

to scour the neighbouring hills and plains; when in a lone mountain pass looking towards the vega and the snowy sierra, they suddenly came upon a Moorish knight magnificently armed and mounted,—so suddenly, that he had as little time for defence as for flight. Evidently belonging to some family of rank, the young cavalier was conducted into the presence of the brave and vigilant Narvaez, who inquired on what expedition he was bound? The noble youth replied, in a voice broken by sighs, that he was the son of the alcaide of Ronda; but, as he spoke, the tears sprung into his eyes, and he could not proceed.

“You astonish me,” said the brave governor; “the son of a valiant and distinguished chief,—for I know your father well,—and you shed tears like a woman! You must be aware that what has happened is one of the common occurrences of war.”

“I lament not the loss of liberty,” exclaimed the young man; “but a misfortune a thousand times more grievous to bear.” In more gentle tone, the governor entreated him to explain the cause of his affliction. “From my earliest years,” replied the Moor, “I have been tenderly attached to the daughter of an alcaide residing near this spot. Sensible at last of my long, devoted affection, she returns my passion, and on this very evening she was to have become my wife. Ah, she is now looking for my arrival, and I am a prisoner here! You may imagine my feelings, for she will be distracted with fears for my safety; I cannot bear to think of her grief. It is for her I weep.”

“You are a loyal lover, and I trow not the less brave a knight,” replied Narvaez, touched with pity. “If you give me your word to return, you shall proceed on your way, and fulfil your engagement with her.” The young chief was all gratitude, and ere the dawn he reached the castle of his betrothed bride. On preparing to take his leave, perceiving his emotion, she was soon informed of what had happened on his way, and addressing her young consort with a noble frankness;

“I knew you loved me before, but this is indeed a fresh proof of your affection! And from tenderness to me, you were about to become a solitary prisoner: but now I am your wife, do you believe I will be less generous than yourself? In captivity, as free, I will equally partake your fortunes. Here are precious jewels in this casket; either they will suffice to pay our ransom, or to support us in our prison hours.”

Taking their departure from the castle, they arrived on the same evening at the town of Antequerra, where they were received by the governor with every mark of honour. Commending the young chief and the devoted affection of his young bride, he not only gave them their liberty, but sent them with a strong escort, and enriched with presents, to rejoin their father and friends at Ronda. The report of this adventure spread through the kingdom of Granada, and became the theme of many a romantic ballad; while Narvaez, in hearing himself extolled by the voice of his enemies, must have experienced one of the purest of human pleasures.

The siege proceeded slowly; the most heroic efforts were made to obtain possession of the bridge; desperate sorties, directed simultaneously against the works, compelled Ferdinand to throw up intrenchments for five separate camps to protect his army. Behind these were erected batteries of heavy artillery, tremendous bombs and mortars loaded with all the combustibles calculated to scatter destruction, and pouring forth volumes of flame. Like a mighty watchfire, the blazing fortress was seen far and wide, one red towering pillar rising out of the pinnacle of the rocks. Horror and despair seized upon all hearts; women, children, and aged men made the air ring with their shrieks, while preparations for an assault, announced from the lofty atalaya, gave redoubled horror to the scene. All hope vanished, and Ronda fell,—bewailed almost like Alhama, and made the subject of many a melancholy lay.* No longer the

* Associated with the scenery of the Rio Verde, is the exquisite ballad so admirably adapted by the Bishop of Dro-more, applying to the famous Alonzo d'Aguilar and his brave companions in the vicinity of these lonely banks, ever bright and blooming, watered by the fresh green-gemmed river :—

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain :
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

impregnable city of the rock, the ensigns of Arragon and Castile were seen floating from its towers and battlements. The Christian army next directed its efforts against the lesser towns and fortresses, which impeded its march towards the Moorish capital.

The most terrible of all the campaigns which Moor or Christian had ever yet witnessed,—soon the closing struggle was about to stamp its character upon ages to come. But first, after such continued series of successes, Ferdinand gave an interval of repose to his veteran troops, preparing for his grand attempt of carrying the war into the heart of the capital itself.

Breathing also from their frantic feuds, which exhausted their best energies, the Moors saw the last of their exterior defences, the important towns of Moclin,

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side!

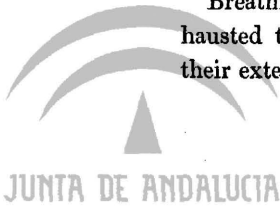
Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry,
“Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly?”

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.


Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank, when I was thine.”



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra, y Generalife
CULTURA

Velez, Malaga, and Loxa, on the eve of sharing the exterminating fate which had befallen their weaker neighbours. Struck with terror, the elders of the council within the divan, and the emirs, the scheikhs, and faquirs in the presence of the people denounced the conflicts of the rival monarchs,—conflicts rapidly plunging the empire into remediless ruin. Bitter imprecations fell upon the head of Abu Abdallah from the lips of all but his immediate adherents; while the more respectable classes repaired in a body to El Zagal. Expressing their horror at witnessing these continued scenes of bloodshed, they besought him to put a stop to the desolating strife, and to adopt some means of arresting the alarming progress of the foe. El Zagal declared, that he was only deterred from



Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare;
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,
Sends a deep and mortal wound;
Instant sunk the renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles,
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd!

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife

DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

taking the field by the treachery of his nephew, who attacked his authority the moment he left the capital. At the same time, marking the general wish to avenge the sufferings of their ravaged towns and hamlets, he assured them that he was ready to marshal a formidable force, and hurl back their fierce despoilers from the soil.

Rejoiced at their success, the deputation proclaimed the glad tidings through the city; while the brave old warrior, summoning the chiefs who embraced his cause, proceeded to enter on a more decided campaign than had yet shed lustre upon his arms. As he rode at the head of his veteran squadrons, turning to Muza Ben Gazan, he deplored the weakness and bad faith of the usurper, who had become the servile tool of the Christian king; nor could he leave the capital without anticipating fresh disasters. "But it is the will of Allah!" he continued, "and it is more becoming to die in opposing the common enemy, than to divide with Abu Abdallah a blood-stained throne." With these words, the royal warrior cast a last look on those gilded towers and massy battlements, the scene of his brief sway, and dashed through the gates of Elvira, eager once more to confront the foe.

His suspicions were not unfounded; the moment the perfidious king felt himself freed from the presence of his rival, he gave full scope to his ambitious designs. He resolved to strike a blow at the power of the Abencerrages in the person of their illustrious chief; and while he humbled the adherents of El Zagal, to accomplish his long-cherished design with regard to the be-

trothed bride of Ibn Hammed. Here he could display that promptitude and decision in which he appeared so deficient when engaged in a noble or patriotic cause; a trait which called forth that well-merited reproach of his heroic mother, when driven from a throne which he knew how to usurp, but not to defend. To one capable of throwing off all paternal authority, so revered by the laws and customs of the Moors, and of bartering his country for individual liberty and power, the criminal indulgence of passion and the infliction of private wrong could cost few scruples of conscience, nor did it prove a very difficult task.

Hastily summoning an assemblage of his adherents, the creatures of his will, with the few emirs and elders who espoused his cause, in grand divan, surrounded by hired mercenaries and the dregs of the populace, he dictated to them the edict which placed the life of the princely lover in his hands. He next proceeded in solemn procession to open the trial of the unhappy chief in the tower of the Gate of Judgment, where he was summoned to appear in the name of "our sovereign lord, Abu Abdallah, and his faithful people." The satellites of his power were despatched to secure the person of the prince, whom they expected to find disabled by his wounds and no longer surrounded by his valiant tribe, who united with his friend, Muza Ben Gazan, had hurried to the field. But they found the gates and avenues to his palace in possession of a chosen band of horsemen all equipped for action;—their leader, having abandoned the cause of the faithless Abu Abdallah, and become the supporter of El Zagal.

Few as they appeared, their unsheathed scymitars and every lance in rest, showed they were on the spur of some bold enterprise. As the party of the king paused at this unexpected sight, the sounds of a lute, strangely contrasting with that stern panoply of war, fell on the ear; and a voice of enchanting sweetness threw a charm over the soul of the lover, preparing to lead his gallant little band to rejoin their brethren in the field. He drew up for a moment as it fell, like the soft night dews upon the burning brow of the lonely traveller to some far shrine of his holy love, and gazed up to that leafy canopy above his head with a last fond look; for he had just torn himself from the side of his beloved, eager to meet his country's foe:—

The dove, to ease an aching breast,
 In piteous murmurs vents her cares;
 Like me she sorrows, for opprest
 Like me a load of grief she bears.

Her plaints are heard in every wood,
 While I would fain conceal my woes;
 But vain's my wish—the heart-sprung flood
 The more I strive, the faster flows.

Sure, gentle bird, my drooping heart
 Divides the pangs of love with thine,
 And plaintive murmurings are thy part,
 And silent woe and tears are mine.*

As with an eye of defiance he gave his barb the rein, a chaoush, advancing from the hostile band with the insignia of envoy on his arms, presented on

* Specimens of Arabian Poetry.

the point of a spear the summons of Abu Abdallah, while its captain called on him to surrender, and attend him into the presence of the court. Instead of returning a reply, the prince, casting it back in derision, commanded the guard to make way; and, uttering a loud shout, his followers rushed after him through his opponents, who quickly fled.

The gallant Abencerrages then hastened down the avenues leading to the vega; but being apprised by one of the fugitives of Ibn Hammed's escape, Abdallah hurried in pursuit with his savage mercenaries, having already secured the different passes into the plain. Brief, but terrible was the ensuing struggle; nor was it till the narrow streets round the bridge of the Darro were heaped with slain, and thrice the hired legions of Abdallah had been beaten back, that the heroic chief was taken captive.

Hurried into the Hall of Judgment to undergo the mockery of a trial, where only the kadhis and ulemas in the king's interest presided, the insulted prince refused to admit the competence of a tribunal in which El Zagal, whom he alone acknowledged, held no voice. He scorned to answer a single inquiry of his ferocious judges. But on the proclamation of the presiding emir, the kadhi proceeded to pronounce judgment of death "on the chief, who had failed to restore the standard of the Prophet to its sacred shrine." At the same time, in accordance with the old Mohammedan law, the condemned would be permitted to apply to the "fountain of grace and mercy on earth, our lord and sovereign, Abu Abdallah."

“Oh Abencerrage!” exclaimed the heartless king, advancing from the midst of his African guards, “behold the warrant of thy doom. Thou art justly condemned; yet doth our sacred law, wielding its judgment-sword with a restraining grace, urge thee to seek the royal mercy. Speak! wilt thou renew the allegiance thou hast broken? wilt thou renounce Abdallah El Zagal? wilt thou yield the old chief’s daughter, and live honoured by all his court,—the pride and bulwark of Abdallah’s throne?”

“Never! lead me to death! and tyrant,” he continued in a voice of thunder, which made every hearer start, “tremble! thou ingrate and unjust; for I warn thee that the wrath of Allah is gathering round thee, —will encompass all thy paths, and hurl thee from thy usurped and blood-stained eminence.”

“It is well!” rejoined the king, with fury in his looks, “ingrate and traitor as thou art!” and turning towards his guards, “Convey him to the lowest dungeons of our Seven Vaults; and there let him chew the bitter herb of his own culling, till his hour of doom! We must have recourse to softer materials upon which to build our towering hopes.”

“Out with thy dagger, and finish thy dark plot!” exclaimed the noble chief; “that is the only mercy I deign to ask at thy hands,” and he bared his bosom, yet freshly gored with honourable wounds. Abu Abdallah started back with pale and conscience-troubled look, while murmurs from the spectators and the ominous silence of his troops made the oppressor tremble for the permanence of his power.

“Lead him away!” he whispered to their captain; and with confusion and dismay stamped upon his features even in that hour of triumph, the king turned towards the emirs and elders, the kadhis yet seated in their robes, and directing them to dismiss the court, retired in the midst of his African guard to his royal strong-hold of the Albaycin. With returning calmness came his deep-seated hatred of the nobler tribes, by whose patriotic efforts he had been foiled in possessing himself of unlimited sway. Still more eager to gratify a passion even more absorbing than his vain ambition, he forgot all the nobler resolves which he had made, and prepared to take advantage of the power which fortune had thrown into his hands. But, as he approached the spot where he intended to hold parley with that unhappy one, a pang of remorse shot through his frame;—distant notes of music floated on his ear, —strains such as he felt could be breathed from one voice alone; but the feeling was soon stifled, like all those nobler thoughts and energies which, unhappily for his country, were obedient only to his caprice.

With the fatal mandate in his hand, he now entered the palace-gardens of the Generalife, and having announced his arrival, was conducted by the chief slave into the presence of her he sought. Scenes of unmitigated wretchedness, of exulting treachery and wrong, can never be described without a feeling of indignation and of poignant pain. To convey the feeblest impression of the terrors which shook the bosom of one clinging to the existence of the beloved being, whose image mingled with all that was dear and sacred to her, would

almost require to witness or to feel that nameless woe, —a woe it is beyond imagination to pourtray. When she beheld the heartless Abdallah with the signal of her lover's doom, and a look of exultation which made her feel as if a serpent were coiling round her heart, she knew that their fate was decided. The icy chill of despair seized on every faculty, on every feeling,—crushing at a blow the whole energy of her spirit, leaving her spell-bound under that enchantment of fear which draws the fluttering bird within the infectious folds of its dreaded enemy. Her eye, rivetted with frenzied appeal upon that of the dark-souled king, seemed to ask whether the last dread act had not even now been perpetrated? Long silent and absorbed in this dread communion of thoughts,—“Lives he?” at length faintly articulated the trembling girl, in a tone which fell like that of the accusing spirit on the ear of Abu Abdallah; and he too almost trembled, averting his looks from that strange, appalling gaze, like the eye of Heaven, searching the inmost recesses of his conscience. And such indeed is the might of innocence, given to awe the guilty, and blanch the boldest tyrant's cheek with dread!

“Ibn Hammed lives, lady,” was the faltering reply, as he sought to recover his composure and re-assert his daring design: “he lives but in thy smiles, so long as they shine on thy servant and thy slave.” Relieved from the dire suspicions of his death, Zelinda almost breathed forth her gratitude at the feet of Abdallah, for the boon of a life which the high-souled Abencerrage had spurned.

Marking the power which this sudden excitement of her fears had given him, the king, enchanted at her disordered, yet all lovely charms, lost the last touch of pity, honour, and justice, in one deep, absorbing passion. Ere she could recall her presence of mind, or seek refuge even in the resolution of despair, he eagerly improved the advantage he had obtained, allowing no pause of anguish till he should terrify her into becoming his bride.

Gently raising her from the ground, and seating himself beside her, "He lives, fairest of women," he continued, "but his fast approaching doom has been decided by his country. Still his life is in thy hands, bright beauty of all eyes; and he shall yet drink joy and ecstasy from thy smiles, for thou shalt see him honoured and favoured above all of Abdallah's court, if thou wilt consent to fill a sultana's throne. But a word from thy lips will consign him to the shades of death; for if the beauteous princess of all my thoughts shall reject my proffers to share with me Granada's throne, to sway her subject realms and cities bright—Ibn Hammed dies. Nay, within the hour he dies the death of a public offender beneath the stroke of our headsman's steel! Speak, wilt thou be mine?"

"Never! away! kill me; kill us both a thousand and a thousand times!" shrieked the unhappy girl; at the same time conjuring him to have mercy, and throwing herself at his feet, and even clinging round his knees as he pretended to depart.

"Yield, then, to thy destiny,—to what is written for thee; or I vow by Allah you shall behold him die!"

"Oh God! then he must die!" she exclaimed. "Would I had the soul of Hammed, or Heaven's lightning to strike thee dead! Ah! go not yet—only give me time—"

"Not a moment!" insisted the relentless monarch, as he drew her towards a balcony which looked upon one of the courts of the Tower of the Seven Vaults. "See where the sword of judgment hangs suspended by THY hand over the head of yon noble chief; and thou shalt see it fall!" It was no vision, no hideous dream from which she could awake; but one awful sense of waking horrors which rushed upon the soul of his unhappy victim. And it was enough to freeze the life-blood in her veins; it was her noble lover in the grasp of his merciless enemies,—the gleaming scymitar brandished within a hair of that dear and sacred head. Then, for the first time, she yielded to the terrors of her soul; speechless, breathless, as if dreading that the next moment might come too late, she placed her hand within that of Abu Abdallah, her eyes still bent on that appalling sight with a fascination of horror too intense for outward sign or expression. From this one pervading feeling he gave her no respite, till, like Niobe, "all tears," she resigned herself, a statue of living woe, into the arms of him from whom, like that sensitive flower which folds its leaves from the touch, she would have shrunk even had her heart not been filled with a love which threw its radiance round her youthful years. But it fled! extinguished in the gathering shadows of a night of woes, which must for ever shroud all of good, and bright, and noble from her view; render

the purest passion itself a crime; and condemn her to live a wretched martyr, to spare the life of one of whom she must no longer even dream.

And the next hour beheld her the bride of Abdallah, the sultana of Granada,—hailed by the deafening acclamations of the people. Borne, half unconscious, in all the sumptuous array and stately magnificence of those royal nuptials along the vaulted aisles, rich spreading marble pavements, and decorated walls of the grand mosque, how sad and strangely fell those joyous plaudits of the fickle populace upon her ear.

The event of the king's marriage, followed by lavish distribution of alms and largesses, the public festivals, the projected tournaments and tilts at reeds, had a remarkable influence on his fortunes, and in consolidating his throne. During a national crisis, in the midst of an exterminating campaign, the Moors were as eagerly engaged in their favourite exhibitions, their games and bull-fights, as if they were celebrating a victory,—offering another trait in the character of a people, whose whole history and exploits resemble rather the dreams of some fairy tale than the soberer hues of historical truth. Thus the least justifiable, perhaps, of their monarch's actions had a more beneficial effect on the mind of the people than the redeeming features of his character, and the few really patriotic efforts he made to save his country. And from the moment his royal nephew had given a new sultana, the daughter of the famed Ali Atar, to the throne of Granada, his warlike uncle had an infinitely worse chance of sharing with him its sovereignty than before.

Having ingratiated himself with his people while he gratified a passion which had long absorbed his whole heart and made him forget the dictates of honour, Abu Abdallah now panted to crown his ambition by some warlike exploit. Fortune too, which had hitherto shone on the banners of his rival, deserted him in the very flush of victory, and destroyed that illusion which had made him the idol of the fickle Moors. He had experienced no check in his victorious career since his surprise of the unfortunate knights of Calatrava; and learning that Ferdinand had left Cordova and encamped at Alcalà la Real,* threatening the town of Moclin, he sallied forth, as we have seen, to give him battle. The Castilian monarch, confident in his resources, was followed, at no great distance, by his

* Leaving the mountain-fort of Luque to the right, the tourist first enters upon that high chain of hills which forms the great frontier of Granada, and which is, indeed, an extension of that grand range of natural bulwarks known as the famed Alpuxarras. Intersected by streams which, at some periods of the year, are much swollen by the rains, the artist, in obtaining the view here given, had to encounter considerable risk and difficulty, the more so from the total want of bridges in any part. Still he must have felt that the wild grandeur of the scenery by which he was surrounded, the highly romantic situation of the villages and towns, with their old Moorish castles, together with the historical associations connected with them, amply compensated him for his exertions, even at a season wholly uncongenial in a more northern latitude. Among these old castles, not the least striking and attractive is Alcalà la Real. The tourist's approach to it, when the setting sun rests upon its jutting angles, and tinges with golden light its ruined battlements, is still more striking and impressive from the relics of Roman grandeur which lie scattered around. The only approach to the old Roman road,

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA



Drawn by David Roberts

Engraved by James S. Adam

ALCAZAR EL REAL.

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heroic consort, attended by the princes and the grand cardinal of Spain as far as the castle of Vaena, the same which had beheld Abu Abdallah a captive, belonging to the noble Count of Cabra. Moclin, the shield of Granada, was a prize worth contending for, and two armies were detached by different routes to make a simultaneous attack. One was led by Diego di Cordova and Alonzo di Montemayor, the other by the zealous Bishop of Jaen and the Master of Calatrava; while the king followed with the main force. Thread- ing the mountain defiles, the count next day halted under some cliffs overhanging the bed of an ancient torrent, and calculated the hour when he was to reach his destination. Informed by one of his scouts that El Zagal had sallied from his capital, he scarcely

lies up a steep declivity, rendered more dangerous from the neglect to preserve this portion of it in the least state of repair.

The time given by the artist to his view of this interesting monument is sunrise, of which it is difficult to convey an adequate impression. The town itself, with its ragged population, the wretched condition of its posada in which the artist sheltered himself, boasts nothing which can arrest the tourist's attention. He might say, indeed, with the artist, like the gentleman in *The Mountaineers*, on rising in the morning, "I am the best flea-bitten bully in all Andalusia!" but as he was to reach Granada that night, it fully made amends for any little inconveniences he had been put to on his route from Cordova. During the last wars of Granada, Alcala, one of those towns "like the living rock from which they grew," was commanded by the brave Count de Zendilla, whose signal successes in the border warfare greatly assisted Ferdinand during these memorable campaigns. His genius for ambushades, and his various exploits against the Moors, have all the character of wild romance. He was the only one who could baffle Redovan and El Zagal.

allowed himself time to breathe, bearing down upon the city, eager to anticipate his coadjutors in obtaining once more a royal booty.

At night-fall, as he was winding through one of those tremendous ravines worn by the autumnal torrents, and walled in by high overhanging rocks, the startling war-cry of "El Zagal! El Zagal!" burst upon the astounded ear. It was deep night; they were in the gorge of a hollow glen, and the moon suddenly rising upon their burnished arms, revealed them to the enemy's view. Struck down by a storm of missiles, one by one the Castilian horsemen perished. Every jutting cliff and crag seemed alive with the turbaned foe. Little availed the heroic efforts of the chief, who beheld his young brother, Gonzalo, struck dead by his side. His horse shot under him, his arm disabled, the slaughter continued till it exceeded the worst of those fearful massacres among the mountains. As the attack grew fiercer and closer, the count, extricating himself from his steed and mounting that of his fallen brother, gave the war-cry of "St. Jago!" Wheeling round his broken and shattered columns, he fought his way through that dark and fatal pass, beset on every side as he was by his inexorable foe. Some sought refuge among rocks and ravines, only to perish by a more lingering death; others rushed up the cliffs to die upon their assailants, and only a small remnant were rescued by the timely appearance of the militant bishop; while the terrible El Zagal returned with his bloody trophies to meditate fresh incursions from the warlike towers of Moclin.

During this tragic scene, Queen Isabella is said to have continued with the aged cardinal—the chief director of the Spanish councils—at the castle of Vaena. They were looking from its turrets along the mountain-paths in the direction of the disputed fortress, expecting to behold some signal of victory displayed on the adjacent heights.

At length, one of the adalids, followed by a solitary corredor, and, at still wider intervals, by cavaliers at full speed, fugitives and wounded, spread tidings of the disaster far and near. With loud cries and lamentations, bereaved mothers, wives, and children hurried towards the castle from every hill and hamlet round; for on that morn the choicest of their youth and border-warriors had gone forth under their chieftain's banner in aid of their religion and their king. The heart of Isabella bled at the sight; for she had beheld them in all the glow and vigour of existence rush down to meet the Moorish foe. It was now the saintly wisdom and eloquence of the good cardinal were exerted to soothe the mind of his royal mistress; and he dwelt on the rapid progress of their arms, and how many subjugated cities of the Moors gave earnest of yet greater conquests to come.

But on tidings that Alhama was threatened, the venerable prelate offered to lay aside his crosier for a season, and advance at the head of some three thousand chosen retainers to its relief. Such evidence of vigour on the part of the holy church, at an age too "when the crutch is held in more esteem than the sword," was highly consolatory to the pious Isabella,

and convinced her she had no grounds for despair. Meantime, Ferdinand had passed the frontier within three leagues of Moclin. It was then he first learned the extent of the disaster ; but like his magnanimous consort, he rather excused than reprobated the conduct of the count. While engaged in council, advices came from Isabella which determined the king to adopt the policy of a retreat, and content himself with making an attack upon some less important strong-holds of the Moors. There were two castles situated upon the frontiers about four leagues from Jaen, surrounded by mountains, in the gorge of the valley of the Rio Frio. They were connected by a bridge thrown across the river from rock to rock ; and, while they commanded the pass, they held dominion over the road, so as to become the terror of the whole of the good bishop's territory, levying continual contributions on all its valuable products. To this feeling and patriotic appeal he was no way insensible, and like so many of his turbulent age, became a true church militant, girding on the sword of the flesh in defence of his territorial comforts.

But the vigilant El Zagal, who had so often dashed the hopes of the boldest of Spain's veterans, came flushed with victory, eager to gather another harvest of death. The van of his army under the heroic Redovan, who had deluged the passes of Malaga with blood, burst like a thunder-cloud upon the main body of the Castilians, penetrating even their camp, and putting all to the rout. Moclin was free ; but he pursued his victorious career to Velez Malaga, now

strongly invested by the foe. Carried away by his resistless ardour, he attacked the Spaniards in their intrenchments, without waiting the arrival of the main body under El Zagal. In the first desperate onset he carried all before him, till the Castilians, perceiving the smallness of his force, with a strong reinforcement, rallied and turned the tide of battle against him. The Moors in turn were completely routed, and such was the consternation, that it spread to the ranks of El Zagal, who came up at the critical moment. Spite of his efforts to retrieve the day, his army, seized with the like panic, joined the fugitives, and only helped to swell the triumph of the enemy.

But a few hours before, the Moors flushed with victory scoured the plains in all directions; now a feeble and scattered few, it was with difficulty they succeeded under the too brave Redovan in throwing themselves into Velez Malaga. El Zagal hastened to seek refuge in Granada, but tidings of his defeat having produced a sudden change in the feelings of the people, he found the gates closed against him. Knocking furiously with the hilt of his scymitar at the portals, he was answered only with threats and maledictions. The walls swarmed with the fierce mercenaries of Abu Abdallah, and yielding to the torrent, with strange indignant feelings, a king and a conqueror till this evil day, he departed with his fallen fame from the capital which had welcomed him to its throne with thunders of applause.

While brooding over his wrongs, his more fortunate rival, now undisputed master of Granada, was com-

pelled to take up arms to defend himself against his imperial ally, who seemed no way inclined to pause in his career of conquest. Vainly did he endeavour to convince Ferdinand that he was making war on a friend, devastating his plains and capturing his cities in violation of the treaty they had entered into. The Christian monarch was deaf to his remonstrances, declaring that the cities in question were disaffected, and in favour of El Zagal, whom by the tenour of their compact he was bound to attack; that as a vassal to the crowns of Arragon and Castile, he called upon him to appear with his retainers in the field. Roused to action by this galling and insulting reply, and the formidable preparations making at Cordova for another campaign, Abu Abdallah swore to decide the question of empire once more in the open plain.

Happy in possession of the object which lay nearest to his heart, whatever he possessed of noble and amiable in his character now came into fuller display. As he rode at the head of his warlike tribes through the vast and fertile vega, he gazed back with pride on that splendid city with its golden palaces, over which he held unresisted sway. While he paused for a moment, there suddenly appeared on the edge of one of the heights above the Darro, near the spot where he reined his fiery barb, a gigantic form, wild and terrible in its looks, as if springing from out the dark, shaggy steep; and waving its arm with an air of command, it addressed itself in a harsh, hollow voice to the ear of the startled king. There was something hardly human in the ominous voice and wild gestures of that dark

being, on whom care and fasting might well have conferred that superhuman faculty ascribed to the anchorite of the desert by the more credulous and fanatical among the Moors. "Was it the evil prophet who had so long predicted the fearful days to come?" was the inquiry. No; it was one mightier than he; of an order of saints more venerated,* who by long fixed contemplation and excessive maceration learned to penetrate the veil of time, and communed with the mighty prophets on the mysteries of eternity and the final destiny of man. Yet there was much in the grandeur of his air and looks, expressive less of religious awe than the high-bearing of a prince. In a deep sepulchral voice, with frenzied eye and waving arms, "Listen, oh King Abu Abdallah," he cried, "to the words of a worshipper of Allah, the Avenger! the searcher of secrets not come to light, a santón of the great Prophet, a dweller of the holy mountain. I am an echo of the dead; of the lost, forgotten language of the mighty of old time; the wisdom of the hallowed; the enshrined saints, that speak to thee from the ground. Listen, and tremble! for hast thou not broken the laws of the faithful and the resigned? cloaked thy soul in the darkness of the secret sinner? made spoil of the innocent? revelled in forbidden joys, till the dark spirit of Eblis and his angels hath become as the light of thy eyes? Hast thou not requited with the soul's bitterest torments the services of the just and good? Fore-doomed! the

* They were called saints, or santóns, of the sect of dervishes, and their places of retreat were considered holy, as the holy mountain of El Santo.

dark star of thy birth hath ruled, and shall rule thee to the end! Ignobly shalt thou perish in the battle not fought for thee or thy country; an exile far away, thou who didst refuse to stand that country's friend in the hour of her bitter need. Oh, calamity of thy people and thy age! thou hast leagued with the enemies of thy faith; and beware! for I see near and more near, the judgment-sword of the Prophet suspended above thy head! Away! to the destiny which is written for thee, written in blood and tears, for thee and the country thou hast betrayed!"

As the solemn denunciation fell on their ears, horsemen and foot, alike rooted to the ground like so many statues, motionless and voiceless with surprise, gazed upon the king. After a momentary struggle, Abdallah was the first to break the fearful spell; uttering an exclamation of anger as the strange figure disappeared from view, he dashed impetuously forward, followed by his glittering host. Still, he could not shake off the weight of these repeated prophecies which, doubtful and undefined as they were, produced a secret, mysterious dread, an anticipation of some future deferred evils, the fearful looking for of which is far more trying and terrible than any existing woes, however keen; for then the powers of action and knowledge of the worst, assume a tangible shape which man can cope with or endure. How far more tolerable than darkly to behold the destiny foretold from his birth, the illimitable gigantic fates of the future which stretch their distant misshapen shadows before and around him,—haunting him with sights and sounds he knows not how to in-

terpret, to what to refer! Such were the dark thoughts of Abdallah; but shaking them off his spirit with a lion-energy he knew how to exert, he hurried forward, eager to measure weapons with the Christian host, and vindicate his title to a throne.

The scene of action lay near Loxa, against which Ferdinand indulged a vindictive hatred which he sought in vain to disguise. Thrice had he been beaten with ignominy from its walls, and he now resumed the siege with a relentless fury which had levelled the castles of Cambil and Albahar with the dust. The town of Zalia was also surprised by the knights of Calatrava, and the approach to Granada became daily more open and practicable. It was less exposed to those sudden and desperate onsets for which the Moors were so distinguished, and which long baffled alike the caution and the heroism of the best Castilian leaders.

The Moorish king entered at an inauspicious moment on the new campaign. In the early spring,* Ferdinand had summoned the grand united armies at Cordova, consisting of the power of the border chiefs and nobles, in addition to increased numbers of the regular and veteran troops. The rich valleys of the Guadalquivir resounded with louder peals of war. The emulation of the nobles and their retainers gave renewed splendour and spirit to the scene. The magnificence of these armaments, the wild, stirring enthusiasm of that chivalrous period, the light brilliant pavilions, the gold

* Previous to the grand siege of Granada, which continued upwards of nine months.

and silken pennons variously formed and decorated, the costly taste and richness of the several equipages, gave to the whole encampment the appearance rather of a public spectacle than the stern panoply of iron war. The luxuries and elegancies of courtly life, still preserved in the heart of the fiery conflict, were scarcely inferior to those of their gallant foe. And such was the high esteem they entertained for each other, that Moorish and Castilian leaders were frequently connected by ties of friendship, gratitude, and affection. Rich services of gold and silver adorned their tables; the housings of their steeds were of fine cloth and brocade, embroidered with silk and golden tissue. The decorations of the tents resembled those of brilliant drawing-rooms rather than the dwellings of war.

Then splendid cavalcades and processions by torch-light, which cast a more novel splendour on their burnished arms, nodding plumes, embroidered scarfs and trappings, with national games and festivals, filled the various intervals and pauses of battle during a succession of brilliant and eventful campaigns. And with the proud Castilians mingled the chivalry of surrounding nations, attracted to the scene by the fame of a war unequalled in exploits, in generosity, and magnanimity notwithstanding its deep, religious animosity, rendering it the admiration of after times. Add to all, a romantic gallantry, love of poetry, with high refinement of intellect and art, which threw the lustre of their charms round a period in the change of empires, which exhibited human character and actions in their utmost variety, brilliancy, and force.

The Christian army advancing against Loxa, encamped at the foot of a towering cliff, known as the Rock of the Lovers, on the banks of the Yeguas. The pavilions of the chiefs, each surmounted by its streaming pennon, were seen raised above the surrounding tents of their several retainers. On still higher ground, commanding the entire encampment, was seen the royal pavilion, displaying the banners of Castile and Arragon, and the figure of the cross splendidly emblazoned in front. Here Ferdinand held a council; for it was rumoured that King Abdallah was in the field, doubtless with the design of frustrating his attack upon Loxa. It was resolved that one part of the army should attack the tremendous heights of Santo Albohacen, confronting the city; while the other proceeded by a circuitous route, and fell on it from the opposite side. Alonzo d'Aguilar, Diego di Cordova, the Count of Ureña occupied the posts of greatest peril, and ere the approach of the Moorish king, their Castilian ensigns were seen waving over the heights, threatening the great city in its most vulnerable points. At this sight, the Moors, transported with rage, clamoured to be led on to the assault. "By Allah!" exclaimed the king, "let it be done. I offered to hold my towns in fealty and alliance: see! he hath come with a storm of war upon my faithful Loxa;—the treason rest upon his head!"

In the front of his guards, followed by an army of foot, the Moor then attacked the advanced parties of the enemy; and having detached a division to cut off their communication, he made a vigorous effort to

carry the heights ere they could concentrate their columns. Their cavalry was still in the valleys below, when the brazen throats of trumpet and clarion proclaimed the imminent attack, mingling their terrific din with the report of firelocks, the shock of shield and spear. The blackness of dust and darkness, resembling the sudden irruption of a volcano over those green and blooming declivities, involved the whole field. Every where confronting the perils of the battle, the Moorish king sought to dislodge the foe before the arrival of the Castilian horse, evincing a bravery and devotion which more than redeemed his errors in the eyes of his admiring troops.

Suddenly a cavalier, arrayed as a Castilian chief, spite of the utmost efforts of his guards, rushed upon the royal Moor; and wounding him, and repeating his blow with resistless rapidity, laid him prostrate in the dust. The king was borne from the field; and with the same undaunted vigour, that dark knight cut his way through the battle and disappeared. But soon the absence of the Moorish king was more than supplied by a band of the Abencerrages, headed by an impetuous chief, borne on the same steed, with the same device, and wielding the same sweeping falchion in his hand. As the Count de Cabra, at the head of his squadron, entered the field, he beheld the Moors conveying their favourite monarch towards the gates of the beleaguered city. The combat still raged with unabated fury;—at the head of his savage veteran Gomerez, rode a dark-plumed gigantic knight upon a huge black charger, clearing a path through the foe.

The noble Hammed El Zegri had flown with a band of his old garrison of Loxa, and renewed the assault to gain the heights. It was there fought Ponce de Leon, Alonzo d'Aguilar, his young brother, Gonzalvo, Garcilaso de la Vega, famed alike for his chivalry and song, with Fernando Cortez, whose united efforts hurled back their fierce assailants, dashing them down the declivities and rocks. The Count of Ureña, and his bold retainers, marked their recollection of the dismal day which had deprived them of the young Master of Calatrava, by raising to him a hecatomb of the slain.

Fresh succours from the city joined the Moors, and on all points along the groves, and gardens, and blooming orchards of the suburbs, separate parties engaged in deadly conflict,—the Moors struggling to cut them off, the Spaniards to join the standards of their lords. As fresh divisions cleared the valley, fresh bands also of the Moors rushed from their mountain holds and hamlets towards the heights of Albohacen, with fierce intent to rescue the key of all Granada from the infidel's grasp. Galled as they were by cross-bows and missiles from the cliffs, the Spanish leaders fought hand to hand and foot to foot with the enraged Moslems. The stern encounter of d'Aguilar with their great champion, El Zegri, the most celebrated of the single combatants of that great campaign, excited both armies to deeds of incredible daring, in which the body-guards of the royal Moor covered themselves with glory worthy of the Khaleds and Tarikhs of old times.

But strong reinforcements from the castle of Gaucin,* and the adjacent territories, seen approaching in full march under Ferdinand, must decide the fate of the day. Surrounded by his princely retinue, he took his station on a hill which commanded a complete view of the battle. The chivalry

* Once a noble town, situated in the midst of steep mountains, Gaucin overlooks a deep valley, fertilized by rich streams, which irrigate it on all sides. The adjacent convent and domains of the Franciscan friars, while contributing to adorn the landscape, offer a strange contrast to its former warlike character, towering 'mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers, when it reflected back the radiance of the west upon the sunny vega, which its rocky fort so well defended. The monks have uniformly shown judgment in selecting such situations, and in the high cultivation of the surrounding territory, though after the expulsion of the Moors it appeared like a forsaken region, black and desolate. To the distance of two or three leagues beyond Gaucin, the road runs along the sides of the hills through vineyards, which cover them from their very summits to the centre of the valleys. The country afterwards becomes still more uneven, as far as Ronda; it consists entirely of lofty mountains, in the defiles of which winds a ruined and rugged road. At various intervals you discover miserable villages, which hang as it were on the sides of naked rocks. Their position and their names, Guatazin, Benali, and Atajates, seem to show that they were built by the Moors, who sought in the bosom of these almost inaccessible mountains, retreats where they might be secure from the attacks of the Christians. They have since often become the haunts of robbers and smugglers.

After passing Atajate, the tourist enters on a ridge of lofty mountains, from the summit of which he beholds, for the last time, the rock of Gibraltar, with the Barbary coast in the distance. Like other Moorish castles of this description, Gaucin is now in ruins; but is still imposing from its bold commanding situation, which defended one of the passes of that high



 JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA



Engraved by J.C. Labadie.

Printed by De la Cruz.

GAUCÍN.
(Looking towards Seville and the Coast of Barbary)
 London: Published Oct 28 1834 by J. Murray & C^o Glasgow.

Drawn by David Roberts.

of other nations also swelled his ranks. The gallant English knight, Lord Scales,* among others stood near the king, eager to behold for the first time a Moorish battle-field. The sudden onset—the shouts of the horsemen—the feigned retreat—the hidden ambuscade, with the quick wild careering, the hurling chain of mountains called the Sierra di Ronda, and in the midst of which lies the city of that name. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the panoramic view from this height, looking towards Gibraltar and the African coasts. The ocean-rock is seen rising proudly from the bright blue, southern seas, and the most callous spectator cannot but be struck with a warm admiration of the mighty power which, sweeping from its northern home of waves, made that grand sea-mark of the old Moors its own. It is then, as the English tourist gazes round him, that he feels proud of the country which gave him birth, and it is an object of as bitter envy to the Spaniard. Directly facing it, on the opposite coast, he beholds what were the celebrated Pillars of Hercules; on the extreme left of the picture, on the Barbary coast and connected by a narrow neck of land, is Ceuta, a place of banishment for Spanish criminals. It is almost the only possession retained by Spain on that coast. In the little bay to the right of the view, is situated the tower of Algesiras,—the rival port to Gibraltar; while the high chain of mountains in the distance forms the lower range of Mount Atlas. It was while defending the former of these noble citadels of the sea, that the brave governor, sooner than surrender, beheld his son put to death by the enemy before his face, even throwing them down the dagger with which they perpetrated the deed. Nor did he less distinguish himself as the alcaide of Gaucin, here before us, in the defence of which, and of his religion, he gallantly fell.

* The chronicler calls him Conde de *Escalas*, or *Escalia*, Lord Scales, Earl of Rivers; not Lord Calais, as some writers have chosen to interpret it. For much of the romantic spirit connected with the battle and capture of Lóxa, the writer is indebted to the admirable work of Washington Irving, in addition to the accounts of the Spanish and Arab writers.

of the spears, the swift whirling scymitars, and then the close deadly strife with rapier and dagger,—on steed—on foot—in the final grasp,—all stirred the blood of the brave Englishman : his eye began to glisten ; he grew uneasy ; his hand was on his sword, and with stern brow and heightening colour, he asked the king's permission to breathe himself a space with his strong yeomen in the motley fray. “ On the next reinforcement to the Albohacen,” says the ancient chronicler, “ armed with simple morion and breastplate, did that stalwart knight bring up his body of merrymen, (so called, perchance, from their grave and solid looks—their bold, steady step, or the weight of their arms and axes). He had a lusty band of archers, with feathered shafts of a cloth-yard's length and bows of the tough yew tree.

“ As that staunch and dread-nought lord fought his way into the thick of the fray, he turned him to his bold liegemen ; ‘ And, remember, my merrymen,’ said he, ‘ where you are,—in a foreign land ; and that the heart of Robert the Bruce,* being borne hither on its way to rest in the holy shrine, did make fearful havock of

* Bruce thought of going upon this expedition when he was in despair of recovering the crown of Scotlan ; and now he desired his heart to be carried to Jerusalem after his death, and requested Lord James, of Douglas, to take the charge of it. Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted this office,—the last mark of the Bruce's confidence and friendship. The king soon afterwards expired, and his heart was taken out from his body and embalmed. Then the Lord Douglas caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it round his neck by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward to the Holy Land, with a gallant train of the bravest

these infidels. Carried by the Christians into the battle, it so braced their spirits with that vigour I would have your living hearts now to display, that Mahound was fain to flee!' With that they raised the

men in Scotland, who, to show their value and sorrow for their brave King Robert, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem.

In going to Palestine, Douglas landed in Spain, where the sultan of Granada, Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish king of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded him that he would do good service to the Christian cause by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Granada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens who were opposed to them. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the east, the Scots pursued the chase too far; and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah, illah Allah!* and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced too hastily. In this new skirmish Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair, of Roslyn, fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have present help." With that he galloped to his rescue, but was himself surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him as to leave him no chance of escaping, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it as he would have done to the king had he been alive,—“Pass first in fight,” he said, “as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die.” He then threw the king's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

old cry of St. George, and the doughty earl and his men fell to it with right good will, laying about them with manly and trusty brands; wielding aloft their axes like woodmen in a forest, they did astound the mountaineers of Navarre by their deeds of hardihood and strength. And, albeit, the knightly spirits of other lands did vie with each other in giving example of old Europe's prowess, yet in valorous obstinacy none could outdo these stout and lordly islanders."

At length, Hammed El Zegri fell covered with wounds;—and disputing every inch, the Moors were driven back upon the bridge, though they fought again within the suburbs. King Ferdinand coming up, the English earl followed the Moors almost to the gates, and into the streets. "But being smitten," says the chronicler, "by a large stone in the teeth, he was, per force, carried off by his men from the spot."* Yet he sturdily planted his standard where they stood, while the king took up his position on the other side, nearer to Granada; the heights of Albohacen being occupied by the great Alonzo d'Aguilar. Here the Christians soon began to prepare batteries, and to beleaguer the city according to the rules of war.

* Pulgar. He adds, that Ferdinand sent him magnificent presents, and visited him in his tent. Upon condoling with the English earl on the loss of his teeth, the latter replied, that he had cause to thank God, since it had brought him a visit from the most powerful monarch of all Christendom; that as to his teeth, he thought little of them, for it would be strange if he were not willing to lose two or three in the service of him who had given him a whole set.



CONSEJO DE LA ALHAMBRA Y GENERALIFE
COMISIÓN DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

CHAPTER VII.

Green are the myrtle leaves that glow
On beauty's bright and polished brow;
But greener are the wreaths that shine,
And round the sword of freedom twine!
Those have flourished by the fount
On Cythera's golden mount;
These have drunk a richer flood
From the perjured tyrant's blood.

POEMS BY W. S. ROSCOE.

THE defeat of Abu Abdallah, and the failure of all his efforts to relieve the fortress of Loxa, spread consternation throughout Granada. That splendid capital now lay exposed to the victorious career of the Christian foe. It presented, at this juncture, the singular

spectacle of a throne without a prince, an army without a chief. The king had been carried wounded into Loxa, and in this exigency the Moors bitterly lamented their long and deadly feuds, the rash confidence they had reposed in their favourite prince, and the precipitancy with which they had spurned the veteran El Zagal from their walls. They saw their fatal error in contending for rival monarchs, instead of flying to defend their mountain-barriers,—taking their stand in those impregnable forts and passes where they might have annihilated the enemy. While trembling for their very existence as a people, a cry was heard from the watch-towers of the Alcazaba; and soon the distant tread of horse, coming thicker and faster till it thundered upon the ear, startled them from their dreams of terror and suspense. Tower, and mosque, and minaret, teemed with dark, eager visages; their sharp features and flashing eyes bent over the spacious vega, while the tocsin of war sounded from the Viva Rambla along the banks of the Darro,—from the gate of Elvira to the gardens of the Generalife and the ancient Albaycin.

But, ere long, the distant gleam of the scymitar, the glimpses of the green turban, with the golden banners of the crescent reflected in the rays of the setting sun, produced a shout of exultation from the crowded walls and battlements. A gallant troop of horse drew up at the Elvira gate, and thundered for admittance. The cry of El Zagal rang through the streets as he rode, accompanied by Muza Ben Gazan at the head of the Alabez, through the gates of the capital. Brief as was the period since his rejection, the air resounded with

acclamations of the warrior-king, who had thus magnanimously returned to offer his breast as a bulwark against their fierce invaders.

The chief authorities were soon compelled to reinstate him in his royal privileges; and it was then he was informed of the events which had taken place in the capital,—the inauspicious marriage of Abu Abdallah, the wrongs and sufferings of his noble rival. At this announcement, his brethren in arms,—the remnant of that faithful tribe, ever in the van of battle,—burst into the loudest expressions of grief, throwing down their arms, trampling their turbans, and casting dust upon their bare heads. They accused themselves of ingratitude and neglect in not remaining near him, or bearing him along with them upon their bucklers to the field. But the sorrow, the indignation of Muza Ben Gazan, and the emirs and elders, his old companions, and peers of Ali Atar, though silent, was still more deep.

“Whither,” was the mournful inquiry, “had he bent his steps? With what sad, dark purpose, and to what distant bourne? Had he flown to the deserts of his revered forefathers to brood over his wrongs, to seek consolation in the rocky hermitages of the santons? or departed, a lonely pilgrim, to the Prophet’s sacred shrine?” All was mystery; and as they stood and talked, the tribe again gave vent to their vehement ebullitions of sorrow for the fate of their favourite chief. They recalled his splendid deeds to mind, the generosity with which he had shared and relieved their sufferings,—their friend, their counsellor, and their shield before the foe.

Suddenly, they recollected the strange apparition of the Castilian knight, who, with resistless vengeance, had tracked Abdallah through the fight and had as swiftly vanished. Again, whose was that small serried band of heroes, at whose head a Moslem chief had displayed more than human prowess, spreading dismay through the Christian host,—till, charging through their camp, he doubtless fell a martyr to his country's honour?

On the evening of the royal Moor's re-entrance into the capital, there might be seen, as the deep silent shades of twilight stole over the groves and fountains, the figure of a bowed and aged man, attired in pilgrim-weeds, wending his weary way along the walls of its palace gardens. Wretched and haggard were his features, his air strange and wild, as with uncertain and varying step which bespoke the agitated mind, he bent his way towards the low wicket postern opening into the gardens of the Generalife. As he stooped down, it seemed to open at his touch, and with the familiar air of one acquainted with the scene, he stepped within its precincts. But all of fragrance and of beauty, in that soft night-hour, seemed to fall on his dreary spirit like the bloom of faded flowers on the urn of some beloved being whom he was consigning to the shades of death. Smiting his bosom as he went, he passed along the embowered vistas and shrubberies of palm and cypress, where—vainly to his eye—luxuriantly blossomed the myrtle and the rose, and bright silvery fountains sparkled up; for he heard a voice borne on the still, evening breeze, so strangely and deeply sad, mingled

at intervals with the low breathings of the Æolian lyre murmuring to the winds, as filled the soul of that Moorish pilgrim with an ecstasy of sorrow he could not control. No longer master of himself, he gave way to expressions of the most fearful and frantic grief. Harsher than the sound of death-knells came the wild murmured sounds of that old Moorish melody on his soul,—the song he had heard in other days,—poured from the breaking heart of the lost Maisuna, wedded to the monarch whom she could not love:—

The russet suit of camel's hair,
With spirits light and eye serene,
Is dearer to my bosom far
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent and murmuring breeze
That whistles through its fluttering walls,
My unassuming fancy please
Better than towers and splendid halls.

Th' attendant colts that bounding fly
And frolic by the litter's side,
Are dearer in Maisuna's eye
Than gorgeous mules in all their pride.

The watch-dog's voice that bays whene'er
A stranger seeks his master's cot,
Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear
Than yonder trumpet's long-drawn note.

The rustic youth unspoilt by art,
Son of my kindred, poor but free,
Will ever to Maisuna's heart
Be dearer, pamper'd king, than thee.*

* Maisuna was a daughter of the tribe of Calab, remarkable for the number of poets it had produced. She was married



Directing his agitated step towards the myrtle bowers whence the sounds seemed to proceed, he suddenly paused, aware that it would be death thus to break upon the object whom he sought. He now repeated in low and plaintive accents, the words of another favourite air, well understood by her for whose ear it was intended:—

The boatmen shout, 'Tis time to part,
No longer we can stay ;
'Twas then Maisuna taught my heart
How much a glance could say.

whilst very young to the Khaliph Mowiah. But this exalted situation by no means suited the disposition of Maisuna, and amidst all the pomp and splendour of Damascus, she languished for the simple pleasures of her native desert.

These feelings gave birth to the simple stanzas, which she took the greatest delight in singing whenever she could indulge her melancholy in private. She was unfortunately overheard one day by Mowiah, who was of course not a little offended on the discovery of his wife's sentiments. As a punishment for her fault, he ordered her to retire from court. Maisuna, taking her infant son Yezid with her, returned to Yemen; nor did she revisit Damascus till after the death of Mowiah, when Yezid ascended the throne. Mowiah, however, hardly deserved her reproach, for he displayed as many virtues when in possession of the khaliphat, as he had shown talents in acquiring it; and after a glorious reign of nineteen years, died at Damascus universally regretted. The last public speech he made to his people is still preserved: "I am like corn that is to be reaped," said the dying monarch.—"I have governed you till we are weary of one another; I am superior to all my successors, as my predecessors were superior to me. God desires to approach all who desire to approach him; O God, I love to meet thee; do thou love to meet me!"—*Specimens of Arabian Poetry.*



TOWER OF THE SEVEN VAULTS.

Drawn by Isaac Roberts.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

With trembling steps to me she came,
Farewell! she would have cried;
But ere her lips the word could frame,
In half-formed sounds it died.

Then bending down with looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung;
And as the gale hangs on the grove
Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embrac'd the maid,
My heart with raptures beat;
While she but wept the more, and said,
Would we had never met!

At the close, one low stifled shriek and the sound as of some one striving to fly, smote upon the heart of the lone stranger; and the next moment the chief of the Abencerrages clasped to his bosom the beautiful sultana of Granada. She lived! and the rush of overwhelming tenderness permitted him not to imagine that she was other than the bright reality of a love which had swayed every thought and impulse of their beings. He had indeed dreaded the worst, as he kept his lonely vigils in the Seven Vaults,*—

* Little beyond the wreck of this once massive and magnificent structure now remains, though the old religious traditions characteristic of the mind of the Moorish populace have survived in all their primitive vigour and freshness. Upon the French retiring from the fortress, it was undermined and blown up; and huge fragments of the walls are already covered with the rich vegetation of the spot, or mouldering under the shadow of the fig-tree and the vine. The arch of the gateway, however, though injured, escaped the general shock, adding perhaps to the sombre and picturesque impression associated with the ruins of human empire which every where force themselves on the eye and the mind. It was

that she was lost to him,—that to escape a more fearful fate she might have herself closed those precious eyes in the sleep of death. But the idea of a renunciation of their heart-chained vows, of her resigning herself a victim into the power of a triumphant rival had never for a moment possessed his soul. To him, the certainty of again beholding her, was a conviction of her perfect innocence and truth; and no exterior show, no royal gauds and trappings had power to startle him from his dream of blissful confidence in the enduring spirit of their loves. She lived; she was folded to his breast,—it was the bright realization of his long hopes and dreams,—all of lovely, enchanting, and heroic, which played round his heart in the dear-remembered haunts of his youth.

In such scenes had he drunk rapture, had their souls mingled in all the delicious illusions of a high ineffable love, and a smile of delight irradiated his features as his eyes rested on her whom he had believed lost

through these vaults that the weak and unhappy king quitted his crown and kingdom for the last time, when proceeding to lay down the keys of Granada at the feet of his Christian conqueror. Taking his melancholy way over the hill of Los Martires, and along the garden of the now adjacent convent, he thence struck into the hollow ravine, pursuing his way till he arrived at the Puerta de los Molinos, or Gate of the Mills. Passing these, he continued his route, following the course of the Xenil till he reached a little Moorish mosque, which has since assumed the name of the Hermitage of San Sebastian. Here it is recorded in a tablet on the wall, that “On this spot the king of Granada surrendered the keys of his capitol to the Castilian sovereigns.” After this sad humiliating interview, the royal exile proceeded to rejoin his family at a village across the vega, whither they had departed the previous evening to shun

to him for ever. Feelings akin to those of the far-travelled pilgrim, when through thousand perils and sufferings he beholds at last that shrine of his revered master's rest, filled his heart as he still held her enfolded in his arms. Alas! that he should be destined to wake from such a dream to the bitter truth, terrible as the annihilation of the holiest hopes of the faithful, of the dying trust of the martyr and the patriot in that brighter land of the future promised to the just by the sages, the mighty prophets, and saviours of the world.

From the moment she uttered that piercing shriek, Zelinda had lain breathless in the young prince's arms. Too happy had she never breathed more,—never gazed upon the glorious aspect of nature, now involved in one dark shroud of woe. She, the idolized being of his thoughts, must now appear like some dark malignant power, or with the brightness only of Eblis and his angels,—the evil genius tracking his footsteps, till the triumphant gaze of the enemy, and being witnesses to such a scene of trial and degradation. At length, the fallen prince reached the edge of a chain of barren hills, which form a ridge of the still loftier and wilder Alpuxarras. It was from the summit of one of these that the unfortunate monarch beheld the beloved city of Granada for the last time; and it bears to this day the emphatic name of the "Hill of Tears." The wretched exiles thence took their way across a dark barren tract, and their route is still traced along paths which must have been made immeasurably painful from the contrast with the scenes they had left. Upon descending from the last of these rocky heights, which still bears the name of the "Last Sigh of the Moor," his heroic mother, turning towards him, uttered that memorable and well deserved reproach, too well known to be here repeated.—*Chronicles of Granada.*

they be lost in the fiery dust and ashes of some heavy and precipitous doom.

But the heaving of the bosom, the mantling of the cheek, the start, the scream, the shrinking back into herself, gave evidence that she yet lived. A deeper shudder ran through her frame, as she recognised her lover, and with a strange sympathy of terror he caught the same wild despairing look as he gazed upon her. And his frame began to tremble, and his heart to quail like hers; as if some deep-seated instinct of his being, anticipating the shock, threw before it the black shadows of calamity over his spirit, unfolding by degrees the secret of his coming fate, lest it cast down the flood-gates of life, and stop the ruddy current at its fountain.

Thus with looks of breathless anxiety, they continued to gaze upon each other, longing yet dreading to speak, as if struggling with some strange presentiment, till his eye shrank from the despairing woe of that beloved face, resting upon the emblems and decorations of a queen. "It was here," he lowly breathed, all pale and trembling with emotion, "in this your favourite bower, that we first exchanged our vows, our sacred oaths of endless love: here too we last met. Repeat, my love, the words you then spoke of truth and constancy till death."

Deep sobs were her only reply, as in the phrensy of her woe she tore her auburn tresses, cast away her bridal wreaths, her gem-spangled diadem, and trampled the brilliant plumes in the dust. Then bursting into a flood of lamentations and tears, she threw herself upon

her lover's neck: "It was for thee, for thy dear and sacred life that I am thus! My only beloved! light, too precious light of my eyes; it was to see again my Ibn Hammed, to hear his voice,—to be clasped in his arms once more, that I consented to wear these hateful trappings which my soul abhorred. But I see thee, and I shall die happy now,—for death, death alone now thou art saved—"

"Saved! and thou,—who and what art thou? for by Allah! thou lookest strangely, fearfully upon me! Speak quickly, I conjure!"

"No, fly me, Ibn Hammed! let me not breathe a word! it is death, only death to *me*. Fly, ere thou art seen; and forget there was such a being as the fallen, lost Zelinda."

"Why speak you in mystery and dread? there is guilt in thy looks and words. Oh speak!"

"It is! it is the most guilty, abhorred, impious of sacrifices! but save thyself; let it not be *all* in vain! Wilt thou not fly? I am the wife of Abu Abdallah! Now fly!"

The chief started from her as if he had held a scorpion; then, surprise and horror chained him to the spot,—the indignation of a spirit scorning longer to cope with calamity, mingled with so much dishonour, indignity, treachery,—all of so black a dye! But soon he gave way to the passionate vehemence of his grief, smiting his bosom, tearing his turban, and casting the dust upon his head! "Allah! Allah Achbar!" he exclaimed, "the great, the terrible God! not the merciful, the gracious, the director of our path;

but the mighty avenger, the swift in wrath, record the crime of mine enemy! Draw on him thy sword of judgment; vindicate thy glory as the one just and all-conquering God! Smite thou the traitor with its terrors, till he feel the weight of his heavy sin upon his own head!" Then turning to that woe-stricken girl, "Ah weak, faltering, and faithless to our honour, and to our God, as to all our wretched love! what is death, what a thousand deaths to the agony of one life such as thou hast made it? Ah, Zelinda! and wert thou but a glorious vision of all that was bright and pure, which my young imagination pictured; a dream fleeting as the dews of the flowers at the touch of the young morn's orient beams?

"Why, why did we live to see this hapless day! if indeed thou hast not wished to wear Granada's diadem! For sure, had thy love been holy and lofty as I deemed, thou hadst gloried in seeing me die,—yea, in proving the immortal truth and purity of a love such as ours,—in the ordeal of a fiercer trial than any which the impious and the bad could impose. Then none could have injured us; our sacred honour, our unsullied love, pure in the eyes of Allah, triumphant over death! But feeble and fickle, thou hast sold thyself to evil; limned thy soul in the golden meshes of sin; and the lustre, the beauty of our life, the path of light and truth are for ever faded and gone! I thank thee not, sultana, for a worthless life thou hadst done better to deprive me of; else why not bid me," he added with a look of withering scorn, "to the marriage festivals of the young sultana of Granada! despoiled,

scorned, and abject, in the midst of all her pomp, as the lowest of her slaves!"

The harsh, wild-despairing language of the chief, pierced the wretched Zelinda to the soul. Pitiabie were the stifled sobs and sighs which shook her gentle being, in anguish which could not weep. They were the last drops that filled to overflowing her bitter cup, and drawing a dagger, she aimed it quick as light at her beauteous bosom; but with yet swifter arm it dashed, as it already pierced the folds of her rich-gemmed robe, upon the earth.

That sight produced a sudden, strange revulsion in her lover's feelings, which not all her tears could have done. It tested the depth of their passion; voiceless, as he still held that trembling hand, they gazed into each other's eyes; and full of eloquent meaning was the pause. And as their hands and eyes thus met, a wild fascination seemed to bind all their faculties in one delicious spell, which spite of all earthly ills and agonies told them they were still immeasurably dear to each other. Softer thoughts soothed the burning anguish of Ibn Hammed's soul; he felt how intensely he was yet loved; that it was the very excess of that love which had deprived her of the power to behold him die. He too had now experienced what she must have felt, when the sword was brandished above his head; for he yet trembled with terror at the peril she had run, and he no longer arraigned the motives of the agonizing sacrifice she had made for his sake.

With hands trembling in each other, and eyes that seemed never to drink enough of delight from their

restored looks of love;—as if all the dread interval between their last parting were but a fearful dream, they started from that trance only to rush into a wild embrace. Clasped to each other's bosoms with a passionate strength and energy of undying love, it seemed to compensate by its very excess for the agonies of wretchedness which they had previously endured. They felt that they still possessed Heaven's charter to preserve their heart's love inviolate, spite of all exterior injuries and wrongs;—they felt that let fate do her worst, there were moments of bliss of which no earthly power could deprive them. The delicious consciousness of perfect, supreme affection, which had sanctified their union in the eye of heaven and which no ulterior events could set aside, had now restored them to each other.

How strange and mysterious a thing is human nature, how inexplicable the secret links and workings of our human hearts, with all those hidden, antagonist springs of action too finely and awfully constituted for us to comprehend, but which with wonderful balance preserve those due alternations of power, which prevent the current of our being from bursting its banks and from utter stagnation in its channels.

The two beings who had just before met under all the terrors and agonies of a woe too deep for tears, had by one fearful attempt been rescued from utter despair; and in proving they were still every thing to each other, had drunk far deeper of rapture than if the heavy hand of calamity had never pressed upon their hearts.

And now with words of enthusiastic tenderness, of absorbing joy, too exquisite long to last, they tore themselves from each other's arms. Often and again they pledged themselves by all that was dear and sacred, soon to renew their sweet but perilous meetings,—as if joys like theirs were more than a summer dream.*

Meanwhile, events were rapidly approaching a crisis in the progress of this chivalrous, but exterminating war. For though the Moors in the van of civilization, learning, refinement;—in hospitality and magnanimity of character, had been the benefactors of Spain and the tutors of Europe, the superstitious ignorance and ferocity of the lower orders of both nations, conjoined with difference of habits and of religion, had at length rendered it a system of war to the knife.

Among the more cultivated and ennobled, however, sentiments of mutual honour and esteem, often founded upon congeniality of sentiment for what was great and disinterested, had knit the high Castilian and Moorish knights and gentlemen in bonds of chivalrous brotherhood. Their friendships often arose from singular, romantic incidents in battle, in captivity, † not unfrequently from sympathy of mind, studies

* One of the khaliphs, reflecting on the pleasures which the rich and fortunate enjoy in this world, exclaimed—"How sweetly we live, if a shadow would last!"

† It would seem as if hospitality and magnanimity in distress were almost hereditary virtues in the character of the Arab, extending to all of the same blood. During Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, a French officer, taken prisoner by the

and pursuits, lofty traits of conduct, and impassioned attachments to the lovely countrywomen of each other. To all these was added, in many instances, the tie of intermarriages, formed during various long periods of peace;—when but for the bad ambition of their leaders, there was every appearance of these two noble nations gradually blending into one great and happy people.*

The Count of Cifuentes was thus rescued from death by the brave Redovan Ben Egaz, and not only

Bedouins, had remained several months a prisoner, when the camp of the captors was attacked during the night by the enemy's cavalry. Tents, flocks, herds, baggage, provisions fell into their hands; and the scheikh with much difficulty effected his escape, accompanied by his prisoner. Next day, wandering in the desert, isolated from his friends and deprived of all resources, he drew forth a piece of bread from his abbu, and, presenting half of it to the officer, observed,—“I know not when we shall eat bread again; but it shall never be said that I refused to share my last morsel with my friend.”

* It was not however till a chivalrous and cultivated period, that this spirit of mutual respect and courtesy began to be felt. In olden times, “they laid on load” with lusty epithets of reproach, as well as weapons; witness the author of the ancient Legend of Sir Bevis, who glories in showing his hero's antipathy to “Mahound and Termagaunt.” He loses all sense of gallantry in his religious zeal; returning the following discourteous and grumbling answer to the invitation of a fair Paynim princess, who sent two Saracenic knights to invite him to her bower:—

“I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde
To speake with an heathen hounde;
Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,
Or I your harte bloud shall se.”

They then with equal politeness return the compliment, calling him a “Christen hounde.”

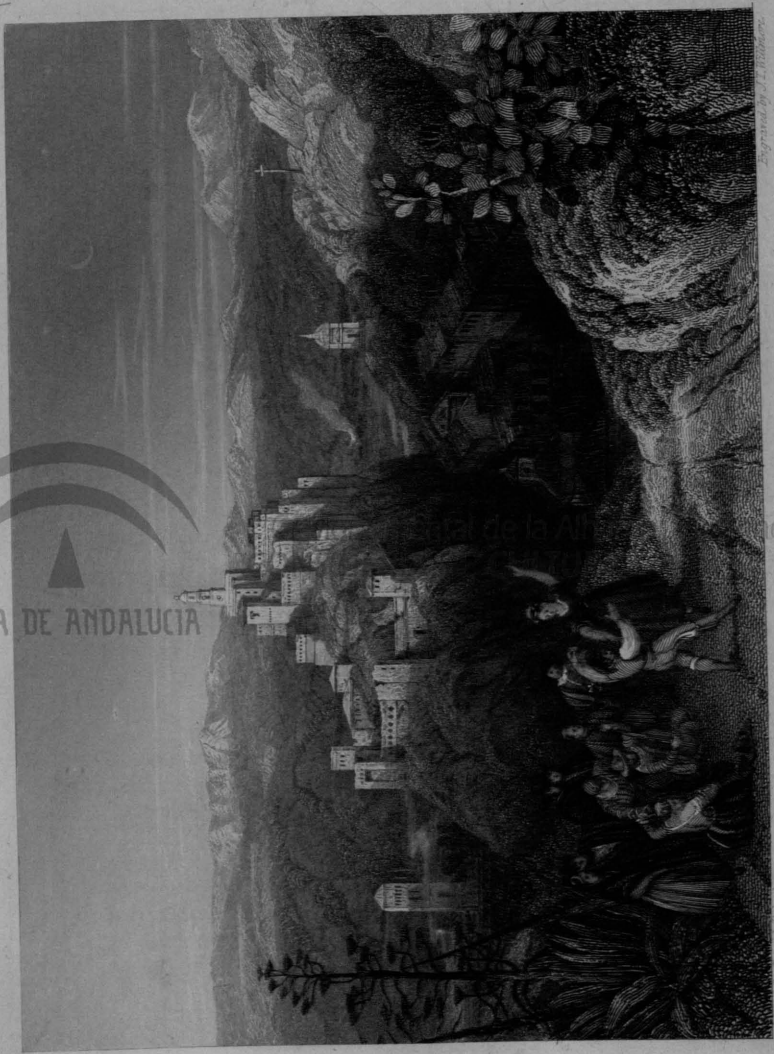
acts of mutual courtesy, but of sterling service and devotion marked the esteem with which they regarded each other. The conduct of Narvaez and the Moorish lover was no rare example; and it was, perhaps, surpassed by that of a Moorish knight on occasion of an appeal to arms by the noble Diego di Cordova and Alonzo d'Aguilar, to whom the royal Moor had granted the use of his territory to witness its decision in the open lists.

On the appointed day, Don Diego appeared in arms, but d'Aguilar was prohibited by his own sovereign from entering the arena. Upon this, he was proclaimed by the umpires of the field conquered in single battle. A knight of Granada, related to the royal Moor and a personal friend of Don Alonzo, could not witness the imputation of such indignity on the fame of the absent hero; and, rushing armed into the lists, he declared that the Castilian was too loyal a knight willingly to fail to make good his word; and he would maintain it with his sword. Muley Hassan, however, overruled his plea, on the ground that it would be an open violation of the safe-conduct obtained for the Castilian knight. The Moor nevertheless persisted, and the angry monarch gave immediate orders for him to yield up his sword. On this chivalrous friend offering a determined resistance, Muley Hassan called out for his guards to surround him, and bring him his head. But Diego of Cordova, struck with the magnanimous act of his noble rival, threw himself at the king's feet, and obtained the remission of so harsh a sentence

To return to Abu Abdallah ;—unfortunate in all he undertook, pressed by his royal ally, he now began to reap the bitter fruits of his rash confidence in a foe, who altered his course of policy whenever he found it expedient. Under pretence of an infraction of the treaty, Ferdinand prosecuted the siege of Loxa* with redoubled vigour. He cut off its communications, and prevented the sorties of its garrison by destroying its noble bridge, while he constructed others to concentrate the operations of his united camps. Such was the tremendous fire of the heavy ordnance, that it opened vast chasms in the walls of the leaguered city, through which might be seen the blazing edifices, and the terrible efforts of the Moors to quell the flames, which had reached their houses. Women and children were seen rushing into the streets, where indiscriminate slaughter from fire-arms, clouds of missiles, arrows, and red hot shot threw additional horrors over the scene.

* The city of Loxa, or rather fortress, situated upon a rocky height in the defiles of the mountains of Granada near the frontiers, on the Xenil, and commanding the entrance to the vega, was considered as the key of the Moorish capital, and as such its possession was disputed by the Moor with the desperate courage and energy of despair. More than once it had repulsed the enemy, even commanded by Ferdinand himself, from its walls. Here it was that the famous Ali Atar carried terror into the adjacent districts, until he sallied forth in that fatal expedition with Abu Abdallah, and in which he fell. Though built among the rocks, the place is surrounded by meadows and gardens, extending a considerable distance along the banks of the Xenil. It has been observed by Mr. Irving, that the people seem still to retain the bold, fiery spirit of the olden time.


JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA



El Océano.
L. O. S. A.

As fast as the brave Moors attempted to repair their loss, renewed peals of the heavy lombards poured on their devoted heads; and, in their despair, numbers of them dashed into the suburbs, and fought hand to hand in the trenches with their assailants. Even the religious orders, the faquirs, the santons, and the pilgrim-dervish, armed with javelin, scymitar, and dagger, roused the old fanaticism to its highest pitch, and they fell with exulting shouts, glorying in their defiance to the last, as they beheld pictured to their closing eyes the ineffable delights of their Prophet's paradise. During two days, the assault continued with unremitting fury; for the Moors fought beneath the eye of Abu Abdallah, and the Christians were animated by the presence of their pious sovereigns. The Moor was already wounded, his chief alcaides were slain, and the ramparts were fast becoming a mass of ruins. Soon, the leading citizens grew clamorous for a capitulation; the contest grew more hopeless, and terms were proposed to deliver up the fortress. To the number of Christian captives in the city, the inhabitants were, perhaps, indebted for their own safety: they were permitted to depart with as much property as they could carry with them. The valiant and generous Ponce de Leon was appointed to escort them to their places of refuge in Castile, Arragon, and Valencia.

Again a captive, Abu Abdallah was required to renew his oath of fealty and depart, in order to excite afresh the civil dissensions of Granada. The brave alcaide, El Zegri, with his principal captains, and the

sons of the deceased veteran, Ali Atar, remained as hostages in the conqueror's hands. Few and broken, the old garrison marched through the Castilian camp, nor could the enemy withhold their tribute of sympathy and applause at the sight; some of the more distinguished opening for them a passage, and offering every token of their respect. They were followed by the women and children of Loxa, whose sighings and lamentations on quitting their homes and country to find an asylum in the land of their conquerors appealed to the sternest hearts, and moistened many a veteran eye which had shone undaunted on the fiercest horrors of the war.

Pursuing his victorious career from the heights of Albohacen, Ferdinand beheld the city of Moclin become a heap of ruins; while the humbled Moor, not daring to strike at once for the capital, retired to Priego, and next to Velez El Blanco. Here he first received tidings from the sultana, his mother, at Granada:—“Are you not ashamed,” wrote the high-spirited Aixa, “to desert a lovely bride and hover round the borders of your kingdom, while an usurping uncle sits upon Granada's throne? Strike quickly, ere honour die; the gates of the Albaycin will open to their monarch. Strike for your throne or fill a grave; there is no other resource for the man who has once swayed a sceptre.”

With the sudden impulse of weak, irresolute minds, the Moor started as if from a dream, put himself at the head of his few faithful retainers, and inquiring if they would follow him to win an empire, his old guards laid their hands upon their scymitars, and in-

spiring the others with a shout of admiration, bid him to lead them on.

As the shades of twilight gathered over hill and plain, a single cavalier was seen urging his Arab courser across the mountains which stretch between the borders of Murcia and the Moorish capital. At some distance a light troop of fifty lancers held on his track; and on the summit of every height he paused, and turned his eager glance in the direction of Granada. From their costly equipment, the splendour of their armour, it was evident they were of no mean lineage; and at the dead of night they approached near, and rode under the dark wing of Granada's walls till they first reined in their panting steeds at the outer portals of the old Albaycin. Their chief's scymitar was heard loud upon the gate, and to the sullen inquiry of the warder,—“Open your gates; it is your king!” was the commanding reply.

In humble guise, not unprepared, the guards obeyed; and spurring at once to the mansions of the military authorities and other inhabitants, the horsemen soon roused the whole quarter of the city. It was the cause of their favourite sovereign;—and the flash of javelins, the din of the tambours, first told Muley El Zagal the startling truth. The old warrior-king instantly sallied forth at the head of his guards, to arrest the insurrection in its bud. But he was driven back, and a fresh encounter soon took place in the square of the grand mosque, where, it is recorded, that the royal relatives engaged with relentless fury hand to hand.

As their numbers swelled, by mutual agreement

they issued forth to decide the contest in the plains. At night-fall they separated on nearly equal terms, eagerly looking for the return of dawn. The leading chiefs and nobles fought for El Zagal, but they had for rivals the hard veteran soldiers inured to blood and toil, with all the mercenaries and the lowest dregs of the people. At the head of the Abencerrages shone once more the noble Ibn Hammed, burning to avenge his wrongs. As he led on his few remaining brethren in the van of El Zagal, he pointed to the rival tribe of the Zegrís with Abu Abdallah at their head, and burst into a bold martial strain, at once in derision and anger at the sight of the tributary and oft-captive king. As he appeared, the eyes of Abdallah shot forth a malignant fire, and he trembled with rage as he imagined he could detect the secret exultation of his air, and thought on his own long absence from the palace gardens of the Generalife.

As he rode to the charge, the fiery prince infused new ardour into his followers by addressing them in the spirit of the old khalíphs, who rushed into battle celebrating the beauty whose colours and device they wore.*

* I saw their jealous eye-balls roll,
 I saw them mark each glance of thine,
 I saw thy terrors, and my soul
 Shared every pang that tortured thine.

In vain to wean my constant heart,
 Or quench my glowing flame they strove;
 Each deep-laid scheme, each envious art
 But waked my fears for her I love.

In this high-tempered mood, partaken by all his brethren, did the daring prince advance to storm the towers of the Albaycin; and in the stern encounter no quarter was either given or accepted. In the reiterated assaults to carry the Albaycin, the forces of El Zagal were repeatedly repulsed, but as often returned to the attack. Foreseeing his discomfiture, Abu Abdallah applied to his Christian auxiliaries; and the politic Ferdinand directed one of his generals to advance with a strong force towards Granada. At the same time, dreading treason, he was enjoined carefully to reconnoitre the proceedings of the conflicting kings, and to beware of the old Moorish ambuscades. But the Spanish commander soon saw enough to convince him there could be nothing feigned in the terrific encounters between the uncle and the nephew.

The Castilians, now joining the ranks of Abu Abdallah as their ally, added to the horrors and ferocity of such a contest; and for the space of fifty days the city of the queenly Granada continued a prey to the madness of a civil war, which deluged the thresholds of her noblest children with kindred blood.

'Twas this compelled the stern decree,
That forced me to those distant towers,
And left me nought but love for thee
To cheer my solitary hours.

Yet let not Abla sink deprest,
Nor separation's pangs deplore;—
We meet not;—'tis to meet more blest,
We parted;—'tis to part no more. (a)

(a) By Saif Addaulet, Sultan of Aleppo.

But the scenes of domestic calamity which followed in the train of Abu Abdallah, exceeded even the darkening hues of her public fortunes, filling Granada with tears and lamentations bitter as those of a captive mother over her offspring, ere she clothes herself in the slave-garb of her haughty master. She had beheld tribes and kindred arrayed in the death-strife against each other; ties the most tender and sacred riven with the remorseless hate of her rulers; passions which impelled fathers, sons, and brethren to deeds which struck even the enemy who beheld them with astonishment and dismay. Never, at any period of her deadliest feuds, had the flames of rival antipathy burned more strongly than between Muley El Zagal and his nephew: their continued hostility may be said to have formed part of the campaign of Ferdinand, to have fought his battles in the heart of the capital itself, hastening the downfall of the last kingdom of the Moors. But now, driven from the capital, El Zagal once more betook himself to his fortune in the open field, holding at bay the fearful numbers of the foe—often from his strong fortress-towns and castles carrying destruction and dismay into the very camps of his fierce invaders.



CHAPTER VIII.

From our distended eyeballs flow,
A mingled stream of tears and blood;
No care we feel, nor wish we know,
But who shall pour the largest flood.

ALABIWERDY.

It was during the foregoing conflict that an event is believed to have taken place, which has stamped so mournful an interest upon the spot. The secret and

sanguinary character of the deed,* as it is popularly represented, naturally gave rise to the tradition of its having left indelible traces of its perpetration on the surface of the alabaster fount, which ran with blood.

In spite of his Christian auxiliaries, Abu Abdallah was daily losing ground; such were the heroic and persevering efforts of the Abencerrages and their adherents, animated by the voice of a chief whose chivalrous valour was sharpened by a sense of injured honour and thirst of revenge. But perfidy achieved for Abdallah what his open efforts against his enemies had invariably failed to do, startling the minds of all, inured as they were to the dark vicissitudes of this eventful and extraordinary war.

The golden light was fading in the west, tinging the Alhambra towers, and spire, and minaret, as it sank in one luminous flood of glory reflected from the deep azure waves, and shedding over hill, grove, and stream that dying radiance which may be seen and felt, but cannot be described. It now played through the shadowy vistas of those delicious walks, the deep retreats of fragrant garden bowers, which rendered Granada one sylvan palace of delights.

Sweetness and silence ushered in the blissful hour which drew the hearts of the two wronged, yet passionately devoted beings, lingering amid its old cypress groves, still close and closer to each other. The love that ruled their destiny, resistless and constant as the

* It has more recently been strongly questioned if it ever occurred; but we are taking a popular and romantic, not a strictly historic view of the fall of the Moors.

waves to the mystic influence of the moon's beams, had absorbed every feeling of anxiety or terror in one overwhelming and all-daring confidence of living only for each other.

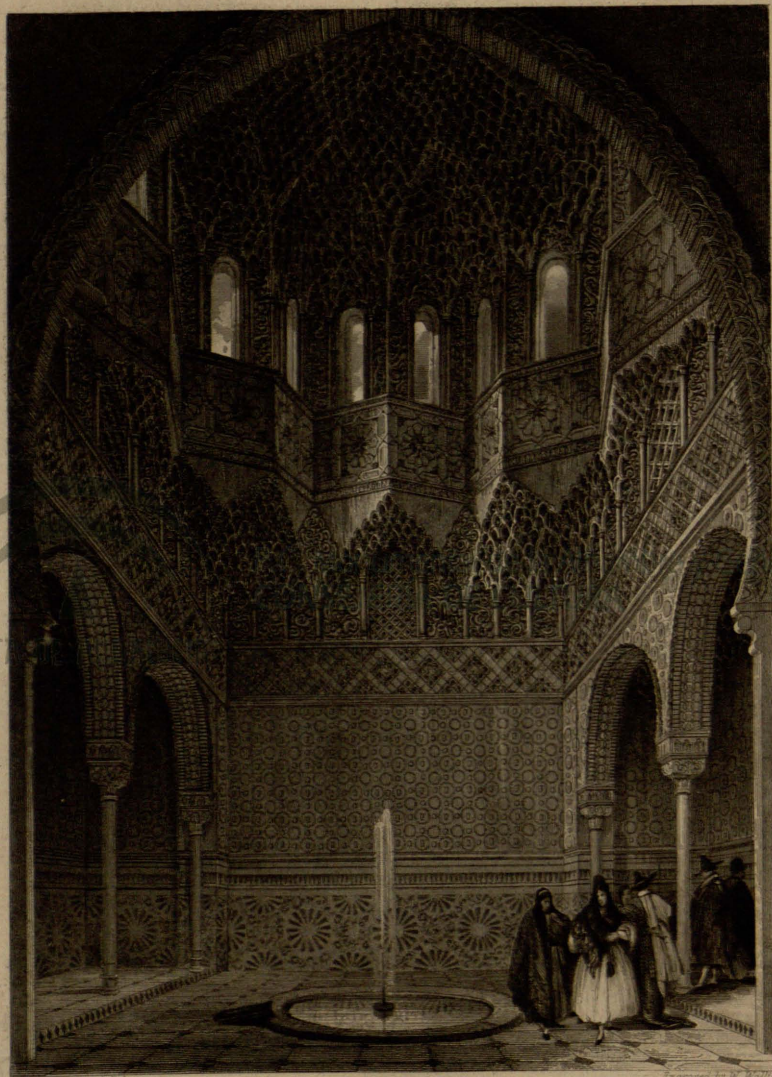
They had met and parted,—that word so often spoken to trusting affection for the last time, still vibrated on the chords of their inmost spirits, like sighs of the dying night-gale on the mourning strings of the lyre; when the sudden rush of feet, and clash of arms fell on the startled ear of that sultana, ere she reached the palace balcony of the Generalife. Though brief withal, it was a wild and fearful sound; and she clasped her hands in an agony of undefined horror, as she fancied it came from that rose-bower overhung by the lofty palm and cypress branches which had but now breathed their melancholy music in the ear of love. How eagerly gazed she through that airy vista, where in the sudden, awful silence that succeeded, she saw but the bright silvery fountain playing in a thousand light eddying circles from its green marble ground; while lit up with a softened brilliance from the dark blue sky, the deepening shadow of the hills shed a mellow luster on the dim and solemn groves that stretched around. She heard but the clear, wild note of the nightingale,—not an object or sound gave token of what those strange voices and sudden clash of arms might portend.

But more dark and silent was the scene of which she dreamed not, in another spot. One by one, as the gathering gloom seemed to hang over that proud and splendid saloon like a heavy pall, and the night-

winds sighed through its shadowy courts,* did the victims follow each other to meet a sudden and untold doom. And there stood the stern inexorable judge with jewelled diadem, and a chaplet of myrtle in his hand,—there the three dark forms of the accusers, and

* On passing along the graceful, airy arcades of the Court of Lions, you enter to the south a lofty apartment, in which a marble fountain in the centre diffuses its refreshing coolness. It is the Hall of the Abencerrages, famed alike in history, by tradition and by song. There is little in unison with the unhappy associations it awakens in the gorgeous splendour, the beauty, and refined taste which burst upon the eye in a sudden flood of light from above, exhibiting its admirable form, the elegant cupola, the exquisite design and painting of the decorations, with the brilliant stucco work; every combination, in short, adapted to produce a species of fascination—the strange illusion of some delightful dream. Yet in such a magic, soul-inspiring retreat, it has been supposed that King Boabdil executed that atrocious treachery of secretly assassinating the noblest of the Abencerrages, commanding their heads to be struck off, one by one as they entered the place, into the marble fountain. The idle tradition of sanguinary traces of the dark deed needs no refutation; but after long, patient research and inquiry by the ablest writers, the deed itself continues involved in much the same uncertainty and mystery as they found it. The effect of the ceiling on the eye is remarkable, displaying a series of grottoes from which depend stalactites, painted of various colours. The intricacy of the lines crossing each other in a thousand forms, and uniformly returning after a variety of windings, is not surpassed by any mosaic work of antiquity.

At the extremity of the court are two apartments, supposed to have been employed as Tribunals, or Audience Chambers. Here are seen three historical paintings, executed with considerable vigour upon the ceiling, though the heads and figures are not equal to the composition. One of these consists of a cavalcade, the other the entrance of some princess, and the third a council, or divan. It is not clear to which the



Drawn by David Roberts

Engraved by W. Riddle

HALL OF THE ABENCERAGES.

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a single headsman with gleaming scymitar, which shot portentous light upon that secret conclave of hate and revenge. Silent they stood, and in a silence which threw double horror on the soul, was each feast-bidden guest hurried to the marble fount which received his

subject refers, but they are given, by popular belief, to the sultana of Boabdil and her four Christian knights. Whether painted contemporary with the supposed events to which they refer, it is difficult to say; for though the Koran prohibits the representation of living animals, the lions of the great fountain, and the effigies of various khaliphs on their coin, show that such a law was little closer observed than were those against tobacco and wine. There is one fact which seems to favour the idea of their genuine character; they have been traced back to the close of Ferdinand's reign, and it is also difficult to believe, that any painter so near the period when so many witnesses must have survived to detect him, would have boldness enough to invent the incidents of a trial and ordeal of arms, more probably suggested to him by some recent events. Whatever the truth may be, the popular rumour so well grounded on the weakness and licentious cruelty of the king, affords ample authority for assuming the more romantic aspect of the story in a work chiefly descriptive and imaginative, and of such humble pretensions to historical research as the present. It may also be worth observing, in reply to those who have taken the unaccountable fancy of vindicating Boabdil throughout a reign of weakness, treachery, and crime, that few princes who have deserved well at the hands of posterity, have had their memory maligned, though so many who have pursued a dark career could boast adulators during their lives, and vindicators of their memory when dead. If to this consideration we add the severity of the Moslem law, and of the Koran, with regard to filial duty and obedience, the power given to the fathers,—in particular where those fathers occupied the station of rulers, the conduct of the usurping son would seem to display any thing but a weak or amiable disposition. It required a bold and reckless spirit, as well as the darkest treachery and deceit, to grasp

blood. Withering was the look of hate and scorn shot from the eyes of those rival Moors, as the triumphant Zegrís heaped on the noble chief the names of traitor and paramour, and the furious Abdallah held forth that fatal myrtle crown. Baring his neck to the scymitar,

the sceptre of a warlike father at the moment he was engaged in a severe struggle in open field with the common foe. That he chose that moment also, during a brilliant and successful campaign, when Alhama was on the eve of being recovered by the arms of his royal sire,—giving thenceforth a disastrous aspect to the war, showed a base cunning, an audacity spurning at all ties, perfectly consistent with his subsequent actions with regard to Ferdinand, and those imputed to him by the public voice relating to the assassination of the Abencerrages, the trial and condemnation of his consort, the sultana. The drawings from these curious specimens of art in Murphy's work are very incorrect, being, moreover, only detached portions of the pictures.

When at Granada, Mr. Roberts carefully examined the three paintings alluded to, and has no hesitation in saying that they are of the same date with the rest of the ornamental work by which they are surrounded. Taking into consideration the hard and stiff manner in which they are delineated, the fresh and brilliant appearance of the colours, the faithful and minute detail of the various costumes of the numerous characters introduced, their close resemblance to which is still practised in China and the east, and their total dissimilarity to any thing of the same kind to be met with in Spain, there can be no doubt, after fairly examining the subject, as to their being genuine, and perhaps the only existing specimens of the degree of excellence to which the Moors had arrived in cultivating the fine arts. Here, as in other matters, it is probable, indeed, that the two people were long and mutually beneficial to each other; the Moors communicating to Spain their earlier acquisitions in science and art; while they borrowed on the side of European chivalry, moral feeling and a truer estimate of the rights of humanity and of the dignity of woman.

the prince dashed the turban from his brows, replacing it by the flowery chaplet with an exulting air of defiance and derision to the last, which stung his enemy with pangs of unsated revenge, even as that heroic head rebounded thrice from the ensanguined fount, the eye yet flashing, and the lip curled with supreme, ineffable disdain. As head after head resounded on the cold alabaster banks of that stream of blood, each successor marked with recoiling eye the features of some friend and brother, or the still nobler traits of his beloved chief.

Fast, and yet faster, poured the tide of life, as at the feigned summons of their leader, each brother of that lordly tribe hurried to share the same strange fate; and as, singly, he entered through the small secret portal to welcome his comrades, was seized and borne into the hall of death. Six-and-thirty had already dyed its waters with still ruddier deepening hues; when one faithful page, following the steps of his master, recoiled with horror as he caught a glance of the tragic scene enacting within,—eluding the grasp of the savage arm ready to clutch him as he started back with affright. Throwing himself at the feet of the next devoted brother hurrying to a like doom, with blanched cheek and quivering lip, he could only point towards the entrance, and cling to the knees of the Abencerrage.

The fearful tidings flew with death-winged rapidity through the tents and dwellings of the soldier-tribe; captains and men, arming with hurrying speed, rushed in small serried bodies up the steep avenues of the

Alhambra, and beating down the guard at every point, opened a path to throngs of followers, till they burst upon that fearful spectacle of death. And next the Alabez, with all their adherents, the emirs, scheikhs, and alcajdes, mingled in the rush of battle with the common herd, eager alike to solve the appalling mystery of secret treachery,—the sudden massacre of the brave in the heart of their own citadel, at the hour of peaceful twilight, afar from the field of the foe.

As the shrill Moorish horns sounded along the dim courts and groves, again the insatiate furies of discord, newly awoke to havock, shook their serpent locks, inciting the hearts of their victims to deadlier struggles, as they scattered their firebrands to the night, and swept through that wild, doomed city on the black thickening clouds of war. With loud shouts of rival brethren, re-echoed by shrieks and cries which rent the veil of silence, gathering over the far plains and hills, they met in the fierce shock which fell like a hurricane on that mighty fortress,—filling its halls, and towers, and palace gardens, with the sound of its desolating career, till the high-vaulted dome and deep hollow donjon alike trembled with the hideous din.

Long and desperate was the conflict,—bitter the revenge,—terrific the havock in the best and noblest of Granada's ranks. And the morrow beheld her again bathed in her own blood and tears; and as the shades of another evening fell, the proudest and bravest of her children wept as they gazed on a self-banished and shattered band of brothers, urging their chargers through her gates, to re-enter them no more. They

were the Abencerrages,—abandoning the ungrateful city of their kings, where they had beheld the chief and nobles of their kindred,—victims to the fury of their royal feuds,—fall unhonoured, not for their country, nor their fame in the open field. Darkly and sad they passed into the plains, taking their way to the towers of Almeria, still ready to meet the common foe under the banners of the warrior-exile, El Zagal.

His vengeance still unappeased, and fired even with maddening jealousy of the dead, Abdallah turned his wrath against his unhappy and ill-fated queen. The dark accusations of the Zegrís now impelled him to crown his previous crime with another of a yet darker die. Summoning a grand council of his chiefs, he explained his reasons, grounded on the evidence of the Zegrís, for passing summary judgment upon the Abencerrages. Witnesses not wanting, however deeply perjured, to attest the guilt of his unfortunate consort with the most solemn of oaths. They had met to consider of a punishment due to the supposed commission of so rare and flagrant an offence.

The sentence, solemnly pronounced in presence of the chiefs and elders was, that the adulterous queen should suffer death by being burnt alive, if within twenty days she could not produce four knights to vindicate her aspersed fame. On the proclamation of this fearful doom, the sultana's friends,—those who honoured the memory of the noble Abencerrage, and the brave Ali Atar, indignantly drew their scymitars in the Hall of Audience, and openly declared that they would resist such a mandate to the death.

But as they flew to her rescue, the noble Muza threw himself before them, entreating to be heard. Appealing to them with a commanding eloquence surpassed only by his heroism in the field, the chief of the Alabez besought them to consider, "that though by valour they might protect the sultana, it could prove only injurious to her honour in the eyes of Granada, and of the world. If they dared not to submit her cause to the great ordeal of battle and the justice of the Supreme, how came they so boldly to impugn the equity of her threatened doom? Nor would the princely lady," he maintained, "accept their proffered swords on terms that must condemn her in her own eyes and those of the people."

Listening to the suggestions of the valiant and wise chief, they hastened to enrol their names as her champions—a numerous list, from which she might select the bravest of the brave. Already a captive within the walls of the Comares, this proud testimony to her merit and her misfortunes was no alleviation to the bitter sorrows she endured; while full of gratitude for their noble-minded offers, she felt such insurmountable horror at the treachery of the Zegrís, that she could not behold any of their nation stand forth to vindicate her honour in the lists. No! she would throw herself upon the gallantry and generosity of the Christian foe.

She knew the high esteem long entertained for him she had lost by the great d'Aguilar, and the gallant knight, Don Juan de Chacon. He was lord of Carthage, and to him she appealed for succour; nor did

she appeal in vain. With the generous spirit of their age and of their country, the gallant leaders replied in terms of the tenderest condolence such as might have breathed from the lips of sisters or mothers, rather than the most famed and terrible soldiers, bred amidst those fierce frontier wars. All of courtesy and magnanimity mingled in their high resolve to champion the cause of the lovely and the oppressed, even unto their death; nor did they less burn to avenge upon the heads of the traitorous and cruel Zegrís the loss of that heroic chief, whom they had all learnt to honour and esteem.

A few of them, indeed, were knit in closer bonds of friendship, having imbibed the most impassioned attachment for a sister of the noble prince, and the lovely daughter of Aben Kassim; while the youthful hero of Cordova, Europe's famed captain, was yet more enthralled by the charms of the Moorish princess, with whom those high-born beauties and the now grief-stricken Zelinda had been companions from their tenderest years. Deep and touching then was their sorrow, and that of their noble Castilian lovers; who in many a sweet and oft-stolen interview, and in the pauses of the dread campaigns, had with soft-breathed vows and sighs, and, ah! not rarely with tears, smoothed the stern, iron aspect of horrid war.

But the mad ambition of bad princes, of fawning favourites, and mitred, evil counsellors, uprooted from that glorious soil the mingling growth of all nobler virtues and high qualities, of gentler thoughts and sweetest passions, even the old courtesy and gallantry

itself; and planted in their ashes the bitter seed of murderous discord, persecution, and superstition, through whose Moloch fires the best and noblest of two great people were condemned to pass.

And now the fearful hour was fast approaching, when bright honour or ignominy, with its fearful doom, should spring from the swords of the champions or the accusing chiefs. The lord of Carthage had selected his three brethren in arms, and submitted their names to the approval of the lovely accused. They were accepted, for they were those of Don Alonzo d'Aguilar, Don Diego di Cordova, and the generous Ponce de Leon, lord of Cadiz. Never at any moment of her destiny had Granada evinced so lively an interest and excitement as on this extraordinary and affecting occasion, when the appointed day drew nigh.

But as the Moors were preparing the lists, the war-cry of San Jago resounded at their gates; and blinded as he was with jealous rage, the fears of the vain Abdallah for his crown,—not for his country or the honour of her arms, compelled him to prolong the hour of vengeance, and rouse to action against the foe. The mountain bulwarks of the queenly Granada, her fairest towns and provinces had fallen under the thunder of their new engines of war. She was doomed to struggle with her fate alone. Moclin followed the fate of Illora;—Zagra, Baños, and other strong-holds sent in their submission, for vainly had they sued for aid from Abu Abdallah, wholly absorbed in the idle conquest of the Alhambra, and the delight of reigning alone over the ruins of a once mighty empire.

But as the evil hour drew on, the old fiery spirit of the Muselmāns could not behold with apathy the sun of their splendid career sinking for ever in the waves of the west. Forming a league with the princes of Barbary, Bajazet II. prepared an expedition against Sicily,—whole squadrons of fierce native tribes poured down upon the African coasts.

Ferdinand, at the same time, with a brilliant host, marched from Cordova, laying waste the Moorish territories in his course, while the Christian squadron swept the neighbouring coasts. Investing the great sea-port of Velez Malaga, he took up a strong position which commanded the city; but the Moors making a sudden onset, he was not only driven back, but in extreme peril of his life. At that moment Ponce de Leon, at the head of a strong force, followed by the heroic Lara and other knights, extricated him from his dangerous situation, and enabled him to resume the siege. Still the Moors from the nearest forts and castles attacked their convoys, surprised their divisions,—harassing the foe with an incessant guerilla warfare, which left not a moment's repose.

Vainly was the city summoned to surrender; from every hill and lofty sierra the fierce mountaineers bore down upon the invaders; they were supported by sorties of the garrison,—the conflict raged on all sides, till finally the Moors were repulsed with immense loss.

Velez Malaga shared the general consternation, on learning from the brave Redovan the rout of the army marching to its relief. He exhorted them to a bold defence, till the terrible array of artillery on the

heights, and evident preparations for an assault, convinced the inhabitants of the necessity of surrender, though the heroic alcaide wished to bury himself beneath its ruins. It was fortunate that Redovan was there; his noble treatment of the Count Cifuentes was now appreciated, and through him he obtained milder terms than could have been expected, while their generous friendship continued unbroken to the last. Once master of that noble sea-port, Ferdinand was eager to attack Malaga itself. Its surrounding forts and strong-holds fell in rapid succession.

The deputies of forty towns appeared to do homage before the victorious Ferdinand; while his possession of Marbella and Ronda to the west of Malaga, of Antiquerra, Alhama, and Loxa to the north, and Velez to the east, rendered the position of Malaga almost untenable. Still it was a city of immense strength, fortified both by natural bulwarks, with a strong itadel and towers, and a warlike garrison. Then its delicious site, its fair and fertile vega, its wealth, its splendid edifices, its noble territory teeming with productive streams, groves, and hanging gardens, could not be surrendered by their possessors without a severe struggle. But after bitter experience of the horrors of a long siege, a wealthy townsman, Ali Dordux, seconded by the chief inhabitants, became eager to enjoy the privileges of surrender granted to other fallen towns. The famed tower of Gibralfaro was becoming a heap of ruins; and the commander, Muza Ben Conixa, sought to gain time by entering into negotiation. But the fierce African bands, imagining

that he was about to betray them to the enemy, rushed to possess themselves of the fortress of the Alcazaba, putting to the sword its garrison and its gallant commander, Muza's own brother.

The negotiation was broken off, and Moors and native bands vied with each other in deeds of the most daring character, making the most desperate sorties, and repeatedly forcing the enemy's intrenchments. But famine soon completed the work of the sword; Ali and his friends despatched a secret messenger to the Christians, offering to admit them into the fortress by night, unknown to the fiery Africans. He was already in the act of returning with Ferdinand's guarantee of life and property, and Dordux and his friends beheld him from the walls.

A party of the Moors, however, taking him for a spy, seized upon him, and the whole transaction was on the point of transpiring; when, by a sudden effort, the envoy burst from their hands, and fled for the Christian camp. He was closely pursued, and we may imagine the feelings of the inhabitants during that awful suspense; their lives would pay the penalty of discovery. As he crossed the boundary line, the nearest pursuer fired, and hit him between the shoulders; yet, mortally wounded, the faithful Moor held on till he reached the camp, and fell dead as he entered the royal pavilion.

At the dead of night, the Spaniards were introduced into the castle of Gibralfaro; they opened the gates to their followers, and a fearful scene of carnage ensued. The lives of Ali Dordux and the inhabitants, were spared; but the brave garrison were put to the sword.

Ali was commissioned to collect the ransom of the unfortunate citizens; many were led into captivity, while the abject Abdallah sent to compliment Ferdinand on his conquest.* As if to outrage the feelings of his suffering countrymen, he had actually intercepted the forces hurrying to its relief under El Zagal, and driving him back, left open the path to the capital, madly dreaming, by such dastardly treason to his country, to propitiate the wily conqueror.

Her proud invader could now proceed at once to invest Granada, or attack the remaining cities belonging to El Zagal. With his usual crafty policy, he adopted the latter course, and summoned Baza, Almeria, Guadix, Vera, and other strong-holds, ere he

* During the siege, Ferdinand had nearly fallen a victim to the fanaticism of a Moorish prophet, or santon. With a body of four hundred men, chiefly the Gomerez, whom he had inspired with a like zeal and fury, he concealed himself in the mountains above Malaga; and, in the dead of night, rushed down upon the most vulnerable quarter of the Christian camp. Falling on the sentinels, they forced their way into the intrenchments, and filling the camp with slaughter and consternation, two hundred of them succeeded in entering the gates of the city. But this was not the sole object of the "Moro Santo." Placing himself in a situation where he knew he should be taken, he was found wrapped in prayer; his haggard features and wild air, his white grizzly beard and tattered mantle (called albornoz) inspiring a sort of awe, even in the enemy. On being questioned by Ponce de Leon, he declared that he was a saint of the holy mountain, to whom was revealed the approaching destiny of the Moors. He knew the day and hour when Malaga was to fall, and the empire of Mohammed crumble with the dust. He came commissioned to direct Ferdinand in the right path, and to his ear alone could he breathe the dread secret of coming events. He was then

fell upon the capital. Vera, Mujacar, Velez-le-Roux, and other towns opened their gates, terrified at beholding the slavery and ruin which had fallen to the lot of Malaga. El Zagal, meantime, made fearful struggles to maintain his dominion; he defeated the Christians before Taberna, was equally successful on the side of Huescar and Baza, and in one of these terrific encounters slew the Grand Master of Montesa, nearly related to the royal house of Castile.

Enraged at this sudden check in his triumphant career, Ferdinand had marshalled anew armies after armies to prosecute his great object. In 1489, he marched from Jaen at the head of fifty thousand foot and twelve thousand horse, at the same time entering into stricter bonds of alliance with Abu Abdallah.

introduced into a tent, where imagining that a noble and one of the ladies present were the king and queen, he drew his dagger, struck Don Alvaro, and then attempted to stab the Countess of Maya. The attendants threw themselves upon him, and several nobles, rushing forward on hearing shrieks from the royal pavilion with drawn swords, hewed the assassin into pieces. His body was then thrown from a catapult into the streets of the beleaguered city; while, to revenge the death of their holy santon, the Moors executed one of their chief captives, and binding the corpse on an ass, drove it into the Christian camp.—*Cura de los Palacios.*

An instance of rare magnanimity is also on record. In a night sortie, led by a fanatic dervish, Zenete, a noble Moor, pierced into the Christian tents. There were a number of pages and youths, roused from slumber, whom he might easily have slain; but contenting himself with striking them with the flat of his sword, he exclaimed, "Get home, get home, children, to your mothers;" and, on being reproached by the savage recluse, he only replied, "I could not kill them, because I saw no beards."—*Ib.*