

rior city; and for this purpose he had summoned to the field his most powerful chivalry.

It was in the month of May that the king sallied from Cordova, at the head of his army. He had twelve thousand cavalry, and forty thousand foot soldiers, with crossbows, lances, and arquebuses. There were six thousand pioneers, with hatchets, pickaxes, and crow-bars, for levelling roads. He took with him, also, a great train of lombards and other heavy artillery; with a body of Germans, skilled in the service of ordnance and the art of battering walls.

“It was a glorious spectacle,” says Fray Antonio Agapida, “to behold this pompous pageant issuing forth from Cordova: the pennons and devices of the proudest houses of Spain, with those of gallant stranger knights, fluttering above a sea of crests and plumes; to see it slowly moving, with flash of helmet, and cuirass, and buckler, across the ancient bridge, and reflected in the waters of the Guadalquivir; while the neigh of steed, and the blast of trumpet, vibrated in the air, and resounded to the distant mountains. But, above all,” concludes the good father, with his accustomed zeal, “it

was triumphant to behold the standard of the faith every where displayed; and to reflect, that this was no worldly minded army, intent upon some temporal scheme of ambition or revenge; but a Christian host, bound on a crusade to extirpate the vile seed of Mahomet from the land, and to extend the pure dominion of the church."



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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

How fresh commotions broke out in Granada, and how the people undertook to allay them.

WHILE perfect unity of object, and harmony of operation, gave power to the Christian arms, the devoted kingdom of Granada continued a prey to internal feuds. The transient popularity of El Zagal had declined ever since the death of his brother, and the party of Boabdil el Chico was daily gaining strength. The albaycin and the Alhambra were again arrayed against each other in deadly strife, and the streets of unhappy Granada were daily died in the blood of her children. In the midst of these dissensions, tidings arrived of the formidable army assembling at Cordova. The rival factions paused in their infatuated brawls, and were roused to a temporary sense of the common danger. They forthwith resorted to their old expedient of new modelling their government, or rather, of making and unmaking

kings. The elevation of El Zagal to the throne had not produced the desired effect. What, then, was to be done? Recall Boabdil el Chico, and acknowledge him again as sovereign? While they were in a popular tumult of deliberation, Hamet Aben Zarrax, surnamed El Santo, arose among them. This was the same wild, melancholy man, who had predicted the woes of Granada. He issued from one of the caverns of the adjacent height, which overhangs the Darro, and has since been called the Holy Mountain. His appearance was more haggard than ever; for the unheeded spirit of prophecy seemed to have turned inwardly, and preyed upon his vitals. "Beware, oh Moslems!" exclaimed he, "of men, who are eager to govern, yet are unable to protect! Why slaughter each other for El Chico or El Zagal? Let your kings renounce their contests, and unite for the salvation of Granada, or let them be deposed!"

Hamet Aben Zarrax had long been revered as a saint; he was now considered an oracle. The old men and the nobles immediately consulted together how the two rival kings might be brought to accord. They had tried most

expedients: it was now determined to divide the kingdom between them; giving Granada, Malaga, Velez Malaga, Almeria, Almunecar, and their dependencies, to El Zagal, and the residue to Boabdil el Chico. Among the cities granted to the latter, Loxa was particularly specified, with a condition, that he should immediately take command of it in person; for the council thought the favour he enjoyed with the Castilian monarchs might avert the threatened attack.

El Zagal readily accorded to this arrangement. He had been hastily elevated to the throne by an ebullition of the people, and might be as hastily cast down again. It secured him one half of a kingdom to which he had no hereditary right, and he trusted to force or fraud to gain the other half hereafter. The wily old monarch even sent a deputation to his nephew, making a merit of offering him cheerfully the half, which he had thus been compelled to relinquish, and inviting him to enter into an amicable coalition for the good of the country.

The heart of Boabdil shrunk from all connexion with a man who had sought his life,

and whom he regarded as the murderer of his kindred. He accepted one half of the kingdom as an offer from the nation, not to be rejected by a prince, who scarcely held possession of the ground he stood on. He asserted, nevertheless, his absolute right to the whole, and only submitted to the partition out of anxiety for the present good of his people. He assembled his handful of adherents, and prepared to hasten to Loxa. As he mounted his horse to depart, Hamet Aben Zarrax stood suddenly before him. "Be true to thy country and thy faith," cried he: "hold no further communication with these Christian dogs. Trust not the hollow hearted friendship of the Castilian king: he is mining the earth beneath thy feet. Choose one of two things: be a sovereign or a slave; thou canst not be both!"

Boabdil ruminated on these words: he made many wise resolutions; but he was prone always to act from the impulse of the moment, and was unfortunately given to temporize in his policy. He wrote to Ferdinand, informing him, that Loxa and certain other cities had returned to their allegiance, and

that he held them as vassal to the Castilian crown, according to their convention. He conjured him, therefore, to refrain from any meditated attack, offering free passage to the Spanish army to Malaga, or any other place under the dominion of his uncle\*.

Ferdinand turned a deaf ear to the entreaty, and to all professions of friendship and vassalage. Boabdil was nothing to him, but as an instrument for stirring up the flames of civil discord. He now insisted, that he had entered into a hostile league with his uncle, and had, consequently, forfeited all claims to his indulgence; and he prosecuted with the greater earnestness his campaign against the city of Loxa.

“ Thus,” observes the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, “ did this most sagacious sovereign act upon the text in the eleventh chapter of the evangelist St. Luke, that ‘ a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand.’” He had induced these infidels to waste and destroy themselves by internal dissensions, and finally cast forth the survivor. While the Moorish

\* Zurita, lib. xx. c. 68.

monarchs, by their ruinous contests, made good the old Castilian proverb in cases of civil war, "El vencido vencido, y el vencedor perdido," "the conquered conquered, and the conqueror undone\*."

\* Garibay, lib. xl. c. 33.



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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How King Ferdinand held a council of war at the Rock of the Lovers.

THE royal army, on its march against Loxa, lay encamped, one pleasant evening in May, in a meadow, on the banks of the river Yeguas, around the foot of a lofty cliff, called the Rock of the Lovers. The quarters of each nobleman formed, as it were, a separate little encampment; his stately pavilion, surmounted by his fluttering pennon, rising above the surrounding tents of his vassals and retainers. A little apart from the others, as it were in proud reserve, was the encampment of the English earl. It was sumptuous in its furniture, and complete in its munitions. Archers, and soldiers armed with battleaxes, kept guard around it; while above, the standard of England rolled out its ample folds, and flapped in the evening breeze.

The mingled sounds of various tongues and nations were heard from the soldiery, as they watered their horses in the stream, or busied themselves round the fires which began to glow, here and there, in the twilight: the gay chanson of the Frenchman, singing of his amours on the pleasant banks of the Loire, or the sunny regions of the Garonne; the broad guttural tones of the German, chanting some doughty *krieger-lied*, or extolling the vintage of the Rhine; the wild romance of the Spaniard, reciting the achievements of the Cid, and many a famous passage of the Moorish wars; and the long and melancholy ditty of the Englishman, treating of some feudal hero or redoubtable outlaw of his distant island.

On a rising ground, commanding a view of the whole encampment, stood the ample and magnificent pavilion of the king, with the banner of Castile and Arragon, and the holy standard of the cross erected before it. In this tent were assembled the principal commanders of the army; having been summoned by Ferdinand to a council of war, on receiving tidings, that Boabdil had thrown himself into

Loxa, with a considerable reinforcement. After some consultation, it was determined to invest Loxa on both sides: one part of the army was to seize upon the dangerous but commanding height of Santo Albohacin, in front of the city; while the remainder, making a circuit, should encamp on the opposite side.

No sooner was this resolved upon, than the Marquis of Cadiz stood forth, and claimed the post of danger, on behalf of himself and those cavaliers, his companions in arms, who had been compelled to relinquish it by the general retreat of the army on the former siege. The enemy had exulted over them, as if driven from it in disgrace. To regain that perilous height, to pitch their tents upon it, and to avenge the blood of their valiant compeer, the master of Calatrava, who had fallen upon it, was due to their fame: the marquis demanded, therefore, that they might lead the advance, and secure the height, engaging to hold the enemy employed, until the main army should take its position on the opposite side of the city.

King Ferdinand readily granted his permission, upon which the Count de Cabra begged to be admitted to a share of the enterprise. He had always been accustomed to serve in the advance; and now that Boabdil was in the field, and a king was to be taken, he could not content himself with remaining in the rear. Ferdinand yielded his consent; for he was disposed to give the good count every opportunity to retrieve his late disaster.

The English earl, when he heard there was a work of danger in question, was eager to be of the party; but the king restrained his ardour. "These cavaliers," said he, "conceive that they have an account to settle with their pride. Let them have the enterprise to themselves, my lord; if you follow these Moorish wars long, you will find no lack of perilous service."

The Marquis of Cadiz and his companions in arms struck their tents before daybreak. They were five thousand horse, and twelve thousand foot, and they marched rapidly along the defiles of the mountains; the cavaliers being anxious to strike the blow, and get pos-

session of the height of Albohacin, before the king, with the main army, should arrive to their assistance.

The city of Loxa stands on a high hill, between two mountains, on the banks of the Xenil. To attain the height in question, the troops had to pass over a tract of country rugged and broken, and a deep valley, intersected by the canals and water courses, with which the Moors irrigated their lands. They were extremely embarrassed in this part of their march, and in imminent risk of being cut up in detail, before they could reach the height. The Count de Cabra, with his usual eagerness, endeavoured to push across this valley, in defiance of every obstacle. He, in consequence, soon became entangled with his cavalry among the canals; but his impatience would not permit him to retrace his steps, and choose a more practicable but circuitous route. Others slowly crossed another part of the valley by the aid of pontoons; while the Marquis of Cadiz, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and the Count de Ureña, being more experienced in the ground, from their former cam-

paign, made a circuit round the bottom of the height, and, thus ascending, began to display their squadrons, and elevate their banners, on the redoubtable post, which, in the former siege, they had been compelled so reluctantly to abandon.



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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

How the royal army appeared before the city of Loxa, and how it was received, and of the doughty achievements of the English earl.

THE advance of the Christian army upon Loxa threw the wavering Boabdil el Chico into one of his usual dilemmas; and he was greatly perplexed between his oath of allegiance to the Spanish sovereigns, and his sense of duty to his subjects. His doubts were determined by the sight of the enemy, glittering upon the height of Albohacín, and by the clamours of the people to be led forth to battle. "Allah!" exclaimed he, "thou knowest my heart; thou knowest I have been true in my faith to this Christian monarch! I have offered to hold Loxa as his vassal, but he has preferred to approach it as an enemy: on his head be the infraction of our treaty!"

Boabdil was not wanting in courage; he only needed decision. When he had once made up his mind, he acted vigorously. The

misfortune was, he either did not make it up at all, or he made it up too late. He who decides tardily, generally acts rashly; endeavouring to compensate, by hurry of action, for slowness of deliberation. Boabdil hastily buckled on his armour, and sallied forth, surrounded by his guards, and at the head of five hundred horse, and four thousand foot, the flower of his army. Some he detached to skirmish with the Christians, who were scattered and perplexed in the valley, and to prevent their concentrating their forces; while, with his main body, he pressed forward, to drive the enemy from the height of Albohacin, before they had time to collect there in any number, or to fortify themselves in that important position.

The worthy Count de Cabra was yet entangled, with his cavalry, among the water courses of the valley, when he heard the war cries of the Moors, and saw their army rushing over the bridge. He recognised Boabdil himself by his splendid armour, the magnificent caparison of his steed, and the brilliant guard which surrounded him. The royal host swept on toward the height. An intervening hill



hid it from his sight; but loud shouts and cries, the din of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses, gave note, that the battle had begun.

Here was a royal prize in the field, and the Count de Cabra unable to share in the action! The good cavalier was in an agony of impatience. Every attempt to force his way across the valley only plunged him into new difficulties. At length, after many eager but ineffectual efforts, he was obliged to order his troops to dismount, and slowly and carefully to lead their horses back, along slippery paths, and amid plashes of mire and water, where often there was scarcely a foothold. The good count groaned in spirit, and was in a profuse sweat with mere impatience as he went, fearing the battle might be fought, and the prize won or lost, before he could reach the field. Having at length toilfully unravelled the mazes of the valley, and arrived at firmer ground, he ordered his troops to mount, and led them full gallop to the height. Part of the good count's wishes were satisfied, but the dearest were disappointed. He came in season to partake of the

very hottest of the fight, but the royal prize was no longer in the field.

Boabdil had led on his men with impetuous valour, or rather with hurried rashness. Heedlessly exposing himself in the front of the battle, he received two wounds in the very first encounter. His guards rallied round him, defended him with matchless valour, and bore him bleeding out of the action. The Count de Cabra arrived just in time to see the loyal squadron crossing the bridge, and slowly conveying their disabled monarch towards the gate of the city.

The departure of Boabdil made no difference in the fury of the contest. A Moorish warrior, dark and terrible in aspect, mounted on a black charger, and followed by a band of savage Gomerers, rushed forward to take the lead. It was Hamet el Zegri, the fierce alcayde of Ronda, with the remnant of his once redoubtable garrison. Animated by his example, the Moors renewed their assaults upon the height. It was bravely defended on one side by the Marquis of Cadiz, on another by Don Alonzo de Aguilar; and as fast as the Moors

ascended, they were driven back and dashed down the declivities. The Count de Ureña took his stand upon the fatal spot where his brother had fallen. His followers entered with zeal into the feelings of their commander; and heaps of the enemy sunk beneath their weapons, sacrifices to the manes of the lamented master of Calatrava.

The battle continued with incredible obstinacy. The Moors knew the importance of the height to the safety of the city; the cavaliers felt their honours staked to maintain it. Fresh supplies of troops were poured out of the city; some battled on the height, while some attacked the Christians who were still in the valley, and among the orchards and gardens, to prevent their uniting their forces. The troops in the valley were gradually driven back, and the whole host of the Moors swept around the Albohacin. The situation of the Marquis of Cadiz and his companions was perilous in the extreme; they were a mere handful; and while they were fighting hand to hand with the Moors who assailed the height, they were galled from a distance by the crossbows and arquebuses of a host, that

augmented each moment in number. At this critical juncture, King Ferdinand emerged from the mountains with the main body of the army, and advanced to an eminence commanding a full view of the field of action. By his side was the noble English cavalier, the Earl of Rivers. This was the first time he had witnessed a scene of Moorish warfare. He looked with eager interest at the chance medley fight before him,—the wild career of cavalry, the irregular and tumultuous rush of infantry, and Christian helm and Moorish turban intermingling in deadly struggle. His high blood mounted at the sight; and his very soul was stirred within him, by the confused war cries, the clangour of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses, that came echoing up the mountains. Seeing the king was sending a reinforcement to the field, he entreated permission to mingle in the affray, and fight according to the fashion of his country. His request being granted, he alighted from his steed. He was merely armed *en blanco*; that is to say, with morion, back piece, and breast-plate; his sword was girded by his side, and in his hand he wielded a powerful battleaxe.

He was followed by a body of his yeomen, armed in like manner, and by a band of archers, with bows made of the tough English yew tree. The earl turned to his troops, and addressed them briefly and bluntly, according to the manner of his country. "Remember, my merry men all," said he, "the eyes of strangers are upon you; you are in a foreign land, fighting for the glory of God and the honour of merry old England!" A loud shout was the reply. The earl waved his battleaxe over his head. "St. George for England!" cried he; and, to the inspiring sound of this old English war cry, he and his followers rushed down to the battle, with manly and courageous hearts\*.

They soon made their way into the midst of the enemy; but, when engaged in the hottest of the fight, they made no shouts or outcries. They pressed steadily forward, dealing their blows to right and left, hewing down the Moors, and cutting their way with their battleaxes, like woodmen in a forest; while

\* Cura de los Palacios.

the archers, pressing into the opening they made, plied their bows vigorously, and spread death on every side.

When the Castilian mountaineers beheld the valour of the English yeomanry, they would not be outdone in hardihood. They could not vie with them in weight and bulk, but for vigour and activity they were surpassed by none. They kept pace with them, therefore, with equal heart and rival prowess, and gave a brave support to the stout islanders.

The Moors were confounded by the fury of these assaults, and disheartened by the loss of Hamet el Zegri, who was carried wounded from the field. They gradually fell back upon the bridge; the Christians followed up their advantage, and drove them over it tumultuously. The Moors retreated into the suburb, and Lord Rivers and his troops entered with them pell mell, fighting in the streets and in the houses. King Ferdinand came up to the scene of action with his royal guard, and the infidels were all driven within the city walls. Thus were the suburbs gained by the hardi-

hood of the English lord, without such an event having been premeditated\*.

The Earl of Rivers, notwithstanding he had received a wound, still urged forward in the attack. He penetrated almost to the city gate, in defiance of a shower of missiles, that slew many of his followers. A stone, hurled from the battlements, checked his impetuous career. It struck him in the face, dashed out two of his front teeth, and laid him senseless on the earth. He was removed to a short distance by his men; but, recovering his senses, refused to permit himself to be taken from the suburb.

When the contest was over, the streets presented a piteous spectacle, so many of their inhabitants had died in the defence of their thresholds, or been slaughtered without resistance. Among the victims was a poor weaver, who had been at work in his dwelling at this turbulent moment. His wife urged him to fly into the city. "Why should I fly?" said the Moor, "to be reserved for hunger and slavery? I tell you, wife, I will abide here; for better is it to die quickly by the steel, than

\* Cura de los Palacios, MS.

to perish piecemeal in chains and dungeons." He said no more, but resumed his occupation of weaving; and, in the indiscriminate fury of the assault, was slaughtered at his loom\*.

The Christians remained masters of the field, and proceeded to pitch three encampments for the prosecution of the siege. The king, with the great body of the army, took a position on the side of the city next to Granada. The Marquis of Cadiz and his brave companions once more pitched their tents upon the height of Santo Albohacin; but the English earl planted his standard sturdily within the suburb he had taken.

\* Pulgar, part iii. cap. 58.



## CHAPTER XL.

## Conclusion of the siege of Loxa.

HAVING possession of the heights of Albohacín, and the suburb of the city, the Christians were enabled to choose the most favourable situations for their batteries. They immediately destroyed the stone bridge, by which the garrison had made its sallies; and they threw two wooden bridges across the river, and others over the canals and streams, so as to establish an easy communication between the different camps.

When all was arranged, a heavy fire was opened upon the city from various points. They threw not only balls of stone and iron, but great carcasses of fire, which burst like meteors on the houses, wrapping them instantly in a blaze. The walls were shattered, and the towers toppled down by tremendous discharges from the lombards. Through the openings thus made, they could behold the interior of

the city; houses tumbling down or in flames; men, women, and children flying in terror through the streets, and slaughtered by the shower of missiles sent through these openings from smaller artillery, and from crossbows and arquebuses.

The Moors attempted to repair the breaches; but fresh discharges from the lombards buried them beneath the ruins of the walls they were mending. In their despair, many of the inhabitants rushed forth into the narrow streets of the suburbs, and assailed the Christians with darts, cimeters, and poniards; seeking to destroy rather than defend, and heedless of death, in the confidence, that to die fighting with an unbeliever was to be translated at once to paradise.

For two nights and a day this awful scene continued; when certain of the principal inhabitants began to reflect upon the hopelessness of resistance. Their king was disabled; their principal captains were either killed or wounded; their fortifications little better than heaps of ruins. They had urged the unfortunate Boabdil to the conflict; they now clamoured for a capitulation. A parley was pro-

cured from the Christian monarch, and the terms of surrender were soon adjusted. They were to yield up the city immediately, with all their Christian captives, and to sally forth with as much of their property as they could take with them. The Marquis of Cadiz, on whose honour and humanity they had great reliance, was to escort them to Granada, to protect them from assault or robbery. Such as chose to remain in Spain were to be permitted to reside in Castile, Arragon, or Valencia. As to Boabdil el Chico, he was to do homage as vassal to King Ferdinand; but no charge was to be urged against him, of having violated his former pledge. If he should yield up all pretensions to Granada, the title of Duke of Guadix was to be assigned him, and the territory thereto annexed, provided it should be recovered from El Zagal within six months.

The capitulation being arranged, they gave as hostages the alcaide of the city, and the principal officers, together with the sons of their late chieftain, the veteran Ali Atar. The warriors of Loxa then issued forth, humbled and dejected, at having to surrender those walls, which they had so long maintained with

valour and renown; and the women and children filled the air with lamentations, at being exiled from their native homes.

Last came forth Boabdil, most truly called El Zogoybi, the unlucky. Accustomed, as he had been, to be crowned and uncrowned; to be ransomed, and treated as a matter of bargain, he had acceded of course to the capitulation. He was enfeebled by his wounds, and had an air of dejection; yet, it is said, his conscience acquitted him of a breach of faith towards the Castilian sovereigns; and the personal valour he had displayed had caused a sympathy for him among many of the Christian cavaliers. He kneeled to Ferdinand, according to the forms of vassalage, and then departed in melancholy mood for Priego, a town about three leagues distant. Ferdinand immediately ordered Loxa to be repaired and strongly garrisoned. He was greatly elated at the capture of this place, in consequence of his former defeat before its walls. He passed great encomiums upon the commanders who had distinguished themselves; and historians dwell particularly upon his visit to the tent of the English earl. His majesty consoled him for the loss of his teeth,

by the consideration, that he might otherwise have been deprived of them by natural decay: whereas the lack of them would now be esteemed a beauty rather than a defect; serving as a trophy of the glorious cause in which he had been engaged.

The earl replied, "that he gave thanks to God and to the holy Virgin for being thus honoured by a visit from the most potent king in Christendom; that he accepted, with all gratitude, his gracious consolation for the loss he had sustained; though he held it little to lose two teeth in the service of God, who had given him all."

"A speech," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "full of most courtly wit and Christian piety; and one only marvels that it should be made by a native of an island so far distant from Castile."

## CHAPTER XLI.

## Capture of Illora.

KING FERDINAND followed up his victory at Loxa by laying siege to the strong town of Illora. This redoubtable fortress was perched upon a high rock, in the midst of a spacious valley. It was within four leagues of the Moorish capital; and its lofty castle, keeping vigilant watch over a wide circuit of country, was termed the right eye of Granada.

The alcajde of Illora was one of the bravest of the Moorish commanders, and made every preparation to defend his fortress to the last extremity. He sent the women and children, the aged and infirm, to the metropolis. He placed barricadoes in the suburbs, opened doors of communication from house to house, and pierced their walls with loopholes, for the discharge of crossbows, arquebuses, and other missiles.

King Ferdinand arrived before the place

with all his forces. He stationed himself upon the hill of Encinilla, and distributed the other encampments in various situations, so as to invest the fortress. Knowing the valiant character of the alcayde, and the desperate courage of the Moors, he ordered the encampments to be fortified with trenches and palisadoes, the guards to be doubled, and sentinels to be placed in all the watchtowers of the adjacent heights.

When all was ready, the Duke del Infantado demanded the attack. It was his first campaign; and he was anxious to disprove the royal insinuation made against the hardihood of his embroidered chivalry. King Ferdinand granted his demand, with a becoming compliment to his spirit. He ordered the Count de Cabra to make a simultaneous attack upon a different quarter. Both chiefs led forth their troops. Those of the duke were in fresh and brilliant armour, richly ornamented, and as yet uninjured by the service of the field. Those of the count were weatherbeaten veterans, whose armour was dented and hacked in many a hard fought battle. The youthful duke

blushed at the contrast. "Cavaliers!" cried he, "we have been reproached with the finery of our arms: let us prove, that a trenchant blade may rest in a gilded sheath. Forward! to the foe! and I trust in God, that, as we enter this affray knights well accoutred, so we shall leave it cavaliers well proved!" His men responded by eager acclamations, and the duke led them forward to the assault. He advanced under a tremendous shower of stones, darts, balls, and arrows; but nothing could check his career. He entered the suburb sword in hand; his men fought furiously, though with great loss; for every dwelling had been turned into a fortress. After a severe conflict, they succeeded in driving the Moors into the town, about the same time that the other suburb was carried by the Count de Cabra and his veterans. The troops of the Duke del Infantado came out of the contest thinned in number, and covered with blood, and dust, and wounds. They received the highest encomiums of the king; and there was never afterwards any sneer at their embroidery.

The suburbs being taken, three batteries,



each furnished with eight large lombards, were opened upon the fortress. The damage and havock were tremendous; for the fortifications had not been constructed to withstand such engines. The towers were overthrown; the walls battered to pieces; the interior of the place was all exposed; houses demolished, and many people slain. The Moors were terrified by the tumbling ruins and the tremendous din. The alcaide had resolved to defend the place unto the last extremity. He beheld it a heap of rubbish; there was no prospect of aid from Granada; his people had lost all spirit to fight, and were vociferous for a surrender. With a reluctant heart he capitulated. The inhabitants were permitted to depart with all their effects, excepting their arms; and were escorted in safety, by the Duke del Infantado and the Count de Cabra, to the bridge of Pinos, within two leagues of Granada.

King Ferdinand gave directions to repair the fortifications of Illora, and to place it in a strong state of defence. He left, as alcaide of the town and fortress, Gonzalvo de Cordova, younger brother of Don Alonzo de Aguilar.

This gallant cavalier was captain of the royal guards of Ferdinand and Isabella, and gave already proofs of that prowess, which afterwards rendered him so renowned.



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## CHAPTER XLII.

Of the arrival of Queen Isabella at the camp before Moclin, and of the pleasant sayings of the English earl.

THE war of Granada, however poets may embroider it with the flowers of their fancy, was certainly one of the sternest of those iron conflicts, which have been celebrated under the name of holy wars. The worthy Fray Antonio Agapida dwells with unsated delight upon the succession of rugged mountain enterprises, bloody battles, and merciless sackings and ravages, which characterize it; yet we find him, on one occasion, pausing, in the full career of victory over the infidels, to detail a stately pageant of the catholic sovereigns.

Immediately on the capture of Loxa, Ferdinand had written to Isabella, soliciting her presence at the camp, that he might consult with her as to the disposition of their newly acquired territories.

It was in the early part of June, that the queen departed from Cordova, with the Princess Isabella, and numerous ladies of her court. She had a glorious attendance of cavaliers and pages, with many guards and domestics. There were forty mules for the use of the queen, the princess, and their train.

As this courtly cavalcade approached the Rock of the Lovers, on the banks of the river Yeguas, they beheld a splendid train of knights advancing to meet them. It was headed by that accomplished cavalier, the Marquis Duke de Cadiz, accompanied by the adelantado of Andalusia. He had left the camp the day after the capture of Illora, and advanced thus far to receive the queen, and escort her over the borders. The queen received the marquis with distinguished honour; for he was esteemed as the mirror of chivalry. His actions in this war had become the theme of every tongue, and many hesitated not to compare him in prowess to the immortal Cid\*.

Thus gallantly attended, the queen entered the vanquished frontier of Granada, journeying

\* Cura de los Palacios.

securely along the pleasant banks of the Xenil, so lately subject to the scourings of the Moors. She stopped at Loxa, where she administered aid and consolation to the wounded, distributing money among them for their support, according to their rank.

The king, after the capture of Illora, had removed his camp before the fortress of Moclin, with an intention of besieging it. Thither the queen proceeded, still escorted through the mountain roads by the Marquis of Cadiz. As Isabella drew near to the camp, the Duke del Infantado issued forth a league and a half to receive her, magnificently arrayed, and followed by all his chivalry in glorious attire. With him came the standard of Seville, borne by the men at arms of that renowned city, and the prior of St. Juan, with his followers. They arranged themselves in order of battle, on the left of the road by which the queen was to pass. The worthy Agapida is loyally minute in his description of the state and grandeur of the catholic sovereigns. The queen rode a chestnut mule, seated in a magnificent saddle chair, decorated with silver gilt. The housings of the mule were of fine

crimson cloth; the borders embroidered with gold; the reins and headpiece were of satin, curiously embossed with needlework of silk, and wrought with golden letters. The queen wore a brial or royal skirt of velvet, under which were others of brocade; a scarlet mantle, ornamented in the moresco fashion, and a black hat embroidered round the crown and brim.

The infanta was likewise mounted on a chestnut mule, richly caparisoned. She wore a brial or skirt of black brocade, and a black mantle, ornamented like that of the queen.

When the royal cavalcade passed by the chivalry of the Duke del Infantado, which was drawn out in battle array, the queen made a reverence to the standard of Seville, and ordered it to pass to the right hand. When she approached the camp, the multitude ran forth to meet her, with great demonstrations of joy; for she was universally beloved by her subjects. All the battalions sallied forth in military array, bearing the various standards and banners of the camp, which were lowered in salutation as she passed.

The king now appeared, in royal state,

mounted on a superb chestnut horse, and attended by many grandees of Castile. He wore a jubon or close vest of crimson cloth, with cuisses or short skirts of yellow satin; a loose cassock of brocade, a rich Moorish cimeter, and a hat with plumes. The grandees who attended him were arrayed with wonderful magnificence, each according to his taste and invention.

“ These high and mighty princes,” says Antonio Agapida, “ regarded each other with great deference as allied sovereigns, rather than with connubial familiarity as mere husband and wife, when they approached each other: therefore, before embracing, they made three profound reverences; the queen taking off her hat, and remaining in a silk net or cawl, with her face uncovered. The king then approached, and embraced her, and kissed her respectfully on the cheek. He also embraced his daughter the princess, and, making the sign of the cross, he blessed her, and kissed her on the lips\*.”

The good Agapida seems scarcely to have

\* Cura de los Palacios.

been more struck with the appearance of the sovereigns, than with that of the English earl. "He followed," says he, "immediately after the king, with great pomp, and in an extraordinary manner, taking precedence of all the rest. He was mounted, *à la guisa*, or with long stirrups, on a superb chestnut horse, with trappings of azure silk, which reached to the ground. The housings were of mulberry, powdered with stars of gold. He was armed in proof, and wore over his armour a short French mantle of black brocade. He had a white French hat with plumes; and carried on his left arm a small round buckler, banded with gold. Five pages attended him, apparelled in silk and brocade, and mounted on horses sumptuously caparisoned. He had also a train of followers, attired after the fashion of his country."

He advanced in a chivalrous and courteous manner, making his reverences first to the queen and infanta, and afterwards to the king. Queen Isabella received him graciously, complimenting him on his courageous conduct at Loxa, and condoling with him on the loss of his teeth. The earl, however, made light of



his disfiguring wound; saying, that "our blessed Lord, who had built all that house, had opened a window there, that he might see more readily what passed within\*." Whereupon, the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida is more than ever astonished at the pregnant wit of this island cavalier. The earl continued some little distance by the side of the royal family, complimenting them all with courteous speeches, his steed curveting and carricoling, but managed with great grace and dexterity, leaving the grandees and the people at large not more filled with admiration at the strangeness and magnificence of his state, than at the excellence of his horsemanship †.

To testify his sense of the gallantry and services of this noble English knight, who had come from so far to assist in their wars, the queen sent him, the next day, presents of twelve horses, with stately tents, fine linen, two beds, with coverings of gold brocade, and many other articles of great value.

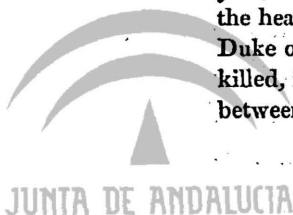
Having refreshed himself, as it were, with

\* Pietro Martyr, Epist. 61.

† Cura de los Palacios.

the description of this progress of Queen Isabella to the camp, and the glorious pomp of the catholic sovereigns, the worthy Antonio Agapida returns, with renewed relish, to his pious work of discomfiting the Moors\*.

\* The description of this royal pageant, and the particulars concerning the English earl, agree precisely with the chronicle of Andres Bernaldes, the curate of Los Palacios. The English earl makes no further figure in this war. It appears from various histories, that he returned in the course of the year to England. In the following year, his passion for fighting took him to the Continent, at the head of four hundred adventurers, in aid of Francis, Duke of Brittany, against Louis XI. of France. He was killed, in the same year (1488), in the battle of St. Alban's, between the Bretons and the French.



CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

Generalife

## CHAPTER XLIII.

How King Ferdinand attacked Moclin, and of the strange events that attended its capture.

“THE catholic sovereigns,” says Fray Antonio Agapida, “had by this time closely clipped the right wing of the Moorish vulture.” In other words, most of the strong fortresses along the western frontier of Granada had fallen beneath the Christian artillery. The army now lay encamped before the town of Moclin, on the frontier of Jaen, one of the most stubborn fortresses of the border. It stood on a high rocky hill, the base of which was nearly girdled by a river. A thick forest protected the back part of the town towards the mountain. Thus strongly situate, it domineered, with its frowning battlements and massive towers, over all the mountain passes into that part of the country, and was called the Shield of Granada. It had a double arrear

of blood to settle with the Christians. Two hundred years before, a master of Santiago and all his cavaliers had been lanced by the Moors before its gates. It had recently made terrible slaughter among the troops of the good Count de Cabra, in his precipitate attempt to entrap the old Moorish monarch. The pride of Ferdinand had been piqued, by being obliged, on that occasion, to recede from his plan, and abandon his concerted attack on the place. He was now prepared to take a full revenge.

El Zagal, the old warrior king of Granada, anticipating a second attempt, had provided the place with ample munitions and provision; had ordered trenches to be dug, and additional bulwarks thrown up, and caused all the old men, the women, and the children, to be removed to the capital.

Such was the strength of the fortress, and the difficulties of its position, that Ferdinand anticipated much trouble in reducing it, and made every preparation for a regular siege. In the centre of his camp were two great mounds, one of sacks of flour, the other of grain, which were called the royal granary.

Three batteries of heavy ordnance were opened against the citadel and principal towers, while smaller artillery, engines for the discharge of missiles, arquebuses, and crossbows, were distributed in various places, to keep up a fire into any breach that might be made, and upon those of the garrison, who should appear on the battlements.

The lombards soon made an impression on the works, demolishing a part of the wall, and tumbling down several of those haughty towers, which, from their height, had been impregnable before the invention of gunpowder. . The Moors repaired their walls as well as they were able, and, still confiding in the strength of their situation, kept up a resolute defence, firing down from their lofty battlements and towers upon the Christian camp. For two nights and a day an incessant fire was kept up, so that there was not a moment in which the roaring of ordnance was not heard, or some damage sustained by the Christians or the Moors. It was a conflict, however, more of engineers and artillerists than of gallant cavaliers; there was no sally

of troops, or shock of armed men, or rush and charge of cavalry. The knights stood looking on with idle weapons, waiting until they should have an opportunity of signalizing their prowess, by scaling the walls or storming the breaches. As the place, however, was assailable only in one part, there was every prospect of a long and obstinate resistance.

The engines, as usual, discharged not only balls of stone and iron, to demolish the walls, but flaming balls of inextinguishable combustibles, designed to set fire to the houses. One of these, which passed high through the air, like a meteor, sending out sparks, and crackling as it went, entered the window of a tower, which was used as a magazine of gunpowder. The tower blew up with a tremendous explosion; the Moors, who were upon its battlements, were hurled into the air, and fell mangled in various parts of the town; and the houses in its vicinity were rent and overthrown, as with an earthquake.

The Moors, who had never witnessed an explosion of this kind, ascribed the destruction of the tower to a miracle. Some, who had

seen the descent of the flaming ball, imagined, that fire had fallen from heaven, to punish them for their pertinacity. The pious Agapida himself believes, that this fiery missive was conducted by divine agency, to confound the infidels. An opinion in which he is supported by other catholic historians\*.

*Bravo!  
Catholic  
Mumbay*

Seeing heaven and earth as it were combined against them, the Moors lost all heart, and capitulated; and were permitted to depart with their effects, leaving behind all arms and munitions of war.

“The catholic army,” says Antonio Agapida, “entered Moclin in solemn state, not as a licentious host, intent upon plunder and desolation, but as a band of Christian warriors, coming to purify and regenerate the land. The standard of the cross, that ensign of this holy crusade, was borne in the advance, followed by the other banners of the army. Then came the king and queen, at the head of a vast number of armed cavaliers. They were accompanied by a band of priests and friars, with the choir of the

\* Pulgar. Garibay. Lucio Marino Siculo, Cosas Memorab. de Hispan. lib. xx.

royal chapel, chanting the canticle *Te Deum laudamus*. As they were moving through the streets in this solemn manner, every sound hushed, excepting the anthem of the choir, they suddenly heard, issuing as it were from under ground, a chorus of voices, chanting the solemn response, *Benedictum qui venit in nomine Domini* \*. The procession paused in wonder: The sounds arose from Christian captives, and among them several priests, who were confined in subterraneous dungeons.

The heart of Isabella was greatly touched: she ordered the captives to be drawn forth from their cells, and was still more moved at beholding, by their wan, discoloured, and emaciated appearance, how much they had suffered. Their hair and beards were overgrown and shagged; they were wasted by hunger, and were half naked, and in chains. She ordered, that they should be clothed and cherished, and money furnished them to bear them to their homes †.

Several of the captives were brave cavaliers,

\* Marino Siculo.

† Illescas, Hist. Pontif. lib. vi. c. 20. sect. 1.



who had been wounded and made prisoners, in the defeat of the Count de Cabra, by El Zagal, in the preceding year. There were also found other melancholy traces of that disastrous affair. On visiting the narrow pass, where the defeat had taken place, the remains of several Christian warriors were found in thickets, or hidden behind rocks, or in the clefts of the mountains. There were some, who had been struck from their horses, and wounded too severely to fly. They had crawled away from the scene of action, and concealed themselves, to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy, and had thus perished miserably and alone. The remains of those of note were known by their armour and devices, and were mourned over by their companions, who had shared the disasters of that day\*.

The queen had these remains piously collected, as the relics of so many martyrs, who had fallen in the cause of the faith. They were interred, with great solemnity, in the mosques of Moclin, which had been puri-

\* Pulgar, part iii. cap. 61.

fied, and consecrated to Christian worship. "There," says Antonio Agapida, "rest the bones of those truly catholic knights, in the holy ground, which, in a manner, had been sanctified by their blood; and all pilgrims, passing through those mountains, offer up prayers and masses for the repose of their souls."

The queen remained for some time at Moclin, administering comfort to the wounded and the prisoners, bringing the newly acquired territory into order, and founding churches and monasteries, and other pious institutions. "While the king marched in front, laying waste the land of the Philistines," says the figurative Antonio Agapida, "Queen Isabella followed his traces, as the binder follows the reaper, gathering the rich harvest, that has fallen beneath his sickle. In this she was greatly assisted by the councils of that cloud of bishops, friars, and clergymen, besides other saintly personages, which continually surrounded her, garnering the first fruits of this infidel land into the granaries of the church." Leaving her thus piously em-