law, thy sword, thy stream,
 Of heaven-born mercy, and thy work of grace !

Scarcely had the aged scheikh given utterance to

these sentiments, with the glow of fervid piety which animated him through life, when his head fell upon his breast. Still breathing words of consolation, of the most perfect confidence, the exiled monarch thanked him for his fidelity; and most of all for the last best gift of his noble eloquence, which, while serving his country, had created within him a new spirit, and brought him acquainted with himself. He felt restored all his earliest affections and aspirations, ere reason and humanity were shrouded beneath the blood-stained robe of royalty. What delicious feelings thrilled the bosom of his dying friend, as he listened to the king's words, and marked in every tone and feature that he was now the being he had so fondly wished him to become. He faltered out his gratitude, his joy; his lips moved in secret prayer, one pressure of the hand, one benign smile, and the spirit of Aben Kassim was no longer a dweller in its worn and broken tenement of clay.

The bereaved monarch hung over the lifeless form of his faithful counsellor, with all the bitter, remorseful feelings which his past errors and excesses were calculated to produce. No longer a king, the natural sentiments of the patriot and the man resumed their empire over his breast. He looked back with sorrow upon a life of clouds and storms, ere he sank in the still, gathering darkness of the valley of death. He thought of his bright youth-tide, when he listened to the voice of Aben Kassim; and now, in the spirit of his adverse lot, he again obeyed the generous impulses of his youth, such as he had felt ere corrupted

by the fatal boon of power. As he gazed upon the calm, noble features of him he had lost, he involuntarily breathed forth the following touching eulogy, from the lips of the sweet poet Shebal Addaulet:—

Thy virtues famed through every land,
 Thy spotless life in age and youth,
 Proves thee a gem by nature's hand
 Formed out of purity and truth.

Too long its beams of orient light
 Upon a thankless world were shed,
 Allah has now revenged the slight,
 And called it to its native bed.

The unhappy king then rejoining his family, set out for the retreat assigned him*; but even thence

* By some of the Spanish historians it is asserted, that Muley Hassan perished by order of his brother, El Zagal, who possessed himself of all his treasures, and seizing the person of his favourite sultana, cast her with her two sons into the Tower of the Comares; the same in which the noble Aixa and her son Abu Abdallah had been confined. It was thus considered a sort of retributive event, after the persecutions sustained by the virtuous Aixa at the fair captive's hands.

Such a crime, however, only anticipating a natural event so near at hand, is hardly probable, because it was fruitless. Besides, Muley had not opposed the elevation of his warlike brother. The report was nevertheless industriously spread among the deluded people; who, on hearing of the old king's decease, began to extol him as the bravest of their chiefs—a worthy scion of their ancient kings; forgetting that it was by his rash counsel the storm of war, in which so many had already perished, had fallen upon their heads.

He was himself spared the grief of beholding the fearful fall of the great fortresses of Moclin and Illora, emphatically termed "the right eye, and the shield of Granada." Their alcaides were brothers; nor did they yield the sacred trust reposed in them, till they had no longer walls to defend, and

was he driven by the inexorable foe. Taking refuge at Salobreña, by direction of the reigning prince, he had not continued there many days, before he followed his beloved friend and counsellor to the tomb.

beheld tower and rampart blown into the air, leaving only a heap of shapeless ruins. Terrible was the storming of the Christian, for it was before Moclin of old that the Master of Santiago and his entire squadron had been surrounded and cut to pieces. The Castilian sovereigns at the head of their proud prelates and an army led by Ponce de Leon, (a) took possession of these reliques of Moorish empire, and found enclosed in subterranean dungeons numbers of Christian captives, who had been taken in the ambushes and forays of the garrisons in the mountains. The brave governors, repairing to Granada, were received by the ungrateful and fickle multitude with scoffs and insults, as if the surpassing valour which had caused their lives to be respected by a chivalrous rival, after such a defence, were matter of reproach. Filled with sorrow and indignation, the noble brothers sought the presence of Abdallah, entreating that he would employ them in some desperate enterprise, in which there lay not even a forlorn hope. The King pointed to the bridge of Pinos, by which Ferdinand was about to inundate the plain of Granada with an overwhelming host. Instantly they seized the hint, and with a select and veteran force took possession of the bridge, awaiting with desperate and unflinching purpose the attack of the whole Christian army. There they long held the fierce foe at bay with a despairing fury, which made the spot memorable as the tomb of "the Two Moorish Brothers."

(a) For the splendour of his actions compared with the Cid Campeador.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

de la Anamora y Generalife
ESTADÍSTICA

CHAPTER VI.

Those radiant cheeks are veiled in woe,
A shower descends from every eye ;
And not a starting tear can flow,
That wakes not an attending sigh.

MOHAMMED BEN ABAD, SULTAN OF SEVILLE.

WHILST the foregoing changes gave a new, but not less sombre aspect to the fortunes of the Moors, a struggle yet more wild and terrible shook the bosom of the unfortunate prince of the Abencerrages. Borne on the shields of his friends from that memorable encounter on the plains of Lucena ; he had the horror

of at once beholding the glory of his country eclipsed; and the desolation of his fondest hopes.

When, opening his eyes to returning consciousness, he saw the form of her he loved bending over him in the agony of her sorrow, the full extent of his misfortunes rushed darkly across his spirit. The dreaded penalty of his rash vow pierced, with the sharpness of the barbed shaft, to his inmost heart. He had lost her; and, in the impulse of his despair, would have torn the bandages from his wounds, alike inaccessible to the consolations of his friends, and sad appeals and prayers of his beloved. For all other calamities he had been prepared, but to awake thus startlingly from his long-cherished dreams of victory and love,—after periling life and honour upon his fortune in the field, was a shock far heavier to his soul than the penalty of death itself. Exposed to the vengeance of the Moslem monarch,—to the last punishment of the laws on the chief who lost the sacred standard to the foe, he was bound to submit to the stern decree. His sole hope lay in the triumph of El Zagal, whose interests he had espoused since the ignominious treaty entered into by his nephew with the Spaniards. Nothing but the special grace and clemency of the ruling sovereign could rescue him from so harsh and revolting a fate,—falling by the hand of the headsman. Such was the terrific position in which the young prince found himself at the close of the disastrous expedition to Lucena, and the civil contests which ensued. Enclosed in the toils of fate, there was no escape if Abu

Abdallah continued to reign. For though he had long struggled with his passion, the royal Moor was now more deeply fascinated with the charms of the young chief's promised bride, and he still wielded the chief power of Granada.

As he refused also to listen to proposals to divide the empire, El Zagal was constrained to write to his brother-in-law, Zelim, governor of Guadix, and to his nephew, the Cid Yahia, at Almeria, to engage them in his interests. His rival, on the other hand, applied for aid to Ferdinand, which that perfidious monarch eagerly promised, grounding upon this alliance his great enterprise for the entire subjugation of the Moors. He forthwith despatched subsidies to Granada; but for every Spanish soldier who entered the slave-Moor's service, numbers deserted it to embrace the cause of El Zagal.

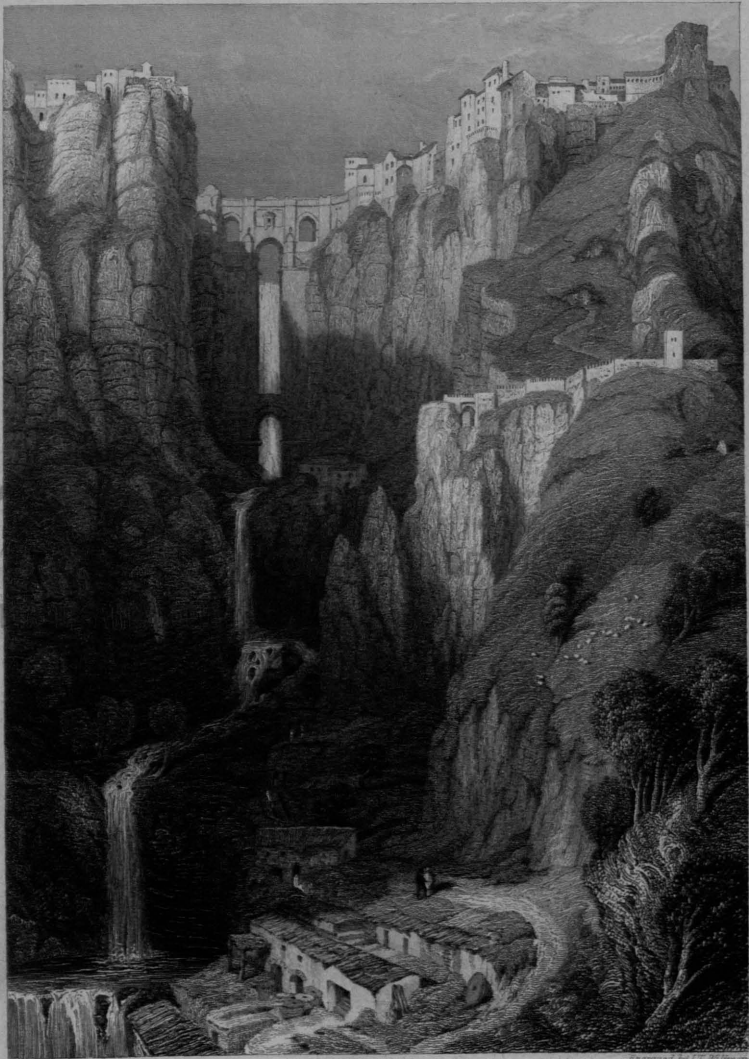
Ferdinand, meantime, assembling a large army at Alcalá la Real, laid siege to Allora, under the specious pretext of assisting his Moorish ally. A fortress of immense strength, erected upon the solid rock, it was a fearful enterprise to attempt to carry it by storm. The heavy artillery, therefore, then first brought into the field, was directed to open the attack by battering its walls. After an obstinate defence, the garrison was reduced to capitulate, and the fall of this frontier bulwark was followed by that of Cazara, Bonelù, and the submission of the surrounding people.

The Moors along the borders of Antequerra now flew to arms, and attacking the Spaniards with ex-

treme fury, carried their lines, driving them beyond the walls of the captured fortresses, but again were ultimately routed with great slaughter. Elated with victory, their fierce invaders poured down upon their fertile plains and valleys, ravaging the country almost to the gates of the capital. Setefial, with a number of smaller towns and villages, submitted, on their approach, to avoid perishing by the sword.

From the watch-towers of Granada, the rival kings beheld the progress of the enemy without attempting to strike a blow. El Zagal gnashed his teeth with rage on his nephew's refusal to unite with him against the common foe. To the potentates of Barbary, and the other African powers, his applications at this trying juncture proved equally unavailing, owing to the counter-measures pursued by Ferdinand and his allies. The spirit, too, of the ancient khaliphs had become extinct; and, as if predestined to fall by the hands of her own children, the last, the most beautiful of their cities, in vain looked for succour from the land of their early fame.

Like one who had nothing to dread from his Castilian ally, Abu Abdallah viewed his progress as a triumph over his rival; but he was soon convinced that Ferdinand drew no line of distinction between the respective domains of the two Moorish kings. He made an attack for the third time on the strong fortress of Loxa; and, having reduced it to the last extremity, was about to carry it by storm, when El Zagal,—his fiery spirit scorning tamely to witness his country's ruin, rushed forth at the head of an immense



Drawn by David Roberts.

Engraved by J. T. Milnes.

THE BRIDGE OF RONDA.

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body of horse, attacked the besiegers in their intrenchments, and forced the Christian camp. The siege was raised, but no sooner was the old warrior engaged hand to hand with the enemy, than his treacherous rival made a furious assault upon the Alhambra, in the hope of becoming entire master of the capital. The governors of Almeria and Guadix then flew to the support of their absent master, and compelled his degenerate nephew once more to shut himself up within the walls of the Albaycin. Fresh dissensions, fomented by the arts of Ferdinand, soon enabled him to assume the offensive, and the strongholds of Cohin, Cartama, Marbella, and Ronda were summoned to surrender in the name of King Abdallah—the faithful ally of the Castilian crown. Cohin was taken by storm, every inhabitant put to the sword, and its walls were levelled with the ground. Struck with terror, the town of Cartama offered to capitulate at the moment the Spaniards were advancing to the attack. But Ronda,* a city of superior strength, presented a more formidable resistance. Growing as

* After leaving a small village, called Atajate, the road ascends till it gains the summit of lofty mountains, whence the traveller sees for the last time the rock of Gibraltar. On proceeding a little way, he beholds Ronda, an irregular town, encompassed almost entirely with a double enclosure of rocks. Its appearance is highly picturesque, but in other than warlike times, natural fortifications like these are more impressive than useful or convenient. In the bed of the deep and narrow valley runs a small river, called the Rio Verde, or Green River, often celebrated for its beauty and freshness, as well as its warlike associations in the lays of the poet. The exquisite *Rio Verde* of our own sweet poetess, Mrs. Hemans, will

it were out of the rocks, and towering from its eagle heights, the pride of mountain bulwarks, it was surrounded by double rows of flanking towers and bastions; and its walls could boast a garrison of hardy, experienced veterans, well supplied with all the munitions of war.

An incident also, of a romantic kind, excited a noble and chivalrous feeling, which threw additional interest on the progress of the siege. Narvaez, governor of Antequerra, had despatched a party of horse

recur to the reader's mind, and in a subsequent page he will find the no less romantic and pathetic strains so exquisitely adapted by the ingenious Bishop of Dromore.

A modern bridge of stone has been erected over the yawning chasm below, which from its prodigious elevation actually excites a feeling of terror in the beholder's mind. To the north-east, the environs of Ronda are well cultivated, and abound in fruits of various kinds; a thing of rather rare occurrence, as though a prolific country of figs, olives, and oranges, Spain seldom gives forth those exquisite fruits, which form the delicacy of our richer desserts, owing, most probably, to want of care and skill, more than to any natural disadvantages. That such is the case, would appear from the state gardens of San Ildefonso, and of Aranjuez, which, by well directed cultivation, supply the royal table with the choicest of autumnal fruits. Paxarete, so celebrated for its wine, lies about four leagues from Ronda; it formerly belonged to M. Giron, one of the leading inhabitants, subsequently better known under the name of the Marquis de los Amarillas. After passing Ronda, the tourist approaches the wretched looking town of Cañete, traversing a long, rugged, and dreary region, although occasionally broken by extensive corn-fields and plantations of olives. It is this wild and savage region also, which supplied the noblest animals for the arena of that favourite national sport, the bull-fight, the breed here being remarkable for their surpassing strength and ferocity.