

Such was the Moor's abject submission, that he even consented to receive a Spanish garrison into Granada the moment he should have subdued the cities which owed allegiance to El Zagal. Dreading lest the conqueror of Baza and Huescar should return and deprive him of his crown, he preferred the downfall of his country to the sight of a successful rival. The Cid Yahia, a prince of high and estimable qualities, held Baza for El Zagal, with a garrison of ten thousand veterans.

Ferdinand attacked it with his whole force, and the siege was long and bloody. But feats of hardihood and heroism not to be surpassed, failed to preserve the city from the hands of the enemy. At the expiration of six months, the cid wrote to his uncle with information that famine had begun, the inhabitants threatened revolt, and he must capitulate if he did not receive instant succour. Fully appreciating the valour and talents of the prince, El Zagal grieved that he was no longer enabled to relieve him. Brilliant as were his efforts, they were paralyzed by Abdallah; and, in reply, he could only conjure his nephew to make the best terms in his power. Baza was filled with lamentation and despair. The alcajde, Mohammed Hassan, was sent by the cid with propositions to the Christian camp. He obtained for the inhabitants that they should be admitted as subjects of the Spanish crown, and preserve their liberty and their religion,—words of promise to the ear, which raised the unfortunate city from the abyss of despair, and induced other towns to follow its example.

The interview of the prince with Ferdinand and Isabella is curious and interesting; such indeed was the respect they inspired him with, that he swore never more to draw his sword against the Christian cause; and accepting a large jurisdiction in towns and lands, declared that he would do every thing in his power to bring over his kinsman, El Zagal, to the same views.

His reasons had only too much weight with the veteran, but now broken monarch; and he at length convinced him of the inutility of carrying on a campaign at once against the Christians and his own countrymen. "It can only," he observed, "hasten the general ruin. Better to appeal to the generosity of the sovereigns, and no longer seek to oppose the destiny which presided over the birth of Abdallah. We believed it fulfilled when he was made prisoner at Lucena; but what calamities followed! what may not the future yet inflict! For myself, I bow down before the will of Allah; he hath united the thrones of Arragon and Castile; he it is who wills that the crown of Granada should adorn the brows of Ferdinand. It is so written; and will you not believe, and resign yourself as a follower of our holy Prophet?"

With deep sighs, and after a long and mournful silence, El Zagal despairingly exclaimed, "*Alahuma subahana hu!*—I see, my kinsman, that Allah's eternal decrees are against us; for by the fire and hate I yet feel in my heart, this hand had vindicated our freedom, had not the God of our Prophet made known that it must not be! Let us treat, then, with the enemy, for it is the will of Allah—not mine!"

Together the two princes hastened to the camp of Ferdinand near Almeria, and were received with the respect which their extraordinary and brilliant efforts to save their country had so well merited.* El Zagal was presented with ample domains, and still permitted to bear the title of a king. The inhabitants of Almeria and Guadix, like those of Baza, were admitted to the privileges of Castilian subjects, and exonerated from heavier payments than such as they had been wont to make to the kings of Granada.

* Not a few instances of still greater magnanimity and patriotism are recorded of the noble Moors. The veteran Ali Fahar, had defended the towns and castles entrusted to him, till their garrisons would no longer second his heroic efforts. He took his way to the Christian camp, where he found a number of other alcajdes, who had come to deliver up the keys of their respective fortresses, and he saw them depart loaded with gifts and treasure. Ferdinand, sensible of the importance of the places he had surrendered, ordered ample remuneration to be made him; but he persisted in rejecting the whole of the treasures spread out before him. "I came not hither," he replied, "to barter what is not my own, but to yield what victory has made yours. It is no voluntary gift; for had others supported me in my efforts, death should have been the price at which you should have had my fortresses, and not the bribe of gold, which is not mine." Struck with his greatness of mind, the Castilian sovereigns sought to attach him to their service. "Is there nothing," insisted the queen, "that we can prevail on you to accept as a token of our high regard?"—"Yes," replied the Moor eagerly; "in yonder towns and valleys which I yield up, are my hapless countrymen with their wives and families, and they cannot, like me, become exiles from their native homes. Give me your royal word that they shall preserve their religion in peace!"—"We pledge our word for it," said Isabella; "but for thyself, what dost thou require?"—"Nothing," replied Ben Fahar, "but permission to pass with my horse and arms into Africa."—*Pulgar.*

So rapid was this strange vicissitude in the fortune of the Moors, as to astonish even the Christians. We may imagine the surprise and consternation of the people of Granada, and its immediate towns and territories. But the new subjects of the Christian monarchs congratulated themselves upon their escape from the fierce scourge of war; nor was their example without its influence upon their neighbours—numerous towns hastening to send in their submission and oaths of fidelity to the camp of Almeria.

The grief and terror of Granada, on hearing the extent of the evil, knew no bounds. The discontent of the populace, as in all times, soon found vent in murmurs of revolt. Abu Abdallah was now a faithless Muselmān, a renegade to his religion, a traitor to his country. With mutinous cries and brandished weapons, they rushed towards the gates of the Alhambra. The scheikhs, the alcaydes, and the faquirs threw themselves before the exasperated people, but they could barely give time to Abu Abdallah to intrench himself within the walls of the fortress.

While they prepared to besiege him in his palace, he contrived to give intimation of his danger to his Christian allies. It was their policy to take advantage of so fortunate a conjuncture, and Ferdinand having united his frontier forces, marched to the relief of his trembling satellite and slave. He ravaged with impunity the richly populated towns and hamlets in the fertile territories of the capital; and the thundering appeal of this new invasion wrought all the effect upon the mind of the populace, which the eloquence and

wisdom of their scheikhs had so long failed to do. They became calm and peaceful, as if under the sway of the best of monarchs; and even the bitter taunts and apothegms in which they were so prone to indulge, were uttered in a meek, suppressed tone.

This was the moment selected by the Castilian sovereigns to exact the fulfilment of the existing treaty; and Ferdinand now summoned his faithful ally to deliver up the keys of Granada. The weak, unhappy Moor then saw, for the first time, the depth of the abyss which opened beneath his feet; and faithless in his turn to a faithless master, he threw himself for protection upon the very people whom he had so fatally betrayed. In his reply to Ferdinand, he gave him to understand, with a degree of puny faith quite worthy of the royal politician with whom he had to deal, that however anxious he was to comply with the tenour of the convention to the letter, the nobles and people of Granada resolutely refused to ratify it; and upon this ground, conjured his ally to rest satisfied with the conquests he had already made.

From this juncture we may date the memorable siege of Granada, the approaching terrors of which had, as we have seen, driven from the usurper's bosom even the fiends of jealousy and revenge.*

* In treating this portion of the downfall of the Moors, the author could not but be forcibly reminded of the present state of Turkey, and the position of the modern Ferdinand of the North in his alliance with and protection of the Turks.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

ra y Generalife

CHAPTER IX.

Mortal joys, however pure,
Soon their turbid source betray ;
Mortal bliss, however sure,
Soon must totter and decay.

Ye who now, with footsteps keen,
Range through Hope's delusive field,
Tell us what the smiling scene,
To your ardent grasp can yield ?

THE KHALIPH RADHI BILLAH.

SINCE the lamented fate of the chief of the Abencerrages, all eyes had turned with hope to the chivalrous Muza Ben Gazan. Idolized for his daring

valour and skill in all the exercises of arms, he also possessed talents, as a commander, surpassed by no leader of the day. The terror of the foe, his lofty qualities, his fine person, and strikingly handsome features made him the theme of the lips of beauty, and of the heroic, romantic strains of the Andalusian poet.

On the reiterated demand of Ferdinand that the people should yield up their arms, and admit a Spanish garrison into Granada, his eyes flashed, his lip quivered with indignant scorn. His feelings were partaken by all the emirs and chiefs of tribes, by all the veteran warriors and heads of noble families illustrious by lineage as by their deeds. "Are we old men, and do we handle staffs? or are we women and play with distaffs," cried their gallant leader with bitter irony, "that the king of Castile should address us thus? Were we not bred to wield the scymitar—to hurl the spear—to draw the bow? Is it not our nature? or will he teach us how to career the steed and direct the onset of battle? Here are our arms; why comes he not to take them? To me a grave beneath the walls of Granada were dearer far than a couch of down in her luxurious palaces, purchased by crouching to the infidel foe."

The generous patriotism of the Moor was caught by all ranks, and Granada awoke to battle from the spell of torpor and terror, like a giant refreshed with wine. Every street and avenue resounded with the din of war; the scheikhs and chiefs, with Muza at their head, assumed the direction of the public

council, and the inhabitants, down to the lowest populace, burned to signalize themselves and meet the insulting requisitions of the Castilian monarchs by deeds of proof. The indignation against El Zagal and the renegade Cid Yahia, whose banners were seen displayed with those of Arragon and Castile, knew no bounds. It exceeded all they had before felt towards Abu Abdallah; whom, though the real cause of that disastrous submission, it now became their policy to support. They respected him for the position he had dared to assume; their new leader, Muza, took advantage of the popular feeling to reconcile the interests of the sovereign and the people, and render them unanimous against the foe.

Incessantly in action, he appeared to live and breathe only in the exploits of the field. At the head of the noble youth of Granada, the squadrons of every tribe, and followed by an army full of confidence and admiration of his brilliant deeds, he now shone with a lustre which made all exclaim that had he earlier appeared and led an unanimous people to the field, he would have revived the noblest days of the Moslem fame. As it was, he was irresistible in the onset of his brave chivalry, and was generally avoided by an equal number of the foe. So signal indeed was his success over a far superior force, that Ferdinand was compelled to issue an order that no challenges to single combat should be accepted,—no skirmish or detached encounters courted by his cavaliers and commanders, under severe penalties. Muza's indignation at this unknightly mandate was extreme;

and he lamented it as a sign of degeneracy and decay of the old chivalrous courtesies and usages of heroic war.

To the honour of the Castilians, the royal edict was not seldom broken; and while he despised the base commissariat spirit of the monarch, calculating his losses to a fraction, the illustrious Moor displayed in victory the utmost liberality towards his chivalrous foe. Even the infantry of the Moors followed him to the most hazardous enterprises, and again Granada sent forth her legions which scoured the plains and hills up to the walls of her captured cities, returning loaded with booty and triumph to her grateful capital. Captives and banners were borne with loud acclamations through her gates;—the blended ensigns of Arragon and Castile were seen waving from her mosques and towers. The Elvira gates, which had before been cautiously closed, were thrown open by the orders of the gallant chief;—the guards, the scouts and adalids were all in active duty, and squadrons of horse were held ready equipped to pour down at a moment's notice in masses upon the plains. On all sides, indeed, the name of Muza became the dread of the Christian van-guards; and Ferdinand with his customary caution withdrew, ere the close of autumn, into his intrenchments to await fresh supplies.

Another spring of this eventful war again beamed forth; the glorious vega bloomed in all its pristine luxuriance, now sacred from the foot of the spoiler. Ferdinand still delayed to renew the contest, for

he knew the chief and the chivalry with whom he had to contend. "We must weary, and ravage them," he observed, "till we can draw our toils closer, and let famine and our artillery do the rest!" To this politic object he had directed all his strength and energies during the wintry season, and in the intervals of the campaigns.

Nor had Muza Ben Gazan,—the soul of action, the protector alike of the sovereign and the people, neglected to array Granada in the iron panoply of imposing war. When all was prepared for the field, he sent forth the holy faquirs and dervishes to rouse the enthusiasm of the faithful, and impel them to still hardier deeds by visions of that delicious paradise, of which they boldly declared, "that the famed gardens of Irem, and the golden palaces of King Shedad were but a feeble type."* The old spirit of the Muselmâns responded to the appeal, and the conquered towns and provinces threatened to throw off their new allegiance. Guadix was in revolt, and the dominions of the wretched slave-king, El Zagal, rose and compelled him to take refuge in the Christian camp.† Nor were the gigantic preparations of Muza—now

* The paradise of Irem this,
And that the palace pile
Which Shedad built, the king.

SOUTHEY.

† He there entreated Ferdinand to relieve him of his petty sovereignty, to take back his fatal gift, and enable him to reach the African coasts. He resold it for a large sum, and with a few faithful adherents he arrived in the kingdom of Fez, whose monarch seizing upon his treasures, threw him into a

eagerly promoted by Abu Abdallah, who was restored to the favour of the people, completed, ere they were called into active display.

Enraged at having been so long foiled in his grand attempt, Ferdinand poured down upon the vega in a sudden storm of war, desolating towns and hamlets in his career. Twice had his ravages extended to the gates of Granada; but in the last sweeping hurricane, he left not a vestige of life or fertility in all its blooming territory, which bore the aspect of one vast desert,—harvests, flocks, herds, and herdsmen being involved in one indiscriminate ruin.

But the great Moorish chief prepared to take signal vengeance on their fierce, ruthless destroyer. He appeared with the king before the chiefs and tribes, and in the presence of the entire Moorish host he announced that their favourite monarch—no longer the ally of the perfidious Ferdinand—would once more lead them to the field. The air rang with acclamations, and the sudden return of Muza's squadrons with ample spoils and banners of the enemy, appeared to crown the happy augury of unanimity with success.

dungeon, and deprived him of his sight. Blind and poor, he was afterwards set at liberty, and, like the aged Belisarius, was compelled to beg his bread on the highway, during his last painful pilgrimage through the world. In this abject, forlorn state, he traversed the regions of Tingitania, till he arrived at Velez de Gomera. Its king compassionately gave him food and raiment, permitting him there to drag out the remnant of his wretched days. He continued to live upon alms, and upon his breast he bore a placard, on which was written in Arabic, "You behold the unfortunate King of Andalusia."
—*Pedraza.*

All breathed the soul of fiery action, and enduring war; of a campaign more terrible and decisive than any yet recorded in the annals of Moslem sway.

But ere hurrying to avenge their desolated plains and hamlets, came the hour destined to decide a cause of so much woe to Granada, in the sad fortunes of her peerless sultana and of that heroic chief she had too early lost.

The die was cast; the fatal decree had gone forth; the jealous rage of Abdallah, and the honour of the queen alike forbade its revocation. And now the magnificent square of the Viva Rambla,* arrayed in all the solemn pomp of chivalric justice peculiar to the Moorish battle-ordeal, gave forth its loud-repeated summons, heard far along the banks of the Darro, to assemble on the field of honour, to grace this strangely exciting but mournful spectacle.

* It was through this gateway, it is said, that the Castilian hero rode, when he nailed a challenge upon the door of the mosque, which occupied the site of the present cathedral on the opposite side of the square of the Viva Rambla, and returned again whilst his followers were engaged in mortal combat with the Moorish guards. The small niche with a representation of the Crucifixion, is one of those small chapels to be found at the corners of every street in a Spanish town; and it is almost constantly surrounded by a group of devotees. The figure of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Infant Christ, or one of those numerous saints with which their calendar abounds, is generally decked out with mock trinkets and tawdry dresses; it being no uncommon thing to see the Infant Saviour in an antique court-dress, satin-flowered waistcoat, knee breeches, silk stockings, square-toed shoes and buckles; whilst on the other hand, the Virgin is represented in a satin gown and flounce, wide hoop petticoat and hand-

For on that morning the capital offered a singular contrast to the gay, gladdening ceremonies of the old joust and ring. No joyous groupes, no rich emblazoned colours with the thousand fluttering devices of love and honour, ushered in the day. Instead of the flaunting of the crescent pennons, the royal splendour of warlike costume, ominous silence and trouble hung like a heavy cloud over that devoted city, and cast a deeper shadow on the soul. With restless step and anxious eye, the superstitious Moors marked the santon mingling with the throng; and as they drew nigh the entrance to the lists, their agitation rose into a thrill of entrancing awe and terror; for as if maddened with the terrific spirit of the revealed future, his wild, ghastly features assumed a deathlier hue; his appalling eye seemed to rest on some object no other eye could see; while the emblems of frail mortality which invested his brows, and the magical characters traced upon his face and

some Leghorn bonnet with artificial flowers, necklace, fingers covered with rings, &c. &c. Wax lights are kept constantly burning before them, a person being appointed and paid for that purpose, by the inhabitants of the street to whom the saint belongs. Near the side of the little chapel delineated in the drawing, is a small cross, which marks the spot where a murder has been committed. This is a regular memento throughout Spain; and, in towns, a small board is fixed beneath the cross with the name of the "unfortunate wight," and the day and year in which he fell. In some streets, especially where it is a low neighbourhood, these crosses are so numerous as to cover the walls. It may be as well to mention that this gateway is called the "Arco de los Orejas," from the ears of those unfortunate Moors who had committed any state crimes having been nailed to its gates.

forehead, threw a fiercer supernatural trouble into every word and look.

Pointing to a high scaffold, surmounting the funereal pyre overhung with sabres,—the gloomy trappings of departing life,—his knees began to tremble and his lips quivered, while he muttered certain unknown, cabalistic sounds, as if in dread communion with some invisible thing, on which his eye was still fixed in a sort of prophetic phrensy which shook every fibre in his frame.

“*Alahuma subahana hu !*” was the cry which broke from him in an accent of the wildest grief and dismay ; “ Woe ! woe upon us, and our race—doomed, evil-doomed, to run the career of sorrow, and crime, and death ! But what is death ? Happy were it only to die ; but thou shalt live, oh child of Allah ! predestined to slavery and sorrow,—live to feel many lingering deaths,—and ah, worse than deaths, the fear and the fate that shall surprise thee as a sudden storm midst the desolate hills. Ah ! that blasted were my eyes, and life’s ruddy current stopped at its fountain, so that I beheld not the triumphant genius of your fate,—the prince of terrors, the mightiest of chiefs over the powers of evil, who glows more freshly youthful and vigorous with time,—with toil and stratagem more unweariedly subtle and overreaching, with vengeance and hate but more eager in his thirst of blood. He triumphs, and will triumph,—Eblis, the dreaded Eblis,—the prince of the air ;—nor only of the air, but of the earth—the waters,—and the fires which are never quenched.

“ Once I have beheld, and I now again behold him—exulting—on the wings of his death-winds—and through land, and sea, and air, hurrying with those wild huntsman’s cries his shadowy steeds to their appointed goals of time. He hath reached us, and there he sits enthroned in dim, dread majesty over that sad funereal pile, on a throne of enduring and surpassing glory which proclaims him indeed a king—a crown that encircles eternal sovereignty—and in his hand a spear that levels the palmy splendour, and knighthood, and beauty of ages with the dust. Oh Eblis! my eye is upon thine—thy eye is upon us—upon us—for thou exultest in our approaching woe. Turn whither I will, thy hand is in every work,—thy foot upon every soil: the poison of thy spirit leaveneth the living mass of the world, and thy destruction keeps pace with creation in the great primeval impulse—the career of eternal doom.

“ I behold thee busy in thy works while it is yet day; and to thee night is the brightest of days, in which thou appearest in darker splendour—more fearfully terrific to the soul. I see, with recoiling eye, the dim shadow of the deed thou art now tracing in the soul and the brain of love’s unhappy victim; I see the steel—I hear the shriek—and to my eye and to my ear are present thy triumphant look, thy mocking laugh—heard above the appalling cry of ‘ Woe! woe to Granada!’ and the night of ages of chains, and of tears, and of blood on blood.” And with the same heart-sickening howl of despair as when he rushed into the crowd, he strangely disappeared from all eyes.

Then, as with searching glance and eager question they turn their faces from the symbols of death, another, nor less thrilling spectacle, burst upon their view. In weeds of pall—long sable mantles which swept the earth, came nigh in sad and dark array, the mournful procession of the condemned. Preceded by bands of those fierce Africans long devoted to Abdallah, it was led on by the judge and umpires of the lists. And next, surrounded by the few and faithful friends of her youth, and her weeping attendants, not one of whom had forsaken her, was seen the heart-stricken object of all that panoply of woe,—her lovely head bowed in sorrow too deep for tears, with pallid cheek, and wandering eye, and hands uplifted in the agony of prayer. On all sides the vast throngs, opening a path for the funereal car, bowed their heads in silence, not unmingled with grief and shame, as it passed the gates of the Viva Rambla and through the noble barriers into the open arena.

On drawing near the appointed spot, through ranks high overseen by ranks, till all Granada appeared spectatress of the stirring scene, the queen caught the sable hues and more terrific aspect of that funereal pile; and the deep shudder—and the recoil—followed by low stifled lamentations, ran with electric speed through every beholder of that revolting sight. With still slower and statelier pomp of woe, the restless champing steeds, in their darkly-splendid housings, now passed up the great square, and stood before the fatal scaffold, where the judges appeared to conduct the accused to a seat of state, high overhung with the

same startling symbols of guilt and woe. As she was borne by the heroic Muza to that fatal spot, and threw herself on her knees before the assembled people, as if appealing to Allah, and to his children, for redress and pity of her heavy wrongs, the air rang with cries and lamentations, succeeded by deep low murmurs such as portend the coming storm.

The judges proclaim the sentence; and though the great Muza himself presides, he is answered by maledictions and groans. But again, on beholding the unconscious form of the sultana, who lay supported in the arms of the princesses and the noble daughter of Aben Kassim, having swooned in the aspirations of heart-wrung prayer, there burst a sudden peal of admiration and applause, as if to attest *their* belief also in the innocence of their queen. Every eye bent on that heart-appealing group,—woman and beauty in bitter peril and distress; and every hand grasping the nearest weapon—one simultaneous impulse made them start to their feet; and the next moment they had rushed, as an insulted brother, to the rescue of innocence and honour, when the loud-swelling note of Moorish clarions broke on the ear and arrested their step, as their eye was caught by other objects fraught with an interest equally intense. Even the judges, seated near the queen, bent forward as if eager to catch some responsive note of war.

Armed from head to foot, mounted on high-mettled Andalusian chargers, and clothed in burnished armour, over which flowed the loose albornoze, with sashes richly embroidered, and dark waving plumes, rode the

stern accusers through the startled throngs, up to the very head of the lists. On their splendid shields, surmounted by two blood-stained swords, appeared emblazoned the words, "For the truth we draw them!" A noble band of their kinsmen and adherents attended them to their respective stations within the lists. Saluting the judges and umpires, they seemed to turn their eyes from their lovely victim, as they darted swiftly to their posts.

In the long, deep silence that ensued, when every ear was intent on catching the first faint echo of the Castilian bugles in the distance, you might have heard woman's softest foot-fall—the slightest murmur of the breeze rustling in the palm and cypress leaves above their heads.

Hours wore on—the uneasiness and excitement had risen into murmurs and threats—all eyes were bent on the barrier gates; and yet, and yet—no champions of the lost queen appeared. Two brief hours, and the fire, in default of rescue, must claim its victim;—and at length it went forth, in fearful, muttered sounds, that, absorbed in her despair, the sultana had cared not to apprise her defenders of the appointed time. All was confusion and distress; and, on the spur of the moment, the noble judges, Muza Ben Gazan and his friends, Ali Fahar, Azarque, and Almoradi, conjured her to accept their swords. But confiding her cause to supreme justice, and eager only to rejoin her noble lover in death, she heeded not the proffer, nor the increasing confusion and dismay of the imauns, the judges, and spectators around her,

Hope itself began to fail, for six of the eight apportioned hours had now elapsed, and loud and louder the pity of the people rose into lamentation and threats. Already they began to measure, with kindling eye and ready hand, the strength of those fierce bands that environed the fatal scaffold; five times have the judges, at the four quarters of the lists, summoned aloud the champions, and are again conjuring the accused to behold in them her defenders—eagerly waving their gleaming scymitars as they confronted the Zegrís with threatening looks—when the tramp of horse is heard rapidly nearing the Spanish gate. One shout of exultation—one rush of eager throngs, and every spectator's eye bent towards the extreme verge of the open barriers, attested the intense interest awakened by the sound.

And soon, in full career, bounded four Turkish horsemen into the spacious square. One of them, reining in his fiery barb before the judges, addressed himself to their chief, requesting permission to parley with the accused lady of the lists. Kneeling at her feet, he informed her, that he and his companions were from the towers of Stamboul, in quest of adventure; and having just put foot in the land of old Moorish fame, to try their prowess on some of the heroes of Castile, had heard of that strange solemnity, and first preferred to break their lances with the enemies of peerless charms and pure fame, like hers. It was their first essay of arms, he continued, and as he spoke, he dropped into her lap the letter she had sent to the Lord of Carthageña; for he it was,

attended by the famed Ponce de Leon, d'Aguilar, and Diego di Cordova, rejoiced thus to avail themselves of so noble an occasion to prove their chivalrous devotion at the appeal of innocence and beauty. Each of the combatants now stood confronting the Zegri he had selected as his opponent, with fixed eye and deadly lance in rest.

The judges having solemnly declared the queen's acceptance of their swords, commanded the twenty clarions to sound the charge. Furious was the onset, and long doubtful the result. The Lord of Carthagea at length bore the fierce Mahandon Gomel from his seat; Ponce de Leon wounded Ali Hammed El Zegri, while Don Alonzo, with equal fortune, overthrew and bound the arch traitor, Mohammed Zegri, the mover of that fatal plot. But Don Diego di Cordova was still engaged to disadvantage with the gigantic and terrible Moctader and would have fallen, when his gallant rival, Alonzo, rushed to his rescue; then, presenting his dagger to the throat of El Zegri, he called upon him to reveal the origin of the foul conspiracy, and to speak truly if he wished to live.

It was then El Zegri made confession, that private hate and jealousy had led him to associate in the dark design his brethren of the tribe, and to conspire against the queen's honour in order more effectually to compass the destruction of their great rivals, and win the exclusive favour of King Abdallah. Acquitting the injured sultana of all stain or reproach with his dying breath, the unhappy Zegri motioned with his hand to the king, and, with an upbraiding

look and heavy sigh, as he gazed round on his companions, he expired.

But the presiding judge had taken his deposition, which he now proclaimed aloud, amidst thunders of applause. All prepared to celebrate the proud event of the queen's vindication and the detection of the conspirators with unrestrained festivity and exultation, as some relief from the anxiety and terrors of the day,—bursting into fresh plaudits as they beheld the court advance to escort her in triumph to the Alhambra. Deeply impressed with the result of this strange appeal, not less than by the voice of the people, the really penitent Abdallah fell at the feet of his injured consort, attempting with tears at once to atone for his faults, and to merit her forgiveness.

The action called forth reiterated applauses on every side—momentarily changed into shrieks of despair, as they saw the sudden gleam of steel, which as suddenly vanished, sheathed in the bosom of the beautiful object of their regard. One cry of fearful surprise, as she saw the monarch at her feet—one recoiling shudder—and the flashing dagger, seen but a moment in her hand, drank the pure life-blood of her heart. Murmuring the name of her fallen Abencerrage, and casting on that king, as he stood with blanched cheek and startled soul, the same wild reproachful look as the dying Zegri, she sank to rest in the arms of her weeping, youthful friends, amidst general sorrowing and lamentations, which recalled the strange santon's prophecy,—his threat of fast-hurrying doom.

But their grief and indignation were forcibly recalled

to other objects; a fleet, under the renegade prince, Alnayar, swept the coast of Adra, and with that treachery inherent in the soul of the apostate-traitor, he displayed the flag of his country. The inhabitants, in hourly expectation of relief from Africa, and shouting with exultation as they beheld the Moorish signals and costume, hurried to open their port; while his father, the Cid Yahia, rushed upon the city from the land. Startled by this two-fold treason of their countrymen, the garrison and inhabitants were for a moment thunderstruck; then, flying to arms, sold their lives and freedom dearly to their more than infidel destroyers. Castel-Ferruh, numerous towns of the insurgent Alpuxarras, and the territories of the departed El Zagal, shared the same ignoble fate; while the Castilian conqueror, with his whole united strength, bore down with increasing fury for the third time upon the heroic and devoted capital.

The strong castle of Roma, within two leagues' distance, fell a prey to the foul treachery of Ferdinand and his new allies. A Moorish force, with Christian captives, as if pursued by a superior enemy, made its appearance before the gates. At the sight of turbans and scymitars, the sentinels flew to the summons of a noble chief, loudly knocking for admittance. Once in possession of the courts and battlements, the shout of the tributary Moors gave signal of the attack of the Prince Yahia and his faithless followers. The keys of the castle were handed to Ferdinand, as the first offering of the dishonoured slave at the new shrine of his perfidious saint of Castile; while the

bitter scoffs and maledictions of Granada fell loudly upon his head.

Abdallah could with difficulty believe that the plaudits with which he was welcomed were meant for him; but after treason of so black a dye, he appeared with the heroic Muza, as the great champion of their liberties. When they saw him glittering in arms by the side of their beloved chief, throngs of hardy followers from the mountains and the cities hurried to his standard, and the great square of the Viva Rambla glowed with the legions of swelling chivalry, till they spread far up the spacious avenues and along the banks of the Darro. The whole region was filled with the din of war,—the shrill notes of the clarion, and the deep muffled thunder of the tambour announcing that the old tribes and families marshalled by the great Muza, and led by Abdallah, were marching to meet the deadly foe in the open plain. With forty thousand infantry, and ten of horse, Ferdinand had encamped at two leagues only from Granada, near the fountains of Guetar. For thirty years had the ravages of the Vega continued unavenged, and from the mountains of Elvira came the retiring sound of the Castilian trumpets, as the last booty was borne from its once blooming tracts. Near the Alpuxarra mountains rose the formidable castle of Alhendin, commanded by the valiant Mendo de Quexada, in a position extremely perilous for Granada. It was now become a continual source of annoyance and loss; and once in the field, Muza fell upon it with tremendous vigour, resolved, spite of its massy walls, to

carry it by assault. The governor beheld his brave garrison perish at his side, and it was only when it was about to be blown into a heap of ruins that he surrendered to the Moorish king. As the victorious chief directed his arms against the fortresses of Marchena and Bulduy, the bold mountaineers, marking his banners in the field and roused by the zeal of their dervishes and faquirs, hastened to swell the number of his ranks. Convoys and supplies were intercepted, ambushes and forays were renewed amid the hills and sierras, and the strong-hold of Alcalà la Real had nearly fallen by a *coup-de-main*.

Still Muza held the field, and the redoubtable seaport of Salobreña on its rocky heights, commanding a noble and fertile region, was the next object of the Moor's attack. Advancing by forced marches upon the place, he surprised and drove the garrison into the citadel, while the inhabitants rose in a mass on beholding the still faithful champions of their country. The governor of Velez Malaga and Fernando Pulgar, famed for his exploits, summoned the frontier forces to its relief; but beheld the Moor seated in possession of the town, with one solitary ensign of Castile displayed from the walls of the castle keep. At the dead of night, the Moorish camp was assailed by Pulgar at the head of a veteran body, part of which fought its way into the citadel, enabling it to protract its defence, till the arrival of Ferdinand at the head of an immense force threatened to cut off the Moorish communications with the capital. After a furious assault, Muza, with the skill of an experienced leader, turned the position

of the enemy, and then striking at the dominions of the Prince Yahia and his son, Alnayar, he overthrew their commanders, and destroyed their chief fortresses. Taking ample vengeance for the desolation of Granada's plains and hamlets, he pursued his fearful career through the mountain-districts of the foe, till, enriched with spoil and treasure, he led his army through the défiles of the Alpuxarras to the gates of the capital.

After this brilliant march, in which he had foiled some of the ablest generals of Ferdinand, the grateful Abdallah addressing him as he stood surrounded by the chiefs and the people:—"You, you alone, are the last stay of the empire; you and your generous soldiers can wash out our common injuries in the blood of the infidel; restore its glory to our religion, its dignity to the throne, peace and honour to your wives, and hope to yourselves and your children. Oh Muza! be thou then our dictator; you and your honoured chiefs direct all your energies to the salvation of Granada,—the existence of our name and country."

On the instant the brave Muza justified the high eulogy of his monarch; he distributed the several commands and stations with equal promptness and judgment, going rapidly into the resources and details of a defensive war. He himself assumed the most perilous post of directing the main sorties against the invader, with the valiant Redovan and Mohammed Ben Zaida at the head of their fierce squadrons. The bold prince Almanzor, the half-brother of the king, still led on the foot, while the terrible Zegri, Abdel Kerim, was to hold possession of the battlements. To

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JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

each governor of mark and likelihood was assigned some particular fort, or tower, or quarter of the capital. The munitions of war and the supplies, next engaged his attention; for to all minds it became evident that the long-predicted, fearful siege was close at hand. To the entire citizens, as well as soldiers, offices of labour, of trust, and honour were appointed; for at such a crisis every inhabitant is a soldier and a patriot. It was decreed that on each day three thousand veterans should issue forth under the eye of Mohammed Sahir Ben Atar, son of the old alcaide, his equal in valour, surpassing him in consummate prudence; and under his guard, with five hundred bold pioneers, the supplies were to reach the city. The whole of these arrangements, conceived with wisdom, were long executed with heroic firmness. While Muza by his terrific sorties,—for his great enemy had now enclosed him with overwhelming numbers,—drew upon him the full vigour of the enemy, the supplies and provisions were gallantly escorted by the veteran Atar into the capital. Many were the fierce skirmishes, the deadly hostile encounters with intercepting detachments of the foe, in the hills of the Alpuxarras and the mountain-passes of the great Serranea di Ronda.* Often was the contest for the bridge of the ruined town renewed, till the echoes of the Moorish horn and the shouts of the horsemen reach the camp of the Spaniards and rouse many a sortie from Granada to prevent his sending more aid to the mountains.

* See description of Plate, p. 131.

To such a height, indeed, was carried the confidence of the Moors in their great leader, that during many months of the stern siege, the gates of the Elvira and the Xenil remained constantly open. In the various rencounters, Ferdinand saw that the Moslems had the advantage, that he experienced tremendous losses by the sudden, vigorous sorties of their squadrons; and he was compelled not only to throw up fresh lines of intrenchments, raise fresh camps, but at length actually to build a town in the vega to protect his troops, and issue orders for none to venture forth without directions. It was then the high spirit of Muza inspired his troops to carry the war into the Christian intrenchments, inflicting severer loss than if the wily invader had made a gallant stand before the walls. Poor was the triumph when he began to surround his camp with solid walls and enormous ditches, till from the height of their new battlements they could better withstand the fierce shock of the Moorish sorties. Muza saw that it was the scythe of time on which Ferdinand relied as his great arm of war, and with a people like the Moors, how much were tactics like his to be dreaded! Their warlike ardour and exploits would fail for lack of fuel; and he now bent his active genius to mature some counter-plan, to foil the deep-plotting monarch at his own weapons. His vast influence rendered the attempt practicable, for it was no less than to besiege the invader in his new town of Santa Fe, and storm his very intrenchments.

Having marshalled the entire strength of Granada, he led his squadrons forth, and took up a position in

the open plain. Soon the shrill clarions and the heavy rolling tambours gave note of the furious onset, but his gallant enemy anticipating Muza's design, threw an immense force into the intervening space, as if eager to show it was no craven spirit which held them within the precincts of their camp. The Castilians sustained the attack with firmness; fresh troops were deployed on both sides, and the ravaged vega became an arena of deadly and persevering conflict, in which the chiefs brought all of skill and heroism to their aid which could influence the dread decision of the battle. The soul of Muza rose at the sight of the Christians pouring into the plain, and the hot blood of the Moors caught the heroic infection from their leaders as they renewed each fierce assault. Terrific was the shock of the hostile squadrons, as with the old war-shout of *Allah illah Allah!* the Moors dashed with the desperate energy of despairing patriotism into the thickest ranks of the foe. The conflict became general; all the spirit, and every stratagem of Moorish warfare was displayed by the noble Muza; the attack, the retreat, and the sudden onset during their Parthian flight which annihilated the heroes, no regular battle could subdue. Thus during the bitterest fury of the action, the squadron headed by the chief himself, suddenly turned and fled; when the next moment the thunder of the Moorish artillery fell on the Castilian horse in wild pursuit, and the new-formed squadron charged them, half-broken and dispersed, with redoubled vigour. The Spaniards fell back on the battalions of Ponce de Leon; who, with the answering cry of

Santiago! rushed forward to their support. Enraged at having the victory thus snatched from their hands, the Moors exerted a more firm, persevering valour,—for brilliant it ever was, than had yet stood the brunt of the veteran charges of the Spanish infantry, so superior to that of their fiery foe. Nor was Muza alone; the king was every where to be seen in the action, bringing up successive charges of his African guards with a spirit not unworthy the eye of a Tarikh, or the bravest of the old khaliphs. Nor did his half-brother, Almanzor, less fulfil the duties of a true Moslem, exerting the noblest efforts to form, to rally, and to hold his wavering infantry firm before the face of the foe. In this awful suspense, the Christian monarchs knelt absorbed in prayer, in which they were joined by their court, the confessors, courtiers, and priests, headed by the aged and saintly archbishop, while his mitred brother of Jaen was as fervently engaged with the weapons of the flesh. Notwithstanding his heroic efforts, the resources of his genius and skill, and nobly supported as he was by the squadrons and tribes, the dawning victory of Muza was suddenly clouded by reverse.

Opposed to overwhelming numbers, and not equally seconded by the Moorish foot, he could not prevent the enemy from rallying and gradually extending their line so as to threaten his communication with the capital. He had more than achieved the action of a brilliant sortie, and still maintained the field, when his infantry, seized with a sudden panic, turned and fled. In vain did their princely leader, and the faquirs

and santons who had mingled in their ranks, strive to incite them anew ; some rushed headlong into the city, others to conceal themselves in the hills and woods. So strange and instantaneous was the terror which fell upon them, that the Christian prelates did not fail to ascribe it to the prayers of their sovereigns, rather than the arm of their lusty chivalry in the field.

And now, with feelings of indignation against his countrymen he sought not to repress, Muza was compelled to return within the gates of the capital, still, however, presenting a wall of scymitars in his disdain to close them upon the insulting foe. Though deeply incensed, Muza was never depressed ; and Granada, the last retreat of Moorish honour and high-bred chivalry, assumed a yet bolder attitude in the day of her despair. Still fiercer sorties upon the intrenched camp, carrying its defences, and scattering slaughter and dismay through the interior works, marked the unsubdued heroism of Muza and his squadrons. Reiterated orders to avoid all skirmishes and partial engagements proved the terror which the Moorish horse inspired, while the arrival of Isabella and the court at the newly erected city of the Faith, evinced on the other hand an obstinate determination to weary and starve out the patience of the heroic foe.

The Christian camp was one scene of exultation and festival, as the queen rode forth to survey the field ; but the shouts were re-echoed in as loud a strain of defiance, while the gallant chief, turning to his young and fiery squadrons,—“ Now I know you will fight,” he cried, “ for if we lose the ground we stand upon,

we must henceforth cease to possess a country or a name." Then breaking through the intrenchments, assaulting the suburbs of the Holy Faith, and casting insulting challenges into the heart of the camp, he so roused the Castilian blood, that spite of Ferdinand's anger, he drew numbers into the open plain, who mostly fell victims to their temerity, and the skill and bravery of the Moslem chief. Often skirring the intervening field in sudden fiery clouds of horse, he dashed up to the very barriers, and it was a trial of prowess who could farthest send his javelin into the interior of the camp. On it was fixed some challenge, or other insulting missive, intended to provoke the parties to come forth, and abide the shock of spears.

In these chivalrous encounters, none acquired a more brilliant name than Prince Almanzor, the African chief, Allamar; and yet more than all, a young chief of the hardy Berbers, the most gallant of all the tribes of the desert. Hassan Omar Fahar almost rivalled the fame of Antar in his father's ancient tribe—bold as that of Abs or of Adnan—being at once their shield and their terrible spoiler of the neighbouring foe. But when the African monarchs sent aid to their Moorish allies, the "lion-facer" Omar was among the foremost to lead his band to the southern shores of the beloved Granada. Nor did he depart alone; the high-souled heroine of his love, unlike the more timid Ibla of the slave-warrior,—bred to hardy exploits in the chase of the panther and the lion,—clothed herself in dazzling arms, and vowed to share the fortunes of her lover and her countrymen in the great Moorish wars. After

many brilliant efforts in the field, where they fought side by side, the beautiful and heroic Zaida, spite of her Omar's sword, became a captive of the Castilian foe. She fell into an ambush laid by the alcaide of Loxa, who bore her to his citadel; and struck with her lofty charms, refused all ransom, resolving to take advantage of his fortune. Her lover, equally bent upon her rescue, approached the place in the dead of night, disguised as a Spanish cavalier. On his path he met a knight; it was the device and armour of the hated governor himself. Swift as a whirlwind, Hassan rushed upon his foe; who, after a brief struggle, lay dead at his feet. He loosed his morion, and the face and flowing tresses of his own Arab maid met his view. She had assassinated the governor in his secret chamber, on the couch where he lay; and taking his armour and pass-word, issued unmolested through the gates.

Next among the Moors who greatly signalized himself at these adventurous feats, was the powerful and high-spirited Tarfe. On one occasion he daringly urged his charger over the barriers, and traversing the Christian camp like the wind, actually hurled his lance at the royal pavilion; and ere the fleetest of his enemies could intercept his path, he had again cleared them in the same chivalrous style. On the javelin being drawn from the earth, it appeared from the message attached to it, that it was intended for the life of the queen.

The indignation of the Castilian lords was now extreme, and hardly to be repressed. Fernando del Pulgar, surnamed from his exploits, made a vow not

to be out-bravadoed by the fiery Moor. He first beat up for some companions in the perilous undertaking on which he was bent; and having found them, he issued from the camp in the dead of night, and brought them to a low postern gate, guarded by foot soldiers, and looking out upon the Darro. While his companions engaged the guards, their leader rode in, and rushed at full speed through the streets of the city. At the entrance to the great mosque he first drew bit, sprang from his steed, and affixing the names of Ferdinand and Isabella on the portal, offered it to the Virgin, by a tablet nailed upon the door inscribed with "*Ave Maria.*" The sudden act, and the astonishment at beholding a Christian warrior riding through the city, were favourable to his escape; and being seconded by his brethren in arms, he fought his way back, and was received with acclamation by the whole army.

What was the exasperation of the Moors, on next entering the holy mosque, to mark the sacrilegious insult nailed by a dagger to its doors! and to such a height did the spirit of chivalrous rivalry and honour, —of religion and of country proceed, that seldom a day passed over without being marked by some splendid action, some rare feat of arms, of devotion and magnanimity on the side of the unfortunate Moors, surpassed by nothing in the whole compass of Greek or Roman annals.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Generalife y Generalife
CASA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER X.

Tyrant of man! imperious Fate!
I bow before thy dread decree,
Nor hope in this uncertain state
To find a seat secure from thee.

Think not the stream will backward flow,
Or cease its destined course to keep;
As soon the blazing spark shall glow
Beneath the surface of the deep.

ALY BEN MOHAMMED.

NEVER had unanimity and concord, such as now absorbed all hearts, been known to prevail in the Moorish capital. No longer confined to threats and

perils, the actual presence of their impending doom awoke that instinctive strength of desperation, which makes the final struggle noble and heroic, and yields up life itself with less regret in acts of honour, devotedness, and courage. It is then, as the guardian of some treasured trust,—of past fame,—home, religion, and country, with all their associations of time and circumstance, and some one dear spot loved and revered beyond every other,—that the patriot, like the martyr, glories in the fires of adversity with which he ascends into a purer and brighter sphere; for well he knows that the crown of true honour, like truth, is eternal in the heavens,—that nobility of the soul renews its lustre through all time,—that the actions of the just and good “smell sweet and blossom in the dust.” And Granada prepared to undergo that fierce ordeal of nations which precedes their fall,—her spirit strung to that high tone of honoured martyrdom which buoyed up the elastic soul, and spoke in every word and deed of the fearless Muza. He stood as one raised above the lowlier impulses, the trials, and anxieties of our common nature, with the looks and bearing of an Abdiel, “faithful among the unfaithful found,”—the fortitude of the hero who eyes death as the last of vulgar evils which falls to the lot of all, but which he, with better fortune, can meet in the arms of glory,—on the field of the generous brave who fall for their own, their native land. Such was the high resolve of Muza, which seemed to give him a charmed life, and renewed elasticity and fire from every reverse. Dread

alone of him and his squadrons still held the crafty Ferdinand at a distance, after months had rolled away since the sword of yon white pavilions round that usurping city of the vega,* had shorn the glowing region of its strength, its wide blooming beauty,—rearing on high that symbol of persecution, the fierce torturing cross,—as the dread precursor of a people's doom.

Never had the capital of a powerful empire been invested with greater fear and circumspection,—clearly evincing the respect and almost awe with which the Castilian monarchs gradually approached the completion of their long and eagerly pursued ambition. Only dimly could the form of Granada, and the variegated lights of her spires and towers, be discerned from the distance of leagues, in the respectful position of the beleaguering towns and camps; and when the royal personages moved forth to behold the loveliest and most glorious of the imperial queens that had exacted slave-tribute and homage from their predecessors, they were defended by legions of armed warriors, led forth in battle array to meet any sudden, unseen stratagem of the fiery foe. Splendid too and battle-proof was the princely cavalcade, as Queen Isabel approached the gentle eminence near Zubia, on the left of the city, to gain a view of the Alhambra. Alonzo d'Aguilar, Marquis Villena, Count Ureña, took up strong positions along the mountain-skirts which commanded the hamlet; while Ponce de Leon,

* The town of Santa Fe.

the Count de Tendilla, Alonzo Fernandez, drew up their lines in the space below. From the village thus environed with the strength of war, the Castilian court gazed with awe on the gorgeous towers of the Alhambra, and that long line of fortresses which cast a darker shadow on the doomed city of the infidel foe.

The gallant Moors, beholding this splendid parade of courtly chivalry and war, imagined it was a challenge; and bodies of Moorish horse swept through the gates of the capital magnificently arrayed,—the whole flower of Granada's youth, and at the head of these glittering squadrons rode their indefatigable chief. At a distance followed the infantry—bodies of arquebuse and spearmen,—of the artillery and the cross-bow, supported by the heavy armed troopers.

Suddenly, while the hostile squadrons gathered in stern array, surveying each other with flashing eyes eager for the dread appeal, there burst a shout of exulting joy; and a single horseman armed at all points rode out of the Moorish ranks, and careered along the lines of the Christian host. Of towering height, his huge buckler, his long javelin, his Damascus blade and rich-gemmed dagger,—all proclaimed him a knight of no common note. Soon the whisper ran that he it was who launched his *rejón* at the queen's pavilion, with that insulting missive. Dragged in the dust at his charger's tail, was seen the Christian label affixed by the brave Pulgar to the portal of the grand mosque. But burning as the Castilians did to avenge this indignity upon their religion and their honour, the queen, impelled less by

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Engraved by G. S. G. S.

COURT OF THE LIONS.

Drawn by David Roberts.

terror than by humanity, for she was heroic and pious as her consort was crafty and insincere, had given special command that no Spanish cavalier should dare to provoke the attack.

Still, on beholding this bitter insult, the young hero of the famed house of Lara, threw himself at Isabella's feet, to solicit one exception in behalf of their honour and their religion. It was granted; and little dreamed the chivalrous Pulgar, as he lingered in disguise at the cool umbrageous fountain of the Court of Lions* with the Moorish lady of his love, that at

* The feeling of astonishment excited on first entering the Alhambra, and crossing the court of the great bath with its parterre of flowers and orange trees, is mingled with admiration and delight on beholding the palace-region of the Lions and its splendid halls. A spacious oblong court, exceeding a hundred feet in length by half as many wide, it is environed with a noble sweep of colonnades seven feet broad and ten at each of the ends. Two elegant porticoes at the extremities project into the court, which is lined with coloured tiles, extending five feet from the ground, curiously inwrought in blue and yellow. Both above and below runs a border of escutcheons of blue and gold enamel, bearing the old Arabic inscription, "There is no Conqueror but God." The columns supporting the corridors and roof are slight and delicate, the peristyles adorned with a fantastic display of arabesques, knots and festoons of flowers. They are about nine feet in height, taking the base and capital, and irregularly disposed; in general, two together. The arches above in the usual horse-shoe form are four feet in the larger, and three in the lesser spaces. The ceiling of the portico is a splendid exhibition of the elaborate genius and intricate combinations of Moslem art. The stucco ornaments are laid on with unrivalled skill; the delicacy with which it is frosted in the handling of the ceiling boasting intricate beauties altogether inimitable. The capitals are of various design, richly decorated; but in the

that moment his youthful friend, so beloved for his martial hymns and soul-moving songs, was flying to the encounter of the terrific Tarfe,—resistless as the thunderbolt in the single conflicts of that dread campaign. As his fiery steed appeared to devour the ground; as he flew to confront the proud insulting Moor, that fierce Moslem, turning at the thundering sound, uttered a shout of derision, caught up by his horsemen, as he heard the purpose of the Castilian youth. But careering his steed with surpassing grace and power, the Castilian gave little space for their idle taunts,

infinite diversity of its foliages and grotesques, there is remarked not the slightest imitation of animal life. The arabesques around the arches have those borders, or rims, appropriated to the usual purpose of eulogy, or moral and religious inscriptions, chiefly in the Cufic character. Arranged round the centre of the splendid court are the figures of the twelve lions, which support an enormous alabaster basin, formed of a single slab, superbly decorated, out of which rises another of smaller dimensions. From this there perpetually sprung an immense volume of water, which, being received in vast aerial falls of fantastic yet symmetric forms into the greater basin, thence passed through the lions, issuing forth again at their mouths. It lastly fell into a large reservoir, which communicated by channels with the lesser cascades and fountains of the surrounding apartments. Round the sides of solid white marble, richly carved and festooned, appear among others the following mottoes:—

“ Seest thou how the waters flow copiously as the Nile?”

“ This resembles a sea washing over its shores, threatening shipwreck to the mariner.”

“ This water runs so abundantly to give drink to the lions.”

“ Terrible as the lion is our king in the day of battle.”

“ The Nile gives glory to the king, and the lofty mountains proclaim it.”

“ This garden is fertile in delights; God takes care that no noxious animal shall approach it.”

It has been supposed that this singular fountain was designed

and met the shock of his gigantic foe more than half way over the ground. Shivered were their lances; but sorely struck as he was, young Lara held his saddle. As his steed careered anew ere he could resume the attack, the Christians trembled for their youthful champion, and the name of Pulgar was bruited about the field, as the anxious squadrons gazed with intense interest on the fearful odds. In their next shock, they met with brandished falchions, and the Moslem swept with the rapidity of a sand-storm round his opponent, and every moment ap-

to imitate the brazen sea, one of the vanities of King Solomon, which he ordered to be placed in the temple of Jerusalem.

Of the stucco-work of the court, it is observed by Mr. Murphy, "that the portion which is out of the reach of hands is beautifully clean and white. Not a single spider's web, nor insect of any kind, could the author discover in part of the court; while the stucco-work executed by order of later kings was decayed and covered with cob-webs in various parts." The wood work of the Arabs is also known to continue free from worms and insects of every kind. Indeed no portion of this truly royal fortress conveys a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence, or appears to have suffered less from the ravages of time. Still, in the centre, the tourist beholds the fountain so long famed in song and story, and listens to the murmurs of its waters. The alabaster basins still shed their crystal drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their sparkling streams as in the days of the last Moorish king. He still traces the same court laid out in beds of flowers, surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree-work, supported by the same slender pillars of white marble. The architecture too, like that of all other parts of the palace, is characterised by elegance rather than grandeur; and one side of the court, richly adorned in the same style of elaborate art, opens into the lofty Hall of the Abencerrages, with its white marble pavement.

peared as if it were his last. But fast though the flashing strokes succeeded each other, they were as skilfully and nobly parried; nor could his sharp-tempered Damascus find an entrance through the double-folded shield of Flemish handicraft, borne by his youthful rival. Soon the blood was seen streaming down the armour of both; but the young gallant Lara evidently retreated, having recourse in vain to his utmost skill and coolness to counteract the superior powers of the Moor. Often indeed he rallied, and stood up to his enemy with a storm of blows; more than once he drew blood, yet every one saw he was the weaker and more exhausted of the two. Aware of his advantage, Tarfe seized on him, and with iron grasp dragged him from his saddle: but he clung to his foe, and both rolled from their steeds upon the earth,—the Castilian beneath his enemy. Ere he could rise, the Moor bounded from the ground after a short struggle, and as the other rose to his knee, planted his foot upon his breast, and hurling him back, brandished his dagger to strike at his throat.

A cry of horror rose from every Christian spectator, followed by a fiercer shout as Fernando del Pulgar rushed breathlessly towards the spot. He appeared, as it were, just in time to witness the last terrific blow, the expiring effort of his young-loved hero, which he was seen to make as the dagger reached his throat. At that instant the Moor loosened his grasp,—his arm fell,—his whole frame rocked and heaved,—and then with the heavy, sullen sound of collapsing death, he lay a lifeless heap upon the plain.

On closer examination, the thin keen dagger, bound by a golden chain round the wrist of the Castilian was found, snapped from its hold, slumbering in the bosom of the giant-Moslem. At this sight, Muza, apprehensive of its impression on the troops, bade the trumpets sound a charge, and assaulted the division of Don Alonzo d'Aguilar. In the conflict which ensued, the brilliant Muza and his squadrons charged and drove back the enemy into the very intrenchments; and had the Moorish foot shown half the spirit against the Spanish infantry, victory had not long remained undecided. Perceiving the foot again wavering and giving way, Muza, covering their retreat with his dauntless squadron, retired slowly into the gates. The queen and court were full of gratitude for this fortunate termination of their terrors. The former made a vow on the spot to raise at Zubia a monastery to St. Francis,* while the chivalrous leaders gallantly attributed their triumph to the prayers of beauty and royalty in distress.

Ferdinand, after these partial successes, resolved to deprive the unhappy Moors of their yet unravaged

* This monastery is known still to exist, and in its garden is pointed out a laurel said to have been planted by the hands of majesty itself. The house, too, from which the sovereigns viewed the battle, has not hitherto been destroyed. According to that agreeable modern chronicler—Washington Irving, it is in the first street to the right, when you enter the village from the vega, and the royal arms are painted on the ceilings. It is inhabited by a worthy farmer, Francisco Garcia, who in showing the house, refuses all compensation with true Spanish pride; offering, on the contrary, the hospitalities of his mansion to the stranger.

portion of the vega, by laying waste the whole of the pleasure-grounds, gardens, and orchards which clothed the sides of its two crystal rivers. The autumn of this wild, exterminating campaign, was drawing nigh ; seven months had the beleaguered capital been thus closely invested, and, save from the towers and battlements of the Alhambra, the banners of the cross every where waved over the last kingdom of the Moor. Still more desperate efforts were anticipated, as it approached the closing night of its predicted doom. The royal victor and his chiefs beheld the gathering clouds and shadows of its destiny with anxiety not unmixed with apprehension, like daring mariners about to tempt some dark and unknown sea. Still were they onward borne by the impulse of mighty events, which made them appear less like actors than mortal agents in the great drama enacting before their eyes ; the final act which consigned the world-dictating empire of Mohammed to the insatiate tomb of conquerors, and creeds, and kings.

As the Moslem crescent waned in the heavens before the glorious light of the cross, the minds of men were impressed with a mysterious feeling of solemnity and awe at the extent of the eventful changes now in progress. It was displayed in the more frequent councils, and still oftener recurring ceremonies and celebrations of religious faith. With all its pompous and spiritual observances, were conjoined those of an expiring chivalry, and the savage, iron institutes of religious hatred and persecution by which it was to be replaced. The Christian camp, now constantly under arms, prepared

to meet the new contingencies and vicissitudes of the war, from whatever quarter they might arise.

Nor were the apprehensions of change of fortune, or some sudden reverse, unfounded. In the depth of night, amidst the silence and repose of the vast, wide-spreading camps, with their white pavilions glittering round the city of the Faith,—amidst all the splendours and luxuries of regal residence and sway,—the cry of fire went through the tents of the besieger, and soon the whole scene of the spacious vega was illuminated with the unnatural vividness of death-fires, which cast their baneful hues over tower, and hill, and stream. It rose with more terrific grandeur from the centre of the royal pavilions, fed by the thousand combustible materials supplied by the luxurious tastes and refined genius of that golden age of chivalry and art. The queen and court rushed from their prayers, ere they retired to rest, into the open courts, filling the air with their cries. A scene of confusion and dismay it is impossible to depict, added to the dread of a momentary onset of the Moors, distracted all hearts; and the intrepid Ponce de Leon at the head of a strong squadron advanced to cover the camps from any sudden stratagem of the foe. Yet the Moorish turban was to be seen only in the red glare which fell on the walls and battlements of the capital; along the gates and ramparts gleamed burnished helm and jewelled scymitar,—the alarm was rung,—and the tocsin beat to arms; yet not a Moorish horseman appeared in the plain. Both people and leaders suspected treachery in their foe, and each therefore forebore to strike at a

moment which must have crowned with victory a vigorous onset of the besieged.

At length the conflagration ceased to illumine the far horizon, gradually fading from the glowing peaks of the snowy sierra and from vale and stream, till again the darkening shadows stretched their dense masses over the fated city; the terror and turmoil of its thousand human cares and sympathies died away with the heavy din of the tambour, and all lay hushed in strange and dread repose till the quick *reveille*. The fire of the Christian city was quenched in a heap of smouldering ashes,—the perished relics of the proud, the beautiful, and the gay, as the heroic Marquis of Cadiz, musing on the strange apathy of the Moslem, led his squadron towards the devastated camp.

The circumstance of the accidental fire, and of the prompt, high-souled Muza having failed to take advantage of it, encouraged Ferdinand to more daring acts of insult and aggression. The indignation of the chief, who had only been dissuaded from sallying forth by the king and his coadjutors, exceeded all bounds when he beheld the fate of the Christian camp, strewn with the wreck of magnificence and wealth; and he soon poured down with his squadrons, hurrying to repair the error of his colleagues and his king. But at dawn, the drums and clarions had also summoned the Christians to arms; and he saw their spreading lines and shining banners, amidst peals of martial song, taking up their bold positions in the plain. They seemed to behold the heaps of ruin which surrounded them, with as much joyous confidence as if

they had befallen the foe ;—and now they dared even to advance nearer to the walls. The Moorish king, too justly entitled “The Unhappy,” bitterly lamented his want of resolution, which had restrained the ardour of his chief, and by every exertion, and the most reckless bravery, he sought to repair his fault in the eyes of the people and the troops. Already was the foot of the Christian spoiler trampling the pleasure-grounds and orchards immediately surrounding the beloved capital, when, maddened with every incentive of insulted honour and violated homes, the Moors, ever fiery, fell on the advanced ranks with demoniac fury and thirst of revenge. In the heart of that one loved spot,—surrounded by the dear familiar objects of their childhood, the passions of their growing years,—they would have poured their life-blood in torrents had they held a thousand lives to cope with hand to hand, and exterminate their hated foe. And dearly did they sell their birthright to the Spaniard, as they fought at the threshold of their wives and maidens, under the eyes of the old men, warriors of another age,—of striplings and children who seized on the long-rusted arms, and rushed into the glorious conflict of their sons and of their sires, happy thus to die at each other’s side.

That day, along the walls, and gates, and ramparts, on tower and mosque were to be seen only thronged groupes of women and infants, gazing down upon that battle-field with the breathless anxiety of dread suspense, never to be felt but in the crisis of such a war.

As fast as the troops of Ferdinand received fresh support,—the common artisans, the peaceful citizens,

old invalided soldiers, even to the muleteers, the halt, and the infirm, seized their family weapons, and hurried to take part in some of the thousand deadly and close conflicts spread over a wide but interrupted space of wood and thicket, houses, walls, grounds, and hanging-gardens,—all the once delightful suburbs of a great and splendid city. It was here the struggle for mastery grew most hot and desperate; and here the sudden onsets and ambuscades of Muza's squadrons mowed down whole columns of the enemy. But it was in the more insulated encounters, in small parties and single battles, the Moors proved their superiority in this soul-appealing moment; and every hedge, and fount, and hillock,—each plot and clump of trees was strewn with Christian corpses,—victims of the infuriated people. And now to their gladdening hearts and flashing eyes, appeared in their aid small bodies of hardy mountaineers and veterans of the old Alpuxarras; who, as fast as Spain's border squadrons were called into the general action, hastened from their fastnesses to support their countrymen in the unequal struggle. The Moslem king, who had acquired wisdom and humility without losing his native courage, was in every part, not now too proud to obey the impulse of the eagle-eye and lion-heart of a chief, who had infused the intoxication of valour into the breasts of all. The favourite squadron of Muza swept the field from side to side, ever prompt where hard-pressed heroism sank under overwhelming numbers to throw around its generous shield. How often that well-fought day did it excite to nobler feats of prowess

the fainting spirits of the children of the faithful, calling on their holy Prophet; and then with their beloved Muza raising their old war-shout of *Allah illah Allah!* as they rushed to die upon the sword of the infidel who polluted their soil. Even when wounded unto death,—wherever the brave chief appeared,—the dying Moor, forgetting all but his country, turned round his face to greet him with a sad smile and utter a blessing on his head, as with a feeble cheer, he pointed to the enemy and expired. Nor was this either rare or remarkable at such a moment of stern energy and excitement, when to die at the threshold of Granada's freedom was more eagerly coveted than to live a slave. Could valour alone have saved her, she had not fallen, nor was it by the sword of the Spaniard; it was the crafty policy of their leader,—it was their own destiny, their own consuming fire of discord and dissension,—which consigned them bound into the hands of the fanatic sovereigns of Castile.

From early morn till the dusk of evening began to steal over the plain, had the dire conflict been maintained, and every foot of ground yielded to the overwhelming superiority of the Christian was steeped in a more than equal portion of his blood. At last the cross-bow and riflemen who had held the suburb-towers, retired from their posts as others advanced to relieve them; but the Moorish infantry, conceiving they were abandoned, were seized with their old fatal panic, and fled with the impulse of one man. In vain Abu Abdallah sought to rally them, exposing himself with heroic indifference to every danger;—too late flew

the swift death-winged horsemen of Muza to retrieve the evil fortune of that one disastrous flight. Rushing with panic-struck speed towards the mountains, or through the gates of the city, the Moors were pursued with desperate fury by the enemy; and Granada had that day anticipated her dreaded doom, but for the faithful squadrons who stemmed the tide of battle before the walls. With slow, retiring rear and bold conflicting van, the horse of Muza re-entered the city; and then, for the first time, their chief commanded the great portal to be closed and barricaded, as perilous longer to entrust to a people who could desert their bravest champions in the stern encounter, bearing the brunt of their gallant foeman's charge.

From this period, rejecting their assistance in the field, he ordered the infantry to the walls; and soon the terrific volleys of artillery swept the plain, thundering along the vales and hills, and checking the nearer approaches of the enemy. And the valour of the tribes seemed still to rise with their ebbing fortunes; and all spectators who took part in that desperate contest applauded the unyielding heroism, the ability, and wonderful resources of Muza and his noble squadrons. But their ranks could not always continue renewed with the best blood of Granada, which had flowed in torrents till its heart waxed feeble, and its limbs trembled under the oft-repeated shock. Like the Phrygian rival of the Greek, she had for nearly ten years sustained the horrors of this desolating war, till she fought alone from the towers of her Alhambra. "Their persevering energy, disputing every foot of

ground," says the old chronicler,* "proves how reluctantly they left the vega, which seemed a paradise and heaven to them, heedless of wounds, or conquest, or death itself." When no longer able to keep the field, they closed every avenue to their city with gloomy despair. Its rival, Santa Fe, soon drew from it the resources of commerce, with all its exterior connexions and support.

Desolate, and driven to the spot of earth on which they must yield or die, the unhappy Moors now beheld famine, and heard the dying cries of their wives and children, adding poignancy to their bitter woes. The lamentations of the old Moorish historians over this agonizing period of their fall are so truly pathetic, yet mournfully beautiful and resigned,—such is their tone of deep humiliation and distress, as to force tears from the reader's eyes, and fill his heart with a sentiment of grief akin to that which follows the last sound of "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."† They vibrated on the spirits of the bereaved children of the Prophet like the final knell rung in the ears of the condemned, when called forth to meet their doom, surrounded by all the dread pageantry, the appalling aspect of a death, the spectators of which raise hideous shouts of mockery and insult at the startling sight.

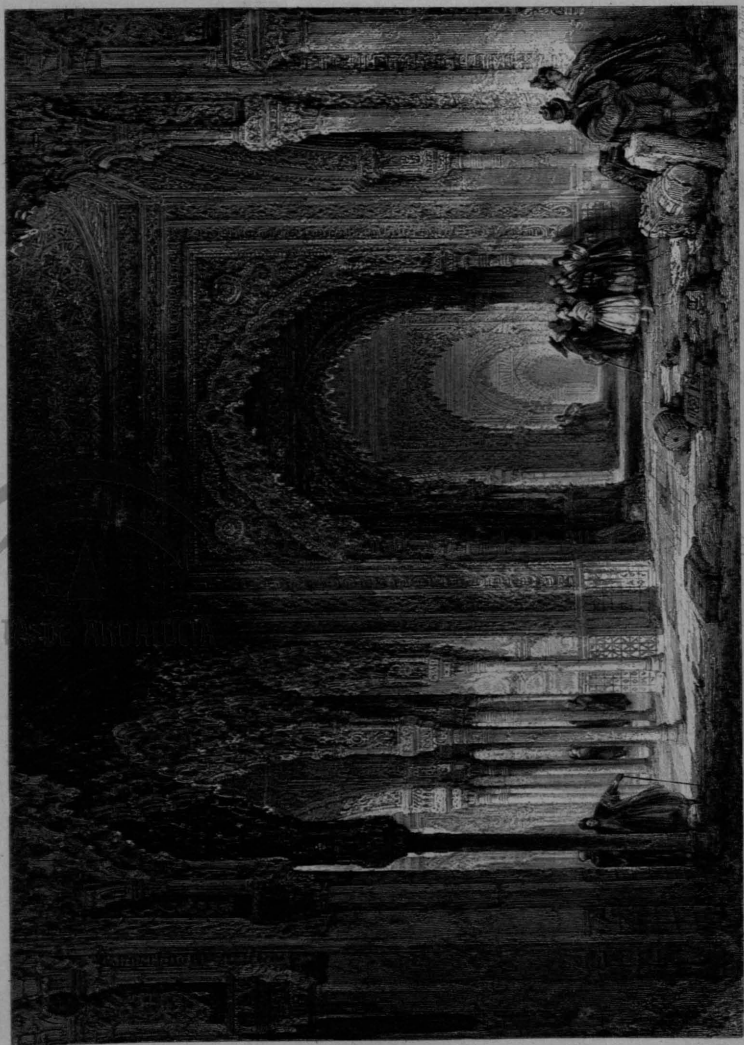
* Abarca.

† "Alas for thee! thou pride and gem of cities, how is thy beauty faded—thy glory despoiled! Sweet land of groves and fountains—home of the happy and the faithful who died in thy arms—thou despairing and forsaken mother of heroes—shorn is thy greatness and thy strength! Where are thy merchant-princes? where thy tribute-cities, the sceptre of

Such was now the spectacle of that troubled capital, and thus exultingly did her bitter enemies and the world look upon her fate. A strange despondency, deepened by the spirit of their faith, seized on all hearts, and the faquirs and santons, casting dust upon their heads, were alone to be seen and heard in the streets. Again they harrowed up the feelings of the people, by ringing the changes of their destiny till it approached the sound of its dreaded fulfilment,—all they had predicted at their king's birth, at the outbreak, and through the stages of that long, disastrous war. Often excited to a pitch of fury by these fanatics, they pursued them howling through the streets, attacking the tribes and nobles, and venting their wrath in maledictions and spoliation,—a popular convulsion not unfrequent at the hour of dissolution, ere mighty states and cities yield their last and lingering breath.

Then they relapsed into the same fearful gloom, smiting their breasts and trampling their turbans in the dust. Again, in nobler mood, they called with frantic eagerness to be led against their besiegers; and it was in these moments that the faithful Muza mar-

thy far-spreading sway? Where now the chivalry which swept thy plains, and filled thy spacious lists with the beauty and the joy of lordly war?—Hewn down as the young trees of the forest, fallen in the oft-bloody field! Thy proud Alhambra yet lifts its gorgeous towers to the sky, but silence reigns in her courts and halls; her marble founts flow unheeded, her garden-bowers are desert and sad, and her princes look from their lofty palace-walls upon the ravaged land, where bloomed the yellow harvests of her glorious smiling vega!"



Engraved by P. Smith

Engraved by Fry & Bennett

HALAL OF JUDGMENT.

Lithographed Oct 28 1851 by Robert Trenchard & Co. Glasgow

Engraved by P. Smith

shalled his squadrons anew, and sallying forth took sudden vengeance for their accumulated sufferings and woes. By night and by day these fierce sorties carried slaughter and consternation into the Christian camp; but increasing famine and the sword palsied their generous efforts, and they returned to weep within their walls.

The fate of Granada was on the eve of a final decision, from which there could be no farther appeal. Neither the pride of royalty, nor the enthusiasm of patriotism could any longer keep hope alive. The melancholy of a resignation which, partaken by noble families and tribes, seemed rather to solicit the pity of the conqueror than the sympathy of the brave and great, now sat on every countenance. And when the last council of Granada had assembled in the Hall of Judgment* to determine on the measures to be pur-

* The annexed view is taken from the windows of the splendid Hall of the Ambassadors, and in it are contained the only remaining specimens of those curious paintings before alluded to, of which the subject and period of production have long engaged the inquiries of the learned and curious. The grand Hall of Audience, or of Judgment as it is more generally termed, is situated between the noble Court of Lions, the Hall of the Abencerrages, and that of the Two Sisters. It is a spacious apartment, thirty-six feet square, thirty-six feet high up to the cornice, and at least eighteen from that point to the centre of the cupola.

“Continuing your walk round,” observes Mr. Swinburne, “you are next brought to a couple of rooms at the head of the court, which are supposed to have been tribunals or audience-chambers.” After passing along the arcade from the Hall of the Abencerrages, the tourist is struck with the noble and symmetric proportions of the Hall of Judgment. In point of

sued at this eventful crisis, the dejected looks of the prince and his most devoted adherents proclaimed at once that the spirit of royalty no longer held its seat in their bosoms.

After a brief discussion, in which, with a single exception, every voice was raised in favour of submission, the hajib, Abil Omixa, was charged with amissive to Ferdinand, expressive of the readiness of the king to yield to the necessities of his situation. The

costly taste and magnificence, it rivals the elaborate splendour and elegance of the adjacent halls, while it has a more sombre and imposing air than is observed in the prevailing character of Moorish architecture. It is here, and in the adjoining halls and courts, where the scenes of so many of the old associations and traditions of the Alhambra have been laid by the credulity of the people, more especially as they lie contiguous to the old fortress of the vaults, since appropriated as a dwelling for the Catholic curate of the city. Strange tales are current, not only of unaccountable sounds, but of sudden lights, and other more alarming apparitions at the dead hour of night. Shadowy processions of the old Moorish warriors, and of those of their singular successors, the Franciscan friars, have been seen with long tapers in their hands, who salute the modern father, without invitation, as he lies upon his mattress, and jump one after another over his bed. At various seasons, also, deep groans and fearful outcries are to be heard in the Court of Lions, from the indignant spirits of the Abencerrages, who never cease to complain of the unjust fate to which they were so suddenly doomed. The region of the Seven Vaults, and other parts of the Alhambra where the ancient treasures are deposited, are the resort of spirits and necromancers, who perform the most singular feats, particularly in the large round tower near the ramparts of the great fortress. You may hear, it is stoutly maintained, the clash of arms; and if you listen at the exact moment and keep a sharp look out, you will not fail to hear the tramp of the armed tread, and catch the dark shadows of the old Moorish squadrons.

only dissentient counsel raised against this humiliating proceeding was that of the noble-minded Muza. To him it appeared that while swords remained in the hands of even a few brave men, it was base to speak of surrender and slavery; that by courage and fortitude a glory might be won which would render even calamity prosperous, and confer an honour and renown which would be more than equivalent to the mere outward trappings of courtly luxury and dominion. While sentiments like these flashed momentarily in the eyes of the bold Moor, the heroism of his nature was poured forth in a torrent of expressions which shook the very souls of his auditors, and made them feel as if the angel of Death were already sweeping over the blood-stained threshold of Granada. But his words passed away like an empty sound; the council was dissolved, and Abil Omixa took his departure. On reaching the camp of the Christians, the Castilian monarch, in beholding him introduced into the royal pavilion, testified his respect for old age, by giving the bowed and sorrowing hajib a courteous and cordial greeting, as honourable to the passing feelings of the victor as soothing to the troubled Moor.

When the purpose of his mission was made known, the king at once declared not only his willingness, but the desire which he felt to save Granada and its inhabitants from the miseries with which they were threatened. Abil Omixa had conferences also with the chief ministers of state, Ferdinand of Zafra and Gonzales of Cordova; and the substance of the conditions which he bore back to his anxious countrymen

was to the effect, that Granada in two months should be surrendered, if in the course of that time it should remain without farther succour ; that the king and his chiefs should swear allegiance to the crown of Spain, but that the Muselmāns should preserve their liberty, their arms, and possessions, the right of exercising their religion, of being judged according to their own laws, and that they should remain free from any farther imposts than those they had paid to their native princes.

But notwithstanding the favourable nature of the concluding articles in the proposed convention, the aged ambassador had no sooner made the result of his mission known, than all Granada resounded with clamours and lamentations. Was the haughty foe to trample the glory of their city under his feet ? Was the Christian to stand and scoff whilst they worshipped in their temples ? Were their matrons and maidens to blush under the rude licentious eyes of the masters of their lovers and their husbands ? Indignation and terror summoned up every thought that could gall and madden the hearts of men, when it was found how near and probable was the consummation of the Spaniard's triumph.

In the midst of these loud but fruitless complaints of the multitude, the voice of Muza rose like thunder, or rather like a blast amidst a forest of saplings, which it bends to the very earth as it sweeps among them.

“ You shed tears ! ” exclaimed he ; “ shed blood ! Gather around me, and I will lead you in the face of death to victory. Do you tremble at the thought of

death? Is not slavery more terrible than the destroyer? Is life to be purchased at the price of every thing dear to the soul? Will you purchase it with your honour, —with your liberty,—with the religion of your fathers, and be content with it, when to live shall be only to grovel in the dust under the feet of your enemies? But live thus, if it be your will. For me, I swear by Allah these eyes shall never look upon Granada—fallen, miserable, and captive! My head shall never bow to the scornful conqueror; my neck shall not wear his yoke, nor these hands wield a sword with which they dare not strike!”

It was thus the indignant Muza spoke in the midst of the assembly convened for the purpose of receiving Ferdinand's proposals. But there was no echo to his words: a deeper silence seemed to succeed his last sentence. Every face was pale with rage; many a heart swelled almost to bursting; but despair conquered every other feeling, and not a lip moved in reply to his heroic summons. Contempt, wild and bitter, flashed like a lurid light over his countenance, when he found himself thus without a single companion in the strife he waged; and darting from the place where he stood, he rushed out of the hall, flew to his mansion, and full armed and mounted on his favourite barb, passed through the gate of Elvira, and was never either seen or heard of more.*

* Numerous rumours and traditions, connected with the strange disappearance of the last great hero of the Moors, naturally arose; and both Spanish and Arabian chroniclers give their versions of so remarkable an event. One of these avers that

As soon as the council had recovered itself from the surprise and confusion into which it had been thrown by the impetuosity of Muza, Abu Abdallah addressed it in a speech full of mild and soothing expressions. He endeavoured to convince them that it was not the want of valour or conduct which rendered submission imperative upon them, but the absolute failure of the means of defence; that, in such a state of things, the boldest and most honourable man might be well content to save his life and possessions on the terms offered by the Castilian.

Glad to escape from the sensations of shame which consumed their hearts, the chiefs and counsellors of the monarch bowed complacently to his opinions. But it was not so with the people and some of their leaders:—the decision of the government was received with loud exclamations of contempt, and in the lapse of a few days the city was every where agitated with manifest signs of insurrection.

Abu Abdallah trembled at the consequences of this

he precipitated himself from the pinnacle of a rock into the sea; and, another, that he passed the straits and became the founder of a new country and a race of heroes; but the most popular and well-attested of all perhaps is, that on the night of that very day he was met riding towards the sea by a party of Christian horse, who, challenging him to stand, were attacked with the utmost impetuosity by the wandering Moor. Such was the desperation of his onset, that he slew and wounded several before they could surround and slay him. After a terrific struggle—when he had lost his steed, and fought on his knees with the blood rushing in streams down his armour, by a sudden effort he cast himself headlong into the waters of the Xenil.

turbulent disposition. He knew that if the surrender of the city were opposed by the populace, the Castilian troops would be instantly poured through all its quarters, and that while torrents of blood would be shed, he himself must forfeit the few means left him for supporting his humiliation and his exile. He now bitterly reproached himself as the author of his own calamities; for that criminal ambition which led him to usurp the throne of his sire,—a throne he must now resign amidst the execrations of a lost and enslaved people. If remorse and tears could expiate his errors and excesses, Abu Abdallah paid the bitter penalty; for in no instance does fallen royalty appear to have loosed its grasp upon the symbols of power with a keener sense of degradation and distress. In this exigency, the Moor had again recourse to the advice of his principal officers; and strengthened in his purpose by their opinion, he sent a messenger to Ferdinand charged with the intimation, that the city would be resigned into his hands as soon as he was prepared to enter it with his forces.

The intelligence which he thus received was as gratifying to Ferdinand as it was unexpected; and, in reply to his communication, he assured Abu Abdallah of his friendship and esteem, and gave him many promises of future protection and benefit. Nor did he delay to avail himself of the advantage thus afforded him. Scarcely had the light of the following morning broke, when he was on his way, at the head of a splendid retinue, to the devoted city. Restless in his afflictions, Abu Abdallah was equally early in his

preparations for the day so fraught with sorrow to his people and humiliation to himself. His family, accompanied by a numerous train of attendants, bearing his treasures and most valuable effects, was already on the road to the Alpuxarras; and before the sun had long left the horizon, the sound of horns and cymbals announced to Granada the approach of the Christian monarch.

Mournful was the spectacle of that once free, warlike, and splendid city, now about to pass under the yoke of captivity. Throughout its whole extent, there was nothing to be heard but lamentations,—nothing to be seen but signs of despair and wrath. In the midst of these demonstrations of his people's feelings, the crownless monarch, who appeared to have lost the last remains of pride in the conflict of his passions, passed through a postern gate of the Alhambra, and proceeded to meet his Castilian victor. Upon the summit of the hill before him,* commanding the Gate of the Mills and the approach into the city, already gleamed the arms of Castile, and the troops destined to take instant possession of his Alhambra.

Abil Omixa was left to give up the keys of the city, and to surrender the grand fortress at the close of the royal interview. Having pursued his way by the mills into the plain, the humbled prince was received by Ferdinand with marked courtesy and attention. Preventing him from leaving his saddle, he expressed himself in terms calculated to soothe his feelings, and

* Called the Hill of the Martyrs.

diminish the pain which he saw in every line of his countenance. The Moor felt even this kindness, and offering to kiss his extended hand, which Ferdinand prevented, exclaimed, "Glorious and puissant king, we are thy servants; we resign into thy hands our city and kingdom, for such is the will of Allah!"

Having thus addressed the conqueror, and declined his invitation to return towards Granada, he bade adieu to his unhappy capital, and continued his way to the Alpuxarras.* From the mountain of Padul, he took a last and lingering view of Granada, that gradually disappeared in the misty distance. "*Ala hu Akbar!* Woe is me, great God!" were the only words he uttered, but his eyes were full of tears, and his bosom seemed bursting with grief. "Weep!" was the bitter reproach of his noble mother; "weep like a woman for thy kingdom, since thou couldst not keep it like a man!"

Josef Abil Omixa, his faithful attendant, gently sought to soothe the added pang thus inflicted; but the fallen prince only replied, "No! surely no calamities are like those I suffer!" and melancholy the most oppressive continued to prey upon his heart and frame. Time seemed to bring no relief; and at length his friends proposed his removal to a greater distance from scenes so painful to his recollection. He mourn-

* As the Emperor Charles the Fifth gazed from the palace windows of the Alhambra towards the lofty heights of the Alpuxarras, "I had rather," he exclaimed, "have found a grave in a palace like this, than a little kingdom in yonder rugged mountains."

fully acceded, passed over into Africa, and soon found the sole relief he coveted in an honourable death, while engaged in the wars of his relative, the King of Fez.*

Ferdinand and Isabella took possession of Granada with all the pomp which could give splendour to their conquest; and thus expired, never again to rise, the empire of the Moors in Spain. But though the kingdom had perished, the native vigour of the Moorish character still survived, and operated on the remnant of the nation; and, at the close of the eventful drama, and when the curtain had fallen on the busy stage where princes and nobles ended their blood-stained career, a new scene of terror was commenced, in which the actors seemed guided by a yet fiercer, sterner, and more enduring spirit.

* By some of the Spanish writers it is stated, that the Moorish king went forth to present the keys of the city to the sovereigns on a cushion, in the most abject terms beseeching their protection for his person. The valley of Purchena, in Murcia, was assigned him for his place of residence, and a handsome revenue provided for himself and his family. But in a little while, "not having resolution," as Mariana expresses it, "to endure a private life in the country where he had so long reigned as king," he went over to Barbary. The royal entrance took place on the 6th of January, 1492.

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA.

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

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

Ferdinand and his consort, during their abode at Granada, beheld with disgust the freedom which the Jews enjoyed in the conquered city. In this feeling they were cheerfully met by many of their courtiers, who strongly partaking of the spirit of the age, rejoiced at the idea of subjecting the Israelites to the alternative of conversion or death. A decree was accordingly passed, by which the intended victims were commanded to submit without delay to the rite of baptism, or to be deprived of their wealth, as the forfeit of their blindness and obstinacy. The conse-

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

Thou wert the happy mother of a high renowned race,
 Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from this place ;
 Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee,
 The enemies of proud Castile, the bane of Christianie.

The mother of fair dames wert thou, of truth and beauty rare,
 Into whose arms did courteous knights for solace sweet repair ;
 For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric made display
 Of might in joust and battle, in many a bloody day.

Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die,
 Or for the Prophet's honour, and pride of soldantry ;
 For here did valour flourish, and deeds of warlike might,
 Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our delight.

The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—
 Woe, woe ! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers ;
 No reverence can he claim, the king, that such a land has lost,
 On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host.

But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face might see,
 There weeping and lamenting alone that king should be ;”
 Thus spake Granada's king, as he was riding to the sea,
 About to cross Gibraltar's strait away to Barbary.

* * * *

“ Unhappy king, whose craven soul can brook, (she 'gan reply),
 To leave behind Granada—who hast not heart to die ;
 Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee gladly could I slay,
 For what is life to leave, when such a crown is cast away !”

LOCKHART. *Old Moorish Ballad.*

quence of this ordinance was, the submission of the weak,—the exile and ruin of the more conscientious. In a short time, the pretended converts found that notwithstanding the sacrifice they had made, the same danger was hovering over them which had overwhelmed their brethren. An institution was erected which might claim the praise of novelty, even in the gloomiest annals of persecution. It was now for the first time that inquisitions were heard of, and that Christians assumed the ensigns of death, in order to act the part of guardians to divine charity. The miserable Jews who had subjected themselves to the Catholic law, could scarcely fail of falling into some offence against the doctrine or discipline of the church.

In the expectation of this result, the lynx eye of the holy office was ever directed towards them with all the vulture-like keenness of unpitiful bigotry. Instances of a supposed relapse soon became frequent; the sword was drawn, the book of judgment opened in the secret vaults of the office, and crowds of victims were poured forth to lay their already mangled bodies on the heaped up faggots. While the persecuted Jews were thus suffering, the Moors looked on with a gloomy presage of coming ill. Nor were they mistaken in their apprehensions. The principle which had led to the persecution of the Jews, gathered strength from the victims on which it fed. When Ferdinand again held secret council with his bigoted ministers, they did not scruple to pour forth the most contemptuous expressions of hate against the enfeebled Moors. The ears of the sovereign drank in their

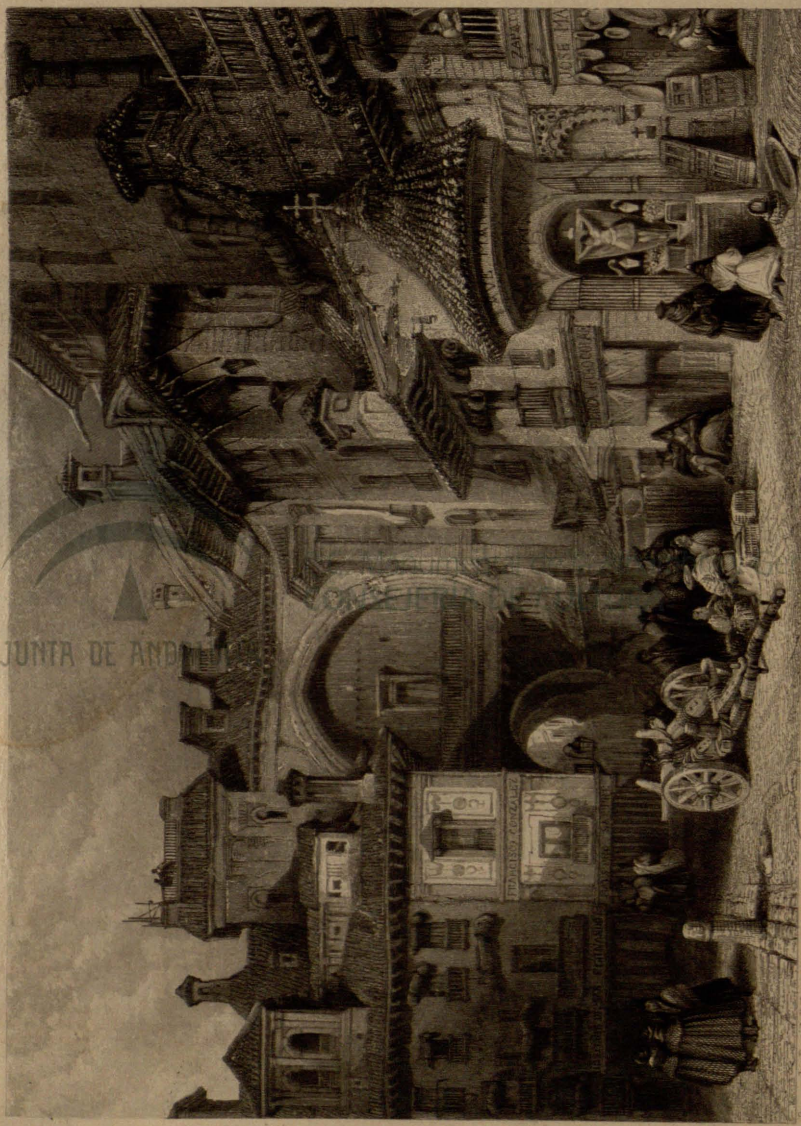
words with evident delight; but to diminish the privileges which had been formally confirmed to the vanquished people was a dangerous experiment. It was to break the most solemn engagements,—to violate kingly honour, and overturn the foundations of all national confidence. How were the difficulties thus opposed to be overcome? The grand inquisitor and Ferdinand soon learnt the way of silencing the scruples which had hitherto kept him true to his treaty. First one, and then another instance of oppression occurred in the commerce of the Moors with his government. The laws which protected them were then repealed, and the insulted Moslem felt himself scourged on to madness. This was the state of mind in which the crafty politicians of the court desired to find them. Pretending to avenge the insult put upon his laws, Ferdinand gathered his forces about Granada, and by one exertion of power drove the hated people, like a flock of sheep destined for slaughter, from the city.

A portion, however, of the exiles as they looked back upon the scenes of their happy youth, sank into the hopelessness of heart-breaking grief; and in that moment of agony professed their desire to purchase a permission to return, by immediately adopting the faith of their conquerors. The offer was accepted, and several hundred Moors received the sign of the cross. But this only served to plunge them deeper in misery. No sooner had they adopted the name of Christians, than they were subjected to all the laws and enactments of the strictest ecclesiastical polity.

They committed numerous offences against the rule to which they were thus exposed; some from obstinacy, others from ignorance. But they were now bound to the church, and their offences, regarded as treason, were punished as such.

The inquisition spread wide the doors of its subterranean dungeons to receive them, and they now every where occupied the place of the unfortunate Jews. Dreadful was the rage with which the bands that had escaped to the mountains beheld this heartless persecution of their brethren. Secure amid the inaccessible rocks, in which they found shelter from the cruelty of the conqueror, they were now urged irresistibly forward to try their strength with so execrable an enemy. In vain, however, did these brave men shed their blood. Successive princes watched and laboured for their destruction. Their doom was written in the gloomiest vaults of the inquisition, and in the sanctuary of royalty; and a doom thus predetermined was not to be rescinded on any appeal. Hundreds after hundreds perished, either openly by the sword, or at the bidding of the inquisition. They had fought, for a time, with the heroism of their fathers, but no impression was to be made on the serried ranks of the Castilian cohorts. Those who survived, retreated to their mountains; their souls still breathing vengeance, and their hands eagerly clenching their scymitars which yet remained,—the only sign of their early greatness and valour.

Years gave them strength, and renewed the spirit which had prompted them to such mighty deeds in



Engraved by J.P. Dixon

MOORISH GATEWAY LEADING TO THE GREAT SQUARE OF THE VIVA RAMBLA.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

their brighter and palmier days. Once more they descended the mountains, and the sound of their tread was like the rushing of a torrent newly replenished by the waters of the hills. But neither Charles the Fifth, nor his son Philip, was of a character to leave them unresisted. The provinces through which the Moors had to carry their operations, were summoned to arms; and in a brief period, even the remnant of the Moorish race was no longer to be seen.

Thus closed, in the two-fold darkness of a religious and political doom, the eventful career of this high-spirited and remarkable people. Distinguished above all of eastern, or even European descent, by their deep religious devotion, their brilliant valour, their unrivalled ingenuity, and their renown in arts and learning,—the influence they exercised on the mind of Europe roused her from the torpor and barbarism of ages to an energy, a spirit and glory of enterprise which we attribute too little to its primary source. But the poet still bewails their fall, because in the days of their prosperity they were great and heroic; the philosopher contemplates it as the result of necessary causes; the Christian, better and more truly, as one of the acts in the mighty scheme of a divine, mysterious Providence.

APPENDIX.

HAVING traced, in the preceding pages, a rapid outline of the decline and fall of Granada, with the immediate causes and consequences connected with that important event, it may not be uninteresting to follow the fortunes of the unhappy Moors to their final subjection and expatriation as a people. Their ardent character, the mountainous nature of the country, and the extreme pressure of tyranny upon the spirits of the vanquished, rendered their very existence a source of anxiety and alarm. To avoid one of those terrible reactions which every where mark the annals of political bondage, and to crown the work of violated faith and religious persecution, nothing remained but wholly to eradicate the population, root and branch, from the Castilian soil. Granada threatened revolt; the surrounding districts were in arms; and the singular decree went forth to deprive a wealthy and prosperous community of an entire race of industrious inhabitants,—the source of its rapidly increasing energies and powers. Banishment, or the still more dreaded rite of baptism, was the sole alternative; and recourse was had to the last extremes of

terror and compulsion, in place of the more prevailing pleadings of argument and truth.

In the human mind, as we see illustrated in all temporary creeds and doctrines, there dwells a powerful spring of resistance to injustice, which even in death finds its recompense in having triumphed over prescriptive authority, and feels a lofty pleasure as it inflicts a pang on the oppressor's soul and foils his object by removing beyond the reach of his self-consuming cruelty and malice. By their expulsion, the Moors had a more severe and wide-spread vengeance, than if they had continued possessors of the soil, or re-assumed their lost dominion.

Among the inaccessible rocks and strong-holds of the Alpuxarras, the exterminating system was less easily executed, and the successive expeditions of the most celebrated Castilian generals were attended with immense loss and sacrifice of life. In one of these, the chivalrous Alonzo d'Aguilar, so eminently successful in the last Moorish wars, met an untimely fate, deplored alike by his country and by his sovereigns.

The old Spanish ballad so admirably rendered by Mr. Lockhart, commemorates the fall of this last of the chiefs of a chivalrous age; Gonzalvo, the great captain, a younger brother of Don Alonzo, must be considered as belonging to a new period, when war lost all the splendour conferred upon it by that spirit which expired under the keen lash of Cervantes.

The bold mountaineers met the troops, and the missionaries whom they escorted, with persevering hostility; nor was it till Ferdinand placed himself at the

head of a powerful army, that they offered to purchase his clemency by the payment of fifty thousand ducats. But the same causes were at work, and, beyond the immediate sphere of the Spanish garrisons, the hollow truce thus afforded failed to exercise an influence upon either party. The monarch approached with fresh reinforcements, and for the first time the Moors craved permission for a free passage into Africa. They were answered by another ordonnance, imposing the rite of baptism within three months, or the penalty of quitting the country, leaving the whole of their property behind them.

While the Moors continued in possession of the coasts of Barbary, Ferdinand seemed to feel no security in his recent conquests; the vengeance of the Moriscoes only slept, prepared to seize the first occasion of retaliation, and to call to its aid the strength of its old allies. But a series of successful campaigns put the Castilians in possession of numerous sea-ports and towns of their enemy, exacting tribute even from the formidable Deys of Tunis, Tremecen, and Algiers. Hope itself then vanished from the eyes of the unhappy survivors of the downfall of Granada, and the waters of life were to them cut off at the fountain-head of their ancient strength and glory.

The dawn of Charles rose amidst storms and conflicts; his haughty nobles beheld in him the son of the stranger, eager to infringe their prerogatives, and re-model the customs and manners of their ancestors. Their murmurs, however, were soon stifled by the resolute spirit which made his favourite motto of

“plus outre,” the active principle of his reign, and silenced the voice of his subjects, like the threats of his enemies, by the strong hand and will. His lords then sought to vent their disappointment by fresh burthens and humiliations upon the heads of the unresisting Moors; and had once more recourse to the terrors of the holy inquisition. The sufferers appealed to the justice of the emperor; they sent deputies to lay the subject of their grievances at the feet of the conqueror of Tunis and Algiers. He referred them to another tribunal, composed of theologians, inquisitors, and bishops. The great question mooted was, whether the decree of conversion ought to be enforced by the faggot? It was decided in the affirmative. The Archbishop of Seville issued forthwith a royal ordonnance, which was placed in the hands of the police to enforce, on a day appointed, a thorough change in the government of the Moors of Granada. It embraced customs, manners, language, and dress, as if calculating that so sudden and radical a revolution in exterior observances could not fail to obliterate all traces of early associations, and the fixed opinions of mature life. Its execution was to be insured by heavy penalties; each Christian member of the state was empowered to watch and lay informations before the grand tribunal of the Inquisition established in the heart of Granada. This decree alone brought into the treasury of Charles eight hundred thousand ducats from the wretched Moors, as the price of some alleviation to its excessive severity, operating as a direct tax upon the industry of this ingenious and intelligent

people. But in the provinces, and among the lower order, unable to meet the exaction, persecution continued to rage. Displeased with their reception, the Catholic priests accused them of horrible profanations which called for the signal vengeance of the people. The inhabitants of Valencia rose, and headed by lords and prelates, the cross in one hand, the sword in the other, they fell upon the peaceable Moors, drove them into the mountains, surrounded them in their last retreat, and put numbers to death; the rest they compelled to undergo baptism, but not one of the principal among them was spared.

Charles the Fifth extolled the zeal of the Valencians; the people of Andalusia, jealous of such eulogy, prepared to follow their example, and it was only the extreme penury and caution of the Moors which preserved them from the fires of the *autos-da-fé* kindled in the cities of Granada, Seville, and Cordova. The most trivial expression of complaint or suffering was sufficient to draw down on them the extreme penalty of the Catholic laws. Yet new modes of exaction and oppression were multiplied, till, goaded beyond endurance, the kingdom of Granada burst into sudden vengeance. They fought, and they also fell like martyrs, and the ruin of the survivors and their families was sealed. Nothing less than their extermination, the obliteration, if possible, of their memory, could satisfy their persecutors, — for Philip the Second reigned in Spain!

The archbishop conceived that it was no way orthodox that the Moorish women should appear veiled, or

that the people should be allowed the use of baths. An ecclesiastical commission was appointed, — of priests, doctors, and inquisitors, — to whom veiled women, the luxury of the bath, and the Arabic tongue were among the enormities of the wicked. A learned doctor belonging to the University of Alcala satisfied them of this, by addressing his brother commissioners in the following singular and conclusive words: — “Are you not aware, that as regards enemies, we must leave as few of them alive as possible?”

It was in vain the Moors appealed against the cruelty and absurdity of such regulations; they were put in force with a precision which bore the appearance of making it at once a duty and a pleasure; and when a woman stood veiled in the presence of the commissioners, she was instantly compelled to exhibit her features to their gaze. Did a Moor pronounce but a word in his own tongue, he was thrown into a dungeon; his children, above the age of five, were torn from his side, and brought up in a public institution far from their home. Conspiracy after conspiracy was the result; the support of Morocco and Algiers was secretly invoked, and all the mountainous districts entered into the league. Suspicion was roused, the governor of Granada asked for farther reinforcements; and this alone prevented the capital from falling into their hands. Unhappily also for them, their communications with Africa were intercepted, the particulars of the plot transpired, the garrisons were augmented, detachments of cavalry scoured the adjacent country, and the spirit of resistance was crushed in its bud.

Still a number of the chief conspirators met in secret, and had the hardihood to elect a king—Mohammed Ben Omega—descended, it was believed, from the khaliphs of Cordova, and who had been forcibly baptized by the name of Fernando de Valor. After offering up prayers to their Prophet, each member swore to die for his religion, and each took an oath of fidelity to their new prince. The project was confided to the Moriscoes of the Albaycin, a quarter of the city assigned to the Moors; but instead of seconding it, they were suspected of having betrayed its authors, who betook themselves to the Alpuxarras. Here they were joined by the mountaineers, and repelled the attacks made upon them from the capital. Elated by this success, they demolished the convents and churches, slaying the priests, the authorities, and every Spanish soldier whom they found. Soon the insurrection reached the plains, and extended far along the coasts, and the governor, Mondejar, was unable to oppose its fury in the outset. Not till twenty desperate conflicts had taken place, was he in a condition to approach the Alpuxarras; there a more desperate struggle ensued, till the Moors were surrounded and cut to pieces by overwhelming numbers of the foe. Several of the towns were captured, but in a short space the insurgents re-appeared, more formidable than before, receiving succours from Africa and reducing their guerilla warfare to a more regular system.

It was then that Don John of Austria marched from Seville at the head of a large army, and the Moriscoes of the capital hurried to assure him of their allegiance,

while the mountaineers made new efforts to resist him. Unfortunately, their leader was accused of betraying his trust, and perished by the hands of his own soldiers; but Muley Abdallah, who succeeded him, displayed talents which long held his enemies at bay. In the ensuing spring, Don John entered into negotiations, offering advantageous conditions and proclaiming a general amnesty. But the sole article of which the Moors availed themselves was to pass into Africa with their families, while Muley Abdallah, in an interview with the Castilian leader, undertook that the Moors of the Alpuxarras should be distributed throughout the different Spanish provinces. Secretly, however, he fomented the war, seeking only to gain time and means for fresh aggressions.

Enraged beyond endurance, Philip II. ordered the Alpuxarras to be ravaged from end to end, and its remaining inhabitants to be transported into Africa, or as slaves to the adjacent provinces. Muley Abdallah was assassinated like his predecessor, and in the reign of the third Philip, the Moors of Valencia and Murcia shared the fate of the mountaineers, and were removed by masses into the countries of Barbary. Two hundred thousand Moriscoes traversed France alone, destitute of property and means of support, to embark at the sea-ports of Guienne and of Languedoc.

Thus darkly disappeared this extraordinary people from the country they had conquered, animating with their brilliant qualities the dull, proud dynasty of the indolent Goths. Hospitable, full of compassion for the stranger and the destitute, attached in heart and

action to the religion of his sires, and firm in his opinions and principles, the Spanish Moor long preserved unaltered the primitive features of the children of Ismael. As a patriarch and shepherd, as a warrior of tribes, as a worshipper of his prophet, he was faithful to his duties and resigned to the destiny appointed by Him, whose high will he sought to fulfil without a murmur. He united simplicity with luxury; but they were the luxuries of nature and of reason—not the grovelling appetites and excesses of the European vulgar,—of the northern wassailers in the Gothic halls of their drunken gods. Reposing under the shadows of his patriarchal dates and palms, in the mosque whose golden spires and minarets shone in the heavens above his head, he was still prompt and faithful in all the relations of life,—as at the sound of the holy Alghied, or the martial strain which invited him to the field of honour.

His dwelling, his court, and garden, like his religion and his country, evinced the active industrious spirit which insured success in his undertakings. The waters became tributary to his ingenuity and skill, enriching the lands he had won, and teaching the Gothic desert and the mountain height to blossom with the flowery verdure of an eastern summer, like the gardens of Irem or the sylvan beauties of Grand Cairo and Bagdad. As the merchant-prince and the mariner, he inspired the vanquished with a love and daring of discovery, which opened paths into new worlds, and conferred inestimable benefits on art and science, which Europe ceases not yet to enjoy.

But empires, like creeds, have their appointed seasons upon the earth. Were the promises of victory and glory more than the stability of a morning dream, the Moors might well have looked for enduring dominion over the minds and possessions of their fellow men. But they passed away like "shadows which come and go," and the solitary traveller, in tracking the desert plains and the crumbling palace-walls of that vanquished race which stretched their dominion from the Pyrenees to the rocks of Gibraltar, from the shores of the ocean to the banks of old Barcelona, feels deeply the perishable tenure by which the greatest of nations enjoys all human power and possessions. The days of her Tarikhs, her Abderahmans, her Mohammed Alhamars, departed and left her, stealthily "as a thief in the night," and she found herself by degrees opposed to a world in arms, which swept from under her the very ground upon which she stood. All but the memory of her glory perished from the earth; and from the depth of her ancient deserts, the exile yet turns his eyes at sunrise towards the land of his early love, and offers up a prayer to Allah for the recovery of the terrestrial paradise which his fathers lost.